

Sutter County Historical Society News Bulletin

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Yuba City, California

April, 1994



1934 MARYSVILLE GIANTS

*Left to Right: Clyde "Tub" Perry, Mick Hall, Dick Barry
Front: Clyde "Brud" Perry
(Photo provided by Jane Perry Dobson)*

Sutter County Historical Society News Bulletin

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The **News Bulletin** is published quarterly by the Society in Yuba City, California. The annual membership dues includes receiving the **News Bulletin** and the Museum's **Muse News**. At the April 1987 Annual Dinner Meeting it was voted to change the By-laws to combine the memberships of the Society and the Museum.

The 1994 dues are payable as of January 1, 1994.

Student (under 18)/Senior Citizen/Library	\$10.00
Individual	\$15.00
Organizations/Clubs	\$25.00
Family	\$30.00
Business/Sponsor	\$100.00
Corporate/Benefactor	\$1,000.00

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Our January meeting was a rousing success. Not only an outstanding speaker, but there was also good attendance. What a way to start the New Year! Edgar Stanton was scheduled to be our speaker, but due to an illness, he was unable to attend. He was able to get a well qualified replacement. Andrew Hammond from Chico, a member of the Oregon California Trails Association, gave an interesting and informative speech. Along with the help of his wife, they presented various slides of the areas they traveled and walked to gain their knowledge. It is programs like this that keep our history alive and interesting for all that attend the meetings.

Our annual dinner meeting in April promises to be just as captivating. Steve Perry is working on a colorful "Take Me Out To The Ball Game" program that should be enjoyable for all.

The Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial Essay contest winners will also be announced that evening. This is an important writing contest for the school children to pique their interest in Sutter County history.

Hoping to see all of you at the April Dinner Meeting.

Evelyn Quigg,
President



LOCAL HISTORY CONTEST

The Association for Northern California Records and Research (ANCRR) is hosting a contest for the best written account, photo essay or oral history of some phase of Northeastern California local history. They define "Northeastern California" as that area covering the counties of Butte, Colusa, Glenn, Lassen, Modoc, Plumas, Shasta, Siskiyou, Sutter, Tehama, Trinity and Yuba. They are offering a cash prize of \$500. Entries are due by June 30, 1994. The winner will be determined by a three judge panel. The award will be made at their November meeting.

Request the general rules and the official entry form by writing to ANCRR - P.O. Box 3024, Chico, California 95927.

Director's Report

If you love nature and wildlife but have an allergy problem, the Museum is the place for you to come now through the end of April. In air conditioned comfort, you can enjoy a bit of nature through the exhibition *Audubon's Animals and Birds* featuring fifty-four hand-colored lithographs by John James Audubon and his John Woodhouse Audubon. You will see birds and animals ranging in size and form from a hummingbird to a polar bear, and all without fear of sneezing.

In keeping with the Audubon theme, please don't forget to treat the child in your life to the Audubon children's program being offered on Wednesday, April 6 from 1 to 3 p.m. The afternoon will include stories, a visit by Shadow, the owl and official ambassador of the Feather River Wildlife Care organization, and activities planned by the Sutter Buttes Audubon Society. *Audubon's Animals and Birds* and the children's program are brought to the community, in part, by the Sutter Buttes Audubon Society.

In May come celebrate National Historic Preservation Week at the Museum. On Saturday, May 14, a reception will be held at 1 p.m. to award prizes for the *My Home Town* contest sponsored by the Museum and The Little Red Schoolhouse for fifth graders. The prize winning, three dimensional entries depicting historic houses in the area, along with a selection of additional entries, will be on exhibit.

In late May a summer long, bi-county celebration of quilts and their roles in women's lives will begin with an opening reception for the exhibition *Textile Diaries: Quilts as Cultural Markers*. In June a locally based quilt exhibit will open at the Mary Aaron Museum and programming for both adults and children is planned at each site as well. More information will come to you in the mail in May.

And please don't forget the Museum when you are looking for that perfect Mother's Day gift. See the enclosed Mother's Day Decadence flyer.

Jackie Lowe
Museum Director



LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Be sure to check out the inside back cover of this issue. Instead of the request for museum volunteers, we decided to include an advertisement. Dr. Rattray was a Marysville chiropractor who worked with the Marysville Giants and was called upon to treat Babe Ruth when he was in town to play baseball in 1927. The good doctor put his souvenir photo to good use. The ad was supplied by Betty Arnett, one of Scotty McLean's granddaughters.

The hardest thing about doing this issue was to edit the collected information into a usable size. We probably have enough information and stories to use as the basis for a real book. The players we spoke to all knew each other and their loyalty seemed to lie with baseball rather than particular teams as the most of them played on various teams. We greatly appreciate the time Joe Arnoldy, Ken Engasser, Frank Nakamura, Elmer Newman and Vint Spencer gave us. They were wonderful people to talk with and some of them will be speakers at the dinner on April 19th. We need to thank Steve Perry for arranging the majority of the interviews for us. (We're sure he didn't realize what all he was getting into when he agreed to be on the board!) The families of Scotty McLean and Tub Perry were very helpful and it was extremely difficult to decide what had to be omitted from their articles. We plan to cover more local baseball in the future and will focus more on the Yuba City Bears.

The weather was wonderful for both Butte hikes in March. We appreciate the time and knowledge Margit & Pete Sands share with us. This

year, Margit's daughter, Cara Epperson, gained the status of "tour guide" and did a fine job from all reports. The bus trip is filled and we're hoping for good weather for the 9th. Last year was fun in the rain, but we're hoping to be able to see out the windows this year.

The April dinner is fast approaching and we are really looking forward to it. In addition to wonderful speakers, a good meal and fun decorations, Bruce Harter will once again be in charge of the raffle. It's worth coming just to see how Bruce is going to group items. We're planning to have a "special" prize that continues the theme of "Take Me Out To The Ball Game." For reservations, call Linda (673-2721) or the museum (741-7141). For planning purposes, we need to have all reservations by April 14.

Next month's issue will contain the four winning essays in the Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial Essay Contest. The judging has been done but the "winners" won't know how they placed until they are introduced at the April dinner.

This is called "Letter from the Editors", but we like to get mail too. If you have ideas for future articles or if you have information or diaries or stories to share, please contact us. Don't forget to let us know when a person born in Sutter County reaches the age of 90 years. We want to add them to our "Honorary Member" list.

Linda Leone
Sharyl Simmons



MEMORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

In memory of **Joe Alexander**
Hap and Marie Campbell

In memory of **Winifred Agles**
Dewey Gruening

In memory of **Thora Bayes**
Richard & Elaine Tarke

In memory of **Shirley Burtis**
Tom & Marnee Crowhurst

In memory of **Geraldine Carlile**
Richard & Elaine Tarke

In memory of **John Russell Carswell**
Dewey Gruening

In memory of **Adele DaCosse**
Bogue Country Club
Eleanor Holmes
Mrs. R. I. Nicholson
Orlin & Johanna Schuler

In memory of **Lillian Dodson**
Bogue Country Club

In memory of **Forrest Duranceau**
John & Vivian Casad
Steven J. Casad
Donald & Lula Gillett
Mary McGowan
Norman & Loadel Piner
Richard & Elaine Tarke

In memory of **Bill Ettl**
Richard & Elaine Tarke

In memory of **Georgina Gastoni**
Nancy & Harry Lawrie

In memory of **Florence Hamilton**
Dewey Gruening

In memory of **Lydia Meier Hess**
M/M Clarence Burk
M/M Alexander Hess

In memory of **Norma Justeson**
Jeanette McNally

In memory of **Elvira Lopes**
Hap & Marie Campbell

In memory of **Mary Sutfin McKinnon**
Howard & Ruth Anthony

In memory of **Bud Menth**
M/M Robert Kratz

In memory of **Peter O. Mew**
Dewey Gruening

In memory of **Robert Murphy**
Ivadel Simmons
Anna Ulmer, Helen Brierly
Albert & Mary Ulmer

In memory of **Joe Nakamura**
Jim & Bobby Howard
Norman & Loadel Piner

In memory of **Aubrey Schuler**
Richard & Elaine Tarke

In memory of **Albert Thomasen**
Richard & Elaine Tarke

In memory of **Rosa Peters Thomsen**
Richard & Elaine Tarke

In memory of **George Trotter**
Eleanor Holmes

In memory of **Ruth Voorheis**
Connie Cary
Wanda Rankin
Caroline Ringler

In memory of **Barbara Wells**
Eleanor Holmes
Mrs. R. I. Nicholson



HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

ANNUAL DINNER MEETING

The Annual dinner will be held April 19 at the Sutter Youth Building which is located at the corner of Acacia and Butte House Road in Sutter. The dinner will start at 6:30. Reservations must be made by April 14.

