

# Sutter County Historical Society News Bulletin

Vol. XXXV No. 3





Yuba City, California

July, 1994



## 1994 WINNERS OF THE JUDITH BARR FAIRBANKS MEMORIAL ESSAY CONTEST

*Left to Right: Lyndsi Erikson, Eric Jensen, Jeffrey Gallagher, Michael Bradwell  
(Photo courtesy of Sutter City Enterprise)*





  
**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

The annual Sutter County Historical Society dinner meeting was an outstanding affair. I wish to thank all of the volunteers who helped to make it such an enjoyable evening: Steve Perry, Linda Leone, Connie Cary, Dewey Greuning, Bruce and Ginny Harter. Steve arranged for the speakers and old baseball pictures, Linda chaired the food committee and arranged for the decorations, Connie and Harold decorated and set up for the dinner, Dewey videotaped the evening and Ginny and Bruce co-chaired the raffle. Our thanks to all.

The audience enjoyed the stories of old time baseball as much as the speakers telling them. This shows what a good time can be had by attending these social functions and reminiscing about times past.

The Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial awards for the essay contest was an important part of the evening. The essay contest for the grammar schools of Sutter County is a way to get the youth of the community interested in our local history. As each student was presented their award, they in turn introduced their parents and teacher.

Our July meeting will be held in the Howard Harter Memorial Park behind the Museum. The theme will be "A Picnic in the Park." As this will be a potluck picnic, each person should bring something to share. The Park Committee will give short walks and discuss different aspects of the park.

We are also planning an addition to the Museum and will have the architect there to explain the plans. It is important that everyone attend this discussion before final plans are submitted. See you on July 19 for "A Picnic in the Park."

Evelyn Quigg  
President

Sutter County Farmer - **LOCAL BREVITIES** - July 6, 1894

Get ready for the District Fair.

The river is getting tolerable low.

The Superior Court will take a vacation next month.

The main topic of conversation is the "railroad strike."

There are 36 miles of telegraph lines in this county and 76-3/4 miles of telephone lines.

Sutter County Farmer - **LOCAL BREVITIES** - September 7, 1894

The Appeal will get out an edition of 10,000 copies this week.

State Fair tickets now on sale here at \$2.90 round trip to Sacramento.

The County Clerk advertises for bids elsewhere to paint the Court House.

## Director's Report

If you haven't yet visited the Museum to see *Textile Diaries: Quilts as Cultural Markers*, please make time to do so. The beauty, time, talent and, very often, emotion that went into creating these fabric records of people's lives will move you.

In preparing for the arrival of *Textile Diaries*, we seem to have created the "Summer of Quilts"! We are fortunate to have some wonderful local resources to draw on and our involvement in the world of quilting has been a very pleasant and rewarding one. Of primary importance has been the support of the Valley Quilt Guild. This amazing organization of people with seemingly boundless energy and good humor has enabled us to create this summer of quilting events. In addition to helping install *Textile Diaries*, the Guild has assisted in locating quilts of local historic significance for the exhibit *Connecting Stitches: Quilts in the Yuba-Sutter Community* currently at the Mary Aaron Museum in Marysville.

Quilt-related programs yet to come include a presentation and book signing by Rod Kiracofe the much-in-demand author of *The American Quilt: A History of Cloth and Comfort, 1750-1950*. Rod's multi-media presentation is Wednesday, July 27, at 7:00 p.m., at the Sutter County Health Department Auditorium, just south of the Museum. Rod is an outstanding speaker and his recently published book is a treasure, not just of quilt history, but of the history of the United States as well. *The American Quilt*, which sells for \$60.00, will be available for sale that evening at a special, one-time-only, reduced rate. A children's quilting program is currently in the works as well and more information will be made available when arrangements have been confirmed.

In August the Museum makes the transition from quilts to rice, both subjects of local importance, with the debut of the photodocumentary exhibition *Rice Land Suite* by Gerry Tsuruda. This exhibit marks the end of a two and a half year study of the life cycle of the land, the rice and the people involved in rice production. We are very proud that Gerry is opening this very important and powerful exhibit here at the Museum.

