SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM
OF SUTTER COUNTY
1333 BUTTE HOUSE ROAD
P. O. BOX 1555
YUBA CITY, CA 95992

NEWS BULLETIN

VO. XXI, NO. 3 YUBA CITY, CALIFORNIA 95991 JULY 1982

THE OLD STORE

HELEN AND HER FAMILY LIVED IN THE LEFT SIDE–BEHIND THE FALSE FRONT

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWS BULLETIN

Vol. XXI, No. 3 July 1982

The NEWS BULLETIN is published quarterly by the Society at Yuba City, California 95991. The annual membership dues includes receiving the NEWS BULLETIN. JANUARY 1982 dues are payable now. Your remittance should be sent to Sutter County Historical Society, P.O. Box 1004, Yuba City, California 95992. To insure delivery of your NEWS BULLETIN, please notify the Treasurer of any change of address. Dues are $7.50 per person, $10.00 per family, $5.00 if over 70 years.

An index and file of all the past issues of the NEWS BULLETIN may be found in the Sutter County Library, the Marysville City-County Library, and at the Community Memorial Museum.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

"Chicken Kiev" attracted only fair attendance to The Hangar on April 22nd, but attending members enjoyed a slide presentation of some 80 fascinating photographs of Sutter County flowers by the various members of the Hub Camera Club. Page Atwater, President of that group, made the explanatory comments. Our thanks once again to Bea Brandt for the lovely table decorations. Her flowers are always beautiful. We netted a modest profit, and churned up some welcome contributions.

Twenty-eight years ago pioneer historians met in the County offices on Second Street in Yuba City. The Appeal-Democrat of 5-26-54 pictures Noel C. Stevenson, first President of the Sutter County Historical Society, with his fellow officers, studying the State Charter of that organization. But since that time, the Charter has disappeared. Your current officers will appreciate any information as to its present whereabouts or when it was last seen.

Jim Cole of local Radio Station KOBO joined our Bulletin Staff meeting in May, and broached the possibility of a continuing series of radio sketches, based on the colorful sorts of short items we often feature in our quarterly issues. Such a program boosting Sutter County incidents would seem to merit our support and cooperation. Any volunteers for "SUTTER TIME"???

For variety, we're trying to line up summer meetings featuring local "rock hounds" and "oral history buffs" - just to offset our tendency, in this lush season, to sit back and reflect with satisfaction that our house and grounds and growing crops, zinfandel to asparagus, seriatim belong to God, the government, and us. And we don't even mind coming in third!

July 20th meeting at the Museum - 7:30 p.m.

Dewey Gruening

COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM NOTES

Jean Gustin, Director/Curator

Suddenly it's Summer. . . Spend some of your pleasant long days of the season browsing in the museum . . . bring in your Summer visitors.

CAMERA CRAFT: SACRAMENTO VALLEY PHOTOGRAPHY 1900-1945. This exhibit will be shown in the museum from June 21 through Sept. 7. It features photographs from well-known commercial photographers: Gladding-McBean & Co., Clara Sheldon Smith, Sackrider's Studio, McCurry Foto Co., Merritt Nickerson, and David L. Joslyn. Curators who prepared this exhibit are Mary Swisher, Nikki Pahl, and Genevieve Troka in cooperation with the Sacramento History Center Museum.

Our Special Exhibit from June 28 to July 16 will be some patriotic items from the museum's collection with the addition of one of the limited edition of authenticated replicas of the Pitcairn Pistol. This is a steel and silver duplication of the flintlock pistol belonging to Major John P. Pitcairn that "fired the shot heard 'round the world" on Lexington Green on April 19, 1775. Craddock Goins, veteran Curator of Military History at the Smithsonian Institution, says: "It is a rare combination of fine equipment, workmanship and historical weaponry. I have never seen a flintlock reproduction created with greater skill and attention to detail." Our thanks to McDonald's Hamburgers of Yuba City for the loan of this significant piece of American history.

ANOTHER PARTY! July 24th, from 2-3 p.m., YOU'RE INVITED to celebrate ... "Gertrude's 100th" ... This lovely parian bisque doll, still wearing her original dress and lace-trimmed petticoat and pantaloons, was given to nine-year-old Oba Algeo in 1882 ... What delightful stories she could tell if we could only get her to talk about the life of a little girl a century ago. Oba and her twin brother, Thomas, were the next to the youngest in a family of ten. They were the children of Judge John Algeo who had come to the Nicolaus area from Ohio in 1849. Their mother, Amy Vestal Algeo, arrived from North Carolina in 1849. Oba grew up to devote her life to the teaching profession, and is fondly remembered by many Sutter County residents ... Bring <u>your</u> dolls along to help celebrate with cake and lemonade at the birthday party for Gertrude!

LIST OF DONORS TO THE COMMUNITY MEMORIAL
MUSEUM TRUST FUND AND BUILDING FUND

March 25, 1982 through May 26, 1982

Bev & Bette Epperson	in memory of Elfrieda Lutz
Norman & Loadel Piner	in honor of David & Ellen Wheeler on the occasion of their 40th wedding anniversary
Maude K. Roberts	in memory of Ted Littlejohn
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Ed & Jean Gustin	in memory of William Leonard Henson
Betty & Bill Arnett	in memory of John Huber
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Mr. & Mrs. Wallace Coats	in memory of William Leonard Henson
Mr. & Mrs. Guy Davis	in memory of Willaim Leonard Henson
Cecil & Shirley Davis	in memory of William Leonard Henson
Verna Sexton	in memory of William Leonard Henson
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Howard & Ruth Anthony & Sons	in memory of John Patrick McGowan
Howard & Ruth Anthony & Sons	in memory of Hazel Sutfin Rice
Howard & Ruth Anthony & Sons	in memory of Aileen M. Gilmore
Dick & Bee Brandt	outright gift
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James, Francis & Blythe Gentry	in memory of Frieda Ida Nock
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Jessamine G. Powell	in memory of Frieda Nock

ALLEGHANY STORY

By

Helen Armstrong Covell

INTRODUCTION

Helen Covell feels that much has been written about the Mother Lode country and the many towns in that area. Very little has been written about Alleghany, a town built in a rich gold area. Mrs. Covell lived in Alleghany as a young girl and has written this very entertaining article about the town as she knew it.

In 1975-76, she again visited the town of Alleghany and wrote the following. I think it makes a fitting introduction to her article about Alleghany in the late 1800's and early 1900's.

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To me Alleghany exists only in my time and place. There are not many living who remember it as it was. When they are gone the real Alleghany will be gone. Those who live there now are history conscious but they do not understand, where the surrounding mountains were fairly bare in my time, the town is now smothered by thin pole like pines. When I say that I could walk to school above the town gathering spiny red gooseberries, cat's ears, or johnny jumpups on the way, people look vague. The trees are almost impenetrable. It is hard to tell them that our store was not on the site where the iron strong box now stands, but was farther up, about where the Golden Eagle saloon now stands. The old store, later a duplex for our two families, was roughly where a utilitarian looking building is built. Most of the central part of town is gone, never rebuilt after the fire of 1933. On the up side of the street, the fire took what I had known as the livery stable and beyond, past our house and woodshed, China town. It left McDougalls on the down side and everything as far as the tiny fire house, including Grizzle's saloon, the Armstrong store and the Post Office. There is an embankment where buildings stood; The Old Hotel or Annex, Hardin's store. Along it is a long dripping water pipe which helps me to place where we lived a bit beyond. It is hard to replace things in my mind as I know them. Katy Kinkle with whom I had a good talk was there in 1939. Their home in the commons escaped the fire. She told me what I had not known, that the livery stable where I watched Mr. Coleman strike sparks from the red hot horse shoes made in his forge, had been made into a big general store, post office, etc. before 1933.

A legend about the fire having been started as a cover-up to attract attention from a planned raid on one of the mines is not true. Less romantically, she says it started in a basement. The strong box, standing curiously alone and attracting news write-ups of it mysterious origins was part of this store or mart.

One thing that puzzles me is how the big underground storeroom behind the house has caved in without a dent.

As a child I did not know of other ravages caused by fire. The town burned completely sometime before the eighties. Erna Rhorig has a dim old picture of perhaps four or five shacks built up handy and at once in a small group after a fire that had created a far reaching landscape of desolation. Chinatown, also new, shows above in the distance.

Again in 1904, fire caused much damage but did not reach our part of town. It burned the Masonic Hall, now called Forest Lodge. By 1905 the hall was re-built as the upper story of the newly replaced school. This building still stands. Made out of pine and with square nails it looked like the classic old white school house complete with bell tower and bell; a one room school. Perhaps the lodge furniture including the old square piano is still there. I don't know. The school which should have been kept for history is now yellow, has a big double door in one side and is a fireman's club. Trees hide it from view.

Children were completely unaware of history of the town or of the geological upheavals that made the mountains. We did not know of the great underground rivers that had existed eons ago and that had left deposits of gold, from eons past, in a vein that reached from Lake Tahoe to Oroville and Homington. There are many little mounds today between Marysville and Browns Valley where the Chinese panned for surface gold. We did not know that Hawaiians who were supposed to be ship hands, jumped ship to work at Sutter's Fort, near Marysville, nor that they deserted Sutter's Fort to make their way up the Middle Fork of the Yuba River to what was later called Kanaka Creek; from the name the miners gave them. They are supposed to have been the first miners in our area, about 3/4 miles below the town. Chinese artifacts found along the creek suggest they were followed by the Chinese before the white man came.

Little has been written about Forest City or Alleghany, which deserve a better place in the history of mining. The Sixteen - one mine is said to have put out more gold than any other mine in the world. I have read that Forest City, now called Forest, almost without inhabitants, once was a real city of 5,000 people and that the merchants of Alleghany went over the hill in early days to get their supplies from there. By the time I lived in Alleghany we were a town of our own and Forest City was declining. We heard the names of Pike City, Sierraville and of the really big town of Downieville, which could be reached in an emergency by a one-way dirt road that has not changed a bit to this day. We could see Chips Flat across the canyon and the scars of hydraulic mining. But few of us ever left town until there was an urgent reason to go away.

Alleghany follows the undulating side of the mountain, twisting and turning as the mountain turns. The mountain is steep. Photographs taken from higher levels, flatten the terrain. There was only one street; really only a part of the road. How narrow it looked when we went back in later years.

On the down side of the mountain, buildings abut the street. Their backs plunge downward to meet the slope. On the other side the mountain is dug away to accommodate the buildings placed there. There is no need here for fences built to prevent children (or drunks) from falling off the board sidewalks, perhaps to roll down into an abandoned shaft. At the far end of the town a natural flat area was surrounded by neat little white houses and was called the commons.