This year's theme is "**TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME**". The evening is in the capable hands of Steve Perry. He has arranged for several local gentlemen to be our speakers and tell about their time playing local baseball in the "good old days". Decorations will be in the baseball theme and will include items from private collections.

The dinner will carry the theme to the table. Since hot dogs have become controversial fare these days, we are also offering chicken. Please indicate your choice when you make your reservations.

Another very important aspect of our annual meeting is the honoring of the winners of the **Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial Essay Contest**. The four "winners" will learn how they placed when the introductions are made. The essays will be printed in the July bulletin.

HALL OF RECORDS ORNAMENT

The Board has decided to go into the Christmas ornament business. We have ordered 144 glass ornaments on which the Sutter County Hall of Records has been printed. The building, completed in 1891, was chosen because it is no longer in use effective this year. The ornaments will be available in May at a cost of \$7.00. We anticipate them selling out quickly. If you want to reserve an ornament/ornaments, please call Linda (673-2721) and get on the list.

I WAS A BAT BOY FOR THE TWIN CITIES GIANTS

By Steve Perry

Being the bat boy was really a pretty good deal, especially in those days, because you got to talk to all of the players and sit in the dugout. I wish I had paid more attention to the old timers who were there. They couldn't play any more, but they were in the stands and would come down and hang around the dugout.

There was a bat rack that held about 30, 40 bats and you always hung them all up with the label out so the players could see which one they wanted. They'd always go over and pick out the bat they wanted for batting practice and then you'd pick up that bat and put it back in the rack and shag the foul balls that were right there around the plate and throw them back to the umpire. Then you'd kind of clean up a little bit and get out all the catcher's stuff -- it was always in the bag.

In those days, Jim Sady was the catcher. Hap Ritchie, I think, was pitcher, Bud Lathrop was first base, Dad (Clyde "Brud" Perry) was shortstop, and Ray Webster was second base. They'd always be out in the field and I'd get to sit in the dugout and have the best seat in the whole park. It was really a lot of fun. And then, after the game I had to put everything away. And I'd put all the bats back in the bags - they had these big duffle bags they'd keep the bats in - and then the bats and all the equipment was locked up in the locker room with the mitts and all the balls and things. After the game, I got a free coke which was great in itself

and then I got to go see Mr. Becker. Francis Becker was the announcer. He announced all the games. He was also the money man. I got \$2.00 to be the bat boy for the day. And I mean you could make yourself sicker than a dog buying Snicker bars at a nickel a piece. I mean, it was \$2.00 and I was in hog heaven all week. Most of the time you had one game a week, sometimes two. And they were always at Bryant Field. Sometimes they'd go away to Oroville or wherever and play there and that was a little different. I don't remember ever getting paid \$2.00 to go someplace else and be the bat boy.

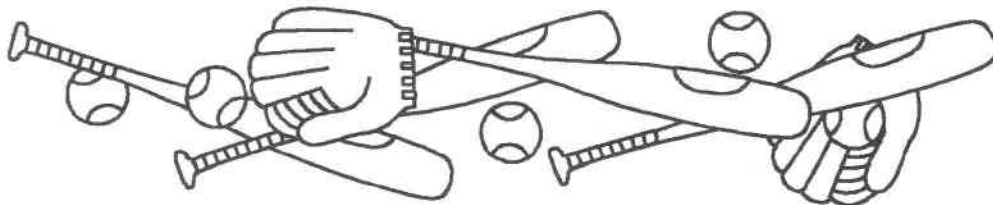
This was 1961; I was 9 or 10 years old. I remember when the game was over and I got everything put away and the lights were still on and I used to go out and run the bases. I was always amazed that when I'd go out there after the game - now, visualize this field before the game and it was all mowed, beautiful. They had the white chalklines - I mean, they'd draw that string from one end to the other and they'd lay that chalk down and in those days they actually drew out the batter's boxes in chalk. They don't do that anymore. There were squares around home plate where they would have batter's boxes in chalk. The infield was just perfect. It was all just smooth. And after the game, I'd go out there and the lines were all ripped up and the field was all ripped up and there would be all these cleat marks and dirt all over the bases. I was always amazed at how much action was right in

certain spots because you could go out there and you could see right where they were playing a lot -- second base, shortstop, you know, in the infield. Now in the pros, every few innings -- or every fifth inning, seventh inning they come out and rake it all and they water it all down again. They didn't do that in Marysville. And so I got to go out and I'd run the bases and then I'd run out to the score board. Whoever was running the score board would make sure the signs were all back in place. All the "1s" were in the "1s" spot and the "2s" in the "2s" because in those days the scoreboard was merely a set of lights for "outs" and a set of lights for "strikes" and "balls" and that type of thing. Then they had these great big tin sheets with numbers painted on them and as they would go through the inning, then somebody would hang the number on the scoreboard. Not like today with the numbered scoreboards and all that kind of stuff.

I remember in the late '50s, there were a couple of the Marysville Giant-Yuba City Bear games when you couldn't put another person in Bryant Field and the only seat I had was with my cousin Bruce Minton. We were putting the signs up on the scoreboard and we were out there running the scoreboard, you know, putting the plates up, and we'd get fooling around and every so often they'd have to yell at us "Change that number up there; the inning's over!" I remember the stands

were full; I mean people were sitting all over the aisles, they were sitting in - up - all the way up and down both sidelines clear to the fence. I mean they were sitting on the grass. And it was just flat packed. And I don't remember who won because like I said we were fooling around out there running the score board. That was the only time I ever ran the scoreboard.

After the game you played or ran the bases until they turned the lights off. And then, of course, the players were usually in the locker room consuming adult beverages. In those days, "adult beverages" were beer and cokes. They would bring in these great big tubs of bottled beer and coke and 7-Up and Squirt and it was kind of like "all you can drink." I'd get a free coke or whatever and then I'd go out there and they'd turn those lights off and I'd go up in the stands and sit up there and just kinda - it was kind of an eerie feeling being in the ballpark when it was all black. I remember the ball park had that smell, a kind of combination of stale beer and hot dogs. Then you'd go back in the locker room and they're all still replaying the game, you know, and go back through that and I'd sit there and listen to all those stories two or three times. And then about that time, it was about over and we'd get back in the old green Ford truck, about a '49 Ford truck, and go on home and that was it. And then we'd do it again.



"SCOTTY" McLEAN

Stanley Ralph "Scotty" McLean was born in Lockford, California on the 24th of January 1886, the son of Duncan James and Louisa Fannie "Lou" (Ralphs) McLean. The family settled in the town of Sutter in 1896 where Scotty and his sister, Verna, attended school. Scotty graduated from high school in 1905. Scotty worked in his father's store, ran his own store, and became Sutter City Postmaster in 1920, holding the job for 35 years. In 1905, Scotty married Anna Lytken, a Sutter County native. They had four daughters (Ila, "Joey", Shirley and Nedra) who were among his biggest fans.