An event not happening at the Museum, but still of local importance, is a two day colloquium at California State University, Chico, on September 23 and 24 titled *Forgotten California: Life and Landscape in the Sacramento Valley*. Planned as an event of interest to everyone in the valley, *Forgotten California* will feature two keynote speakers: Gerald Haslam, a well known author and professor of literature pertaining to the Central Valley, and Kevin Starr, author of the California gold rush classic, *When the World Rushed In*. This rare opportunity to see some of the great authors and historians of our valley so close to home is one of which we should all take advantage. More information on *Forgotten California* will be available at the Museum in late July.

Jackie Lowe  
Director, Community Memorial Museum

## LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

It was a pleasure working with other people's words this issue! We always enjoy publishing the top four essays in the Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial Essay contest. The students are so creative with their stories. The dictated memories of Mrs. Dam were offered to us by her great-granddaughter, Elaine Tarke. Mrs. Redhair's memories had a more indirect route. These pages were in a folder borrowed from Mrs. Esther Fortna Forsythe. Although we had them in our hot little hands, we decided we should obtain permission to print them. This took a phone call to Robert Coats who gave us Wallace and Dorothy Coats' telephone number. Wallace Coats gave us permission to publish his mother-in-law's writings. The Pugh Cemetery trek, arranged by Lyle Callaway, was mostly for the benefit of Len Cramer of Sacramento. His black-and-white Buttes photos recently shared an exhibit at the museum with Ken Calhoun's color photos. The Pugh cemetery information was a "natural" to run in conjunction with Mrs. Redhair's stories. Marian Channon McElroy of Live Oak agreed to an interview in October of 1992. We are finally using some of her information, although her son Jim appeared a few issues ago.

The October meeting will once again be held at the Hermann Sons' Hall and the October issue will focus on the southern portion of the county -- Nicolaus, Rio Oso, Trowbridge, etc.. Although we didn't find out any new information about Greg Glosser's "ghost", he has agreed to do another

article for us. There are a few unsuspecting souls out there who are going to be asked to contribute. Please feel free to volunteer!

The January bulletin will feature remembrances by Mrs. Mamie (Charge) Meier. Her story was told to her daughter, Addie, in 1976. Addie was a sister of Esther Fortna Forsythe who has allowed us to use the material.

Are you getting the idea? We'd like to put your family's story in print for you. Do you have an old diary or letters? Has someone in your family taken the time to set their memories down on paper? Have you or someone you know done a research paper concerning this area? Would you like to do a research paper about this area? Have you interviewed an older member of the community? Is there an older member of the community you think should be interviewed? Call us (Linda - 673-2721 or Sharyl - 674-7741) and tell us what you've got to share with us.

Once again, we'd like to mention the "Honorary Member" category of membership. This is a free membership offered to any person who is ninety years of age or older and was born in Sutter County. The person does not need to currently reside in Sutter County. If you or someone you know meets the requirements, please let us know.

We hope to see you at the July meeting!