No mention of Alleghany sets the exact date of its first settlement. George Brindle, in his 80's now writes me that his mother's family, the McCormacks were the earliest settlers. They came from Scotland to Pennsylvania, then to Alleghany. They named the town, changing the Pennsylvania spelling from an 'e' to an 'a'. When they first came there were several camps; Chips Flat, Cumberland, Wet Ravine and Hell's Half Acre. While accounts of Alleghany say H. L. Johnson discovered the rich Tightener mine, George says Johnson bought it from his grandfather, James Evans McCormack. It is true however that Johnson struck it rich in 1907.

We did not really leave Alleghany until I was fourteen, although we departed in 1913 when I was 11. First we went to Nevada City and then to Grass Valley where I graduated from high school. But for three summers we went "home" to be with our father, so it was until the last time, as if we had never left.

ALLEGHANY STORY

Helen Armstrong Covell

In the year 1900, John and Leiter Armstrong, brothers from Butte County, bought the town's one store. Picture #1 shows buildings only on the north side of the hill. The picture, taken from above the schoolhouse, does not show how steep the mountains are. The south side had not yet recovered from the fire of 1895 when the buildings were burned from the I.O.O.F. Lodge to the tall building on the east. This store is shown in picture #2 as it was in 1900, except that later on, as I remember, the building in front of it had only one great locust tree. The hotel, later called the "Old Hotel" or the Annex shows at the left. In picture #3, the building shows plainly, half of it with the false-fronted store; the left side once Dr. Clayton's office is now the apartment of Uncle John, Aunt Eva and Vera. My family, James Leiter Armstrong, my mother, Ida Louise and I variously named Hazel, Helen and Helene, lived for awhile in Cumberland in an old house too far from town, then for awhile in the hotel. Soon the new Armstrong General Merchandise Store was built across the road. The old store, purchased from Mr. Carruthers, the town gambler, became our dwelling with no outer embellishments at all. I have no memory of living elsewhere, so the new store had to have been built before I was three. But I do remember my mother's dismay as they built Grizzle's saloon so close to us. There may have been some truth in my younger sister's claims that she was born in a saloon. Mr. Carruthers surely must have combined gaming tables, liquor with his groceries. Sister Dorothy Maxine was born in the refurnished store first owned by him, in the year 1906.

The Armstrong Brothers General Merchandise Store was to many the heart of the town. That it was, because no blood is produced without food. One earlier storekeeper made a daily trip over the mountain to Forest City on foot, bringing back the needs of the town. Uncle John and my father, James Leiter Armstrong, perhaps found the place, led by hearsay they went to look it over or perhaps when there was a usable road they made delivery there by their big wagon teams and found the spot. The four Armstrong brothers did own and operate a freight service before we settled there.

The first store is shown in an old picture, a rude building with outside stairway leading up to a top porch. A door from the porch gave access to an empty office. At the right of the building is a big locust tree that I loved. You can see in another picture through leafless limbs that the store half had a fake front. The other side had been

variously used at one time as the office of Dr. Clayton, but at the time of the picture my Uncle John and his family had made it a home. My cousin, Vera, was born nine months before I was and another child named Crystal had been born and died. Her picture hung in their parlor.

Men and pack animals, horses and mules, stand in front of the store. I recognize Uncle John sitting on a stump and looking charged up as usual. Our father sits on one heel on the ground. The man with the big moustache is Mr. Holmes. Some of the horses carry saddle bags. The bigger bags carried across the horse or mule were pack bags - evenly balanced in weight and ready to be led out to come down some meandering trail to a customer. When our half of the brothers came to Alleghany, we lived for awhile in the old hotel which was invaded as most places were with bedbugs against which every housewife was in continuous battle. We lived for awhile in an old house in Cumberland, the front level with the road and long steps leading up from the down-side of the mountain to a small fenced porch. The pulley closeline stretched out from there seemingly into nothingness, but attached high toward the top of a distant pine.

Practicality, because of the deep snow, brought the families to convert the store part into a dwelling for us. A new store was built across the street, almost exactly where the Golden Eagle is now.

Built on the downside of the deeply sloping mountain, the lower porch of the store, with a trap door in its right side, was almost level with the street. The back of the store went down to meet the ground. Dug out under the main floor, a sizable basement was built. A slide was made up to the trap door. Above the main floor, a second floor was built so that, although the store looks small, it had three floors.

How can anyone describe the color and the fascination of the old-time general merchandise store? "General" is the correct word for our store, supplying as it did anything that could be needed. Erato cooperating, one could wax poetic but as it is neglected by the muse, this account will be prosaic and uninspired.

On the left, as one entered, was an iron grill, intricately scrolled, mounted on the upper front of a booth, suggesting that it had been brought from the old store, once having been used for delivery of the mail. Here the bookkeeping was done and there was the till for receiving money. On the side wall of the structure a heavy roll of wrapping paper, hung from fancy brackets; and here was the roll of string, pyramid-shaped with its top cut off like the top of a Britisher's egg. From the booth extended the serving counter with its balancing scales and little weights; a lazy-susan-type of wooden platform held a huge round of cheese - cloth-

covered cheddar, the raised arm ready to slice off a wedge of the desired size. A few paper bags were under the counter to be used, but many things now packaged, even a scoop of butter, were sent off wrapped in paper and string.

There was room between here and the candy case for barrels of pickles, olives and nabisco crackers, into which the three Armstrong girls were free to dip and into which customers were "free" to also dip unprotested.

Next came the candy case of curved glass, sliding doors behind it as now. It is surprising to remember how many of the same candies are here today - chocolate creams, of course, of the same flavors, the same designs on top to designate their kind, but no milk chocolate yet. They lay neatly in daisy and button-square glass dishes, as they should. Let me name Hershey bars, nickle Hershey bars with more than two or three almonds in them, jelly beans of all colors, gum drops the same, licorice in black strings, chocolate rounds called Flicks in tubes, peppermint, chewy candies and square ones with nuts - anything one could want. Unseen for the most part, but some displayed in the back on shelves under the case, were the lovely gift boxes of candy with padded silk tops and lovely ladies with sloping shoulders painted thereon.

But one of the most interesting features of the store was a long bin built on the front below the candy case. It was divided by nicely-shaped sections into smaller bins filled with nails of various sizes from tacks to building nails. The pleasant thing about this arrangement was that each section seemed to be by intention of whichever size was needed to fit the bottoms of the men who visited the store. So, instead of being spiky or mounded or straight across, each little nail bin was smoothly concave, shaped by the men who sat in them - a good place to visit near the stove.

The wall behind (the East wall) was a mosaic of the bright labels of canned tomatoes, pears, beans, corn and more with Del Monte, Libby (or McNeil & Libby) names and others we still find on the shelves. I remember the charming little log cabins of maple syrup. Canned salmon (only red was fit to eat), corned beef in the same squared-off cans as now, sardines, small ones and large in sauce (hateful flavor, these). These are a sample of our staples.

A luxury, or perhaps a real necessity, on the same shelves at a convenient height for small boys to be tempted, accessible between the two counters were the makings for cigarettes: little books of tan paper and sacks of Bull Durham tobacco. So easy to roll (it seemed) but it was an art I could not master. Here also were pipes and Star Plug chewing

tobacco, and snuff. The habit of chewing tobacco was accepted, but deplored by wives who disliked the odor and the idea itself. Of necessity, handsome brass spitoons were conveniently placed and white or gray moustaches usually had a yellow tinge. Our father chewed for awhile and I myself nipped off a tiny piece and found it sweet but distasteful.

On this wall was the coffee grinder, as well, although those who ground their own could take home coffee beans in paper bags to prepare their own. Beyond arm's reach on the topmost shelf hung calendars for years past and trays, round or square, of tin painted with buxom ladies of great beauty, innocent little girls, or flowers. Collectors' items today.

At the back of the store a roomy spot was left for the big pot-bellied stove with its sawdust box beside it for the convenience of the spitters sitting in the nail bins. Behind the stove, a permanent card-table and chairs were set up. This was recognized as the domain of our father, Leiter Armstrong, and H. L. Johnson who played an on-going game of either checkers or chess. At right angles to the window that lighted this space were two doors: one led down to the basement, the other up to the third floor. The wall space provided boxes of shoes: men's on the left, women's to the right.

Of necessity, this space of conviviality made the center counter shorter. It was wider, too, holding shelves of men's working clothes for the most part. But at Christmas time, the top was given over to toys suitable for boys and girls of all ages. I remember wonderful dolls, finely dressed and others to be dressed by mamas for their little girls. Their hair was blonde or brunette, eyelids opened or closed. Stockings and shoes were on china (or something) feet, the hands looked real, but the neck down to the knee sawdust filled the dolls. Above from the ceiling hung variously, bananas, toys, hams or slabs of bacon, sometimes men's straw hats, depending on the season and inspiration of the Armstrong brothers.

The west side of the store was given over to the requirements of the distaff side. Two long glass cases, separated for access, ran down full of furbishment for women - side combs, smaller than the back combs inserted above "pugs" of hair. There were even some tortoise-shell Spanish combs for the daring lady. I remember cut-glass silver-topped powder boxes or others with holes in the round silver tops made as "hair receivers" (found only in antique shops today.) I remember comb and brush sets with mirrors to match, made of silver or tortoise shell, pig bristles in the brushes - no nylon there. Talcum powder, too, and not a sign of rouge or lipstick. Lydia E. Pinkham's remedy for women sounded wonderful. It would, the label said, cure anything. Mostly alcohol, it probably was potent, but my mother did not approve. However, it came only through magazine ads.

Women sewed in those days. Ready-made clothes, if there were any (sometimes) were only at Hardin's or Bovee's. So under the glass cases were bolts of fabric, dotted swiss, calico, cambrics, satin and sateen, velvet too, flannel for winter warmth and flannelette for winter, sometimes year-round long-sleeved nightgowns, plain and printed in flowers. And plain white was sold for diapers or made into nightshirts for husbands, unless they wore their long underwear to bed - which they normally did.

Racks of ribbons of many widths and colored patterns stood on the cases. All little girls wore ribbon bows on their curls or braids, so the matter of selection was of great importance. One could dream over them for hours. There was also counter space, of course, for the measurement and cutting of fabrics and ribbons. And here, too, the cases of many little drawers of J. P. Coats spools in a case for matching thread. One could explore on and on, but this is surely too much by now.

So let us hie to the basement door, where mama's perfect little daughter pummeled poor Uncle John, who, intending no harm, picked up a rock from a street and accidentally fired it all too well, aimlessly tossing it at a passing untame cat at the foot of the stair. Sorry Uncle, surprised me, both acting out of character. Dead cat!

Down in the basement, hollowed out of the hill by human hands, were, as has been mentioned, the slide, the towers of wooden boxes of canned goods making a maze of imaginary buildings, trees, or whatever came to the imagination. That was a good place to play. There, too, at one time, but not for long, stood side by side two great hogs heads of liquid, one of vinegar and one of whiskey. Vera and I played there one day and sampled the booze, each one holding the spiggot open for the other, neither tempted to go downhill to a life of debauchery. One mother, perhaps both, expressed absolute intolerance of the liquor, so it disappeared. Emptied first, I suppose. The only way to get the huge barrel out of the basement would have been to dismantle it completely. The memory is an amusing one.

