

FF  
ut  
1

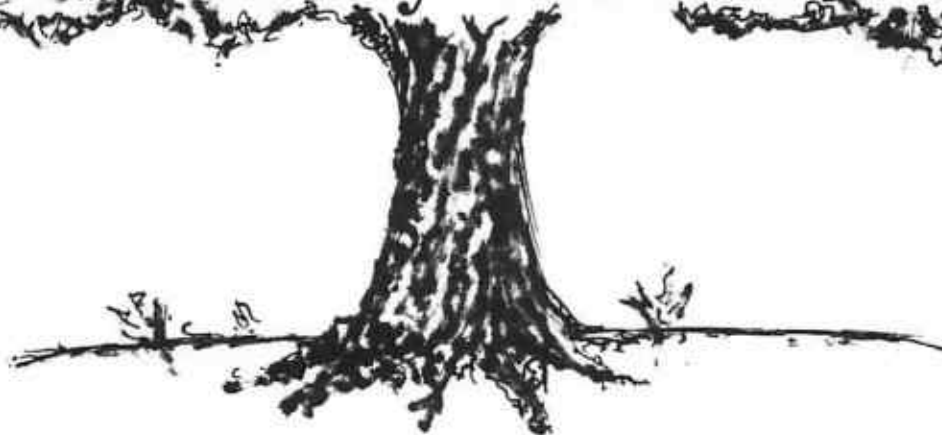
**Descendants**

**of**

**Charles Edward Utt**

**and**

**Mary Matilda Utt**



THE DESCENDANTS OF  
CHARLES EDWARD UTT  
AND  
MARY MATILDA UTT

Prepared by:  
Belle Deaver

St. Clair, Michigan 48079

May, 1993

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>Branches:</u>	Page
Descendants of Charles Edward Utt and Mary Matilda Sheldon	1
Hess Branch:	
Descendants of Gertrude Alice Utt and Lynnford Hess	2
Descendants of Dorothy May Hess	3
Descendants of Mary Louise Hess	4
Descendants of Mabel Hess	5
Robertson Branch:	
Descendants of Dorothy May Utt and Thomas Robertson	6
Descendants of Alan Robertson	7
Descendants of Jean Robertson and Bob McFadden	8
Descendants of Jean Robertson and John Wilson	9
Descendants of Leigh Robertson and Barbara Wilson	10
Utt Branch:	
Descendants of James Boyd Utt and Charlena Utt	11
Deaver Branch:	
Descendants of Mary Louise Utt and Virgil Washington Deaver	12
Descendants of John Virgil Deaver	13
Descendants of Charles Edward Deaver	14
Descendants of James Sheldon Deaver	15
Descendants of Elisabeth Ann Deaver	16
Finley Branch:	
Descendants of Elisabeth Utt and Albert Leland Finley	17
Descendants of Thomas Leland Finley	18
Descendants of Susan Gail Finley	18
Descendants of James Edward Finley	19
<u>Roots:</u>	
Ancestors of Charles Edward Utt	20, 21, 22, 23
Ancestors of Mary Matilda Sheldon	24
Ancestors of Virgil Washington Deaver	25, 26, 27
Biographies	28
Directory	32
Sources	42

CHARLES EDWARD UTT m. (1) MARY MATILDA SHELTON

*born Mar 23 1866*

*died Feb 4 1950*

*born Dec 31 1869*

*died Mar 10 1918*

Gertrude Alice  
born Dec 22 1894  
died Oct 26 1977

m.

Lynnford Hess  
born Feb 6 1894  
died Jan 25 1987

For Descendants  
See P. 2

Dorothy May  
born Jul 25 1897  
died Oct 1 1981

m.

Thomas Robertson  
born Nov 22 1897  
died Mar 6 1981

For Descendants  
See P. 6

James Boyd  
born Mar 11 1899  
died Mar 1 1970

m.

Charlena Dripps  
born Dec 14 1901

For Descendants  
See P. 11

Mary Louise  
born Feb 1 1902

m.

Virgil W. Deaver  
born Feb 22 1899  
died Mar 15 1979

For Descendants  
See P. 12

Elisabeth Ann  
born Nov 10 1907  
died Feb 10 1964

m.

Albert Leland Finley  
born Nov 21 1904  
died Dec 27 1985

For Descendants  
See P. 17

CHARLES EDWARD UTT m. (2) MARY MARGARET RAWLINGS

For Ancestors of  
Charles Edward Utt  
See P. 20

For Ancestors  
of Mary Matilda Sheldon  
See P. 24

For Ancestors  
of Virgil Washington Deaver  
See P. 25

GERTRUDE ALICE UTT m. LYNNFORD HESS

*born Dec 22 1894*  
*died Oct 26, 1977*

*born Feb 6 1894*  
*born Jan 25 1987*

Dorothy May  
born May 18, 1920

m.

Wallace Chamberlain  
born Sept 9, 1918  
died Sep 29 1977

For Descendants  
See p. 3

Rosa  
born Aug 28, 1922

m.

Randall Watkins  
born Jul 21, 1925

Mary Louise  
born Aug 28, 1922

m.

Wayne Vroman  
born Jun 20, 1926  
died Nov 22, 1980

For Descendants  
See p. 4

Mabel  
born Jul 2 1927

m.

Bob Crowell  
born Apr 17 1924

For Descendants  
See p 5

DOROTHY MAY HESS *m.* WALLACE CHAMBERLAIN

*born May 18, 1920*

*born Sep 9, 1918*

*died Sep. 29, 1977*

Lynne

born Oct. 5, 1939

*m.*

Paul Bailey

born May 13, 1942

Deborah Lynn

born Dec. 1, 1965

*m.*

Salvador Guerrero

born \_\_\_\_\_

Paul Anthony

born May 7, 1987

Adam Wallace

born Sep. 31, 1990

Bryan Merrill

born Sep. 31, 1990

Lisa Dawn

born May 11, 1968

*m.*

Alan Fitchpatrick

born \_\_\_\_\_

Elizabeth Michelle

born June 15, 1991

Kathryn

born Mar. 13, 1941

*m.*

Clyde Giddings

born Oct. 4, 1937

Cynthia Jean

born Jul 27, 1961

*m.*

Patrick F. O'Donnell

born Mar. 3, 1958

Pamela K.

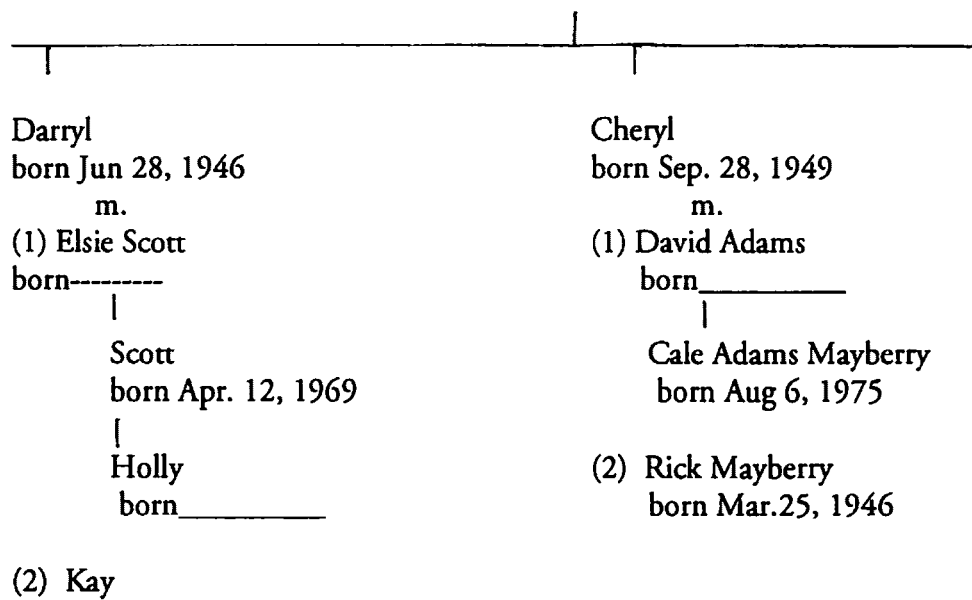
born Aug 23, 1962

*m.*

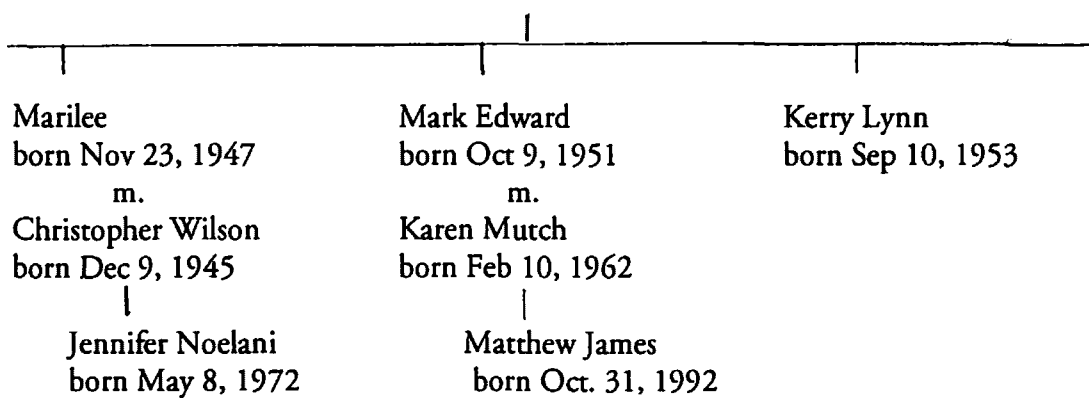
Richard B. Logemann

born Dec. 24, 1961

MARY LOUISE HESS *m.* WAYNE VROMAN  
*born Aug. 28, 1922*      *born Jun 20, 1926*  
*died Nov. 22, 1980*



MABEL HESS *born Jul 2, 1927 m. ROBERT CROWELL born Apr 17, 1924*





DOROTHY MAY UTT *m.* THOMAS ROBERTSON

born Jul 25, 1897

died Oct. 1, 1981

born Nov 22, 1897

died Mar 6, 1981

Alan  
born Oct 12 1919  
m.  
Barbara Sims  
born Sep 16\_\_\_\_\_

For Descendants  
See P 7

Jean  
born Dec 24 1920  
died Jul 4 1990

For Descendants  
See P 8,9

Leigh  
born Dec 11 1923  
m.  
Barbara Wilson  
born Jan 17 1925

For Descendants  
See P 10

Rae  
born Sep 4 1925  
m.  
Frank Wilken  
born Nov 15 1924

Charles Sheldon  
born Apr 22 1955

m.

(1) Karen Seamands  
(2) Daryl Ann Dart

Michael Alan  
born May 9 1957

Loren Frank  
born Dec 30 1960

Merilee  
born Oct 26 1928

Thomas, Jr.  
born Dec 30 1931  
m.