Linda Leone  
Sharyl Simmons



## MEMORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

- In Memory of **Lowell Andrews**  
Howard & Ruth Anthony
- In Memory of **Lottie Mark Bazzell**  
John W. Mark & Brothers
- In Memory of **Vernon Becker**  
Howard & Ruth Anthony
- In Memory of **Barbara Ullrey Bentley**  
Burwell & Loretta Ullrey
- In Memory of **Adah Borchert**  
Ruth & Bob Anderson  
Peggy & Bob Burns  
M/M Roger Chandler  
Arlene Chestnut  
Bud & Joan Robey  
Mrs. Arthur Gilstrap  
Georgia & Wilbur Green  
M/M Warren J. Hall  
Virginia Hartman  
Jack & Helen Heenan  
M/M Harry Kodama  
Jeanette McNally  
Fred & Grace Meyers  
M/M Norman Paul  
Marian Regli  
Caroline Ringler  
Joseph & Kathleen Ruzich  
M/M Edgar Stanton III  
Burwell & Loretta Ullrey
- In Memory of **Robert Carnes**  
Jack & Helen Heenan
- In Memory of **Howard Cull**  
Newell Burtis  
M/M R.A. Schnabel
- In Memory of **Mrs. B. Downey**  
Ev & Liz Berry
- In Memory of **Forrest Duranceau**  
Dr. & Mrs. Richard Boyer  
Donald & Leila Gillett
- In Memory of **Thomas N. Gabhart**  
Norman & Loadel Piner
- In Memory of **Joseph Herbooth**  
Walter & Jane Ullrey
- In Memory of **Vivian Houser Hills**  
Jeanette McNally
- In Memory of **Yuill Joaquin**  
Newell Burtis
- In Memory of **Margaret Koehler**  
Jeanette McNally
- In Memory of **Peter Licari**  
Tom & Marnee Crowhurst  
M/M R.A. Schnabel  
Walter & Jane Ullrey
- In Memory of **Glenn Nichols**  
Caroline Ringler
- In Memory of **Bernice Powers**  
M/M Dick Brandt  
Connie Cary  
Dorothy Ettl  
Wanda Rankin  
Caroline Ringler  
M/M R.A. Schnabel
- In Memory of **Jeannette Reische**  
Dale & Alma Burtis  
Newell Burtis  
Ivadel Simmons
- In Memory of **Lorena Sarvis**  
Bogue Country Club

In Memory of **Marie J. Scheiber**  
Norman & Loadel Piner

In Memory of **Sally Stanek**  
Bob & Jean Kells

In Memory of **Lucille Sullenger**  
Mary G. Poole & F. Gray Poole

In Memory of **Ruth Voorheis**  
Norman & Loadel Piner  
Rosanne & Lloyd Roberts

In Memory of **Winnie Summy Weis**  
Dale & Alma Burtis  
Thomas Frye  
Linda & Scott Leone  
Margaret Madden  
Clyde & Betty Perry  
Ivadel Simmons  
Sharyl Simmons  
Harry & Bernice Wilson

**OUTRIGHT GIFT**  
Sutter Buttes Audubon Society



## **HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS**

### **Bulletin Correction**

Our appologies to Mrs. Leila Gillett for misspelling her name in the "Contribution" section of the April Bulletin.

### **July Meeting**

The July 19th meeting of the Society will be held in the Howard Harter Memorial Park which is located behind the Museum at 1333 Butte House Road in Yuba City. Plans are in the works for a pot luck dinner which will begin at 6:30 p.m.

Loadel Piner and the Park Committee will tell us about the park -- past, present and future. Whether this is your first visit to the park, or you are a frequent visitor, you will enjoy seeing and hearing about the plans.

The agricultural-addition fund which consists of your donations has been steadily growing. Those of you who are interested in seeing where your money will be spent will want to come hear about the developing plans for the addition.

### **Ornaments**

The "Sutter County Hall of Records" Christmas ornaments have arrived. Those who pre-ordered the ornaments have received them. At this time we only have sixty (yes, 60!) ornaments left. They sell for \$7.00 each. To order or obtain information about them, please contact Linda at 673-2721.

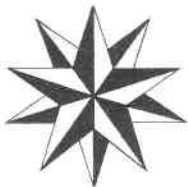
## Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial Essay Contest Winners

The Community Memorial Museum of Sutter County and the Sutter County Historical Society co-sponsored an essay contest for fourth grade students in Sutter County. This is the third year for this contest which encourages students to investigate the early history of Sutter County. Schools participating this year were Barry School, Browns School, Central Gaither School, Lincoln School, Lincrest School, Luther School and Winship School.

This year we asked the students to describe their day, imagining themselves to be Native American children of the same age living in a local tribe.

The Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial Essay Contest winners, their parents and teachers were honored at the Historical Society's Annual Dinner Meeting in April. Bruce Harter, Vice-President of the Historical Society, presented the awards to the students. Prizes ranged from a first place award of \$50.00 to \$10.00 for fourth place. All of the students who entered the contest received a Certificate of Participation.

We would like to thank all of the students, teachers, and schools who participated in this year's event. It gives us great pleasure to present the winning essays in the Third Annual Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial Essay Contest.