Oldest daughter Ila remembered her father setting off fireworks for the town in front of the old store building on the 4th of July. She also said she grew up going to baseball games every Sunday during the season. Shirley recalled her wedding day to Newell "Hoagie" Burtis. She said they left Sutter about 5:30 on a Sunday morning, drove to Reno, had breakfast, got married, and drove home in time to go to a ball game. She proudly recalled that when she was 40 years old, Scotty told her he didn't miss having sons because he thought girls were better. After Anna's death, Scotty married Jewell "Judy" Burks in 1944.

Scotty played professional baseball with Santa Cruz and Stockton teams and was a member of the Oroville Olives and the Milton Honeys of Sacramento. He also played for and managed the Marysville Giants and the Yuba City Bears. In addition, he directed a softball league in Sutter City

for many years, helping wherever he was needed both on and off the field.

The following articles from local newspapers hit some highlights of his long career. Scotty died in March of 1956, but his name is still familiar to local baseball fans.

Stanley McLean Playing With Oroville Nine

The Oroville Mercury of a recent date has the following to say of the fast player from Sutter that Oroville has signed on the team: "McLean, the new shortstop, has proven a find. McLean is a bearcat with the club and is an infielder that can play on any of these teams. This is the first real game the big lefthander has played this year, but his excellent showing of yesterday has won him a warm spot in the hearts of the Oroville fans. The way that McLean grabbed his chances and shot them over to Butler gained him many rounds of applause." Sutter County Farmer - 10 May 1912

Later in the 1912 season, Scotty was released from the Oroville team and replaced by a younger player. The newspaper account of the time indicates this was the result of McLean being past his prime. However, it wasn't long before Scotty was back in full form once more and he was playing for the Marysville Giants by July of 1912.

June of 1915 found him back in Oroville where on June 14 the Oroville Mercury reports "...a deal whereby Stanley McLean of the Milton Honeys of Sacramento is to join the Olives. McLean will take Muzzy Williams' place

in right field..." The Oroville Mercury reported on June 21, 1915 that the Olives beat the Patterson Hatters by a score of 6 to 0 and in the fourth inning, "McLean hit to right and stole second. He went to third on an error and came home when Jacinto allowed one to go through him." In that game, Scotty played right field, and apparently was hit twice by pitches while at bat. The July 29, 1915 issue of the Oroville Mercury states: "McLean is playing a great game in right field for the Olives. Mack covers a lot of ground and is a sure fielder. He is drawing many free passes to first. Mack takes one or two in the ribs every game and jogs to the initial sack."

In the August 28, 1916 issue of the Oroville Mercury, the article covering the Oroville Olives vs the Sacramento Demons game states "Meader, Powers and McLean pulled off one of the classiest double plays of the season. ... McCarl was not missed at first, as 'Scotty' handled the sack in big time style. He played the position every bit as good as McCarl ever did and had twelve putouts to his credit."

Later in his career, Scotty's served as manager in the Marysville Giants and his resignation from that position in 1936 received a lot of ink in the local press.

In "The Sport Light" in the July 10 1935 edition of the Appeal Democrat, Ed Burt wrote, "The umpire's word is law in the baseball field, and the league president must back up his arbiters. But there are probably a very few persons in the valley today who will agree with President Al Sheets of the valley loop that Manager Scotty McLean of the Marysville Giants

merited a two week suspension.

Angry and disgusted when he received word of his suspension yesterday, McLean announced he was "through for the season." Scotty is a baseball man, through and through, and no one doubts but that he can be prevailed upon to resume his managerial roll when the playoff series with Colusa begins next month. McLean was really peeved for he honestly feels that he was less at fault Sunday at Woodland than at any other time he has ever had a run-in with an arbiter.

Umpire Bill Griffith must have been feeling off his feed when the game opened. He ruled Vince Fasano, the Giants lead off man, out on strikes. McLean called to Fasano from the bench as the latter protested the third one.

Griffith is reported to have followed Fasano to the dugout. If he did, he was a bit out of order unless he intended to oust the player. When McLean spoke again, Griffith immediately thumbed him out of the park and it was then that the manager's wrath broke and he felt a strong urge to remonstrate with force and violence.

"I said nothing to Griffith before he ordered me out," said Scotty. "But I did get mad good and plenty when he told me to leave. I don't know who in the park is supposed to speak up for teams rights if not the manager. The fans would blame me for laying down on the job if I didn't protest the bad ones and see that the Giants got a fair break."

Fans are certain to regard it as far removed from coincidence that

McLean has had his greatest "umpire troubles" with the Griffith-Schang team. If they come to believe that Griffith holds other than an impersonal feeling toward the hub manager, it will resolve into a condition making the umpire's assignment to future Giant games impossible.

Sheets has upheld Griffith, who obviously followed up his actions Sunday with an unfavorable report to the president. However, the situation is not helped by the fact that the prexy handed McLean a two week suspension while he put Wirth Cook, Woodland catcher, on the shelf for only one week. Cook was sent to the showers after he charged Griffith in the ninth with fists clenched. His conduct warranted dismissal more obviously than did the Marysville manager's actions.

Ed Burt reported in the July 23, 1935 edition of the Appeal Democrat that, "His suspension served out, Manager Scotty McLean will be back in harness to direct the Hub team against Fred Briggs and his Bears."

The Appeal Democrat carried a lengthy article about Scotty's resignation as manager of the Marysville Giants. Scotty said he felt his resignation would be "...for the good of the team and for baseball in Marysville." Al Sheets had recently been re-elected the head of the Valley League. "'I don't think any player or any fan questions my love of baseball and my interest in the Marysville team,' said McLean, 'but I repeat now the statement I made last fall -- that I would not attempt to run a team in a league

which denies a manager the right to speak for his club and which employs umpires who lack good judgment and the impersonal feeling necessary to their job.'

Properly enraged at the injustice of such an ouster [when Umpire Griffith ejected him from the Woodland game], McLean admits that he then challenged Griffith's action, and protested vigorously. 'If I used profanity, it was not until after I had already been ordered off the bench, and I was too mad then to remember what I did say. It was entirely unfair in the first place, and Griffith abused his authority and lost his head.'

...McLean declares, he was again benched in a game at Redding a short time after by Umpire Bob Schang.

'In that game,' says McLean, 'I merely walked from the dugout to ask Schang a question on a ruling he had made. He waved me back and when I again asked to be heard he told me to get off the field -- that I was through.

'I have been in baseball for more than 30 years but I never saw such tactics used by even inexperienced bush league umpires. It was obvious then that all the umpires must have decided -- or been instructed -- to crack down on me at any time I made a move out of the dugout.

'If I cannot fight for my club's rights in a game, and obtain from an umpire the answers to fair questions, then I am not doing the team any good.'

This was not the end of Scotty's involvement in local baseball. By 1939 he was managing the Yuba City Bears.

THE DAY BABE AND LOU CAME TO TOWN

As local fans talk of Babe Ruth's passing, those who were here in 1927 are probably recalling that October day when the Bambino arrived in Marysville for an exhibition game. Barnstorming the country were Ruth's "Bustin' Babes" and Gehrig's "Larrapin' Lous". The barnstormers demanded a \$1000 guarantee to appear in Marysville on October 25.

Schools were dismissed. Stores were closed when it appeared that every employee's grandmother had become ill and needed bedside attention. All seats were filled in the old Marysville ball park at Third and H streets that afternoon. The "Bustin' Babes" borrowed a few players from Marysville's Giants to form a team; the "Larrapin' Lous" did likewise.

Glenn Potter was in the Giants infield back in those days. "I hit the first home run in that game," he recalls. Glenn pitched for the "Bustin' Babes" while Clyde "Tub" Perry started on the hill for the "Larrapin' Lous".

Tub was not going to throw a fat, home-run pitch to the Bambino as Glenn did to Gehrig. "I aimed for the corners and worked up a three and two count. Then I walked him," the Tubber recalls. Babe Ruth did not appreciate Tub's pitching. "Get that wild man out of there before I hurt my back again," the big fellow told his manager.