Before we go back to the company of the habituers of the store, we must make a quick trip to the attic story where could be seen crockery, lamps, the gray or blue and white speckled cooking utensils, chamber pots, mostly white, pitchers and wash basins, miners' tools, many other utilities to supply Alleghany and the surrounding camps and towns. But the most dramatic display was in the front, a group of padded caskets for the dead. There were always one or two baby coffins, dainty little ones. Not to be approached too closely or too long - a little scary and sad.

Our fathers aided the doctor in laying out the corpses, bringing back home with them the imaginary eerie aura of having dealt with the dead. Although the deed was accomplished at the doctor's office. I can't remember the group of caskets without seeing in my mind Dr. Clayton, Uncle John, perhaps papa, finding Mr. Huckleberry, the tallest man in town, already in rigor mortis too long for his last bedding down. The story goes that some morbid soul, never my father, picked up an axe and broke the knees after which Mr. Huckleberry resisted no more. Since the snow depth and frozen ground would of necessity delay some burials, I have often wondered where the remains would be kept, probably frozen, until it was possible to decently and gladly stow them away.

Back to the main floor. Mr. Ross was a fixture probably coming with the purchase of the store. He was a veteran of the Spanish American war. Clad in a long, military, black overcoat and with a noble gray beard, the old man left his one-room house every day and sat silently from before noon until late, never moving, waiting on nobody. He was the guardian who made it possible for the brothers to be gone at noon at the same time. When he died, he left his cabin to the store. Uncle John got his saber.

There was another presence in the form of the old gray cat named, predictable, "Tom". Not as tractable as Mr. Ross, Tom could scratch. He finally got tired of amusing male customers or little boys with his bad temper, so in his old age he found a new abode, comfortable and well-fed with our family across the street, where he lorded it over us. No visitor dared take his chair.

Our dog, Patty, a border Collie, was supposed to be mine. Patty liked all his family fine, just fine, but being a normal sheep dog without sheep, he attached himself to the horses. Where the horses were, there was Patty, waiting for a move to be made that signaled a descent into a mining area to deliver to some mine. Patty looked after his own. I remember an English Bulldog who came to town, an important looking gent. Catching sight of Tom in the street with great ferocity or bravado he chased the cat under our shallow front porch. He was squat and fat, and at a disadvantage. Therefore, we didn't need to fear, as we did, when Patty followed him only to emerge the victor, no blood shed, pulling out the abashed intruder by one leg.

Mr. Ross and I got well acquainted without saying a word. I would sit before him in my silence communicating with him.

Men who did not prefer the saloons often sat in the companionable area of the nail bins, the stove, chairs and card table. There was much talk and spitting, especially at night and no hard drinks - coffee, maybe, always hot on the stove.

Gradually the men gathered to natter over the events of the day or to draw on hearsay and legend, reconstructing the various camps that had burned so often. Tall tales were told and taller ones about the dangers encountered. How many hours, for instance, it took Delbert Coleman to travel four miles of deep snow to get home to a worried wife. The danger of traveling alone in the snow were very real and great feats were performed in getting the mail to Downieville and then on to Alleghany. And every year it seemed some prospector was found food-less and frozen in his cabin. There were always boastful stories and sometimes secrets carefully guarded regarding new possible spots for claims. There were often hoists that broke and killed somebody, or shafts that suddenly filled with water. There always seemed to be water-water-everywhere whenever someone disturbed the surface. And always there were great stories of huge nuggets discovered; growing in the telling, like fish stories.

A large scar on the opposite mountain was Chips Flat which went in for hydraulic mining. It was flatter there with more room for events such as racing. There were no "girls" in Alleghany in my time, maybe earlier, but it was said that when gentlemen reached the hotel, a race was quite likely to stop there. Once my father pulled a joke on the town; (all's fair in horse business). He brought up from the valley an ungroomed racing horse - a winner - left him out for months so that he looked ratty, placed his bets and won. It was considered good fun.

They never tired of remembering Ronnell Fessler who was so beautiful as a youth that they dressed him beautifully in girl's clothing and he came in on the stage. Ronnell was such a success that before too long he had to leave the hotel, change somewhere near town and then return as himself.

The brothers enjoyed little jokes. Once they passed around cans of rattlesnakes which was appreciated until the men caught on. They treated everybody to Limburger cheese on crackers with varying success. One bearded codger came back in a few days and complained, "Armstrong, there's something wrong with that cheese. I can still smell it", and my father suggested that if he ever washed or combed his beard he would have rid himself of the little chunk still clinging just below his nose.

My father's jokes as I remember them, were simple little stories, like the time that H. L. Johnson left the store one night and happened upon Phillip Gibbs, the town drunk. He had stepped off the sidewalk up to his waist in snow, completely unable to get out. "Gibbs", says Johnson, "want some help"? But Phillip waved him on regally saying, "Johnson you mind your business - I'll mind mine". Needless to say tall Mr. Johnson rescued him.

Mr. Hardin's girl troubles were not mentioned but could hardly be ignored when his wife set fire to clothing and some say money, in the middle of the floor of his store. Later Mr. Hardin, after my time, climbed up onto the electrical transformer, which was Johnson's gift to the town, and electrocuted himself. Another shocking death was of poor Mrs. Hill whose head was neatly severed when a log her husband was guiding down the hill, got loose and hit her.

There was much to talk about, much fun, many fires, highgrading or "scraping the plates". Who could be trusted, who worked in the mines. I learned the names of the mines. The Sixteen to one, 'North Star', 'Plumbago', etc. The names of the various camps became familiar - Grizzlebul, Forest City, Downieville, Forest Hill (where violence was a way of life). But the voices of the men changed when they talked of Mountain House, a way station to other places. For Mountain House was famous for its hospitality; many men seemed to reach there and disappear. It was run by an old woman and her son. I wonder if my father felt a chill of fear when he stayed there once. I know I did.

But there was one period of time when no one sat in the store. Whether it was a big strike by the Tightener or another mine I have no way to find out. But all the showcases were cleared and filled with quartz, gold filled or big nuggets. The store was closely guarded. News got around. Men came from everywhere although it was winter. Not enough beds. My mother filled our attic with cots and rented them, and afterwards laid her earnings in a little pile on the bed. She had made enough to send for her lovely, long desired, mahogany piano. She had great hopes for girls who never did learn to play very well. But the high point of this tale is of the 'drunk' who crawled onto our porch and froze to death one night.

The men began drifting home. It was time to put the store to bed. Papa turned off the lanterns, went home across the street, to get as much sleep as possible before Mr. Benson, the hotel keeper landed, long before daylight, on our porch -- "Harmstrong, Harmstrong, I gotta 'ave a 'am". We wondered why he didn't know the night before.

Then quoting the Bible and Shakespeare, mixing them up to amuse my mother he got breakfast, went over to the store, spread the floor with damp sawdust and was ready for business again.

A small town like Alleghany had to supply much of its own amusement and had to wait for some services until summer came. Some elements of our life were permanent. Some depended on the seasons.

We had our own kind Dr. Clayton making his rounds by buggy, his old black horse when the weather was good - sometimes by sleigh when the deep snow came, or he may have used snowshoes. He brought many babies into the world alone or assisted by women of the town. How proficient he was I don't know, but he distributed physics (no laxatives then) and little pink homopathic pills for almost any ailment. All the pink pills had the same flavor and they put me "off" pink candy forever. A favorite Halloween trick of the boys was to lift his buggy onto the sizeable cordage of firewood accumulated on the hotel porch for use in the winter.

We had no church at that time, but our mother did not neglect our training in the way of the Lord. She gave me a Bible at an early age, which I was not supposed to read because of my eyes - and, of course, there were some passages! I read and re-read my illustrated "Life of Christ", a beautiful story, and I have never left behind its two main precepts - "Do unto others as you would be done by" and "Love thy neighbor as thyself". Perhaps it would have been more realistic to believe the rather prevalent precept of today, "Do thy neighbor before he does you" and "Me first".

Mama taught Sunday School for a time. Our visiting Aunt Frances sang and played the organ in the schoolhouse.

A circuit rider came from time to time, usually from Downieville, holding services in the Odd Fellows Hall. Everybody turned out. One couldn't worry about the denominations of God's messenger. But church was a sometimes thing, so I got my ideals from my mother and my books, my salvation and comfort from nature and whatever was beautiful. Church was a summer event!

A dentist came occasionally. One rented our upstairs back room, entered by its own outside staircase, just once and until his customers diminished. I think I would have forgotten him, but I learned a lesson. Up for his services went my mother, my sister and me. The curly headed four-year-old hummed above the buzz of the drill, charming and brave. How could an eight-year-old be less valiant? So Helen hummed when her turn came. "Hush, Helen", said both mama and the dentist. Probably a needed reminder that what is funny in a four-year-old is not good manners in a big girl of eight, who should know better.

A photographer, Mr. Dow, came for a time certain summers and set up his tent in the square, bringing his own backdrop, drapes and an elegant ornate willow chair. We have pictures of us taken by him, following us as we grew older. On one occasion, mama dressed four-year-old Dorothy, made perfection of her dark curls and her big white ribbon bow and tied her leg by a fragile grocery-type of string to the table leg. She would run away and Mama needed more time for her own

preparation. I was supposed to watch my sister. Perhaps my attention lagged for Dorothy went! I found her playing teacher in the square. She was using a stick for a yardstick and was surrounded by a ring of boys, big and little, in a circle, delighted to play the game with her. Amusing to me yet, but later not to her.

Our Mother rented out the back room another time to an obviously very ill little man. He kept the closet door locked - a matter of great curiosity. Once he forgot. I was with her when she cleaned the room and there within the closet hung what at first appeared to be the startling figure of a headless man. It was a suit of men's long-johns, tied at ankle and wrist, all apertures closely secured, stuffed to bursting and bumpy with hi-graded ore. I expected my honest mother to turn our roomer in but she could not. He was so surely dying and had a family somewhere. How he got that huge amount of ore out of town I can't imagine, but one morning he was gone.

Because there was little space available on a steep mountain that could be used for gardens, fresh vegetables were a summer thing. We could gather watercress at Mr. Hilderbrand's - such delightful, nippy watercress. Mr. Huckleberry raised a bit of lettuce and parsley for sale, but squat Poncho and his donkey from some flatter mountain made his rounds from time to time, bringing in the kinds of vegetables that were staples; never enough, of course, as he was quickly surrounded and his stock depleted. A man came sometimes from Forest City, bringing along his little daughter for the ride, with a stock of produce. At our store, oranges were plentiful for a few weeks and each coming of the big teams and wagons brought stalks of bananas that were quickly gone. People gathered the huge spiny red gooseberries, so delicious to pop into the mouth, but more useful for jelly. Wild plum, in a good year for wild plums, were made into a jam that can't be beat for its flavor nor described to anyone who has not had it. Speak of wild plums and everyone knows of some domestic plum grown wild which is not at all the same thing.