Diane Barker  
born Sep 2 1931

James  
born Feb 29 1952

Jill Louise  
born Jul 26 1955

Steven  
brn Aug 18 1953

Mary Jane  
born Sep 1 1959

ALAN ROBERTSON m. (1) BARBARA SIMS

*born Oct 12, 1919*

*born Sep 16\_\_\_\_\_*

Curtis  
born Jun 6 1946

Douglas  
born May 6, 1949

Marjorie  
born Mar 13 1953

m.

m.

Marilyn Nottingham  
born Jan 6 1945

Christine Antonacci  
born Jan 10 1951

Jocelyn Nicole  
born Jul 15, 1977

Tracy  
born Sep 20 1972

Jeffrey Thomas  
born Jun 27, 1979

Douglas  
Sep 3 1975

ALAN ROBERTSON m. (2) DOROTHY PHILLIPS

*born Oct 12, 1919*

*born Jan 10, 1919*

JEAN ROBERTSON *m.* (1) BOB MC FADDEN  
*born Dec 24, 1920*                      *born Jan 2, 1915*  
*died Jul 4, 1990*                      *died Mar 24, 1945*

---

Mary Ann  
born Jun 11, 1943  
*m.*  
Kinne McCabe  
(birth name: Kinne Prachel)  
born Mar 23, 1944

Geoffrey David  
born Aug 27, 1968

Sarah Elizabeth  
born Mar 25, 1970

(Continued next page)

JEAN ROBERTSON *m.* (2) JOHN WILSON

*born Dec 24, 1920*  
*died Jul 4, 1990*

*born Jun 19, 1914*  
*died Jan 1975*

Bruce  
born Oct 10, 1947

*m.*

Patricia Lorraine Andrews  
born Jan 25, 1947

|  
Trevor  
born Jun 21, 1975

|  
Michael  
born Jul 31, 1984

Dorothy Jane  
born Nov 10, 1947

*m.*

John Park Leland  
born Jul 15, 1945

|  
Eric  
born Jan 21, 1972

Carolyn  
born Mar 3, 1949

*m.*

Ed McCabe  
born \_\_\_\_\_

|  
John  
born Dec 21, 1977

|  
Matthew  
born Jan 4, 1988

|  
Michael  
born Jan 4, 1988

John Thomas  
born Aug 12, 1950

LEIGH ROBERTSON born Dec. 11, 1923 m. BARBARA WILSON born Jan 17, 1925

Daniel  
b. Dec. 5, 1944

m.

Cathie Crosbie  
b. Sep. 7, 1946

|

Tara Lynne  
b. May 12, 1970

m.

Eric Bakeman  
b. \_\_\_\_\_

|

Zarli  
b. Jan. 20, 1991

|

Matthew Leigh  
b. Apr 20, 1973

|

Catherine  
b. Feb 2, 1976

Terry  
b. Apr. 19, 1947

m.

(1) Jim Cochran  
b. Apr 21, 1944  
d. May 11, 1985

(2) Victor Ince  
b. Sep 19, 1937

|

Sean David  
b. Oct 15, 1970

|

Jessica Lynn  
b. Oct. 14 1976

David  
b. Apr 20, 1948

m.

Susan Reid  
b. Jun 23, 1948

|

Alyssa  
b. Aug 24, 1970

m.

Scott Van Den Elzen  
b. Jun 18, 1970

|

Jacob  
b. Mar 18, 1973

|

Rebeca  
b. Jul 28, 1975

|

Gloria  
b. Apr 12, 1981

|

Joshua  
b. May 23, 1983

Glenn  
b. May 16, 1950

m.

Anna Maria Tovar  
b. \_\_\_\_\_

|

Lupita  
b. Jun 3, 1971

|

Tomas  
b. Nov. 14, 1972

|

Flor  
b. Apr 25, 1974

|

Terresa  
b. Aug 26, 1981

|

Alicia  
b. Oct 11, 1984

Gerald John  
b. Nov 3, 1952

m.

Lori Kiehl  
b. Nov 5, 1953

|

Tim  
b. Dec 11, 1970

|

Mike  
b. May 20, 1976

|

Dave  
b. Aug 4, 1978

|

April  
b. Apr 3, 1980

Mary Catherine  
b. Oct 1, 1956

m.

Stanley Andrew  
b. Aug 16, 1940

|

Kristen Lee  
b. Jul 6, 1983

JAMES BOYD UTT m. CHARLENA ELIZABETH DRIPPS

(U. S. Congressman)

born Mar 11, 1899

died Mar 1, 1970

born Dec 14, 1901

---

James Sheldon Utt

born Mar 13, 1929

m.

(1) Roberta Hathaway

born Aug 8, 1930

---

James Edward  
born Aug 23, 1947

m.

Katherine Shea

|  
Bryan P.

born Jan 25, 1981

|  
Steven E.

born Oct 4, 1982

Luanne Elizabeth  
born Oct 3, 1952

m.

John Steven Acierno  
born Apr 2, 1956

Marla Rae  
born Feb 24, 1956

m.

Douglas H. Smith  
born Jul 15, 1953

---

(2) Virginia S. Smith

born Nov 3, 1928

**VIRGIL WASHINGTON DEAVER m. MARY LOUISE UTT**

*born Feb 22 1899*  
*died Mar 15 1979*

*born Feb 1 1902*

John Virgil  
born June 16 1922

Charles Edward  
born May 30, 1924

James Sheldon  
born Feb 15 1928

Elisabeth Ann  
born Jul 11 1931

m.

m.

m.

m.

(1) Winifred  
Hagstrom Lawson  
born Nov 14 1923

Violet Deon Hansen  
born Jul 10 1925

Carol McRae  
born Feb 17 1933

William  
Archambault  
born Aug 24 1928

(2) Kirsten Jakstein  
Knoth  
born Dec 20, 1923

(3) Belle Rapp  
Kinnan  
born Jul 13 1940

For Descendants  
See p. 13

For Descendants  
See p. 14

For Descendants  
See p. 15

For Descendants  
See p. 16

JOHN VIRGIL DEEVER born Jun 16 1922 m. WINIFRED HAGSTROM LAWSON born Nov 14 1923

Katherine Ann Deaver  
born Jan 2 1951

m.

(1) Lester Lockwood  
born May 4 1951

(2) Donald Leonard Pierce  
born Nov 26 1946

(son of Winifred and David Lawson)  
Paul David Lawson

born Aug 22 1946  
m.

Duffy Collins  
born Jun 17 1949

David Boethius (Bo) Lawson  
born Oct 9 1980

JOHN VIRGIL DEEVER born Jun 16 1922 m. (2) KIRSTEN JAKSTEIN KNOTH born Dec 20 1923

Carolyn Suzanne John Winston  
born Nov 16 1958 born Dec 5 1959  
died Nov 23 1991

m.

Robert Stanley Rau  
born Mar 25 1958

Charlotte Louise  
born Dec 3 1961

m.

Tim Seggerman  
born Feb 4 1951

Lucas Alexander (daughter of Kirsten  
born Oct 5 1963 and Thomas Knoth)  
Catherine Catinka Knoth)  
born Jan 3 1951

Elizabeth Anne Rau  
born Jun 2 1987

Robert Frederick  
Rau II  
born Nov 30 1990

JOHN VIRGIL DEEVER born Jun 16 1922 m. (3) BELLE RAPP KINNAN born Jul 13 1940



CHARLES EDWARD DEAVER *born May 30 1924 m. VIOLET DEON HANSEN born Jul 10 1925*

Susan Renee  
born Apr 29 1946

m.

Floyd Wayne Edington  
born Jun 13 1946

Thomas Edward  
born Sep 20 1947

m.

Devi Cheryl Johnson  
born Jul 23 1950

Vickie Lynn  
born Jan 23 1951

m.

1. Jim Holstead  
2. David Jay Vadney  
born Nov 16 1949

Frederick James Virgil  
born Apr 1 1953

m.

Sarah Ann Cutler  
born Jul 30 1958

Scott Charles  
born Feb 26 1958

Thomas Wayne  
born Jun 11 1969

*m. Amy Larson, Apr 29, 1994*

Julie Louise  
born Feb 1 1972

*m. Jefferson F. Bagley May 21, 1994*

Mark David  
born Jun 4 1974

Stephen Charles  
born Mar 9 1976

Kristin Renee  
born Feb 5 1978

James Andrew  
born Jan 21 1980

Kelli Deon  
born Nov 10 1983

Rebekah Louise  
born Nov 30 1973

Edward Wayne  
born May 28 1975

Christopher Charles  
born Nov 7 1977

Marianne Elisabeth  
born Aug 11 1979

Andrew Thomas  
born Aug 26 1983

Matthew Rodger  
born Feb 12 1986

Michael Scott  
born Jan 9 1975

David Nicholas  
born Oct 22 1979

Robert Charles  
born Nov 28 1980

Michelle Ann  
born Nov 26 1983

Gregory James  
Oct 22 1988

JAMES SHELDON DEAVER, SR., born Feb 15 1928 m. CAROL MC RAE born Feb 17 1933

---

Darby Ann Deaver  
born Oct 22 1956

m.

Steven Mitchell  
born May 15 1950

---

Shane Elizabeth  
born Jun 28 1986

Kacy Lin  
born Aug 10 1988

James Sheldon Deaver, Jr.  
born Nov 2 1954

m.

Lori Tricia McLean  
born Apr 6 1959

---

Mark James Deaver  
born Jan 19 1981

Craig Andrew Deaver  
born Jan 17 1985

ELISABETH ANN DEAVER born Jul 11 1931 m. WILLIAM ARCHAMBAULT born Aug 24 1928

Sandra

born Dec 30 1949

died May 15 1990

Stephen

born Nov 2 1951

died Mar 5 1977

Terry

born Nov 9 1954

m.

Timothy Darton

born Feb 7 1951

Matthew S.

born Jan 15 1986

Christopher T.

born Oct 19 1988

Jon

born Mar 19 1958

m.

Virginia Ann Borders

born Mar 31 1957

ELISABETH UTT     m.     ALBERT LELAND FINLEY  
*born Nov 10, 1907*     *born Nov 21, 1904*  
*died Feb 10, 1964*     *died Dec 27, 1985*

---

Leland Edward  
born Feb 6, 1931

m.

Patricia Jannetta Williams  
born Mar 17, 1933

Gail Sheldon  
born Jul 23, 1934

m.

Walter Thompson  
born Nov 21, 1935

Thomas Leland  
born Apr 4, 1956

m.

Downie Kathleen Brewer  
born Apr 2, 1959  
(for children see page 18)

Katharine Knight  
born Apr 29, 1962

Dorothy Gail  
born Oct 20, 1963

m

John Morgan Yamanaka  
born Jan 9, 1961

Susan Gail  
born Aug 2, 1958

m

Daniel H. Dixon  
born Jul 17, 1957  
(For children see page 18)

James Edward  
born Mar 22, 1960

m.