Taken from the Appeal Democrat

Tub Perry's memories of that day come to us from his grandson, Steve Perry. "Lou Gehrig hit the first home run and Babe Ruth supposedly

hit the longest home run in Marysville history because he hit it not only over the center field fence, but over the levee and into the river. The other story that went around was that a train was going by at the same time and he hit it into the boxcar and it didn't stop until it got to Oregon so he said it's the longest homerun in history. Tub started as pitcher for the "Larrapin' Lou's." I remember him telling me that he started pitching and I guess he pitched several innings. I guess Babe Ruth wasn't getting any hits so they got rid of him. He did tell me that Babe Ruth had a sore back and he wasn't really swinging. Tub told me he got a full count on him. Lou Gehrig called time and walked out on the mound - full count - and he said "Let's see you strike this bum out." And Tub said "I threw it with everything I had and I walked him." That's when Babe Ruth said "I'm not going to get any hits off this kid, get him out of there." And the next time he came to bat, he hit that home run. Babe Ruth got the home run in the seventh inning. He went seven innings and nothing and then of course, then the show started. In those days, that was it. That was the show. Tub didn't say much about Babe Ruth but he thought a lot of Lou Gehrig. He said Lou Gehrig was just a regular guy -- just a regular quiet, quiet guy. And he really enjoyed being on that team or having the chance to play on that team. He was only a kid, 22 years old.

Frank Nakamura

I must have been about eight or nine when I started to play baseball. We used to have pick up teams and any open lot was our baseball diamond. A lot of our baseballs were used, maybe the cover was torn off, and we'd tape the balls up and use them. We got bats the same way, broken bats that we fixed up and used. There was no such thing like Little League in those days so we played on the actual men's diamond and sometime we played out in the streets because there weren't as many cars in those days. I don't think we bothered much about balls and strikes. I think we just tried to bat the ball as best we could, unless we had a regulation game, and then we'd try to get somebody to umpire. Usually, an adult.

I started out as a catcher and, in fact, one of the persons who used to stay at our boarding house bought me my first catcher's mask and a body protector. I caught one year for the grammar school team and when I went into high school I started out as a catcher. I was about 5'2" and weighed about 98 lbs and catchers aren't supposed to be that small, so after a few games the coach, Glenn Potter, decided he was going to make an outfielder out of me. For about two weeks he'd bat the ball frontwards, backwards, sideways, all over and made me chase it to be able to catch any ball and in two weeks I became an outfielder and I played center field. I played center field most of my career, but in my younger days I did a lot of catching. In my Freshman year I got on the Varsity team and ended up getting four Varsity letters in baseball. Some of my teammates

included Elmer Newman, Nicky Pierce, Johnny Belza, Leo Larner, Pete Howard, John Iribarren, and Ed Mills.

I played on a local Japanese team known as the Young Men's Association Team during the summer. That team played in Miner's Park, a field the Japanese community created on a vacant lot that the City of Marysville owned. It was just a hay field. We asked the city to let us use it to build a baseball diamond. In those days we had a group of vegetable gardens, Japanese vegetable gardens, around in the area. We felt that would be a pretty good spot because if we needed any water to water the field, there would be a pump right across the street in a garden that was owned by a Japanese so we could get some water from there to water the field. Some of the fellows used to get a passenger car and pull a sled to try to smooth out the grounds. Many times before the season we'd go out with a hoe and hoe the grass around the infield. They didn't pay too much attention to the outfield. Sometimes they would run a disc over it so the outfield was just real rough, but before every game we pulled this sled around with a car to smooth it out. The fans got together, made donations, and built a wooden grandstand. It could have seated possibly 100 people, if that. We played mainly against Japanese-American teams from around Sacramento, Stockton, Loomis, Newcastle, Penryn, Lodi, Isleton, Sebastapol and Vacaville. Other area residents on the team included my brother, Bill Nakamura, Frank Okimoto, Jimmy Nakagawa and Sam Kurihara.

We had some very vociferous fans. I remember we used to play against these teams like Penryn and some of the teams up in the foothills over there like Newcastle. One time something happened and our fans got really riled up and they were ready to fight. Of course, it didn't matter much to the ball players, but I guess the fans were really enthusiastic. That was the thing that bothered me at times, some of the fans would get a little bit unruly.

In 1935, the Tokyo Giants came to play the San Francisco Missions of the Pacific Coast League who were in spring training in Marysville. The following year, the Giants returned to play the Young Men's Association Team during a barnstorming tour of the country. The YMA Team was outclassed but enjoyed the experience. The Tokyo Giants won by a score of 15 to 1. We didn't get too many hits. I don't have the box score here, but I remember getting an infield hit off the Giant's Russian pitcher. We had a couple of non-Japanese help us out on that team. We had Edgar Brown, a left handed pitcher who was an exceptionally good pitcher, but because of his race he was not able to get into any organized league like the Pacific Coast League or any major league. And then we had Ken Brock, Kenny Brock caught part of the game for us too. Of course, being just a bunch of amateurs, we didn't stand much of a chance against them.

I still remember an outstanding game that we won. There was team that came from Stockton, a Japanese-American team. They were, well, they

were very good. In fact, they played all the big teams around. We were like a minor league team, they were like almost like a major league, well organized team. We played them over here in a ball park and we beat them by one run in a 10 inning game and that was the biggest upset of any game that we played.

One time, we were playing a team from Vacaville and this fellow really hit one way out. I was playing center field. I ran after it full speed and I jumped up in the air and caught it. It would have been a home run easy if I hadn't caught it. That was the outstanding catch that I thought I ever made. There are other catches that I made, but that's one catch that I guess I'll always remember.

As a spectator, I remember watching Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig play in the old ball park. In fact, they let out the school so that we could go and watch the game. That was something that in those days. Babe Ruth was the idol of every kid in the country and Lou Gehrig, although not as well known, was still an outstanding player.

Today, I think there is so much stress trying to win and I think some of the ball players are playing with the idea that they might get good enough to go to the major leagues to get that big money. We played because we liked the game--just for the fun of it. Of course, when we were kids if we lost a game we cried, especially if it was a close game, because we wanted to win. But now, I think there is so much pressure on winning that I doubt whether some of the kids enjoy playing.

VINT SPENCER

I started playing baseball when I was about twelve years old. I played first base all my life.

An old ex-major league ball player by the name of Scofield worked on the dredgers out at Hammonton and he decided he wanted to teach the kids at Hammonton how to play baseball. He got us kids all together and put together a team. He built the ball park and everything. He ran it all. He even financed it. He bought the bat and the balls. About the only thing we had to scrounge up was a glove. It was not connected to the school; he just did it on his own. We had all ages on the team from grammar school kids to high school kids and young guys who were working out there. Whoever could play baseball, Scofield got them together and we had a team. There were the Colt brothers, Frank, Joe and Abe. Dave Nelson, Bill Stroup and my two older brothers, Carl and Bob, played for the team.

I didn't play baseball when I went to Marysville High School because I was still playing for the Hammonton town team. There was a conflict between playing ball for the high school and playing for the town team. Our big rivalry was with "Fireman Flynn's" team. I don't know what his right name is. "Fireman Flynn" had the Marysville team and it wasn't so much a rivalry amongst the ball players, although there was that. The rivalry was invoked by the mothers and wives in the stands. They used to pretty near come to blows in the stands when we played there. It got real rough at times. You would hear some

of these women using language that you never knew they knew.

I started playing for Hammonton in about 1932; just playing at it. I was learning the game. I played for them until 1936 when I came in and started playing with the Marysville Giants. That was when they broke up the old Peach League and the Foothill League and all those leagues we used to have. The Sacramento Valley League was about the only thing left so I started playing in that with the Marysville Giants.