There was almost no milk. Cattle do badly foraging among pine needles. Fresh meat was seldom seen, although for a short time, Mr. Coleman had a little butcher shop next to our dwelling but meat appeared from time to time from somewhere. Venison? Not at all. The forests had been burned off too often for wild animals to flourish. Ham and bacon were plentiful and the pork "put down" in winter.

The town wasn't dull. How could it be? There was the mail to watch for every day, coming by way of Downieville, brought by horseback, snowshoes or whatever, sometimes valiently through snowstorms and sometimes in a heavy winter impossible to deliver at all. Although

I have never seen a stagecoach, there were great tales of effort and valor about getting to Downieville in dangerous snow and weather. I have also seen a picture of horses brought to their knees by the tanglement of their little snowshoes, my father trying to get them on their feet again.

It would be a nice romantic touch to include an old "Wild West Medicine Show", but there was none. However, peddlers came sometimes with their big leather cases of sundries that they would display on the floor. How could any woman escape the lure of the jewelry, the perfumes, the elegant satins and velvets, far more fine than we had in our stores. Our mother bought yards and yards of imported, handmade lace one time that years later she alternated with rows of tiny tucks on the skirt of my high school graduation dress of white organdy.

Oh, Alleghany was lively enough with new houses springing up, a new hotel (before I remember), two new saloons (there were three already there), much to our mother's distress, one to the right of our dwelling, one as we watched just to the right of the new Armstrong store built across from the old one. At first, only one water tank high on the hill, then three and finally after we were gone, there was a Catholic church just beyond the school. And the little Commons was full of clean white homes.

As far as I can find out, H. L. Johnson made his strike in the Tightner Mine in 1907 and soon after built his house which is still a fine place today. The carpenter was Fred Locey, Vera's uncle, who got his lumber from two mills up in the hills and a master craftsman was he.

Drummers came and the seekers of gold who staked claims in the hills. Of the latter, some did well while other prospectors having failed had stayed too long and were ashamed to go home. I remember one gentleman like this, a sad man. Prospectors came in with their donkeys for food. Donkeys roamed in herds. Ladies bustled from our store to Hardins and to Mrs. Bovee's variety store. How I loved her lacy, tiered valentines and her postcards and other frivolities. At the western end of the street where the road turned, the livery stable faced the business section, making the town look for all the world like a copy of Dodge City as in Gunsmoke, with saloons, stores and false fronts on either side. I don't remember what Mr. Hardin sold except toys. We had them too, but nothing could be good enough for my little sister, so I kept buying from him, then going back to exchange for a better toy until he must have been sorely tried. One of Mrs. Bovee's postcards I remember yet. It was of an angry miner on his knees splashing his face with water from "one of these newfangled washbasins". When I learned the basin to be a flush toilet, I thought it very funny, indeed, but my mother did not. I never saw one outside of that card until I was in Nevada City at the National

Hotel at eleven years old. These were also large, cheap cartoon-type greeting cards to be sent as jokes or anonomously to someone disliked - very mean cards.

To add to the air of liveliness was an eternal stir around the New Hotel which also had a bar and a line of men sitting outside with their chairs tilted against the wall of the building. The Old Hotel was now the Annex and both were usually full.

For a time, Mr. DeLauney had another saloon farther up to the right of our store. I think it still stands and that it was what was called the "tall hotel" until he bought the "New Hotel" from Mr. Benson. Then the Bradbury's bought it as a dwelling house. Their daughter, still beautiful as a little doll at nearly 80 in 1974, now is in a nursing home in Nevada City. She wanted to forget all about Alleghany. Later I learned her mother had forced her and her husband to come back there to live. A little more power than I can understand.

I suppose that to those attracted to the saloons, especially to the miners who would troup into town on Saturday nights, the saloons were the greatest feature of Alleghany. Each of them gave off the rich odor of whiskey and tobacco smoke and spit and shook with a rollicking sound. Some times there were drinking contests staged by the saloons. How the roaring shouts and laughter would bound from Grizzell's by the store across to Carroll's farther down on the north and across to the hotel and Bovee's. The challengers and the challenged alike drank olive oil or cream in the belief their prowess would improve. On these nights, women stayed inside and children could not look out.

But once I saw a fight emerge from Grizzell's onto the street. Others entered in until it became a mighty bout with crowds of by-standers ringed around. I could see my father looking on and the next day the kids were teasing with their rhyme, "Little Jimmy Leiter, He's a little fighter".

No woman ever entered a saloon or even looked one in the eye. I tried sometimes to glimpse between the swinging doors, but they closed too fast. If you stooped, you could look within but could see nothing but heavy boots.

Many a miner or a stalwart father of the town drank up his week's salary or gambled it away. Some overcome by revelry slept through to the next day, where they were in their clothes of the night before.

No saloon keeper's wife was accepted by the true "ladies" of the town.

A booklet by the Masons says that during Prohibition the saloons were going full swing and that they were unaffected when the Masons asked them to stop. Well-lined sheriffs' pockets, I believe.

But I never heard of any woman or child being accosted in the street. Thankfully, our father did not drink.

So all year round for drinkers their favorite amusement was provided and they did not need to wait for Spring.

There was no drinking in our store, but men sat in the row of nail bins built under the candy counter across from the tall iron stove. Once I told my father that they spit into the stove as they talked and chewed tobacco. He flared up about that. "Nobody ever spit in my stove!" He kept a box of sawdust there for their use. Of course, there were shiny brass spitoons here and there in other public buildings.

Our mother joined a ladies' riding club. In the picture of the Admission Day Parade, she wears a costume made for the occasion of white silk. In this picture, they ride side-saddle, but later she made a "divided skirt", as the others did and rode astride. The skirts were ugly, I thought - cut in gores of khaki colored twill, their hemline higher than skirts for normal wear. But they were a natty group with their starched white shirtwaists and broad hats for protection against the sun.

I have a picture of ladies wading in the creek, holding their long skirts up a bit above the ankle but not high enough to show an inch of leg. In another picture, a group of women are on skiis. My mother's head held high as usual and Grandma Casey is in it in her long, heavy coat and her scarf. They are all I recognize now, except for my little sister, her head sweetly tipped sidewise, and her little friend Claire Bovee.

In the summer, traveling troups of entertainers came to town. One brought now old-fashioned melodramas of the "Aha, my fine lady" type. "Now I have you in my power".

Another was a variety show that came more than once, but with mild variations of the previous show. A buxom, busty woman with long, long legs wore a man's suit in black and a silk top hat on her abundant hair. Two songs I remember, "The Baggage Car Ahead", very sad, as the car held a casket. Does anyone not remember the other:

"There's a mother's heart that's broken
And a name that's never spoken,
And a picture with its face turned toward the wall".

Who in my era can forget the sorrowful illustrations of the errant daughter and her baby in a snowstorm while her stern and no doubt never-erring father stands in the door pointing his accusatory finger at her as she leaves forevermore.

One act is sometimes used today. A lovely blonde figure bathed in romantic light is dressed in a robe of many folds that reach the floor. When she lifts her arms, the folds become a winging butterfly. It is still a beautiful act.

High schools still use a skit that I remember, when the silhouette of an operation appears on a light-weight drop lit from behind. How scary it was to children as the surgeon, with big saws and hatchets, dismembered the patient. It looked very real with artificial arms and legs and intestines showing on the screen. I could never sit through this one without hiding my eyes.

To me, the biggest event of the summer was July 4. Hardin's porch was draped with red, white and blue bunting. Old Glory was displayed and the higher Hardin porch became the platform for county dignitaries and an outside speaker proclaimed the virtues of the U.S.A. Then there were sack races, potato rolling by the nose, the greased pig to catch and the greased pole to climb. And such an occasion demanded a "tug-o'-war".

People would come from all the surrounding towns and camps; the street would be full and the saloons would boom. There would be picnics and a public spread of delectables provided by the ladies of the town. All would end with a dance lasting to dawn in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

The children would have a great time with firecrackers and pinwheels. But the best part of all was the icecream brought from Nevada City. That our cones were partly melted did not matter at all because Independence Day was the only time we had that delicious treat in the summer. It was normally a winter thing made with snow and only for gala occasions even then.

To the people of Alleghany, Admission Day was more important. I remember, but not well, the finest celebration of that historic date in 1907. In the picture of the parade, our Uncle John was in the band that led the procession. Our mother was one of the ladies on horseback, riding sidesaddle in white costumes made for the one use. Except that Verna Johnson was in one float, I remember little. The whole celebration is better described on Page 111 of Sinnott's book on Alleghany and Forest City. Emma Wright Rhorig rode on the coach as queen. Peter Casey always made a fitting finish with his donkey and his prospector's tools.

When the big covered wagons made their last summer trip, the places of storage had been filled to capacity in preparation for the winter, then Alleghany would be "snowed in" to wait for the wagon's coming again.

Where there is snow there are snowball fights among the children. Sometimes set up like battles, with barricades, sometimes spontaneous and now and then the unfair, unexpected painful projectile made into an icy bullet by the strong hands of boys. Children, of course, made snowmen, as did adults occasionally. On the slopes, there was skiing. We called it snowshoeing. Our skiis were so very different from the shorter professional ones of today. Nobody spent a fortune on proper boots and costumes. We wore what we had. Our one pole served to help us criss-cross up the hill or, although it was frowned upon as it cut up the path, to straddle when the going got too fast.

Some of the men must have been skillful skiiers as they braved the often pathless snow on some necessary errand, perhaps to Downieville. I remember Ole Olson and his brother, fresh from Sweden, who came and tarried for awhile. Although there was none of the terminology used today, the brothers doubtless knew the same techniques we call by name. They were acknowledged to be, and knew they were, the best masters of the art. Both, blond, tall and handsome. One night the people of the town built a huge and brilliant bonfire in the square, all to watch Ole Olson show his skill on the tracks that started high above. On his final trip, he carried my little sister Dorothy, straddling his shoulders and Ole nearly met disaster as he fell just far enough from the bonfire that Dorothy escaped the flames as she flew over his head toward the fire.

My mother was the star of one happy bit of play. She stepped out of the seldom-used parlor door in her housedress to the porch of our house across from the store, and promptly one of the men at the store threw a well-directed snowball her way. She returned the favor, more men entered in and there was my mother darting in and out of the door, throwing her own snowballs, then retreating inside, then outside again, in her unequal battle of one little woman against a group of men. She was a proud and reserved woman but she loved fun and now and then could cut up with the best of them. It's a good memory to me yet and a happy surprise at that time.