Karen Louise Roberts  
born Jan 20, 1964  
(For children see page 19)

THOMAS LELAND FINLEY m. DOWNIE KATHLEEN BREWER  
*born Apr 4, 1956* *born Apr 2, 1956*

---

Jason Leland  
born Jul 16, 1980

Jared Robert  
born Jun 29, 1983

Nicole  
born Jun 3, 1985

Ashley Marie  
born Dec 8, 1986

Blake Thomas  
born Jul 11, 1991

SUSAN GAIL FINLEY m. DANIEL H. DIXON  
*born Aug 2, 1958* *born Jul 17, 1957*

---

Lani  
born Mar 4, 1980

Bren Daniel  
born Aug 4, 1981

Robin  
born Dec 6, 1982

Erin  
born Aug 19, 1984

Logan Reese  
born Mar 10, 1986

Patricia  
born Dec 27, 1987

Dana  
born Aug 31, 1989

Michelle  
born Jul 25 1991

JAMES EDWARD FINLEY m. KAREN LOUISE ROBERTS  
*born Mar 22, 1960* *born Jan 20, 1964*

---

Mary Louise  
born Jan 9, 1988

Leland  
born June 1, 1990

Baby  
Due May, 1993

# ANCESTORS OF CHARLES EDWARD UTT

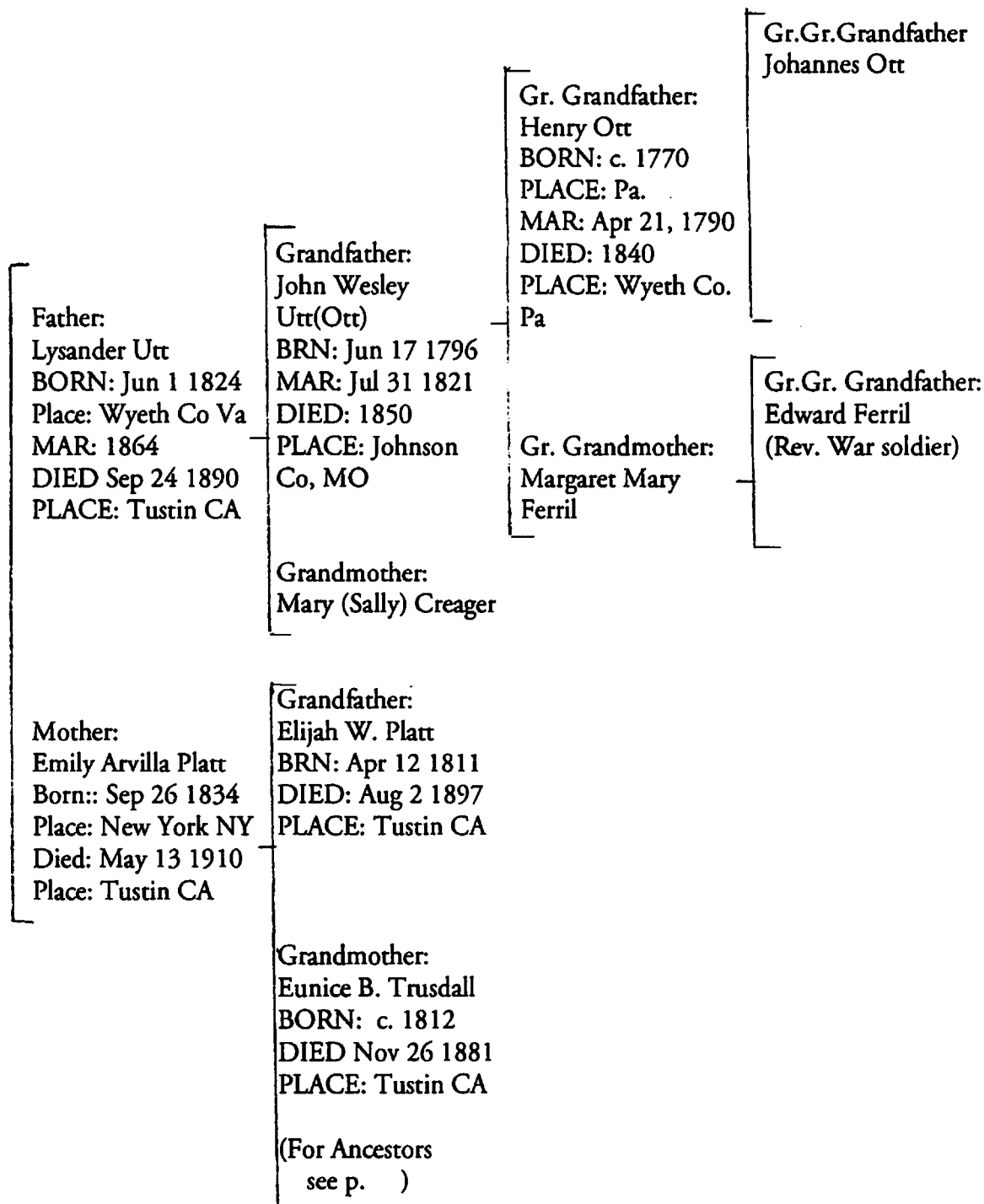
BORN: May 23, 1866

PLACE: Auburn, CA

MARR: Feb 21, 1894

DIED: Feb 5, 1950

PLACE: Tustin CA



ANCESTORS OF CHARLES EDWARD UTT(Continued)

Grandmother Eunice B. Trusdall (Truesdell)

BORN: Nov 9, 1812 at Owego, NY

DIED: Nov 26, 1881 at Tustin CA

Gr. Grandfather:  
Jesse Truesdell  
Born: Dec 23, 1786  
at N. Salem NY  
MAR Mar 5, 1812  
DIED: Mar 9 1865  
at Newark Valley NY

GrGrGrandfather:  
Jabish Truesdell  
Born: Feb 24 1759  
at N. Salem, NY  
MAR: Nov 12 1781  
DIED: Feb 11 1838  
at Vestal Center NY

GrGrGrGndfa:  
Jesse Truesdell  
BORN: 1734  
at Norwalk CT  
MAR Before 1759  
DIED: Jul 4 1817  
at N. Salem NY

GrGrGrGrGndfa.:  
William Truesdell  
BORN: Apr 6 1700  
PLACE: Newton,  
Middlesex, MA  
MAR: Apr 21, 1719  
DIED: 1751 at  
Egg Harbor NJ

GrGrGrGrGndmo:  
Martha Tyler  
Born: Nov 25, 1702  
at Branford, CT  
Died: Before 1751

GrGrGrGndmo:  
Ruth Keeler  
BORN: c. 1734  
DIED: Oct 24 1806  
at Ridgefield VT

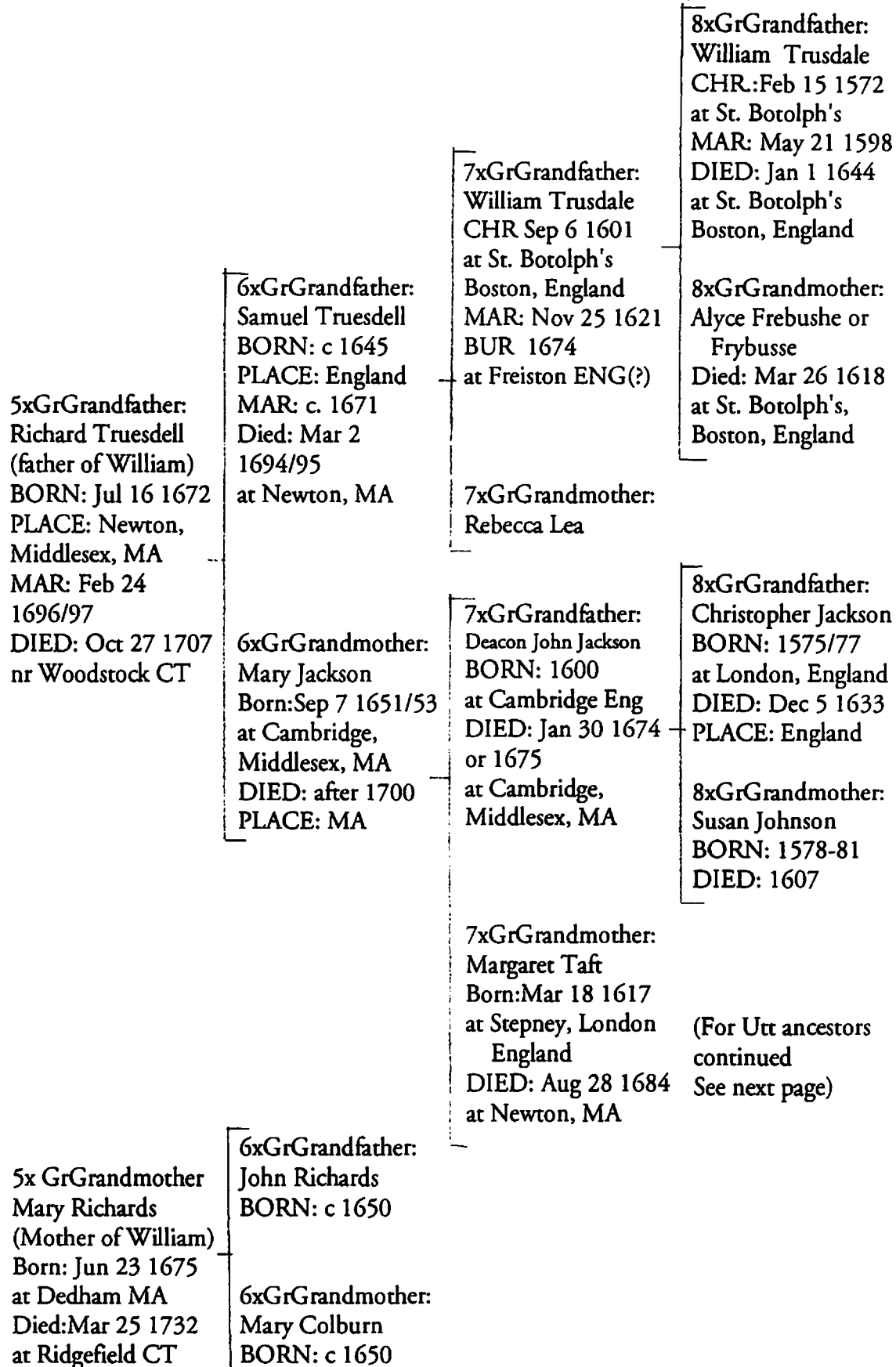
GrGrGrandmother:  
Bethiah Paddock  
Born: Feb 28, 1760  
Died: Nov 18 1841  
at Vestal Center NY

(For Ancestors cont.  
see next page)

Gr. Grandmother:  
Dorothy Talcott  
BORN Apr 23 1789  
DIED: Apr 17 1856  
at Newark Valley NY



ANCESTORS OF CHARLES EDWARD UTT (Continued)



# ANCESTORS OF CHARLES EDWARD UTT (Continued)

9xGrGrandfather:  
John Trusdale  
BORN: Before 1550  
PLACE: England  
MAR: Apr 16, 1570  
DIED: Dec 25 1585  
PLACE: St. Botolph's, Boston, England