I think I actually had more fun playing in the old Peach League and the old Foothill League than I actually did playing with the Giants. It was a lot better baseball with the Giants, but we had an awful lot of fun playing in the old leagues - especially when you went to some of these ball parks and saw what you had to play in. I remember Loma Rica. You'd play in the Loma Rica ball park and the second baseman had to tell the right fielder when the ball was coming because he was down over the hill and he couldn't even see home plate from the right field. Left field, well, you ran up the hill in left field. There was a lot of playing in cow pastures where they had marked out a ball diamond. Talk about bad bounces! You learned some bad bounces with a ground ball coming at you on that stuff. There was no stands. All the people came out in their cars and parked around behind a little bit of a backstop and along both foul lines and just sat in their car and watch the game. We never charged anybody. We never made any money at it, but we had an awful lot of fun

doing it.

Scofield didn't drive, he didn't even have a car. He depended on some of our parents to get the team to the game. The parents were interested in baseball so we had no problem getting someone to take us to the ball game. We would get together and decide how many cars we would need to take and they would decide which families were going to go and they would take us. It was no problem at all.

The first time I played a game under lights was at Bryant Field in about 1935. I think we were playing "Fireman Flynn". It wasn't that bad except that when you first looked from the infield to the outfield, it looked like it was dark. The people who were in the outfield could see all right. It wasn't lights like they have in these major league parks, but it wasn't bad. It was pretty well lit. I don't remember ever losing a ball in the dark because of not enough light.

I remember playing down at Folsom Prison. That was real interesting. They'd keep telling us it was safe in there, nobody would bother us and all the time I'm thinking "maximum security prison." Forty or sixty percent of the prisoners were in there for killing somebody, and I'm not supposed to worry when I'm walking through there. When you once got on the field, you'd kind of forget about it but when one of those big jokers come barrelling down to first base, it makes you tend to back off a little bit and let him have the base if he wants it.

In those days, our uniforms were wool and floppy. I get a kick out of seeing those uniforms they've got now.

It looks like a second skin on them. Our uniforms had big legs and you would roll them up under your sox, pull them up and you had a great look -- looked like golf knickers is what they looked like. Shirts were all baggy and sloppy. There was no form-fitting uniforms back then. They got itchy. That's why I always wore an undershirt. I couldn't be comfortable in the uniform without an undershirt on. They'd get itchy, especially the first time you started sweating. At Hammonton I probably played in my street shoes; we couldn't afford cleated shoes back then. When I started playing baseball steady, I always managed to have regular baseball shoes with cleats. I heard stories, but I never sharpened my cleats. I was just too slow to do much base stealing so I didn't need to sharpen mine. I never even gave it a thought. I remember reading and hearing stories about old Ty Cobb and how he had a bunch of razors there and cut these guys up like he had butcher knives in his shoes.

My batting average was not very good. I probably had a life-time average of probably .260, .270. Now it would be pretty good, but it wasn't then. Now .270 would give you five million dollars a year.

They charged admission at Bryant Field. In 1947, which I think probably was the best year we had attendance-wise, we paid the guys that came in from out of town, like the pitchers. All the local guys would split what was left at the end of the year. It never amounted to much except I remember in 1947 we made \$1200 each for that season and that was a lot of money back in 1947.

JOE ARNOLDY

I went to Marysville High School and graduated there in 1934. I made the baseball team three years in a row, but I didn't get up to bat officially. I went up one time and had to bunt. My last year I got through Marysville High School and caught on with the Marysville Giants. I batted .427 my first year. I ran into my old high school coach and he said, "Boy you're hittin' the ball." I said, "I couldn't hit it sitting on the bench with you managing."

I played in the Peach League for a team they called "Fireman Flynn's All Stars." Manuel Marshall (Fireman Flynn) did more for baseball around Marysville than anyone. He worked for Harter's Cannery and when he got paid Saturday night he got in his old car and went down and bought a couple of bats and a few balls and he'd have a game lined up somewhere. He played all over the country that guy.

We went to Folsom Prison and played a couple of times and that was interesting. They showed us all through the prison. They had some good ballplayers. They had a pitcher that was as good as anybody in the Coast League. The only thing--you didn't talk to the side lines. I played left field and they were standing right along the foul line. You weren't allowed to talk to them. You had to ignore them.

We had some good ball games. The old Mission Reds had some players in Portola, young fellows, that they didn't have room for in the Coast League. They gave them a job in the lumber industry as long as they'd play ball for the local team. Fireman Flynn's team was going to play them one time and we

recruited the Vaughn brothers. Robert Vaughn was a catcher and his brother Edgar. They were black. Edgar was a left handed pitcher. He was as good as any pitcher in the Coast League at that time, but blacks weren't allowed in baseball for so long that he just grew out of the idea of getting into the Coast League. We went up there at Portola and we beat a good team up there just because we had a good pitcher and a catcher. I played center field and the first guy hit a ball and it was a line drive and I wanted to catch this sucker, and boy, by the time I caught it I was up against the fence. The air was so light, the ball just traveled. I was the lead off man and I hit the ball over third base. I thought, well, I'll get a hit on that line drive and shoot, the left fielder kept backing up and he caught it out there. You played outfield with your back to the wall.

The Mission Reds, a Coast League team, used to train in Marysville. One Sunday they were playing the San Francisco Seals at the old Third Street Field. On this team was Joe DiMaggio and a lot of good players who went to the majors afterwards. Lefty O'Doule was the manager. Those ball players liked to get their batting practice in, so my friend Jimmy Holmes and I would get in the outfield. He'd play left and left center and I'd play right center for the batting practice. We kind of vowed with each other that any ball hit in the air wasn't going to hit the ground first. We made some sensational catches. I was ball shagger and had to do a few errands. I had to get some balls autographed for the dinner that was

coming up that night. I went to O'Doule and asked him it was all right. "Sure, they're all in the dressing room. Go on in there. By the way," he said, "you ever think about playing ball?" I said, "I thought about it. I never figured I had the ability." He said, "I want to talk to you when this is over." During the game he got me aside and he said he'd put me on a team. I think it was a "D" team at that time in Pocatello, Idaho. He said, "The pay is 65 bucks a month, but you pay your own room and board while you're in Pocatello. When you're on the road, they pay your room and board." Well, I read a little about minor leagues and I knew they travelled across the Rocky Mountains by bus going from one town to another and lunch was a sandwich made up the day before or early that day. Where I was working I was making \$60 a month already, so I told him, "Thanks, but I didn't think I had the ability to be a ball player." He said, "Well if you change your mind..." I'll tell you what kind of a guy he was, my wife and I were going to meet some people in San Francisco on New Year's Eve. We got separated and went down town and went to O'Doule's Bar. We saw O'Doule. We walked in there and he called me, "Joe, come on in. I got a table for ya." I was shocked. The only time I'd ever met him was here in Marysville.

At one point, Wiz Pappa was managing us and then we played Sutter, in Marysville. I think Scotty McLean was manager of the Sutter team and Mayfield was catching. I remember our pitcher was a guy by the name of Frank Hoover. Tub Perry came up to bat and Frank Hoover threw a curve ball and the darn thing just curved and stopped right

there. Tub hit it over the center field fence in the old ball park at Third Street. Frank Hoover came in at the change of the inning, and Wiz Pappa said, "What the hell did you throw at him anyway?" "I threw him a curve ball, but it didn't break." Wiz says, "I guess it didn't break, it's out over the center field fence." Wiz was a calm person. He never got mad unless you should have known better, he wouldn't aggravate you.

Babe Ruth hit one over that fence. That was one of the thrills of baseball. Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig came to town and I skipped school and went down to the ball game. We had one board in the fence that was loose enough that we could crawl through. That's a true story. We couldn't afford to pay our way in there. I was 10 or 11, but I was hanging around the ball park all the time. I knew where the holes were. It was a thrill and a half to watch them. They'd go up and give kids an autograph and put their arm around them. It wasn't like they are now. They wouldn't charge them for an autograph. Boy those guys could hit. The center field fence must have been a good 400' out there where the flag pole was. Babe Ruth hit one, just a line drive straight out over it.