First Place  
Eric Jensen  
Central Gaither  
School  
Sutter County

### **A Day in The Life of an Indian Child**

Crash! "Yea," I caught a deer in my pit. Hi! My name is Ramo. I am an Indian in the Maidu tribe. I live by the Histum Yani. The Histum Yani are a range of hills. We hunt bear, deer and we also fish there. We do not live there because it is too sacred.

"Ramo!" That was my mother. "It is breakfast time." We are having grasshoppers that my brother and I stomped on last night. "Crunch! Crunch!" These are very crunchy.

When I finished my breakfast, I went to watch my father make spears. First, he chipped off a piece of a black rock. When it was very sharp, he tied it to a stick with tule.

After my father was done, my friend and I went exploring by the river. I brought my spear just in case I spotted some fish. I caught five small fish. Then I spotted the biggest fish I ever saw. I swung at it with my spear, but my spear was too short. Splash! I tumbled into the water and the water



went into my nose. I was thrashing my arms and legs around. I could hear my friend stick the spear in the water. I grabbed the spear. He pulled me up on the ground. Then he ran to get my father. My father said I would be all right. I think it is about time I learned how to swim.

On the way back, we saw deer but we were not able to kill them. We also saw some eagles. They were flying in a circle. They must have found something to eat.

When we got back to the village, my friend and I played a game before dinner. First, you have to throw a spear in a circle made of leaves on the ground. Then you put a pebble in the middle of the circle. You throw the spear and try to hit the pebble. "Yea!" I hit the pebble. When the game was over, I hit the pebble twice and my friend hit it three times.

After the game, I had to gather acorns. I gathered three baskets. We are going to have creamy acorn mush and fresh fish.

That evening the whole village sat around the fire and my father told a legend. It was about the Fire Maker. Long ago, the Fire Maker fell off a cliff and shook the whole earth. It pushed two stones together and it made fire.

After the legend was told, I had to go to bed.

See Ya!



Second Prize  
Jeffrey Gallagher  
Browns School  
Rio Oso

Ah! I just woke up and got out of my warm rabbit skin blanket. My father had killed many rabbits and used their pelts to make a warm covering for my bed.

My name is Bear and I am nine years old. I live with my father, mother, grandmother, and grandfather in a dome shaped semi-underground house in the village of T'semo in the Sacramento Valley. Our house has an opening in the center of the roof that is used as a smoke hole and a doorway. Long poles support the walls and ceiling. This morning my mother is boiling mush for breakfast. I walk outside and see my father is making arrow heads out of obsidian. I watch as my father works. Hopefully one day I will hunt deer, elk, birds, and other small animals with the men of our village. My mother will gather wild plants, berries, and nuts. Later she will weave baskets which will be used for gathering, cooking, and storing food.

It is fall now and the forest floor is covered with acorns that have fallen from the oak trees. My whole family will help collect acorns because acorns are an important food for us. To get the acorns ready my mother will crack the shell and pound it between two rocks to make a paste. Later my mother will rinse the mixture to remove the bitter taste. Then she will put hot stones into the basket and stir it. At last it will be ready to eat.

In the afternoon my friends and I will play games. My favorite game is the pole and hoop game. You play by two people rolling a hoop back and fourth while another person, with a spear, tries to throw the spear through the hoop while it is rolling.

In the evening my friends and I will run horse races for entertainment. I am a really good horse racer. I was first place many times. After the horse races I will wash up and go to bed. I like being part of the Miwok tribe.



Third Prize  
Michael Bradwell  
Winship School  
Sutter County

### My Day

As an Indian, in the morning I would go get berries to make cider with some roots. Then I get to go play with the other Indian boys.

We would play a game where you throw a spear through a round hoop or we would throw rocks to see who could throw the farthest.

Then at noon my father would take me out to teach me things that I didn't know. I learned things such as how to make bows and how to make baskets.

Then I would go deer hunting with my father. He told me to walk

softly or I would scare the deer. Suddenly a deer came out of the bushes. I got my bow and the arrow, pulled back, then let it go. I had gotten the deer. I was happy because I had never gotten a deer before. My dad said I did good.

When we got back my mom asked my father who got the deer. When he said that I got it, she couldn't believe it. She said that we should celebrate that evening. There will be a ceremony.