10xGrGrandfather:  
Thomas Trusdell  
BORN: Before 1550  
PLACE: England  
MAR: May 1567(?)  
DIED: Aug 1568  
PLACE: Boston England

10xGrGrandmother:  
Margaretta  
DIED: Jul 23 1569  
PLACE: St. Botolph's, Boston, England

9xGrGrandmother:  
Isabell Warde  
PLACE BORN: England  
DIED: Before 1576  
PLACE: England

9xGrGrandfather:  
(Christopher Jackson ancestry)  
George Jackson  
BORN: c 1540-1550  
DIED: 1579

10xGrGrandfather:  
Michael Jackson  
BORN: c. 1508

10xGrGrandmother:  
Frances Poole  
BORN: c 1512

9xGrGrandmother:  
Elizabeth Wytham  
BORN: c 1544

10xGrGrandfather:  
Mathew Wytham  
BORN: c 1512

10xGrGrandmother  
Alice Hunter  
BORN: c 1516:

9xGrGrandfather:  
(Susan Johnson ancestry)  
Phillip Johnson  
BORN: Before 1560

9xGrGrandmother:  
Sarah Berry  
BORN: Before 1560

ANCESTORS OF MARY MATILDA SHELTON

BORN: Dec 31, 1869

PLACE: Butler, IN

MARR: Feb 21, 1894

DIED: Mar 10, 1918

PLACE: Tustin, CA

Father:

James Taylor Sheldon

BORN: Sep 11, 1828

PLACE: New York

MAR: May 8, 1867

DIED: Jun 8, 1906

PLACE: Tustin, CA

Grandfather:

Elisha Sheldon

BORN: Feb 18, 1785

PLACE: England

DIED: Mar 15, 1839

Grandmother:

Mary Joyce

BORN: Nov 4, 1792

PLACE: New York

DIED: Aug 11, 1856

Mother:

Calista M. Caswell

BORN: Dec 3, 1843

PLACE: Freemont, IN

DIED: Mar 15, 1908

PLACE: Tustin, CA

Grandfather:

Daniel Caswell

Grandmother:

Phoebe Russell

Gr. Grandfather:

John Russell

Gr. Grandmother:

Rachel Van Arman

ANCESTORS OF VIRGIL WASHINGTON DEAVER

BORN Feb 22 1899  
PLACE: Lee's Summit MO  
MAR: Sep 20 1920  
DIED Mar 15 1979  
PLACE: Escondido CA

Father:  
William Oliver Deaver  
BORN Oct 26 1855  
PLACE: Rockbridge Co VA  
MAR: Oct 14 1876  
DIED Feb 13 1930  
WHERE: Tustin CA

Mother:  
Rachel Ann Harris  
BORN May 12 1858  
PLACE: Rockbridge Co VA  
DIED Jan 14 1934  
PLACE: Tustin CA

Grandfather:  
Theodore A. Deaver  
BORN: Dec 29 1825  
MAR: c. 1844/45  
DIED: Jun 9 1897  
PLACE: Rockbridge Co VA

Grandmother:  
Sarah Ann  
BORN Dec 31 1828  
DIED Aug 12 1909  
PLACE: Rockbridge Co. VA

Gr. Grandfather:  
Joshua Lewton Deaver  
BORN 1803  
PLACE: Frederick Co. MD  
MAR: c. 1823  
DIED Jan 4 1881  
PLACE: Rockbridge Co. VA

Gr. Grandmother:  
Anna Norris  
BORN 1803  
PLACE: Maryland  
DIED: Aug 28 1875  
PLACE: Rockbridge Co. VA

Gr. Gr. Grandfather:  
Joshua Deaver  
BORN 1773  
PLACE: Maryland  
MAR: 1795  
DIED: after 1815

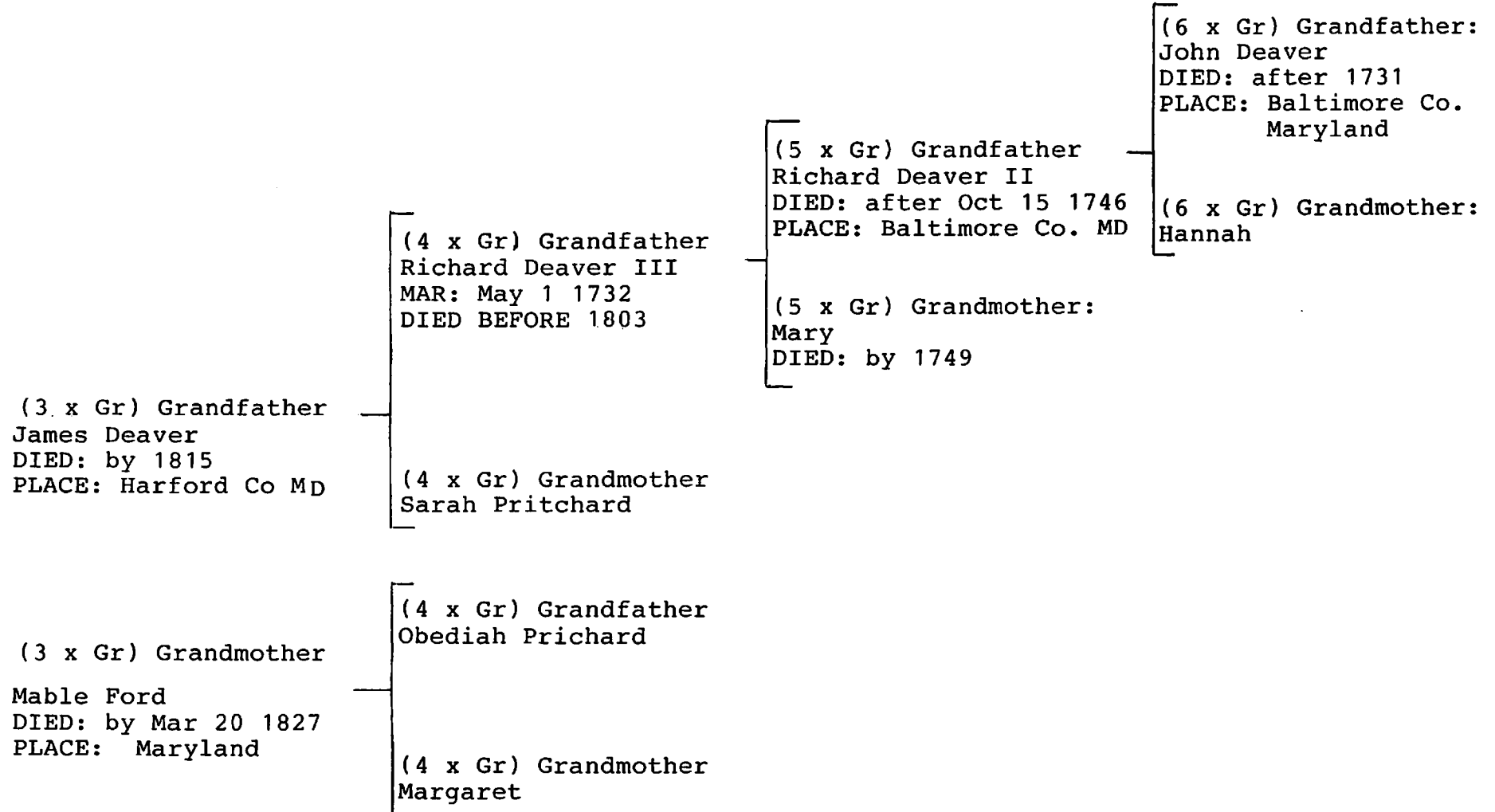
Gr. Gr. Grandmother:  
Sarah Lewton

Gr. Gr. Grandfather:  
Stephen Norris

Gr. Gr. Grandmother:  
Elizabeth Radcliffe

Continued on  
Next Page

ANCESTORS OF VIRGIL WASHINGTON DEAVER  
Continued



Continued on  
Next Page

ANCESTORS OF VIRGIL WASHINGTON DEAVER  
Continued

(7 x Gr) Grandfather

Richard Deaver I

BORN c. 1627

WHERE: Scotland (?)

MAR: 1657

DIED Feb 5 1701

PLACE: Anne Arundel Co. MD

Both came to Baltimore, Md.  
in Ship Lionhart  
Dec 12 1659

(7 x Gr) Grandmother

Grace Fitzmorris

BORN: 1628

WHERE: Scotland (?)

CHARLES EDWARD UTT  
MARY MATILDA SHELTON UTT

Charles Edward Utt was born on May 23, 1866, in Auburn, Placer County, California. (1) As a young boy of 8 years he traveled with his parents, Lysander and Arvilla Utt, to Tustin, Orange County, California. (3)

On February 21, 1894, C. E. Utt married Mary Matilda Sheldon, (2) daughter of Dr. James Taylor Sheldon and Calista Caswell Sheldon. (4) She had been born December 31, 1869, in Butler, Indiana, (4) and moved to California with her family when she was 10. (5) She was a member of the WCTU as were her parents. (6)

C. E. Utt was a leader in the community: President, First National Bank of Tustin; organizer and president since inception of San Joaquin Fruit Company; Treasurer, Haven Seed Company (3) owner of Tustin Waterworks. (7) The family attended the Presbyterian Church, and C. E. Utt was a strong Prohibitionist. Since passage of the 18th amendment, C. E. Utt was affiliated with the Republican Party. (3)

C. E. Utt died at Tustin of a heart ailment on February 5, 1950. (1) Mary Sheldon Utt died on March 10, 1918, in Tustin of asphyxiation due to epilepsy. (4)

---

(1) Death certificate of Charles Edward Utt and birth certificate of his daughter, Mary Louise Utt Deaver

(2) Information from writings of Gertrude Utt Hess and from Thomas Deaver, great-grandson of C. E. Utt

(3) History of Orange County, by ?

(4) Death certificate of Mary Matilda Sheldon

(5) Obituary, Mrs. C. E. Utt, March 11, 1918, paper unknown, clipping in possession of Dorothy May Chamberlain, granddaughter of C. E. Utt and Mary Sheldon

(6) From writings of Dorothy Utt Robertson, daughter of C. E. Utt and Mary Sheldon, Under the Sycamores

(7) C. E. Utt, Fifty Years of Public Service, a brief sketch of the Tustin Water Works, Tustin, 1937, located in Univ of Cal. Library at Irvine.