We played in a ball field in North San Juan. It was quite a hilly field and you couldn't see the left fielder. He was down hill. I remember there was a great big boulder out in left field and if you wanted to see you had to run and get in front of the boulder. I never would have thought about that but the other day at one of our Lion's meeting Don Huckins was saying that he went to a ball game one time and you couldn't see the left fielder. I said, "Yeah, I played that field."

KEN ENGASSER

My dad (Emil "Babe" Engasser) loved to work and he loved to play baseball. He played to win and he managed the Nicolaus Dairymen team for 30 or 40 years. If you didn't have a pitcher, you didn't have a team so my dad hired a guy by the name of Jack Brittan out of Sacramento. We never charged at ball games, it was pass the hat. My dad asked him "How much do you want to pitch for us?" and he said five dollars a Sunday. My dad said he couldn't afford that so Brittan asked what he could afford to pay. My dad said, "We can give you \$2.50 and the old Sacramento Northern from East Nicolaus to Sacramento is fifty cents and a good hot chicken dinner every Sunday." And Jack Brittan said "I'll take it." That's what he got - \$2.50, transportation and a chicken dinner every Sunday.

When I was a freshman in high school, I thought I was a pretty good pitcher but Nicolaus didn't have a team. I cut school one day to pitch for the Nicolaus grammar school when they played Wilson grammar school. They knocked me out of the box in the second inning and that was the last time I ever pitched.

My dad had about 30 milk cows. When we'd travel out of town to play ball, we'd get home about 6:00 at night and the players would help us milk the cows. It didn't take very long and then we'd go down to Nicolaus and sit around the old Blue Jay Inn or the Bridge House and we'd replay the game. I think Carl Scheiber was one of the best pitchers ever to come out of Nicolaus. He would come here every

night to practice and he'd even sit down once in a while to milk a few cows so I could get out there and catch him so he could practice. He was a good pitcher, but I always wore a mask when I played catch with him because he had a curve ball that never stopped; you never knew exactly where it was going to go. I think my brother, Marion, was the best ball player in my time to ever come out of Nicolaus. He played outfield.

I played third base. One time when we played Orland, it was a night game and the lights were like a flashlight. I could hear the ball, but I couldn't see it. That's how dark it was. Along about the third inning, I was playing shallow left field because I didn't want to get killed by a line drive. We beat them.

We had a little excitement in Gridley one night. Carl Scheiber was pitching and "Shorty" Dominguez was catching; Carl May was on second base, Johnny Peter was short stop, Clyde Mourfield was on second base, I was playing third, my brother Marion, Roy Richmond and maybe Walter Herger were in the outfield. We were beating Gridley when they got a "home town decision" and we didn't like that too much. It wasn't even close. The umpire ended up calling the game and he said, "I call the game. Gridley wins one to nothing. Forfeit. You guys get out of town." The cops came and I thought oh, God, we're gonna spend all night in Oroville at the county jail. The cop said "I'll give you guys five minutes to get out of town. If you don't get out of town, you're going to

Oroville." Naturally, we left. Carl Scheiber had to go to the rest room in a service station there. He took his watch off and laid it on the bathroom sink. We got down the road about a mile and we turned around to go back to get his watch and the cop stopped us and said, "I told you guys to get out of town or you're going to jail. Now, go that way." Carl said, "I left my watch." The cop said, "Get out of town and if you don't get out of town right now, you're going to jail." So we left the watch in Gridley. I don't know whatever happened to the watch.

At Hammonton, they had a manager named Emmett Scofield. He got all the good ballplayers. The young people would come out and work at a job in Hammonton and play ball. Of course, when we played Hammonton, that was something else again too. They had Bill Street pitching and they had Vinton Spencer on first base, Bob Spencer second base, Gene Bocker was catching, Ray Bocker, and Homer Dunning. My dad and old

Scofield, boy, they tested each other's brains out with what they were going to do. It was a lot of fun.

One time we had a sit-down strike at Knight's Landing. This even made the San Francisco Chronicle. It was over what we thought was another bad decision in a game, so we went on a sit-down strike. Everybody came to the pitcher's box and sat around the pitcher's box. They called the game. It was the first sit-down strike in organized baseball.

My dad saw Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig play in Marysville. He said, "You know what? They're not too much better than me." My dad was a good player. When I saw him play, he was over the hill. If my dad was a better ball player than my brother, he was a very good ball player.

In 1993, I was inducted into the Northern California Old Timers Sports Association Hall of Fame. That made me happy. There were maybe 350 people there, all talking baseball.

A newspaper article written at the time of Emil "Babe" Engasser's 90th birthday allows us to hear from Ken's dad. Most of Babe's ball career was with the Nicolaus club. "I just like the game and stayed with it," Babe says. He "stayed with it" until 24 years ago, when Babe finally hung up his spikes for good. "Every area in the two counties had teams in those days. We spent a lot of time traveling by horseback and by wagon." Nicolaus played in the old Trolley League and then in the Peach League. They won the Peach League Championship in 1936 and 1937 and the Tri-County League title in 1950.

Some of the players on the Peach League winning team of 1936-37 included Babe's son Marion, Eber Beilby, Lewis Shaltz, Carl J. Scheiber, Robert May, Clyde Mourfield, George Dominguez, and John and Joseph Peter. Babe's other son, Ken, was bat boy. Emil's 1950 Tri-League title winning team included sons Marion and Ken as players.

ELMER NEWMAN

I started playing baseball when I was going to North School, one of the two grammar schools in District 10. I continued playing baseball when I went to Marysville High School. I was a right-handed pitcher until I got mashed up in a car wreck and then I played the infield. I'd played the infield off and on before the accident.

I started playing with the Marysville Giants while I was still in high school. That was in 1934. Scotty McLean was the manager for Marysville then. I played four or five years with Marysville. I left because I just kind of didn't like the politics that went on. Scotty McLean went over to the Yuba City Bears so I went along. I played with Yuba City four or five years. I played with the Chico Colts part of a season between playing with the Giants and the Bears. I also played two years with the Oroville Olives. I finished up playing ball in Marysville in about 1952.

A lot of funny things happened that people never know about or you forget about. Like when I was managing a team one time, a guy was getting knocked around pretty good so we had a little huddle out on the mound and decided we'd change pitchers. We put another guy in to pitch and the first ball he threw, the batter hit it over the center field fence. The next guy came along and he darn near hit it over the center field fence but the center fielder caught it. The pitcher came in and I said, "What'd you throw that guy? The ball went over the fence." and he was serious when he

said, "I really don't know, it never did get to the catcher." I don't want to tell you who it was.

In 1945, I managed the Marysville team. It was during the war and a bunch of guys came to me and asked if they'd get the ball park and scrounge up some baseballs, would I manage the team. We had a good team. It wasn't supposed to be any good; we weren't supposed to beat anybody, but we darn near won a State tournament. We had all kinds of guys playing that year because there weren't any regular players; everybody was gone because of the war. It just happened that I got to know a guy at Camp Beale and he was kind of the athletic director out there. I could get players from him sometimes. Brud Perry was hanging numbers on the scoreboard. He was out there getting his stuff ready one time. We were short a player or had an extra suit or something and I went out and asked him if he wanted to be a score keeper or a baseball player. He said, "I'd sure like to play, Elmer." I said, "Ok, I got a suit for you, put it on." and that's when he started playing regular. He was still in high school.

There were a lot of good ball players floating around the country during the war. Not super stars, but Class A and Class B players. All of them went in the draft. We played the Atwater meat packing outfit in a tournament in Sacramento. That outfit had all the money in the world to hire ball players. They had Bill White

pitching for them and he was no flunky. He was on the pitching staff of the New York Yankees. Their second baseman was playing second base for the New York Giants when he went in the draft. They only had about two guys there that weren't big league ball players and one of them was an All American first baseman for Stanford. We took 'em right down to the wire, boy. I mean right to the last game. Old Bill White was out there pitchin', boy, he was huffin' and a puffin'. He said, "Where did they get these guys anyway? Who are these guys?" We were stayin' right with them, but they beat us. I don't remember what the score was. I think they only won by one run. The hell of it was, you'd go down there in those tournaments and you'd play two hours. That's what they allowed you to play. And they'd play like 2 or 3 games a night. We'd start a game at 10 o'clock at night, after we'd worked all day. You'd go down there and play baseball for two hours and then come back, work all the next day and go back the next night to play -- you'd run out of gas.