In the winter there were parties and dances. One of the first parties must have been in the old Armstrong Store, perhaps before I was born. Emma Wright Rhorig told me about it in 1974. How Uncle John gave a party for only the "elite". How he made ice cream himself, how much cream, how many eggs. She told it with relish, as she benefited from the joke. While Uncle John was unaware, the whole five-gallon freezer and its contents were sneaked outside through the back door and away. Then the group of pranksters enjoyed ice cream for days and took the freezer back to him when the contents were gone. But she also told with much praise of how beautifully he sang. Emma was in the 1907 Admission Day Parade.

Emma told me also of great parties held in the New Hotel parlor and diningroom, but parties given by people who also had a bar were below my mother's standards and not for us.

All dances were held in the Odd Fellow's Hall. People brought their specialties for a midnight supper and there were no class divisions there.

One time our mother and father made the usual five-gallon freezer of ice cream for a dance, while Dorothy and I awaited the dasher to lick. Ice cream was made of snow and rock salt, a judicious amount of boiling water on the snow and a strong right arm. Then the hole in the top was corked with an end of a half-peeled potato, carefully packed above to let the product blend. But that time was a disappointment, as brine had penetrated - the ice cream was spoiled.

Another time, our parents, working together, made good old-fashioned cake doughnuts. Mama mixed and cut them. Papa fried them in a big enamel kettle of lard (what else? - No safflower oil then, no cholestrol consciousness). He drained and sugared while Mama made more. Gradually the galvanized iron washtub was filled and heaping. Two little girls waiting hungrily. For some reason there was a firm rule of no sampling until the last doughnut or final center was done. I'm afraid Mama's hoped-for perfect daughter felt a secret little satisfaction as we all discovered the product was not delicious. Flour and coaloil (not kerosene) were kept in the warehouse. One can of coaloil had leaked and betrayed them. One more dance without our contribution.

Children too young to be left alone were taken to the dances. Coats and overshoes were piled in a second room. For years people talked about how long it took to find two babies lost among the pile of garments. They turned up safe and asleep under a chair, coat covered, much as in Owen Wister's "The Virginian".

Women must have suffered. Men, of course, could step outside, but once when I could endure no longer, I being very little, my father held me above the snow by the porch to ease my distress.

Babies still on bottles were fed on diluted Carnation milk in the winter, but nursing mothers unabashed fed their babies where they sat in the hall. Somehow, the ones who covered their exposure with a dainty handkerchief seemed too coy. This at a time when no pregnant lady was seen on the street when a baby began to "show".

I remember little of the productions staged by local talent in the months of winter. There is only a picture to tell me that one act was a

woman's minstrel show. I recognize the Johnson parlor and in the group my mother. Funny then, now tasteless, and even now I dislike as I always did to see Mama looking ugly. In poor blackface disguise and turbaned and padded, it was my mother but barely her at all. I'm sure Uncle John sang as always from a platform with a railing on each side. He was most imposing, but his baritone, much admired, seemed about to burst the walls. No show would be complete without his most demanded song, "I stood on the bridge at midnight, when the clock was striking the hour".

There was a women's drama club in Alleghany. In my memory, I see my mother sewing, sewing on an over-fussy dress full of ruffles, not her taste at all, that she would never wear again. We went happily to the hall of the B.P.O.E. to watch the comedy the play turned out to be. As was proper, our teacher, Amy Lopeman, whose beauty I adored, was the star in her lovely black lace dress that touched the floor. The play was applauded as a huge success, but the foolish dress my mother wore was appropriate for the, to me, degrading role she portrayed of a simpering old maid trying to attract the hero with no possible chance of success. What a sinking heart I had. It was so much happier to see her never a "wallflower" dancing gayly through an evening in a pretty dress, or to remember the snowball fight so merry that she didn't worry that her flowered parlor carpet was white with the snowballs of the men.

The winters were long and cold. Water from the eaves drop by drop formed stalactite icicles, large and small; some grew huge and nearly to the ground. The pitch of the roofs of buildings was steep of necessity, so the snow would slide off and not break the houses down. But snow suddenly, as if in spite, could catapult itself from a roof and knock a man down, sometimes hiding him from sight.

Fall came early to the mountains. Jack Frost made fancy patterns on the windowpanes; on the inner side the fogged-up glass was great for little fingers to draw forbidden pictures, patterns or squiggles on. Rain came and then suddenly one morning all the landscape was a fairy white.

We were snowed in all winter. Might as well settle down and take it as it came. Men were out using shovels many days. Usually the streets were passable, but sometimes muddy, frosty, mixed with white. But the heaviest snowfall I remember shuttered all the windows from outside. Man-high tunnels had to be dug from one side of the street to the other. Very strange to look up to a ceiling of snow. The sidewalks, most of them, built above the ground, as they were, had passages of lesser height, like English country lanes. Not so dark, you could look above you to a blue sky. One can imagine a network of tunnels, like rabbits build, all over Alleghany during that time.

By the time the first signs of winter came, the big covered wagons had stocked up every store, saloon, and some mines with supplies for our hibernation. They made their last trips out of town and left us to our own devices until Spring would come again.

Engrossed in our needs of daily living, our entertainments, Thanksgiving and Christmas, shut-in days or sunny days outside, our winter colds and chilblains, the necessity of keeping clean or warm, for a time we hardly noticed we were shut off from the normal world. To most of the children, anyway, Alleghany was in fact the normal world.

But gradually the oranges disappeared, apples withered, potatoes sprouted, stored vegetables were gone. We grew tired of salt-pork, eggs in water-glass weren't the same as fresh. It was when the butter in kegs in the dirt, water walled cellar behind our house began to go rancid and finally could not be sweetened by heating we began to long for Spring.

Gradually, the icicles melted, the snowbirds departed and the roads became firm again. Then one day you heard the bells of the wagon teams approaching, seeming to take forever as they corkscrewed back and forth, but not far away climbing the twisted roads. The bells were a feature for warning on hairpin curves on one-way roads. The bright ostrich plumes, however, on the heads of the lead horses were attached to add to the drama, just before the huge wagons drawn by six to eight horses reached town. A new colt usually ran beside its mother, just strong and large enough to make the trip.

Everyone came to watch the teams enter town, stop in front of the store, watched or helped in unloading. Long stalks of perishable bananas came first. The children could have the bruised ones before the bunches were hung over the center counter from the ceiling. Bananas didn't last very long.

Then the trap door in the porch of the store was opened and the wooden boxes of canned goods went down a slide to the basement, where men waited to stack them like towers. Then the children could take turns in risking splinters in their rears as each one could have a free ride to the basement, but only one. Nothing could describe all the joy.

Spring may have already faded in the valley, trees fully leaved, grasses turning brown. While in Alleghany's mountains snowy patches might still be found, or that rare treasure, the snowflower, serrated, glossy red, all too seldom might rise like a little steeple, symbol of the fertility of the ground. Now in Alleghany, Spring had come to us.

An exotic note was added to the town by a small Chinatown, eight or ten small houses (or more) making a street on a narrow ledge of the hill opposite and above the square.

I was sent there by my mother when China Mary was ill. Although my mother had a dim view of one woman living alone in a group of men, Mary was not what my mother thought she was. Before the fire of 1904 Mary had a perfectly legitimate baby named Chow. Everybody went to see the cute new baby born in a second small Chinatown just south of Bovee's saloon. This little group of buildings had disappeared. I'm sure, before we went to Alleghany. He probably went to school before I did, as I've seen him in no school picture. Or did he go at all?

I was sent to Chinatown with a bowl of "gruel". I followed the path from the spring above our house and passed among the little, mostly unpainted, weathered houses decorated with the red paper hangings covered with black symbols seen in any Chinese settlement. Here was a pungent and fascinating odor of opium and incense and their weird, wailing music from music boxes or phonographs. A real Chinatown! The gruel I took was a standard offer to the ill. Made of strained, overcooked oatmeal, sweetened and diluted with a little milk, it was bland indeed. When I went back for the bowl, I was told that Mary had enjoyed it about as much as I did. My mother boiled the bowl!

In dress, the Chinese tended to wear the dark blue pajama type costume traditional to the Old Country, and the men had long, black braids or queues hanging down their backs. They wore pill box caps, sometimes, or American strawhats or the hand-made Chinese straw head coverings pointed at the crown. I never did see Mary but felt she wore the same style of dress. Once I saw a Chinese woman in Nevada City on a hot day use one hand to open up a pajama leg and the other to wield a round raffia oriental fan to waft cool air up for comfort's sake.

The Chinese looked and probably were really hungry, left overs most of them from an earlier time. When my father cut up a pig to salt it down for winter, it was a fascinating event for the family to watch. He did his job on the wide porch that continued the front porch around the right side of the building. The lure of the butchering of the pig always brought several Chinese to the hill above by the spring, peering down at us. Nothing was said, but they were always given the head, the feet and any other part more desirable to them than to us. We could have made headcheese, but gave the makings to them.

They were among those who were given credit at the store which was never paid, nor was payment expected. Once, even (although it was against tradition) a Chinaman was buried in a casket. Less valuable, because of the broken viewing glass at the casket's head, it was given to them by the store.

All the kids learned "chic-a-muck-ahilo", supposed to be naughty indeed. We never got a translation that I know of and would shout it when in a devilish mood.

At the spring, they threw away perfectly intact, lovely bowls and porcelain spoons, probably used in ceremonials which demanded they would be discarded. These would roll down the slope where we'd find them. Our mother may not have heard of the germ theory, but she believed in it, especially worried about "consumption". Although she knew "miners' consumption" was sibicosis no chances were taken. Dishes of food were also placed on the burial mounds. The children would find the empty bowls, their contents having already been consumed by souls speeded on their way to Chinese heaven. The dishes would disappear to some family less fastidious than ours.

We felt the Chinese to be alien in our midst, but tolerated them or even liked them. I grew to love them.

They made much of Chinese New Year, giving away coconuts, Chinese candy, china-lily bulbs, liechee nuts, and firecrackers. When they set off their own glorious spectacle of fireworks, Chinatown was a fog of smoke that would drift down to a fragrant haze in Alleghany.

Even at the time of the 1955 flood in Yuba City, we still had dome fans and a few huge heavily embroidered silk handkerchiefs, gorgeous with great peacocks or trees and always with flowers. The flood, of course, ruined them.

I think these people were a factor in teaching me racial acceptance, a trait that has never left me.

The Chinese burial ground was just outside the fence of the graveyard for the whites. Sacking showed sometimes in round, shallow mounds like the tip of an iceberg above the ground. Sometimes broken, it revealed heavy tannish Chinese blankets obviously used to wrap the bodies of the departed souls into huge balls with arcs above the ground.

When the corpses had disintegrated enough, they were unearthed and carried to a cool cellar dug into the mountain behind the houses. Wright Coleman, who told me he was familiar with the Chinese as a boy, said this shelter was closed by heavily bolted iron doors that still stand. If they do, they are so surrounded by trees that they'd be hard to find. He said he was terrified when he was once allowed a glimpse into this place of storage to see skeleton after skeleton laid out in order with silver dollars over the empty eye sockets of the skulls.