The ceremony came. We had cider to drink and a lot of other things such as chucker, deer steak, acorn mush, baked roots, berries, corn and other foods.

After the people ate we started a fire and called to the Spirits. The kids don't talk to the Spirits, the medicine man talks to the Spirits.

Then we would dance around the fire to a song. Men and boys sang. We have drums and little gourds as rattles.

Then after that our gramps would tell us old stories about the old Indian ways and my Grampa's mom and dad and how great they were.

Then I would go and tell my mom and dad good night. Then I would go get in my bed. My bed is in the corner of the hut. It's made of deer skin.

There will be another day of my Indian life.



Fourth Prize  
Lyndsi Erikson  
Luther School  
Live Oak

### Shena

My name is Shena. I am a young Shasta Indian girl. I was born in February. I am almost ten.

This morning I got up to do my chores. My chores are making breakfast for my family and sweeping the ground of our hut.

Today my father caught some fish with a net. He caught them in a stream. We are preparing them for dinner.

Our clothes are made of deer skins. My dress has pretty beads on it. The beads came from painted rocks.

We cook our meat over a fire.

We have about fifty people in our tribe and about twenty families. I have one sister and one brother.

Kids my age like to play shinny and foot races.

I learn how to cook and sew from my mom. I help my mother gather and crush acorns. Our main food is acorns.

We have many ceremonies.

I like to play my father's drum.

I like to weave baskets even though it takes hours. It's simple once you get used to it.

I live in a hut made of mud and straw. My tribe lives in the mountains. My father is the chief. We have sweat houses. They are very hot!

We have many different necklaces.

I have heard about many different tribes.

My father makes lots of obsidian arrowheads.

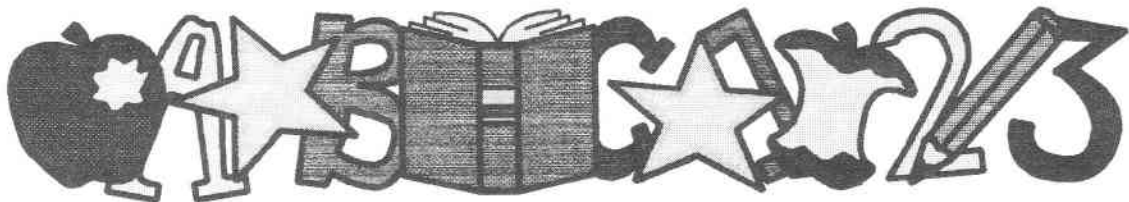
I have a best friend! Her name is Blue Sky. She is nice. We play dolls together. Our dolls are made out of soapstone. Our fathers carve the dolls and our mothers dress them in deer skin.

Some of the stories our parents and grandparents tell are, Gray Cloud Dances Again, Blooming Rose Takes Over and Kaliah and the great animal.

We have a Shaman in our tribe. Sometimes he plays tricks, but sometimes he really heals people.

I have a dream and most kids in my tribe do, too. They all have the exact same dream, to visit other tribes.

My mother told me when girls get a little older than I am and when I'm a little older we will have to lay in hot sand to become women. She also said the boys have to see a vision to become a man.



## MY TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS TO CALIFORNIA AND OTHER RECOLLECTIONS

By Frances Leoni Dam

On April 6, 1865, at 4 p.m., we left home near Liberty Prairie, in Madison county, Illinois, and drove to Uncle Charley Belk's and, it being Saturday, we stayed there till Monday morning and then drove to Uncle Tom Belk's and stayed till Tuesday after dinner. Then we drove into Alton and had to wait till the drafting of soldiers for the Northern army closed, which was about 6 p.m. None of our party was drafted; so then we went aboard a boat on the Mississippi river and was on the boat that night and next day till nine that evening, when we arrived at Keokuk, Iowa. Then we climbed into our emigrant wagon and drove into a corral till morning. Then we had breakfast and started out. At first, the trip was pleasant, as there were lots of prairie chickens and nice farms where we could get things to eat; but things were not so pleasant later.