JAMES TAYLOR SHELDON  
CALISTA CASWELL SHELDON

James Taylor Sheldon was born on September 11, 1828, in New York, the son of Elisha Sheldon and Mary Joyce Sheldon. Elisha Sheldon had been born in England, and Mary Joyce had been born in New York. (1) When he was very young, he moved with his parents to Pennsylvania. He began medical studies under his Uncle Taylor in Battle Creek, Michigan. He later attended Methodist College in Albion, Michigan, and then graduated from Rush Medical College in Chicago. He was the youngest of four brothers, all of whom became physicians, and two of his uncles were physicians. He went to California in 1849 and returned to Burr Oak, Michigan where he began the practice of medicine. He later settled in Butler, Indiana. At the time of the war draft he was appointed examining physician in his county. In 1876 he married Matilda Rank who died in 1865. (2)

On May 8, 1867, James Taylor Sheldon married Calista M. Caswell of Kendallville, Indiana. (2) Calista Caswell had been born in Freemont, Indiana, on December 3, 1843, the daughter of Daniel Caswell and Phoebe Russell. (1) Calista had graduated from college in Indiana through the support of the parents of an ex-fiance who was killed in the Civil War. (3) Two daughters were born to James and Calista Sheldon, one of whom died in infancy and one of whom became Mrs. C. E. Utt of Tustin. James Sheldon had one sister, Mrs. Alice Cooper, who was visiting in his home at the time of his death. (2)

Around 1850 Dr. Sheldon built his office in Tustin at No. 434, El Camino Real. It is the site of the present John Roach office building. (4)

Dr. Sheldon died on June 8, 1906, in Tustin, California, of "senility" and "exhaustion." (1) Calista Caswell Sheldon died March 15, 1908, in Tustin, California, of chronic Brights disease. (1)

---

(1) Death certificates

(2) James Taylor Sheldon obituary, date and paper unknown, clipping in possession of Dorothy May Chamberlain, daughter of Gertrude Utt Hess

(3) Family tradition

(4) Tustin Centennial Magazine, published by Creative Network, 2232 S.E. Bristol, Ste. 210, Santa Ana Hgts., CA 92707, found in Huntington Beach Public Library, Huntington Beach, CA.



LYSANDER UTT  
ARVILLA PLATT UTT

Lysander Utt was born June 1, 1824, in Wyethe County, Virginia, the son of John Wesley Utt and Mary (Sally) Creager. (1) In 1840 Lysander and his parents moved to Jackson Twp., Johnston, County, Missouri. (1) From there Lysander traveled to California overland by ox team (7) approximately 1848. (4) He was initially successful in mining but then joined some other miners to dam the American River. The river went on rampage and washed away their dam, canal and diggings. He then began hauling freight over the Sierra Nevadas for the railroad. (7) He crossed the Santa Fe Trail a number of times before the Mexican War and made and lost several fortunes. (6) He guided immigrants to California and sometimes followed the old Butterfield Trail that came to southern California. Sometimes he may have taken the northern route because he met his wife, Arvilla Platt, in the gold country. (2) She was a waitress at the "Grizzly Bear House", and she and her parents had sailed from New York around the Horn to San Francisco some years previously. (7)

He married Arvilla Platt in 1864. (1) Arvilla had been born in New York, New York, the daughter of E. W. Platt and Eunice B. Trusdall Platt. (3) In 1874 Lysander and Arvilla Utt moved to Tustin, Orange County, where Lysander had a store called The Pioneer Store at the corner of Main and El Camino Real at the Big Ben Clock. (5) He bought the stock of E. H. Deckerman who started the first store in Tustin two years before. (6) The store sold everything from sugar to work boots. (5)

Lysander Utt died September 24, 1890, in Tustin, and Arvilla Utt died May 13, 1910, in Tustin. (3)

---

(1) Utt Ventures: A Genealogy and History of the Ott-Utt Family 1742-1982 by Claire Utt, 909 E. 9th St., Winfield, Kans. 67156, Published 1982 by McDowell Publications, 1233 Sweeney St., Owensboro, Ky. 43201, (502) 926-0721.

(2) Family tradition as written by Dorothy Utt Robertson in Under the Sycamores.

(3) Death certificates

(4) Family tradition per James Sheldon Deaver, Sr., son of Virgil Washington Deaver and Mary Louise Utt Deaver

(5) Tustin Centennial Magazine, published by Creative Network, 2232  
S. E. Bristol, Suite 210, Santa Ana Heights, CA 92707, found in Huntington  
Beach Library, Huntington Beach, CA.

(6) History of Orange County, by ?

(7) Writings of C. E. Utt, edited by his daughter Gertrude Hess

#### SOURCES

Much of the information in the ancestor charts was gathered by Thomas Deaver, 428 South Carmalita, Hemet, CA 92543. This was supplemented by data from birth and death certificates and from census records. Information on the Utt ancestry was taken from Utt Ventures, by Claire Utt. The source for the Deaver ancestry was In the Beginning, by Lester W. Deaver. The source for the information on the Eunice Trusdall ancestry was received from Diane Truesdell Loy, 6551 S. Oakmont Drive, Chandler, AZ 85249.

# UNDER THE SYCAMORES

*by Dorothy Utt Robertson*

The first time I remember being there, I must have been two and a half or three years old. With me there was my sister Gertrude, and I was sure she knew everything. Taking care of us were Papa and Mama (they called each other Ed and Mamie). They made us mind, got our meals, and put us to bed on time. I didn't know that they were not born there. Later, Papa told us he had come down from Placerville, where he and his father and mother lived. They came in a covered wagon, and it took them a month to get to Tustin. Papa always remembered every stop they had made, and where it was, and in later years, after the family was grown, and he had more time, he drove up to Placerville once a year, stopping at all the places they had stopped, so long ago.

Lysander Utt was Papa's father's name, and his mother was Emily Arvilla Utt, but before she married Lysander, her name was Emily Arvilla Platt. She didn't like her names and preferred to be called Villi. Villi and Lysander had wanted to come south to Tustin for a long time. They bought a grocery store when they got there, and Lysander and his little eight-year-old son Eddie took care of it. Villi kept a boarding house, up above the store. They lived there, too.

Then Mama told us about living in Butler, Indiana, when she was a little girl. Her father was Dr. James Sheldon. Mama liked to ride through the woods with her father when he went to care for sick people. She loved to remember the snow, and how it looked as it came floating down outside, and how the icicles formed on the window inside. Mama's mother told her that there were hundreds and hundreds of these tiny icicles and that each one was different.

The Sheldons also wanted to come to California, and when Mama was ten years old, they decided to go. They had heard that California had a good climate and that there were orange orchards there. And they came to Tustin, too, but several years after Lysander and his family had come. Mama's father was called Dr. James Sheldon, and her mother's name was Calista Maria Sheldon, but before she was married, she was Calista Maria Caswell.

Now that Dr. James Sheldon and Calista Maria were in Tustin, they had to look for a home and a little orange orchard and talk to the neighbors about raising oranges, because that's what they wanted to do. Dr. Sheldon opened a doctor's office where he spent part of his time. But Mamie didn't have all these things to do, and she was homesick -- things were different in Indiana! But before long the Van der Mueles came

from Michigan, and they had one little girl, just the age of Mama -- her name was Rachie. She was lonesome too, and they became close friends soon. They were going to school together, and meeting other little girls, and young Ed Utt who was older than they. The school was known as the Little School (like grammar school) and the next school was the big school (like high school). Lysander, Ed's father, used to say to him -- "I like that little Sheldon girl and the way she comes rolling her hoop to school."

The years went by fast, and soon Ed and Mamie became good friends. When she was 23, and he was 28, they were married! And before long, they were living under the sycamores!

I have told you before how Papa and Mama took good care of us, and then one day, a little boy came along to live with us. Papa and Mama decided to name him James Boyd Utt. We all loved this little boy, and soon we knew that he was our little brother. A few years later, there was another little girl, Mary Louise Utt, and in a few more years another little girl came, Elisabeth, and then we knew we were a family, and all of us lived under the sycamores!

Lysander Utt died several years before this time. Ed was able to buy his mother a large home, where she could take in boarders and cook for people. Papa and Mama both wanted their parents close to them, so Papa built a nice little home for his mother, and she moved in and was happy there. We called her Grandma Utt. Grandpa and Grandma Sheldon moved their home, and soon we were all under the sycamores!

We children all loved our grandparents dearly, and as time went by, we realized how different they were. Grandma Utt loved to do all kinds of fancy work, and when we were older, we learned a little, but not very much! She was a wonderful cook, and she invited us over to her house, one at a time. The tables would be set carefully, with old-fashioned dishes and silverware. We felt so important! In her cupboard, I saw a beautiful coffee pot. She said that it came around through the Isthmus of Panama, when she was young and on her way to California and gold. We talked about lots of things at the table, but mainly about her garden, which was beautiful. She had a nice green lawn, and lots of carnations, and on the front porch, many potted plants.

She was a Baptist, and every Sunday she drove our horse called old Maude and took Grandpa and Grandma Sheldon clear to Santa Ana where they went to the Methodist Church and also the Baptist. When they came home, all three came to our house for dinner. We went to the Presbyterian Church because it was nearer home.

Grandma and Grandpa Sheldon also invited us for dinner. I remember they had some pretty pink dishes, with little pink salt shakers that were shaped like carrots. The pepper shakers looked like radishes! Grandpa didn't like to use a fork, but very carefully put his food on a knife. He did it so nicely that it delighted us, and we wanted to do it,

too, but Grandma wouldn't let us -- she knew that we couldn't be so dainty.

All three of the grandparents were members of the WCTU, and so was my mother. Do you suppose that it had its effect on me?

I mention these things because in the early days it was our world, and we were happy in it.

Then came school. Gertrude started two years before I did -- and on her report card, got E's in everything. I got P for poor in everything but deportment. I knew I had been pretty bad but was thankful for my good mark in behavior!

And then came our first real summer vacation -- Papa, Mama, Gertrude, James, and Louise (about three years old). Elisabeth wasn't born yet. We knew the grandparents would get along all right. Mama and Papa packed all sorts of things in two large trunks, had them taken to the train (we had no cars then), and we, too, went on the train, our first ride. We went to Hemet and stayed overnight in a hotel. All of this was so new to us! Next morning early, we climbed into a large wagon with room for all of us. We children kept asking, "When will we be at Strawberry Valley?" and Papa said, "When we get to the pine trees."

And soon we were in a pine forest. Papa said he must look up Allen's Camp. This was a grocery store and had many nice sites for camping. Then, there was Keen Camp which was more like a hotel. Keen and Allen's Camp was the name of the new camp in Strawberry Valley.

Papa decided to go to Keen's and Allen's Camp to find out where our campsite was located. Someone told us it was about a quarter of a mile away and told how to get there. That didn't take long, and soon we could see our tents going up, and it seemed to us a beautiful place to spend the summer. There were three tents already up. One was for a bedroom at night and a living room in the daytime. Another was a small kitchen in which there was a stove in which we could burn wood. The third was a storage tent in which we put one of our big trunks, the one that had the food. The second trunk went to the bedroom, to be used as a table.

When the men got through putting up the tents, Papa asked them to help him make a swing. There was a tall pine near our tents, and Papa had a long, strong rope which they threw over one of the limbs. Both ends of the limbs were pulled down to about three feet from the ground. Our camp site was on a little hill, looking down at a little meadow, and we learned to take hold of the board and run with all our might down hill, and soon we were brave enough to let go of the rope and run the rest of the way down hill. Louise was too little to do that, but the rest of us used our swing every day.

Darkness came, and we had an easy supper to get, then put our blankets and pillows down in the bedroom. When the rains came, and thunder rolled and lightning flashed, I was afraid, but Papa was there, and we knew he would take care of us.