In my mind's eye, I can see the huge balls holding the dead being disinterred and being carried by the living through the night Chinese fashion hanging from rods that were supported at each end by the shoulder of a man, the bundle in the middle. It would probably have needed two poles for one of these dirt-soiled packages, probably four men although two would be possible. They would have slipped slowly through the dark below the town, up the hill, across the road and finally to Chinatown.

The Chinese were ardent gamblers, fan-tan the dominant game. When enough Chinese gathered from other camps or towns to make an exciting game, the strange music and the shrill language could be heard in our street. Their games were expected to be honest and a cheater might be chased out with hatchets and sticks - perhaps never to appear again. When the first half of the older store had been converted into apartment, the phone remained there. First, it was occupied by Dr. Clayton and then by Uncle John and his family. Anyone who wanted to phone long distance had to phone from there. The Chinese came to call their gambling bets to San Francisco and Aunt Eva, who was pregnant with Vera, said she would look like Ah Moon, as he so frequently checked her proportions and finally said, "Ah, baby come soon".

Artifacts found at Kanaka Creek showed that the Hawaiians first prospected the canyon below Alleghany for gold. The creek was named Kanaka after the American named for them. Signs pointed to the Chinese as followers of the Hawaiians to placer mining before the white man came. Later, a few took out claims or either bonded or just gleaned what they could from the abandoned tunnels of the white miners, probably with some degree of gain. Sometimes they lived in the mines.

In earlier times the Chinese worked for pay as builders or as miners. Because they would work for lower pay, there was sometimes friction with the white miners. During the 80's an anti-Chinese union was formed, resulting in a swift exodus of Chinese who eventually drifted back. There are people who say they were troublesome in the old days, cutting telephone wires, causing tunnels to collapse and retaliating in other ways. They were suspected of "highgrading" or "scraping the plates" at the mills. But neither action necessarily excluded whites. Those thefts went on in my day, but who could say by which race they were done?

One early riser followed a path of dripped water, caught up as he expected to do to a Chinaman carrying in the usual manner on a pole across his shoulders a dripping bag of "tailings" at each end. Another story is told of placer miners being set on by several Chinese while they were working at their sluices. The marauders were shot down and left as they were to be informally covered by the rocks that tumbled over them.

It is said that if a Chinese was caught scraping the plates, "he was chased out of town in the black of night, never to be seen again". But no one ever counted to see if one of them was gone. What did one more dead Chinaman mean? Our white miners were tough, as Americans in search of self-interest, much like the rest of the world, have been violent since Puritan days.

Although we never spoke and he may or may not have been aware of his fascination and the admiration I had for him, my favorite was Old Dip. He was a short, stocky, ageing man, said to be totally blind. He shuffled through the middle of the street, slightly bent, carrying pieces of discarded but good lumber over his shoulder and built his own house up in Chinatown. It was a difficult job, as it was erected on the downside of the hill, where the back had to come down to meet the hill. Taking no chances, he also propped it up. In pictures of Alleghany, his house can always be identified by these props.

I can't omit the story from Lawson Brainard whose grandfather told of a white being placed in his casket as a group of Chinese watched. He was said to have owed them money. They may have gathered to assure he did not take it with him. The man who had a bent knee would not fit in. When the knee was pushed, the corpse sat up. As Lawson says, one can imagine the "exodus" of the Chinese. I don't doubt that the hearts of the white "undertakers" recruited for the job must have taken quite a jolt.

One Oriental found lingering in a Downieville hospital, unable to ask in English for his needs, was brought home to his people for his last days.

Both Dip and Fong were alive in 1942. In pictures I think Fong is the only Chinaman in an American suit. He was the distinguished and independent custodian in a fine house.

The last Chinaman in Alleghany was given a proper Chinese funeral by the whites when he died. Firecrackers were set off and bits of red paper filled the air. I believe they were to ward off evil spirits. When Old Dip died, I'm told, his savings were depleted by $500 borrowed by a white man and never paid back. There's a fabricated legend of a huge cache of gold buried in the hills of Alleghany. I can't believe it is there.

The last time I was in Alleghany, I mentioned the Chinese graveyard. No one had heard of it. Finally someone remembered it. In bulldozing that spot some time earlier, human bones had been uncovered. So some Chinese bones never did get home to their ancestors to rest in peace.

The tale of a great mass attack of whites on Chinatown in the 20's is not true. Some sensation seekers are building up legends and so-called early traditions of their own. Chinatown burned down with most of the business section of the town in 1933, a terrible blaze. Old Dip and Fong remained. The rest had probably died, the last of a former era.

SOME PEOPLE OF ALLEGHANY

Certain adults in Alleghany stand out in my memory, some friends, others passerby.

Mr. and Mrs. Hauber, still with a slight German accent, were my dear friends. Mr. Hauber was distinguished by a fine grey beard, she, by her obvious good breeding. They lived on the edge of Cumberland in a neat white house amid fine old furniture. How I coveted two small white dogs of some half opaque, half translucent china that stood on each side of an ancient clock on a high, small whatnot in the corner of one wall. Equally lovely to me was a wreath of flowers made of the hair of the dead, glass covered in a deep picture frame. Somehow my mother lacked appreciation of this work of Victorian art. Later all the priceless things were taken by fire. Mrs. Hauber made for me a circular petticoat of many colors, knitted diagonially so that the bottom edge formed triangular scallops. She made me a pink chambray dress, the front in 2" box pleats catstretched at the top to form a little yoke. Both were beautiful, I know now, but how I hated them. Little girls are conscious at a very early age of their likes and dislikes in clothes. While my mother talked inside I wandered the big, woodsy yard full of native trees and shrubs. A narrow creek meandered through it, idly under tiny bridges. Violets and shade loving wild flowers of many kinds bloomed at their appointed time. It all looked as if nature had carelessly tossed it together but was very beautiful and was the thoughtful product of dear Mr. Hauber, lovingly watered by hand with his sprinkly can or the wandering stream.

Down from Cumberland on the north side of the street lived the Greenbanks, both thin and old, tall, gentle people, poor but full of pride. Special friends in my mind. The house needed painting, the "common room" had a floor of pine, white with scrubbings, and as in many another house in Alleghany, tin can tops covered holes in the floor when the "knots" had fallen out. I think I remember braided rugs. I do remember the stove and the pine rocking chair. Of another chair my mother retained an amused embarrassment. As a very small child I had, as she found when she picked me up, pilfered and stowed away under my red cape the rocking chair for children who were visitors. Perhaps I was an example of the religious belief that we are all born as sinners. A rarity in a mountain side so steep, in a large fenced in area was their garden, a dense riot of color when in bloom. No visitors ever left without all the

flowers he could carry away. Later when I was about 13 Mr. Greenbank filled my arms and looked hurt that I couldn't take more. Why should it matter that such a man was not a money maker? He was a maker of beauty and kindness. That's enough.

Some of the adults were "aunts" and "uncles" unconsciously adopted. Such were the Loceys, "Uncle Fred" and "Aunt Becky". But I believed they belonged to me. Why not, since they were Vera's uncle, aunt, and handsome cousins, shouldn't they be mine? Unfortunately no! But they remain so in my mind.

There were other "aunts" Aunt Neelie Evans, a widow, lived to our right. She baked cakes and pies for sale and took on a few boarders. If I stood long enough with my chin on the kitchen table she gave me a bit of cake or pie dough to fill some small container to bake for myself. Then there was always a bowl or two to "lick" as everyone does with a finger. When I had tonsilitis, my standard winter ailment, she brought broth with noodles which I could not swallow.

But who could forget? Once, I remember, as she stood at the counter at the store, some stranger made a remark unintelligible to me but shivering Aunt Neelie. My small and mild father put one hand on the counter, vaulted over and threw the man out of the door, a knight in defense of womanhood.

There was Aunt Nellie Ferrier who took in roomers. It was in her parlor I slept - or didn't sleep - when I slipped away from a party at 13, and wholly ignorant of "kissing games". I was too shy to look fetching and would not return the pillow if some boy tossed it my way. Probably nobody noticed when I left. Not too happy, not sleepy, I found Cowan Doyle's "Hound of the Baskervilles" and read it all that night.

Mr. Carruthers was our town gambler. On weekday mornings he was available for children. He took them for walks; every day he held me on his knee. His face was amused when at eight years old I told him I was too old to be held. Where the idea came from it's hard to say, as I've never reached an age when I was too old to be held. Although he could at times wear informal clothes, I remember him mostly in a black suit with white shirt and string tie. His black hair was parted in the center. Two artistic little strands of hair neatly lay curved on his forehead in the traditional gambler style. His moustache was elegantly twisted by damp fingers into careful points. At night and on Saturday and Sundays when compulsive gamblers, imbibers and many others freed for the week end poured into the saloon to dispose of their week's wages, he disappeared, usually into Grizzle's to pursue his trade of the honest Old Wild West gambler. He was a highly respected man.

And Cosetti, poor Cosetti! He was new from Italy, young and good looking under too much curly hair. His eyes sparkled above cheeks not shaved often enough, but his smile was warm and big under a huge moustache. Cosetti wore a bright plaid mackinaw and what we now call Levis tucked into heavy miner's boots. A wide and fluent vocabulary of American profanity had been taught to him in jest by the miners. One day he pranced, arms and legs flailing, eyes gleaming and beaming his smile, gushing the words we mustn't hear or use. He had just met my mother and little sister Dorothy and me and was delighted, expressing his pleasure in the only words he knew. Our lady mother beamed back at him and later told us what he had already sensed - that he didn't know what he was saying. For that matter neither did her children - just that the words were "no-no's" usually unheard and seen only on walls. Cosetti was a wood-cutter and at times a miner, not too often seen in town. When a hoist fell on him and crushed him to death there was a special sadness for a man who had died too young, far from his native home, and so far from achieving his rewards in the new Promised Land.

Where will you not see a jogger now-a-days? They are everywhere. But in the early years of the 20th century someone's visiting track team college student, a tall and tan and well set-up young man was an object of derision as, in tennis shoes and shorts, he took his daily run through town. All friendliness and with good nature he stopped by me one day as I stood petting the pampered old Armstrong horse; semi-retired Ronda was a pet. "Cat got your tongue?" he asked. I showed him. "That's my horse," said he and I answered "Tain't". "That's no word," he told me and skeptical, I inquired and found he had taught me a lesson in grammar. For some reason an important memory.