We played in the ball park on Third Street when I first started playing. It was where the Marysville Medical Clinic and Hust Brothers are now. The grandstand was almost right in H Street. The ball field went on down past where that wholesale grocery outfit is and then there was a lumber yard right there at the time because I remember the roof of the lumber yard was part of the left field fence. Once in a while, somebody hit one up there and if it was spinning just right, it'd roll on over the roof. Home plate would be right in there at the end of H Street. It

wasn't too far ahead of the grandstand. Left field was quite a ways out there. They'd let cars drive into the ball park. You could drive right around the back of the grandstand and park cars between the bleacher next to the grandstand all the way to the fence. There was a screen in front of it and people would sit in their cars to watch the games. No cars parked in left field. Right field was just a big old high screen out there. I guess at one time it had been a pretty good sized park, but when they built some of those levees and railroad tracks out there, they cut off a lot of right field.

Bryant Field was a lot better park. It was bigger, much nicer. It was better to pitch in because down at Third Street, some guy hit a little pop fly and the wind would blow it over the fence for a home run. "Jughead" (Ken) Brock was my catcher.

The Yuba City ball park was down by where Gauche Park is now. That was a good park.

We used to go to Folsom Prison to play ball. That diamond over there at Folsom -- you played on dirt over there. It was as hard as that street out there. It was the parade ground where they'd have to line up; it was just like cement. By the time you got through there, your legs were so tired you could hardly move. Besides, the ground was hot and you'd wear those shoes with the spikes in the bottom and the iron spikes got hot and your feet almost blistered. It was kind of fun to go down there. Nobody bothered you. There'd always be some old con come around and then the guards would get him out of there. I don't know if they still have baseball there.

"TUB" PERRY

Memories of Clyde "Tub" Perry can be found in various sources. We thought we share some from local newspapers and family members.

Perry's small son (Clyde "Brud" Perry), dressed in his baseball uniform, looks like a little Dutch boy. Sunday he climbed upon his dad's back and asked for a home run, which never came. After Perry hit the infield fly, the youngster retrieved the bat and carefully packed it back to its place at the edge of the dugout. Babe Ruth may be the big hero to most small boys, but to him, Tub is the hero. Marysville Star 21 August 1935

GREAT CONFUSION IN SEALS' CAMP; PERRY IS MISSING

There is great confusion in the Seal baseball camp at Monterey over the non-appearance of "Tub" Perry, local southpaw. Perry, since reporting to the Seals last year in company with "Fat" Anfinson, has been the cause of many humorous pieces in the San Francisco papers. The Examiner tells the story this way:

Putnam is afraid that something has happened to Clyde Perry, the mammoth south-paw from Colusa. So far, nothing has been heard from Perry since he was sent his transportation and Putnam is fearful that the boy might be walking.

Last year when Perry joined the Seals, he demanded a bodyguard, and got one in the person of "Fat" Anfinson, though to give Anfinson his just due, he isn't a body guard as much as he is a whole regiment in one person.

From the Chronicle:

Great excitement in the camp today. Clyde Perry, the southpaw from Colusa, who is built like both Zebyskos, has not yet put in an appearance. It is quite a trip from Colusa to Monterey and Perry may be hunting and trapping his way to camp so that he will be sure of a supply of fresh meat when he arrives. There is fish in abundance here, but Perry may want to make sure of the fresh meat. If Perry does not arrive soon a radio message may be sent to Fat Anfinson, the uncrowned mayor of Colusa, to locate the stout pitcher and send him on. (From the family scrapbook, probably 1930 since Tub was with the Seals in 1929 & 1930)

Steve Perry recalled: He played for the Sacramento Senators and San Francisco Seals. I guess he really enjoyed playing for Colusa. That's where he really started, Colusa and Sutter. And then, of course, rather than going to the Yankees or back east professionally he went back to the Marysville Giants. He played for the Marysville Giants from 1920-something to probably 1950 or something like that.

I don't remember him playing baseball. I remember Tub hunting and fishing. But every so often the Giants would have like an exhibition game and that's where he would either throw out the first pitch or he would go in and pitch for the first inning like opening day or whatever. It would be the late '50s. I was 6 or 7 years old.

In the old locker room the showers were at one end and they had

this dressing area. I remember Tub was going to some exhibition or whatever and he had his little duffle bag which looked like it had been stored in the bottom of the basement with a ton of cement sitting on it because it was mashed flat. He got out a uniform he would wear underneath the team uniform. The uniforms in those days were wool. I can't even imagine anyone wearing anything like that; they were hot and it was like wearing sandpaper. He had a long sleeved t-shirt and the chest was cut with holes all over - and I can still remember it smelled just like Ben-Gay. He had Ben-Gay on everything. He would rub his arm down with Ben-Gay before the game. He would stand over in the corner by the pipes that came out of the shower. He was a left handed pitcher and he would reach up and grab that drain pipe or water pipe coming out of the shower and he would just hang on his left arm, just hang there against the wall, staring into the wall. And then all of a sudden, he would start doing a few of these one arm, left handed pull ups on this pipe, lifting his whole body off the ground with one arm. That was just amazing. And I remember to this day that the locker room being full and people running all over and being in awe him doing these one arm pull-ups. I remember saying, "Gee, Grandpa, does playing baseball make you strong like that?" And I'll never forget this, he got down off of that pipe and he turned around and he looked at me and he said "No, son, stacking beans at Tarke Warehouse makes you strong like that."

Later I learned he got up at 4 o'clock in the morning and milked

someone's cows. He would get part of the milk and bring that back for the kids for breakfast. He fed the chickens, fed the dogs and then went duck hunting and shot two or three ducks. Then he'd take the ducks to Chinatown in Marysville, sell the ducks and get some more shot gun shells or whatever he needed and then he went to work for PG&E and read meters. He walked all of Marysville and walked all of Yuba City. He told me he wore out 400 pairs of shoes. After work he'd eat dinner and then he'd go to Tarke Warehouse and stack beans until midnight and get up again the next morning and do it again.

I remember he had a garden and it was always the same thing every year. I don't know how anybody would survive on tomatoes and onions. I don't know when he had time to raise a garden.

He loved hunting and fishing and he worked for PG&E 5, 6 days a week. Then on Sunday was the ball game. They had ball games later on Friday and Saturday nights, but Sunday afternoons was always the ball game and he went and played ball.

Joe Arnoldy recalls that in 1937-38 that "...towards the end of the season, the Giants weren't winning the second half so Tub Perry came up to the place where I was working in a dental lab. He said, 'Joe, will you play ball for me? Will you play center field for the Giants for the next two or three weeks. I want to go deer hunting. We're not going anywhere anyhow.' I went back and played the last few game for them. I brought my average up to .472."