The next morning we were sad, as we knew that Papa had to go home, and take care of his farming -- and we knew how much we would miss him. He told us all to help Mama when we could, and not to quarrel with each other.

After Papa had gone, Mama said, "Let's make plans!" And we did.

"Let's do our work first. We have a barrel here near our tents, and we should fill it with water, so let's bring the water first. There is a little spring down in the meadow, a spring that flows into a trough. I have two buckets in the kitchen. We'll find two round pieces of wood, and put them under the bucket handles -- then Gertrude and Dorothy can carry one together, and James and Louise can carry the other." This was hard work, but it didn't take long to get the barrel filled.

"Let's go for a walk," Mama said, so away we went, up the hill and under the pines and oak trees. Louise, at four, was a very lively little girl, and soon she found just the right tree to climb, and up she went, and James followed her. Just as Gertrude and I started up the tree, it began to rain, but the big dark cloud moved along, and we didn't get wet. We found that in those mountains, the clouds didn't stand still. On our way home, we began to pick up acorns, big and little. There were several varieties of oak there, and some had little slender acorns and some, big fat ones. Mama said, "it is fun to make collections of the interesting and pretty things we find while we are here." Soon we were back at the tent. The ground wasn't even wet because it was sandy. It was nearly noon, and we were hungry.

After dinner, we walked down the hill to Allen grocery store for a loaf of bread. They had soda pop with all manner of bright colored tops. Most people didn't pick them up, but we did, and made games with them after we got back to our tents. We were tired that night and went to bed early and were sound asleep before we knew it, but in the night we were awakened by a real storm -- lightning, thunder, and then the rain. It didn't last very long but in the morning we saw not far from us, that a tall and beautiful pine tree had been struck by lightning, and a big white scar went around and around the trunk to the ground. We were so hungry that morning. Mama made flapjacks on our little wood stove, and we couldn't stop eating until they were all gone.

That day we really began to learn about camp life, because we had so much work to do. Mama had to wash the clothes that day, so we brought all the buckets up to fill the barrel, and after the washing was done we had to fill the barrel again. Also we had to hunt wood and pine cones because we were getting out of fuel. We felt a little abused. But in the afternoon, Mama surprised us by bringing out games, which were in one of the

trunks -- the checkers, dominos, Flinch, Authors, and books. It was such a happy afternoon.

In the evenings, before bedtime, we all sang, "There were ninety and nine that safely lay, in the shelter of the fold, but one was off on the hills away, far off from the gates of gold." We loved that song, and it made us cry to think of those poor sheep, lost and tired. Then we all said the 23rd Psalm and the Lord's Prayer.

During the next week, we all became more observant. We had never lived out of doors before, but now we could see the sunrise every morning and watch it set every evening, and see the big round moon rise in the early evening, and in about two weeks it was setting in the west, just a tiny bow -- the new moon.

We began to study the shrubs and bushes, and one day two gopher snakes crawled through our living room. Mama knew they weren't dangerous, and they soon slipped away. The sound of the crickets in the early evening and frogs croaking, hearing and watching the woodpeckers, making their holes in the trunks and limbs of a pine tree, and filling them with food for a rainy day -- so, with all these wonders, the days flew by. And then, of course, we had the water barrels to keep full, Gertrude and I took turns washing the dishes, and every day we enjoyed the swing.

We had become so used to living outdoors that we weren't afraid of things any more. It all began to seem natural. Mama began to let us plan our own days. If one of us suggested a walk, she was always ready to go. We could run errands for her to the grocery store to bring what was needed for that day's food. We were all proud of that, as it made us feel grown up. Even James and Louise went all by themselves! As the days flew by, we began to feel responsible for each other and to count on each other.

And one late afternoon, who should come driving into our camp but Papa! We could see how happy Mama's face was, and I know ours was the same! Papa came weekends as often as he could. I think he was driving his little Reo at this time.

By this time, Mama's very special friend, whom we called Aunt Richie, had married Arthur E. Bennett, who became Uncle Arthur to us. At some time during that summer, they came up with their girls, Wilhemina, a year younger than I, and a younger sister, Mildred, and camped next to us. This must have been very pleasant for Aunt Richie and Mama, and was fun for us also. We took many walks and gathered pine cones for a bonfire in the evening, when we all sat around and talked. Mama and Aunt Richie used to play Flinch together.

On the first of August, the people of Hemet came up with horses and wagon to drive us back down to take the train. Probably we got off at Santa Ana. We were very glad to be home and to see our grandparents again.



## Grammar School Years

We must have started back to school a month or so after we returned. It might be interesting to tell something about grammar school in the year 1903. The playgrounds for boys and girls were separate from one another. The girls had two big swings under some sycamore trees. Jump rope was a very favorite sport for girls. Everybody played jacks whenever they could find a hard cement slab on which to throw them, and Mama told me that, when she was a little girl, they played jacks by tossing them up, and catching them between their fingers. There were several large sycamores where children ate their lunches, but we went home, as we were only three blocks away.

The boys' games in those days included baseball and shinny, which was played by hitting or kicking a tin can across the opponent's goal line. Both girls and boys played marbles. Playing marbles for keeps was frowned upon because it was considered gambling.

When the bell rang, the girls formed lines to march in from their playground, and the boys formed lines to march in from theirs. The principal for many years was Mr. Zeelian. He was so well-liked by his pupils that for many years thereafter they held a picnic in his honor at Orange County Park, which was attended by many people. He was quite strict, and I was a little scared of him.

Soon after the beginning of my second year, I was taken ill with typhoid fever, and our good Doctor Boyd decided that I should stay out of school for all that year. When I went back the next year, I found my classes much easier and got much better grades.

The girls with whom I became best acquainted were Wilhemina and Mildred Bennett, Mildred Marchant, Irene Grisct, Edith Higgins, Jessie Rawlings and her sisters. Tustin was a small rural community in those days, and all these girlfriends were from farm families whose parents were friends of Papa and Mama. The Grisets were French and spoke in broken English. Irene was the only girl in a large family. Edith Higgins was the niece of one of Mama's special friends, Ida Higgins, whom we always called Aunt Ida.

The father of the Rawlings family was English and had been a shoemaker in his own country and did the community shoe repairing in Tustin. They had their own little farm where they had raised fruit trees, garden and chickens. Families living on farms raised much more of their own food in those days. Papa and Mama said that they lived on one hundred dollars the first year after they were married before they had any children.

When I was in the fourth grade, our youngest sister, Elisabeth, was born. Our family physician was Dr. James Boyd who was present when all five of us children were

born. He and his sister, Rosa, came from Virginia and lived in Santa Ana. There was no doctor in Tustin, but Dr. Boyd drove out with his horse and buggy three days each week, after driving several miles farther to the Irvine Ranch and the El Toro area to attend patients. He often stopped by at our house for breakfast on his way to visit patients, who lived farther away on ranches. Our brother Jimmy was named for Dr. Boyd.

Hattie Stevens was helping in our household when Elisabeth was born, and for many years after, and became one of the closest friends of our family for as long as she lived. We never stopped missing her.

I think I was in the second grade when Grandpa Sheldon died. Grandma Sheldon died two years later. We had spent a good deal of time visiting in their home. She had taken a trip with us the year before, to Catalina Island, where we had stayed a month. We paid \$30 rent for a house near the beach. We would get up early morning and go down to the beach to look for sea shells, while Mama was preparing breakfast. Papa would come over on the "Cabrillo" for weekends. There were always fireworks when the boat came in, and Papa took us for trips in the glass bottom boat, so that we could see the bright abalone shells, fish and marine life below.

From the time I can remember, we used to drive with our horse and buggy for a day's trip, fifteen miles to Laguna Beach, leaving our horse in the livery stable there. Grandma Utt particularly enjoyed the trips to Laguna. We would take bundles and hike to Coward's Cove, and other nice places along the shore. We would start from home very early in the morning and return by early evening.

Papa sometimes drove Grandma Utt with her Baptist Church group to camp meetings that were held at Laguna, no doubt all making the trip in buggies drawn by horses.

Grandma Utt added to her income by growing strawberries for sale. She was very thrifty and loved to work outdoors. Papa had to limit the amount of flowers and vegetables she grew because he didn't want her to overdo. I think she was scarcely five feet tall but very spry. She said her hair had been white since she was twenty years of age. She lived to 76 years.

We did not meet many of the Sheldon relatives because Grandma and Grandpa Sheldon were the only ones who came to live in Tustin. However, when I was ten years of age, our cousin, Mary Caswell, a little older than I, came with her grandmother for a two weeks' visit. This was at Christmas time. When I was in high school, we had a visit. When I was in high school, we had a visit from a young man cousin named Don Sheldon. Our Sheldon grandparents received presents at Christmastime from some relatives in Montana. One of them, a cousin Ceilia, used to send gifts to Mama when her children were born.

A brother of Grandma Sheldon went to Florida and disappeared in the swamps there. His widow, with a young son and daughter, arrived at Tustin by train to visit Grandma Sheldon and stayed for a while in a home Grandma owned and rented.

Grandfather Lysander Utt's family was from Pennsylvania, but he and perhaps some of his family moved to western Virginia. From there, Lysander came west, and eventually got into the business of guiding immigrants to California. Sometimes, at least, he followed the old Butterfield Trail that came to southern California, but he also may have taken immigrants over the northern route, because he and Grandma Utt met in the gold country.

Papa had a cousin, Viola Utt, who must have been a daughter of a brother of Lysander. Our friend, Hattie Stevens, recalled Viola and her father having come to Tustin the first time in a covered wagon in which they lived. Papa seemed to think that was the way Viola's father like to live. Viola later lived in San Francisco. She had quite a time acquiring an education, and I recall Papa sending her money now and then to help her during those years. She was a neuropathic physician. She seemed to become involved in this sort of healing from time to time, and when she visited us, she was apt to be full of enthusiasm about some new method of healing.

There was a cousin, Daniel Utt, presumably a brother of Lysander, at Placerville, whose wife would not live with him, because she could not stand the way he played the violin, but we never met them.

A few months before Grandma Utt died, she was visited by the Trusdall family. Mr. Trusdall was her relative, but I do not know on which side of the family. We liked the Trusdalls very much, and so we were having Thanksgiving dinners at their home in Los Angeles, and they with us on New Year's. They had Clifford, an architect, Gertrude's age; Clary who played the piano; and a younger son, Augustus. Being Grandma Utt's relative, they must have come from the Platt family.

Uncle Charlie Platt and his family owned a dairy near Westminster in Orange County. The Platt children from his first wife, that I recall, were Dilla and Aurora. After his first wife died, he married again -- a lady named Lillian. Their children were Lester, Eunice, Anis. There was a brother Ansell who was a piano tuner, but I do not know which family he belonged to. Eunice married a Mr. Jenkins. Anis ran a barber shop -- I'm not sure whether it was for both gentlemen and ladies. So far as I recall, Lester continued with the dairy. He was married and had two daughters whom I recall meeting when I was visiting in Los Angeles.