"Fluffy Ruffles", so called by the children, sat leaning back in the Captain's chair on the porch for a week or two. He was in his young manhood and beautiful to see. His almost fuzzy curly hair was over long and healthy and framed his face in what might be called an Afro. He fascinated me as he sat there like an ornament as he never spoke a word and was motionless, apparently unsmiling. I loved his beauty as I stared at him from our porch across the street. Then, braver, I stood near him for long moments, 8 years old and finally unafraid. Then I began to part and form his tangled mass of hair into many little braids. On each braid I tied a bow of baby ribbon from the store until his head resembled a mass of many colored butterflies. He turned his head to accommodate me, came back again next day, hair combed and devoid of ribbons, but ready for a repeat performance. One day he was gone.

The Flynn family lived in Cumberland. They were "something else". They were shanty Irish, their walls covered with symbolistic representations of the Crucification of Christ and of gory bleeding hearts. What is

wrong with being called a "bleeding heart" I asked today. It is the symbol of the goodness of the teachings of Jesus Christ. Two sons were so much alike that I thought they were twins. Both were mighty drinkers. It was a town joke that as one got off the stage arriving home from the asylum for the treatment of deliruim-tremens, the other got on. Coming home one of them in his kindness bought me a doll in the store.

Grandma Flynn, their mother, was on hand for skiing in her long black coat. In case of illness she arrived to help - always bringing a pie. It was said that she sewed Grandpa Peter Flynn into his long-johns for the winter and cut him out again in the spring. Grandpa Peter was part of every parade, leading his donkey loaded with prospectors tools. All of this is as I heard it in those long gone days. Can you see that they were loved?

Once my Uncle John and my Father living at the El Dorado Mine and running it, subsisting on the ever present pot of beans, let the beans last too long. Both were desperately ill. Barely recovered, they were presented with a pie by Grandma Flynn - Did she walk all the way from her house in Cumberland down the mile and a half steep little road to the mine, or did she ride the donkey? Probably she walked. They laughed about the question - which was more dangerous, the poisoning or the pie. But it was not ingratitude. I was a constant visitor, full of affection for Grandma Flynn, loving to sit in her little parlor and to marvel at the Catholic symbols, but finally not blind to the fact that the kitchen floor was never swept, crusted under the stove. Recently I've been reproved about this. I know she was loved and respected but had not known that she assisted at child-birth and christened many a child. And I've never heard that her ministrations harmed anyone.

The Johnsons might be called the First Family in town as they built the finest house. H. L. Johnson, after many years of effort, struck it rich in the Lightener Mine. All were well bred, handsome and intelligent. Their greatest fascination was their baby girl twins. He built the sump pump that fed water to the almost futile fire hose. To him is also credited the Odd Fellows Hall. They left town about the same time we did. I have corresponded with the remaining twin Hazel, who yearns for information about her father I can't supply.

Mr. Johnson died early of silicosis and I've been told Mrs. Johnson, who rode in a chauffeur driven limousine in Oakland was too generous with her money for her own good. The house still stands sturdily. I was taken to see its well proportioned rooms not long ago. Verna, the eldest daughter, was probably as well protected as I was. Some were not.

The Brainard Family also had the distinction of having twin girls. Perhaps I remember incorrectly but did the big sitting room also have knot holes covered by tops of tin cans? While Mama and Dorothy paid their formal visit in that room, I would step into the tiny parlor I remember well. Eastlake organ and settee. On one wall the popular print of the gallant St. Bernard with his whiskey keg belted around his neck and his fore arms protecting the child he no doubt reached in time in the snow of the Alps. But the greatest treasure was a few glorious peacock feathers with shimmering colors in a vase on a table. I'm sure of another popular art object - (a pin cushion perhaps about, and a rendition of the red stockinged leg of a bar girl, complete with fancy garter and frilly panty ruffle at the top, the tiny foot of it slippered in black satin with laced ribbon criss crossing half way up to a bow). Just now I remember that the (red) was covered with net-like fancy lace stockings. My mother would have no such emblems of joy. Tastes vary, so it seems. Grandma Brainard was there and Uncle Herb, a teamster and Aunt Nettie. How I adored Aunt Nettie, plump and pretty - her hair brown with little curls escaping from her pompadour and more of them on her tender neck below the coil women called a "pug".

Three old ladies sat one night in our tiny, too hot kitchen. In the flickering light of the grate of the big, black stove and the dimness of one kerosene lamp they looked eerie. Sleet hit the window like needles. On the back of the stove simmered a thick syrup of sugar and onions. It would be for the sore throat I had so often in the winter and was not fondly anticipated.

They talked of that remedy and of the dirty sock and bacon treatment. Bacon must be wrapped around the neck and held there by a sock. To be effective the sock must be dirty. My mother often wrapped my throat this way but it did not cure my tonsilitis, perhaps because she could not bring herself to use a sock that was not clean.

They talked about other medications - how too much calomel could cause teeth to fall out - the relative merits of epsom salts and castor oil and castoria - the first remedies for illness of all kinds and as a method of making naughty children into good ones. "Come here Mary, you're not your own sweet self today - you must need a physic". How many innards they must have ruined starting a child out on a life of purgatives - what to do for croup and for convulsions, cold or hot water? These were important subjects as were sugar and molasses as a tonic in the spring, and how to get the phlegm out of the throat of a patient with diptheria.

They whispered of childbirth, all had assisted and finally they talked of "haunts" and witches. The shadowy room, the flickering light and the sleet on the window; the howling of the wind made ghosts credible.

They were three kind, older women, old by accepted standards, all in their fifties, hair pulled back stiffly and knotted on top of the head, dresses clean and starched and only that night, never again did they seem frightening to me. One was my mother's mother, Grandma Perry; another grandma by courtesy, Grandma Brainard. Probably the third was Grandma Casey. Later my mother told me that there were no witches, but maybe there were - look at the number of witches in fairy tales!

Possibly in the big room off the kitchen our father rocked the curly headed baby, singing 'Darling Nellie Grey' and 'Old Black Joe' while I held my favorite 'nigger' baby doll. I wonder where I got that word. Mama sewed or mended. The room also had a tall cupboard, dining table and chairs and a couch. The floor was covered with linoleum. Off this room was a small bedroom and the carpeted and wallpapered parlor with its lace curtains. I loved the silken fringed shelf cover, hand embroidered with violets, that covered the shelf that held the clock.

A big gold mirror hung above the green empire sofa. My baby picture in its ornate frame hung in this room. It was here that I raised the green shades just enough to give light so I could read. I was not a 'perfect child' after all, as reading so much was forbidden. It was bad for the eyes. But the house was full of fascinating books and I had learned to read by the time I was four.

The populace of Alleghany was varied, rich and poor, drifters and established families who lived their lives there as the Bradburys did. They came from all parts of the country - from Illinois and Ohio, here and there, some educated, some not. Many came as prospectors who seldom found gold. One gentle man had left home to find a fortune and not "making it" was ashamed to return. One wondered about his family and you could see the defeat in his well-bred face. There were the Chinese, too, left over from an earlier day, but some with jobs. I do not think it hurt a child to grow up in such an atmosphere of excitement, drunkenness, street fights, and sometimes death. Such a town should influence a child toward tolerance and acceptance of the fact.

By Helen Armstrong Covell

The Glorious Fourth

HISTORY OF MERIDIAN - 1864

On July 4 of this year, the Joneses, Wheelers, Conclasures' and two families from Colusa celebrated by raising the "liberty pole" with the American flag unfurled and waving on top of the Buttes. It turned out to be a dark and dismal day, finishing with a terrific thunderstorm, water pouring down in torrents, frightening the children, but not even dampening the spirits of the patriots celebrating. After the flagpole was erected, Judge John H. Leining of Colusa delivered a little oration. A bounteous picnic dinner was enjoyed, concluding the very first patriotic celebration ever held in, or over the top of any Buttes, between Yuba City and Colusa.

SUTTER BANNER - 1867

On June 29th there appeared an advertisement on page two. It started: FOURTH OF JULY -- Fourth of July celebration for 1867 by order of Good Templars will be held at Camp Bethel. Near the Buttes, Sutter County. Hon. F. Hamlin - President of the day; Rev. C. V. Anthony - Orator; Rev. W. F. Nelson - Chaplain; R. R. Merrill - Reader of the Declaration. Music and songs by Glee Club - Picnic dinner by the ladies.

The Marysville Artillery Co. with their battery of four guns will be in attendance. A glorious time may be anticipated.

The citizens of Sutter and adjoining counties are cordially invited to attend.

The grounds selected are very pleasantly situated and furnished with excellent shane (shade).

W. M. Wadsworth - Chairman
Committee of arrangements

SUTTER BANNER - 1867

July 6, 1867 - The fourth of July was celebrated in an appropriate style at Camp Bethel. The day was pleasant and everything passed off well. Marysville did well. There were some 250 vehicles from Marysville, filled with the fairest daughters of Eve. Mr. Welch, toll keeper of the Feather River Bridge, informs me that he has never been treated so courteous and gentlemanly on any public occasion. He says he would be proud to be called a Marysvillian. He is quite right. No one who has ever visited or resided in Marysville is ashamed to own her.

SUTTER BANNER - 1868

June 13, 1868 - Adv. - Fourth of July Pic Nic at the North Butte District school house.

The citizens of North Butte District intend having a Pic Nic and dance at their new school house on the fourth of July. A general invitation is extended to the young folks of Yuba and Sutter Counties. (signed) CITIZENS

(This advertisement appeared in two more issues of the Banner. The June 20th and 27th copies contained the additional line, 'Friday evening July 3d, 1868').

SUTTER BANNER - July 11, 1868

The dance given at North Butte school house on the fourth of July was well attended and we understand from "one who was there" that it was a very agreeable affain. Business over which we had no control forbid our "tripping the light fantastic" with the gay boys and fair daughters of the Buttes.

SUTTER BANNER - 1869

The June 12, 19 & 26 editions of the Banner contained the following advertisement. INDEPENDENCE DAY - There will be a celebration of the fourth of July at Camp Bethel July 3d, 1869 under the auspices of the Independent Order of Good Templars. Members of the order and also members of the Band of Hope of Sutter and adjoining counties are requested to attend, and the public in general are invited.

Judge Solon S. Holl of Sacramento, California and other distinguished speakers are expected to be present. Judge Holl is one of the most eloquent speakers in the state and was a member of the first lodge. Refreshments for the occasion will be furnished pic nic style. The Sutter County Glee Club will sing some of their choice selections.

SUTTER BANNER - July 10, 1869

CELEBRATION - Our people celebrated the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence on Saturday at Camp Bethel. Though under the auspices of the Good Templars, all classes heartily joined in the festivities. A goodly number of visitors were present from Yuba and Colusa counties. Exercises were opened by prayer by Rev. Henry Bland, followed by music. J. L. Wilbur read the Declaration of Independence and Judge Holl delivered an oration, which was historical, earnest and

Patriotic. Several lively and patriotic songs were sung by Mr. John Glidden, Charles H. Dresser, Mr. J. C. Dresser, Miss Hattie Harding, Miss Lydia Harding and Mrs. Wise, accompanied by instrumental music by Miss Francis McCullough. A bountiful repast was spread for all, prepared by the skillful hands of the fair wives and daughters of our yeomanry. A song and temperance talk after dinner by Mr. Brown was one of the features of the occasion. Far distant be the day when the fourth of July shall cease to be celebrated: rather let its annual return find us more alive to the great principles it suggests, and ready to celebrate it with a loftier and purer patriotism.