KID'S PAGE

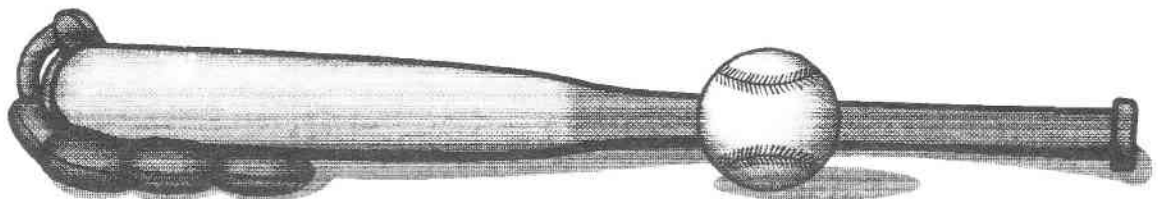


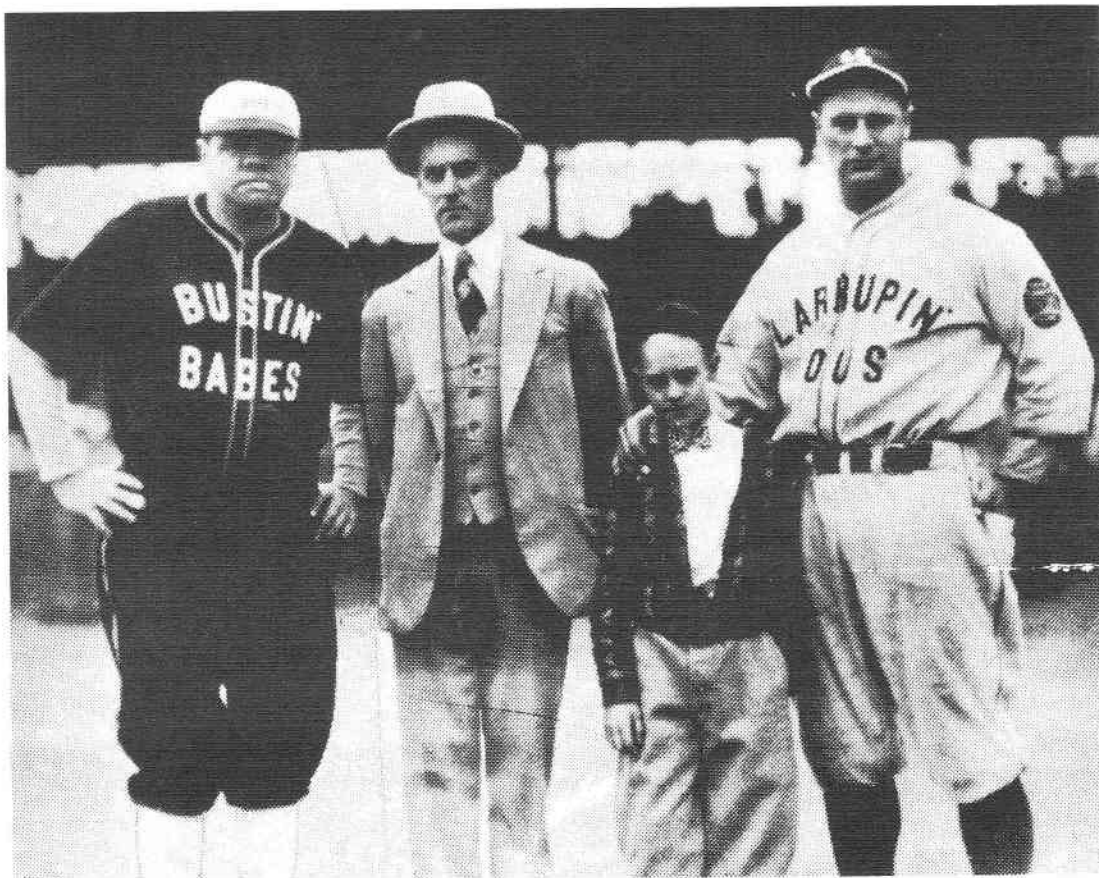
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QALGAERALCBBRBKSLMKP
YLAROCYEOWLJZESTEKU
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The Following Words are Hidden in the Puzzle

BALLS
BASEBALL
BASES
BATS
BEARS
BRYANTFIELD
CRACKERJACKS
DIAMOND
FANS
FIELDERS

GIANTS
GLOVES
GRANDSTAND
MINERSFIELD
PEANUTS
PITCHER
PLAYERS
SCOTTYMCLEAN
STRIKES
TUBPERRY





"Babe" Ruth, Dr. Rattray, Jimmy Rattray, Lou Gehrig, as they appeared in Marysville, Oct. 25, 1927, after Dr. Rattray had adjusted "Babe" Ruth. He told fans in Sacramento that afternoon that "I would not be in uniform if Dr. Rattray hadn't taken care of me." He made \$85,000.00 in 17 days as the result. In January, 1947 I wired and sent air mail letters to Babe Ruth and Henry Ford II in a vain attempt to delay the operation that was performed to stop his headache. I am sure I could have helped him, because everybody coming to me with similar symptoms described by Babe Ruth in the concluding installment of his Life Story, for which he was operated, has been restored to health when I relieved their nerve pressure. I think Babe Ruth died because of the cutting of nerves to stop his headaches instead of cancer. I saw Lou Gehrig in Sacramento in 1929 and tried to tell him he had trouble starting, but he just shrugged it off saying, "I have been playing too hard." Lou remembered every minute he was in Marysville and wished he had stayed longer. I am sure both Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig would be alive today if they had listened to me.

In over a quarter of a century of practice, "Thanks be to God because He gave me wisdom and guidance to relieve my patient's nerve pressure so that He could cure them." ALL my patients suffering with Pneumonia or Typhoid Fever recovered their health. My patients have ranged from a 5-day old baby to a man over 102 years old, including a Medical Doctor who had me take care of him in his home, in front of two of his colleagues, who stood there helpless.

When we were born our Creator endowed us

with Innate Intelligence residing in our brain, and connected with all parts of our body through the spinal cord in our backbone, and all the great nerve trunks emitting through the openings between the 24 movable vertebrae, of which our backbone is composed. As babies we did not know what controlled our breathing, our hearts to beat, our digestion of food; and there seems to be a heck of a lot of grown people that do not know yet that this force controls the working of our body during our lifetime whether we are sleeping or awake.

Rough handling at birth, especially instrumental birth, often causes a distortion of the cervical vertebrae in a baby and that baby will be sickly. As we go through life accidents, large or small, cause distortion of our backbone and that part those nerves supply, will be affected. A Life Insurance Co. has found that Heart Trouble and Blood Pressure are the direct result of Spinal Nerve Pressure. All disorders of the body, stomach, liver, kidney, arthritis, neuritis, contagious diseases, etc., are all the direct result of Spinal Nerve Pressure.

THE POWER that animates the living world heals you, when I release the prisoned impulse, the tiny rivulet of force that emanates from the mind and flows over the nerves to the cells and stirs them to life; that magic force that transforms common food into living, loving, thinking clay. With tireless energy it blows the bubble of each individual life, and then silently, relentlessly, dissolves the form, and absorbs the spirit into itself again.

John W. Rattray, D.C., Ph.C.

611 4th & F, Marysville, Calif. Ph. 852-1458

Palmer Graduate

26th Year of Practice

COMING EVENTS

APRIL

- 6 **Children's Audubon Program**
Howard Harter Memorial Park - 1:00 - 3:00 p.m.
(1333 Butte House Road - behind the Museum)
- 7 **Sutter Buttes Audubon Society Meeting**
7:00 p.m. at the Museum - open to the public
- 9 **Historical Society Buttes Bus Trip (Sold Out)**
Wedding Show opens - Mary Aaron Museum
- 16-17 **Wear & Remembrance Vintage Apparel Show**
Franklin Hall - Yuba Sutter Fairgrounds
- 19 **Historical Society Annual Dinner**
Sutter Youth Building - 6:30 p.m.
Program: Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial Essay Awards
"Take Me Out To The Ballgame"

MAY

- 6 **Mother's Day Decadence Delivered (order early)**
- 14 **"Your Home Town" Historic House Contest**
Reception at the Museum - 1:00 p.m.
- 21 **"Wedding Cake Party" - Mary Aaron Museum**
- 26 **"Textile Diaries - Quilts As Cultural Markers"**
Exhibit opens; Reception 5:00-7:00 p.m. at Museum

JUNE

- 4 **Sutter Buttes Day**
- 14 **Flag Day**
- 17 **"Connecting Stitches: Quilts in the Yuba-Sutter Community"**
Mary Aaron Museum - Exhibit opens
Reception 6:00 - 8:00 p.m.

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