Uncle Charlie Platt had run a steamer on the Sacramento River, probably during the years when Grandpa and Grandma Utt lived in the gold country. He came to the Irvine Ranch in Orange County from where he had written to urge our grandparents to move there. He would occasionally leave the dairy to travel about, distributing religious

tracts and signs.

Home life became very unpleasant for Cousins Della and Aurora after their mother died, although Papa never blamed the stepmother Lillian for the situation. Della presently married quite an elderly man. Sometime after he passed away, she married Nate Kuhlmann, whom we liked very much. It was real fun when they came visiting us. They first lived somewhere in Riverside County, but we knew them best when they were living in San Diego, where he was a partner in a clothing store.

During the World's Fair of 1915 celebrating the completion of the Panama Canal, our entire family drove down to spend several days with Cousin Nate and Della, and take in the Exposition. Della was very quick about everything she did and was a wonderful cook. They had long been inviting us to come and a great time was had by all. Cousins Della and Nate led a very active social life, full of dances, card parties, and clubs that were interested in helping other people. They owned a cabin at Alpine in the mountains of San Diego County. Della was apt to get in all sorts of little difficulties. One I recall was her dropping an electric heater into a bathtub full of water, when she was in the tub, and she was almost electrocuted. Another crisis was when she was in an outdoor toilet back of their house at Alpine, and suddenly saw a rattlesnake coiled near her on the floor. She leaped upon the seat and yelled frantically for Nate, who, being of a very calm nature, was entirely too slow in coming to her rescue, at least the way Della told it.

Aurora and Della were quite opposite characters, who dearly loved each other, but got along best when not too constantly together. They both had a difficult time after leaving home, and Papa sometimes gave them a helping hand, for which they were very grateful. Aurora took nurse's training at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles and nursed there. Her brief vacations were spent with our family in Tustin. She came to care for Grandma Utt during her last illness. Later on, she studied to become a chiropractor and practiced in Los Angeles. Both she and Della had very strong hands which they say came from milking so many cows during their younger days.

Mama's special friend, Ida Higgins, whom we called Aunt Ida, was married in about 1908 to Hubbert Hubbard -- after that, Uncle Hubbert to us. Aunt Ida had worked in a photograph studio in Los Angeles, where her specialty was tinting pictures, and Uncle Hubbert was a shoe salesman, later selling real estate. We visited back and forth for all their lives. Edith Higgins graduated from Occidental College at Eagle Rock, near Los Angeles, and became a social worker under Dr. Robert Freeman, the well-known pastor at the First Presbyterian Church in Pasadena.

Returning to Tustin school days, Gertrude took piano lessons, and I, violin lessons, during grammar school days. We often played together for church and social events in Tustin. After finishing grammar school, Gertrude went for two years to Orton School for Girls in Pasadena.

When it came time to go to Santa Ana High School, there was no school bus, so several of us girls drove in the three miles every day in a buggy supplied by the Bennetts, drawn by a horse named Denis, owned by Papa. The girls were Wilhelmina Bennett, Mildred Marchant, Jessie Rawlings, and I. Jessie took care of the horse, harnessing it in the mornings, driving it and keeping it in their barn every night. The horse and buggy were left in Livesy's Livery Stable in Santa Ana during school hours. Both going and coming we discussed our lessons with each other besides many other things, so the drive was always fun. Our friend, Irene Grisct, rode a bicycle, and she sometimes hitched a ride with us by holding on to the fender of the buggy.

The new Polytechnic High School had just been opened that year, and there were about 800 students. There was a school cafeteria, but we took our lunches.

Even in those days, 1913-1917, quite a number of courses were offered. Besides English, French, German, Spanish and Latin, there were departments of mathematics, science, commercial subjects, and manual arts. The school published a weekly newspaper called "The Gerator" and an annual magazine called "The Ariel." There was a Glee Club and an Orchestra. I played the violin in the orchestra. Athletic activities were important: football in the fall; basketball, baseball, and tennis later in the school season.

Getting back to our life in Tustin, Papa had been increasing his farming acreage during the years. Looking for specialty crops, which might give a better income, he began growing peanuts, which he must have roasted and packaged, because "Utt's Roasted Peanuts" were offered for sale on the Santa Fe Railway line running from Los Angeles to San Diego. He also got into raising Anaheim chili peppers, which he dehydrated, and I suppose sold mostly to the Mexican trade.

In 1908 Papa formed a partnership with Mr. Sherman Stevens of Tustin, and James Irvine for planting 1,000 acres of the Irvine Ranch -- I think 600 acres interspersed between oranges and lemons, and 400 acres of walnuts. Papa was the active farmer, and this project kept him busy for many years. They later added 200 acres of avocados. The California Avocado Association was formed. Papa was for some years its president.

As Tustin continued to grow, the Tustin First National Bank was organized. Papa was its president for a number of years.

Ever since I can recall, Papa owned the Tustin Water Works. There were not many users in the beginning. There was a water tank, and a pump which was started by a man who had a blacksmith shop close by. We got frequent calls from people complaining that they were out of water. Papa felt that they were apt to be the ones who had let their hoses run all night. Once Uncle Arthur Bennett called on Sunday morning to say that he was all soaped up, and he didn't want to be late, because he was superintendent of Sunday School. The Tustin Water Works continued to expand with the growth of population, until

now it serves many thousands of people. Our family were glad when it became large enough to have an office to receive complaints and pass out bills.

Some time when I was still in grammar school, Papa bought land on Lemon Heights in the foothills about three miles east of Tustin. It was eventually planted to lemons, avocados, and California Concord grapes.

Turning back to high school days, we continued to drive Dennis and the buggy to school, for about a year and a half; then a bus line started, and the school paid us the amount of the fare if we furnished our own transportation. Anita Preble, I, and sometimes other girls walked the three miles, and collected the amount of the bus fare at the high school office. It was nice to have the money for ice cream sodas or other luxuries.

Pupils came to Santa Ana High School from as far as the Irvine Ranch, El Toro, San Juan Capistrano, Laguna Beach, and on the Pacific Electric Railway from Garden Grove, Cypress, and even from Norwalk, halfway to Los Angeles.

My first year in high school, an interesting young man arrived from Mexico. He dressed in a neat suit, and wore a necktie and a cap, and always walked fast. I was attracted to him but didn't have much opportunity to make his acquaintance. Our little group who came by horse and buggy had to hurry right after school to the livery stable and start home, whereas Tom (I did learn his name) led an active life in Santa Ana. Before he knew it, he was working on the school newspaper, The Generator, and getting advertisements and later writing for it.

My first time to really meet him was in the school cafeteria. He was working there at noon, handing out food to hungry people, and I remember what a big serving of mashed potatoes and gravy he put on my plate. The next year my brother Jimmy became acquainted with Tom. He was delighted to know a boy from Mexico, and many of the adventures Tom told him Jimmy repeated to me. However, we didn't really do anything together, until our sophomore year, when we were both in a Spanish play "Los Pantalones", which was presented at the Santa Ana Opera House. It took a lot of rehearsals, and we were pretty well acquainted after that.

He asked me to go to a Halloween Party at the high school. The three girls, whom I went to school with, took the school bus from Tustin, and we met at the party. We all had a good time, and I was happy to have the date. After that Tom began walking home from school with me and met the family. He would take the bus back to Santa Ana.

In our junior year, we were partners in a debate with Lincoln High School in Los Angeles, taking the negative side of the question, "Resolved, the Philippine Islands should be given their independence within a period of four years." We won the debate. Our coach was Mr. Charles W. Deaver. Jessie Rawlings and Rob Armstrong accompanied us

from Santa Ana, and Tom's older brother, Arcie, who lived in Los Angeles, came to hear us.

Tom's mother and two brothers and sisters came to live in Santa Ana during our senior year. In our senior year, Tom was elected president of the Santa Ana High School student body, and I was elected secretary. This was a very busy year, and it ended all too soon. By this time Tom and I were engaged.

Soon after graduation, Tom and his family left in their new Model T Ford for their home at Los Mochis, Sinaloa, Mexico. The following summer he came for a visit after locating his mother and some of the children in San Diego, where they attended school. By this time, World War One was going on. Shortly after Germany invaded Denmark, Tom's father, having Danish citizenship (Tom did also) was refused a passport to enter the United States, because Denmark was an enemy-occupied country. However, I secured an American passport to enter Mexico.

My mother had not been well for some time and passed away in March of 1918. All of us children were still living at home when our mother died.

Soon after I received my passport, I went to Nogales, Arizona, accompanied by sister Gertrude and brother Jimmy. Papa and Tom came up from Los Mochis, and we were married in Nogales, Sonora, on January 25, 1919, and took the train down the west coast of Mexico. Papa, Gertrude and Jimmie returned together to California.

This was my first time in Mexico, and how different it was! At first our train followed the course of the Magdalena River through forests of oak trees, and later over a level plain. Somewhere out on the desert, it suddenly stopped, and everyone started piling out of the passenger cars for no apparent reason. We followed and found them gathering about numerous groups of Mexican or Indian women, cooking around little stoves made of gasoline cans, on which they had prepared their own special kind of dinner. We sat at a small table, and for my first time ate albondigas, really meat balls mixed with a flour dough and dropped into a vegetable soup. With the soup we were served huge flour tortillas, at least two feet across, which we were told were patted out on the naked backs of the big, burly Yaqui Indians. The story is probably just as true as it ever was.

In late afternoon, we arrived at the seaport of Guaymas, where the train stopped for the night. As we continued south next day, the woods became more dense, a semi-tropical country. During the day we crossed the Yaqui, Mayo and Fuerte Rivers, the first two on bridges. The bridge on the Fuerte River had been suddenly washed away, but the train crossed on a "shoo fly", a temporary track laid on the river bed. The water splashed into the coaches as we crossed.

We got off the train at San Blas, and stayed overnight at the very old Hotel Perez.

The beds were canvas cots that folded up in the daytime. There were canopies of cheesecloth, a very light material, suspended above the beds to keep out mosquitos. The next morning while waiting for the train to arrive from El Fuerte, we ate at a tiny restaurant of Dona Antonia, where Tom had eaten many times before. The train ride to Los Mochis was thirty miles, again through heavily wooded country with some farming areas between.

Dad came to the station for us, in the Robertson Model T Ford, and we drove the three miles to the ranch. At Dad's house we were met by Mr. Brink and his wife, Margarita, and by the family cook, Linda.

Dad took us to the beach at Mapauí, ten miles, that late afternoon. On the way, just at dusk, a deer ran across the road, leaping completely over the hood of the car. It was moonlight, and we saw great schools of silvery mullet leaping near the shore. This was the first of many happy trips to Mapauí, on Ohuira Bay. During the heat of summer, we were apt to spend many days or weeks at the little house there, and often went fishing or sailing besides going swimming every day.

Ohuira Bay runs about 15 miles inland from the harbor of Topolobampo and is about half that wide. The opposite (southern) shore is bordered by mountains, and there are several islands.

A few days later, Tom and I went for a several-days trip by sailboat from Mapauí past the harbor of Topolobampo into a series of little bays and estuaries, bordered by green mangrove trees, toward the entrance of the bay from the Gulf of California.