SUTTER BANNER - July 2, 1870

A full page length column was written about celebrating the ninety-fourth anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence on the next Monday, July 4th. We are quoting parts of it.

"----We intend merely to offer a few suggestions as to the most proper manner of commemorating the Declaration of Independence----. It has hitherto been customary to celebrate of cannons and by making a confounded noise generally, but by the delivery of spread-eagle orations, in which the "great yankee nation" was lauded to the skies----.

Now all this noise and gradiloquent orating may operate upon some minds -- boys for instance, and those whose intellects have never passed the limits of boyhood -- and may serve to keep alive, if not the true fires of patriotism, at least the rememberance that certain truths were once declared by the men of '76,----.

But is there not a more rational method of celebrating the grand event referred to? Would it not be far better to calmly reflect upon those great principles - to consider what our government as formed by the Fathers was - whether that form has been strictly preserved - whether our country is now conducted in accordance with the letter and the spirit of the Federal Constitution - whether that instrument should be held sacred as the bond of Union of the States, or suffered to be tinkered with until nothing of the original is left - whether there is much political virtue, integrity and honesty as formerly and if not, what are the causes thereof - whether the public lands should be squandered - Whether the people or overgrown and bloated corps shall be the ruling power of our land. These and other kindred subjects might furnish themes for our attentive consideration on the Federal holiday. It appears to us that quite as much patriotism would be evinced by such a manner of 'celebrating the day' as by the delivery of bombastic orations and the burning of "villianous saltpetre".

SUTTER BANNER - July 9, 1870

On page three one small entry was made.

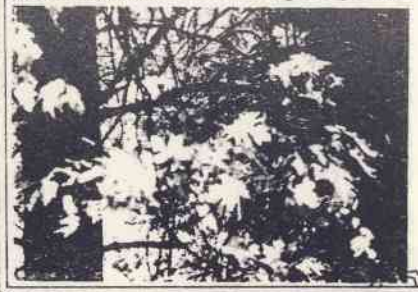
Camp Bethel - The celebration of the fourth of July at this place, from what we learn was a very pleasant and successful one. About 600 persons were present and Dr. McKaig is said to have delivered an eloquent oration.

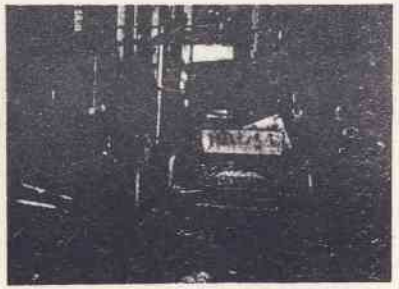
EDITORIAL NOTE:

For some time now I have thought what a good idea it would be to print some accounts of past celebrations of the Fourth of July. In the July 1955 issue of the Bulletin there were some accounts written about celebrations held in the early 1900's plus an article by Noel Stevenson about a big celebration held in 1876, but I wondered if there were any other celebrations before 1900. To my amazement as I searched the microfilmed issues of the Sutter Banner, there were far more accounts of celebrations than we could use in this one issue.

As you can see from what we have printed, the advertisements before the actual celebration were generally much more informative and colorful than the articles written later to report the actual event. As the years went on the advertisements became even larger and more elaborate as did the celebrations themselves. More on those next year. There were at least two years when the Sutter Banner was published on July 4th. Those years there were lengthy editorial articles about the celebration on the first Independence Day.

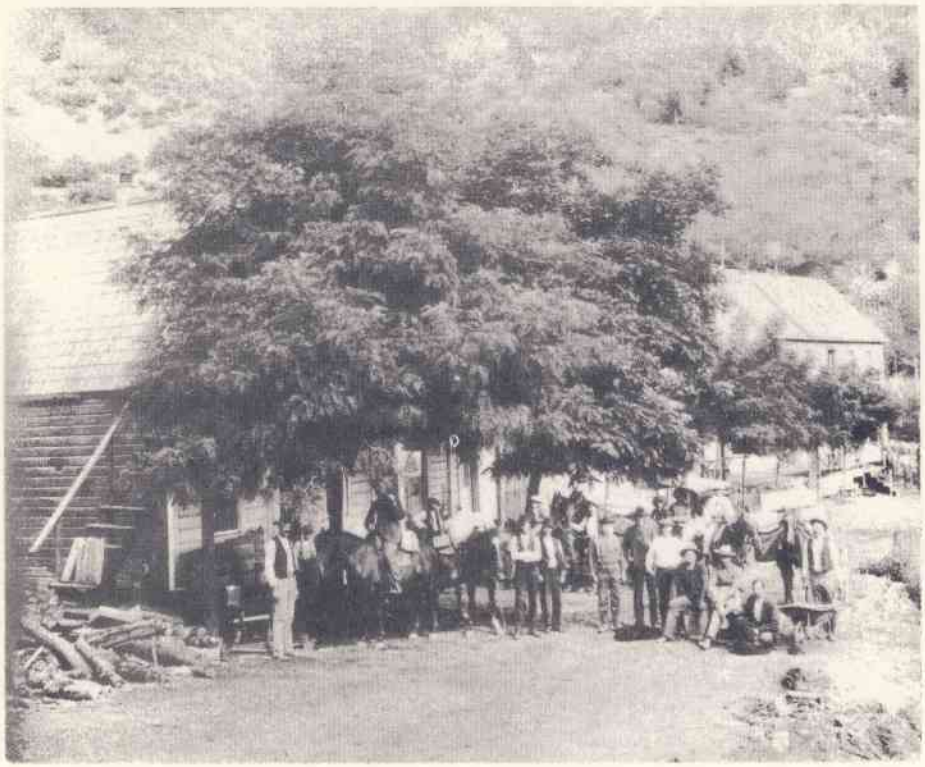
Beautiful Yuba River Country





Gold Lake
LOYALTON
Long Valley Rd
SATTLEY
SIERRAVILLE
DOWNIEVILLE
North Yuba River
SIERRA CITY
CLIPPER MILLS
North Yuba River
GOODYEARS BAR
Middle Yuba River
Henness Pass Rd
Jackson Meadow Res.
Webber Lake Rd
Stampede Res.
Bullards Bar Res.
CAMPTONVILLE
Ridge Road
ALLEGHANY
Bowman Lake
Independence Lake
GRANITEVILLE
White Rock Lake
Meadow Lake
French Lake
Boca Res.
FLORISTON
HOBART MILLS
BOCA
Prosser Cr. Res.
Middle Yuba River
NORTH COLUMBIA
Bullards Bar Rd
NORTH BLOOMFIELD
MALAKOFF STATE PARK
Fordyce Lake
NORTH SAN JUAN
Tyler-Foote Rd.
Lake Spaulding
PETERSON'S CORNER
WASHINGTON
DOBBINS
Yuba River
CISCO GROVE
SODA SPRINGS
TRUCKEE
Van Norden Lake
NORDEN
Donner Lake
Marysville Rd
Merle Collins Res
South Yuba River
FRENCH CORRAL
EMIGRANT GAP
Upper Scotts Flat Res.
BRIDGEPORT
BROWNS VALLEY
Englebright Res.
NEVADA CITY
BLUE CANYON
Bear River
Lake Wildwood
ROUGH AND READY
GRASS VALLEY
DUTCH FLAT
BAXTER
SMARTVILLE
PENN VALLEY
CEDAR RIDGE
ALTA
GOLD RUN
MARYSVILLE 20 mi
PEARDALE
Rollins Res.
CHICAGO PARK
COLFAX
Lake of the Pines
AUBURN 8 mi

You will find it convenient to check with local Chamber of Commerce and Forestry offices for detailed road maps and campgrounds —

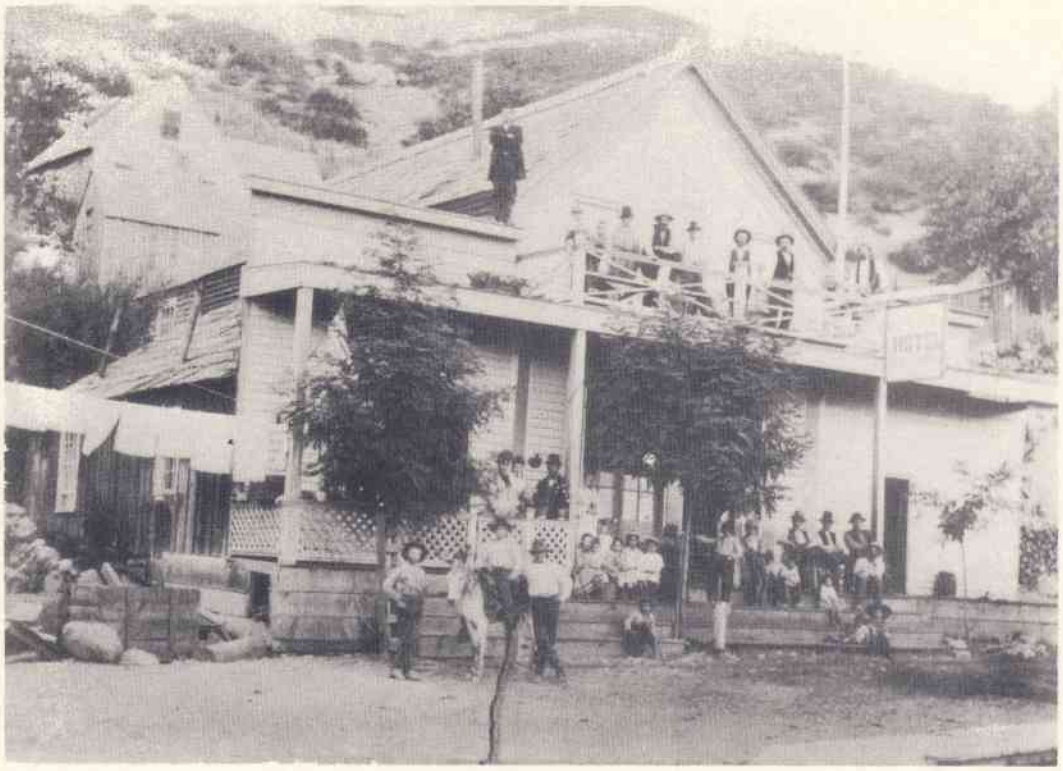


PICTURE OF FIRST STORE

ADMISSION DAY PARADE IN ALLEGHANY

LADIES WHO RODE IN ADMISSION DAY PARADE

BAND WHO PLAYED IN THE PARADE



OLD HOTEL

OLD STAGE COACH