One very early morning, when camped on a sandy peninsula, we were awakened by a splash in the water near us and looked up to see a deer swimming across a little bay, and on the bank were two coyotes standing, looking longingly after it. They had apparently been chasing it, and it had taken to the water to save itself. This was on Baviri Island which then had a little lighthouse at its top to help guide ships through the channel from the Gulf. On our return trip, the water was so rough that we put into a rocky shore where there was a cave and camped there for the night. Going and coming we passed the little port of Topolobampo. This was the end of the little railroad, which had brought us from San Blas to Los Mochis.

In Tom's story "A South Western Utopia," he has written of the Socialist colony founded in the Fuerte River Valley, beginning 1886. By 1919 there were only a few American families remaining. I soon met the Jordans, Mulkeys, Drakes, Drewiens, Joneses, Burrs, Scallys, and they were all so very friendly. The first persons to whom Tom introduced me were Anita Peyro and her little daughters, Flora and Esther. Anita had gone to school with the American young people of the colony, spoke perfect English, and was the teacher of the American children of the community. Her husband, don Demetrio,



was bookkeeper for one of the American tomato packing houses.

During the year 1918 Tom had been in charge of a henequen planting project, in company with Papa and Mr. Charles F. Van de Water of Long Beach, California. This was located on the Sabinos Ranch of Mr. Van de Water near Mocorito about a hundred miles south of Los Mochis. A terrible plague of grasshoppers had come down from the mountains above and completely destroyed their plantings, and they had decided to give up the project. About two weeks after arriving at Los Mochis, we went to Mocorito to meet Mr. Van de Water for this purpose.

To reach Mocorito, we took the train back to San Blas, then on the Southern Pacific of Mexico on which we had come from Nogales, dropping off at the pueblo of Guamuchil, where we were met by Angel Sanchez, one of the workers, with a light wagon and a team of four little mules, and we went galloping away into the foothills for about fifteen miles to where the Sabinos Ranch lies along a pretty arroyo. The large hacienda house stood at the top of a little hill, overlooking the ranch quarters and the little valley.

After spending a few days here with Mr. Van de Water, we all returned overland to Los Mochis, the three of us riding: I on Tom's black saddle mule, Jackanapes. Tom rode his beautiful chestnut saddle mule, Victoria, and Mr. Van de Water, Tom's favorite horse, Captain. We camped one night in the woods, and the next day arrived at Guasane, about forty miles from Los Mochis, where Dad met us, and we all rode in the Model T back to Los Mochis.

Tom had taken 15 mules, some plows and some other equipment that had been purchased for the Sabinos project in place of salary due to him. We bought 25 acres of land from Grandmother Whitzel, and later 60 acres from his brother Arcie, and with this we started farming. He helped Dad also, and soon they formed a partnership to farm several hundred acres of land rented from the United Sugar Companies. They farmed sugar cane and alfalfa and some tomatoes and peppers for shipment in winter months to the United States and Canada.

In about a year we had built our own little house about a hundred yards from Dad's. It was one large central living room with corner fireplace, surrounded by porches which made it cooler in warm weather. A part of the porch was converted into a kitchen, a dining room and a bathroom, another part was used for bedrooms, and a front corner for Tom's office. There was a driveway lined with rosebushes, extending for a hundred yards to the public road. In the front area, towards the road we planted a fruit orchard which included oranges, lemons, grapefruit, guayabas and saucer peaches. In the back we grew about two acres of bananas. We ate all we could and sold the rest to the local market. My first household helper was a nice old Mayo Indian woman named Juana. She used to carry in the washing in a big bamboo basket which she balanced on the top of her head with a little cloth pad below the basket.

A few months after moving into our home on October 12, 1919, our first son Alan was born. Our good friend Aunt Dot Korfhage, who was a volunteer community nurse, was on hand, and no one could have helped me more. Papa arrived with Cousin Aurora, the nurse, who stayed for several weeks. In the summer of 1920 we went for a visit to California. Sister Gertrude had married Lynford Hess in June, 1919, and Sister Louise was married to Virgil Deaver during the summer of 1920 while we were in California. Brother Jimmy was married to Charlena Dripps that fall of 1920.

Among Mama's and Papa's friends I have mentioned the Rawlings family. Mr. Rawlings had died sometime while we were in grammar school. About the time when their daughter Jessie and I graduated from high school, the Rawlings family moved to Idaho where they went into farming. Papa and Mrs. Margaret Rawlings were married in Idaho during the summer that we were in California and took a trip to eastern United States and Canada.

Our daughter Jean was born at Los Mochis on December 24, 1920. Aunt Dot was there to help us again.

Son Leigh was born on December 11, 1923, and Aunt Dot was there again.

Aunt Dot and Uncle Henry were our closest neighbors and wonderful friends, and they regarded our children almost as they might have their own grandchildren. The Jordan and Mulky young people were of about our age, and we had many good times together. They also had a home on the beach at Mapaui, and we spent a great deal of time there, especially in summer.

Not long after we began living at Los Mochis, we started making trips to San Ignacio Bay about twenty miles southward, and presently the Korfhages and ourselves built a little home on a point looking out over the bay and Islands. Dad built us a fine little sailboat which he named "Jean." Tom made friends with Lino, a Mayo Indian from the nearby village of Carrizo, and they did a lot of hunting and fishing together. There were many deer on the Islands, and we usually had venison in camp besides fish and other seafoods.

Although we were enjoying life in Mexico so much, there were two problems that were disturbing us. One was the health of the children who suffered extremely from the hot weather in summer. The other was the change in attitude of the laboring classes. The men who had worked on the ranch for a number of years were very loyal and friendly, but new men were inclined to be difficult and not so reliable.

On our trip to California in 1924 Papa had shown Tom a 510 acre ranch that he had bought in Simi Valley, Ventura County, and which he offered to sell to us at his cost price. We went back to Sinaloa and spent a year selling the property there, both Dad and

ourselves moving to the new ranch in California in June, 1925. This place was named Sinoloa Ranch, and we planted it to oranges, walnuts, grapes and persimmons. We later bought 187 acres, called the Smead Ranch, and planted part of it to oranges. To help support the orchards while they were small, we planted tomatoes between orchard rows and leased other land for planting more tomatoes. These were mainly for extracting seed, which we sold to Haven Seed Co., Santa Ana.

The oranges were sold through Tapo Citrus Association, and the walnuts through Moorpark Walnut Growers Association.

The summer before I was married, Hattie and I had helped make Concord grape juice. Brother Jimmy hauled in the grapes from Papa's ranch on Lemon Heights. We stripped the grapes from the stems and cooked them in a large aluminum kettle. Then we put them through a press to extract the juice, which we reheated enough to pasteurize it but not to lose its flavor (I think 180 deg.). We then put it into five-gallon glass bottles. We weren't too expert, but anyway this was the beginning of the Utt Juice Co. Hattie and I had charge of Louise and Elisabeth that summer, as Papa and Mama and Gertrude had gone to Indiana and New York to visit friends and relatives.

Tom's brother Arcy had been in the Army during World War I and had been in Sinaloa a part of the time that we were there. He had come up to Tustin to visit our family and soon was working with Papa in expanding the Utt Juice Co. On a visit to us in Mexico he had met Mary Bonney, a nurse from Arizona, and thus were married at Los Mochis and returned to live in Tustin. Arcy became manager and partner of the Utt Juice Co. and later bought Papa's interest in it.

We sold most of the Concord grapes from Sinaloa Ranch to the Utt Juice Co.

At Simi we first lived in a little house with two large weeping willow trees in the back yard. One had a long branch lying almost touching the ground which the children used to climb on, when they were not swinging from the long branches hanging from above.

Our daughter Rae was born in this little house on September 4, 1926, on a Saturday. When she was a little older, she liked to recite the verse "Saturday's child works hard for a living," and so forth.

Dad had come up a few months before us, and a house was built nearby for him. Beyond his house were the barn, corral and ranch quarters.

After about three years we built our nice big home on a little mesa. Merilie and Tommy were born while we were living here: Merilee at San Fernando Hospital on October 26, 1928, and Tommy on December 30, 1931, at the same hospital.

By the time we arrived in Simi, Gertrude and Lyn had bought an apricot orchard in Canoga Park. A few years after, they sold this property and bought thirty acres near us in the Simi Valley, which they planted to walnuts and oranges. Their oldest daughter, Dorothy May, is just a few months younger than Alan. Their next two daughters were twins, Rosa and Mary Louise, and last Mabel.

Louise and her husband Virgil (Curley) Deaver had bought an orchard near Canoga Park, later moving to Escondido to farm. Their children are Jack, Ted, Jimmie, and Elisabeth.

My brother Jimmy first farmed, then studied law at U.S.C., practiced in Santa Ana, became a state assemblyman, then member of the U.S. Congress. They had only one son, Jimmy, Jr.

My sister Elisabeth graduated from Tustin High School and went to Mills College. She married Leland Finley, and they had two children, Leland Jr., and Gail.

Returning to our immediate family, our six children graduated from grammar school and high school in Simi Valley.

After a year at Pomona College, Alan returned to work on Sinaloa Ranch and eventually became the manager. He first married Barbara Sims and had three children, Curtis, Douglas and Marjorie. They were separated, and Alan married Dorothy Rogers. They are living near Paso Robles, California.

Jean attended Pomona College for a year, then married Bob McFadden from Irvine, California. They had one daughter, Mary Ann. Bob was killed in Germany during World War II. She later married John Wilson from Fillmore, California, and had children Bruce and Dorothy Jane (twins), then Carolyn and Tommy.

Leigh graduated from high school, went to work on the Sinaloa Ranch, married Barbara Wilson, saw service in the Pacific area during World War II, returned to farm in Simi Valley and Camarillo areas. Their children are Danny, Terry, David, Glenn, Gerry, and Kattie.

Rae graduated from Occidental College, married Frank Wilkens, then went to live near Davis, California, where Rae taught school while Frank took a veterinarian course at Davis and returned to set up practice at Canoga Park, California. They have sons Charlie, Michael and Loren.

Merilie attended Santa Barbara College, then a year at Berkeley, taught school at Williams, California, and studied for missionary service at New York Biblical Seminary. She taught at Forman Christian College at Lahore, Pakistan, and is now teaching at the

Community School in Tehran, Iran.

After graduating from high school, Tommy was down with us for a while in Lower California, returned to become a mechanic with Maulhardt Equipment Company at Oxnard, California, and went into earth moving, became a licensed contractor and operates his own business in the Simi area of Ventura County. He married Diane Barker from Moorpark. They have children: Jimmy, Steve, Jill, and Mary Jane.

In 1948 we moved to where Tom was farming in San Telmo Valley in Lower California. In 1951 we moved to Ensenada. Tom had bought a half-interest in a property which we named Villa de San Miguel. In 1954 we built our home here on a little mesa overlooking the ocean and the islands of Todos Santos and the peninsula of Punta Banda. Here we are often visited by our children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, 18 of these by this year of 1977.