The first of our trouble commenced one morning when one of the young men was taking up the tent. His name was Charlie Cooper. His gun went off and shot him through the calf of his leg, so that meant to stop there a day and the doctor dressed it. Next morning, we started and my mother had to dress the wound twice a day for a long time; he was not able to do much but drive the first month.

Then we kept going till we got to Omaha. There we had to camp two weeks to wait till Colonel Alexander got his emigrant train ready and the

streams were lower, so we could cross them. Colonel Alexander's train consisted of four mule teams; I think there were thirty wagons with four mules or horses in each. He had crossed the plains six times before. That made his seventh, and his wife went with him every spring. He hauled goods to Salt Lake. Every night, the wagons were driven up so as to form a corral and the stock were all tied inside that corral; one man was on guard all night, but the guard never had to call an alarm. Once we saw a band of Indians coming and were ordered to form a corral and unhitch, but it happened they were on a hunt and were friendly. The men gave them tobacco and they stayed awhile and rode on, but all the men stayed up all night, as they were afraid the Indians would come back. That was the only real scare we ever had, but lots of Indians used to come and beg.

We had some dreadful electric storms and lots of rain, so it was very hard sometimes to find anything to burn. We always carried fuel to start a fire, but could not carry much. Many a meal we cooked with buffalo chips and were glad to get them.

We had to camp on Platt river once for a few days as the river was too high to cross. When we crossed streams, two men would ride across, then come back and the teams would follow the men, so as not to get in a hole and turn over.

When we got to the desert where the water is so salty, we camped all day before going to the salt water. Then we traveled all night and till next day about noon before we got to a place where the stock could get a drink. Then we camped that afternoon and night. We had to take turns walking, so as to make the load as light as possible. The men walked beside their teams all night. My mother and I took turns walking all night and till noon next day.

Every night, we had to stop early enough so the men could unhitch and take the stock out to bed and stay with them, for they did not dare to let go of them. At noon, we did not unhitch. We all got out and, if there was anything we could make a fire out of, we would broil our dried beef for a change. Dried beef and crackers made our lunch every day for three months. If it wasn't convenient to make a fire, we just ate our crackers and dried beef until we got to civilization, where we could buy some other meat. We cooked the meat for supper and also cooked enough for lunch the next day.

When we got to Salt Lake, we camped a few days to let the stock rest. There we had our first pie and I tell you it was good. Dave Kell said to me before they left to take the stock to feed, "I wish you would see if you can find any place to buy a pie," and he slipped 50-cents into my hand. So I went to a house which must have been a Mormon house, for two women with babies were there, and both seemed to be at home; they had other children also. I asked if I could get some water and they said, "Take all you want." Then I said, "Can you tell me where I

can get pies?" They said they could let me have some currant pies. I said, "How much?" They said, "Twenty-five cents." So I took the water to camp and went back and got two pies. My, but they were good! Next day we got a can of lard and after that we had pies every time we wanted them, as my mother was a dandy cook.

After leaving Salt Lake, it was better in every way; only the stock had gotten so thin, it was hard for them to pull up the mountains. My uncle, Miles Scott, and his wife had to stop at Virginia City, Nevada, until they could get a man to bring them on. At Virginia City, Uncle Miles' four horse team had nearly given out; so he tied his wagon behind a freight wagon that was going back empty from Virginia City to Sacramento and the freight team pulled Uncle Miles back till they got down into the Sacramento valley. The teamster hauled from Sacramento to Virginia City.

Uncle Miles Scott had come to California in 1850, and had returned to Illinois in September 1864. He fell in love with my mother's first cousin, Elizabeth Belk, whose father, William Belk, was a soldier in the Union Army and was killed in the Civil War. Uncle Miles and Elizabeth Belk were married in the spring, February or March, 1865. Uncle Miles talked my father into coming to California.

We got to my uncle James Scott's place, about eight o'clock p.m., August 10, 1865. It was dark, and we had had a long day of it and were very tired. At noon that day, we all took off our linsie-woolsy dresses, which were bright plaid woolen dresses of bright colors, and threw the dresses as far as

we could, as we had worn them all the way out and they were badly soiled. We put on new calico dresses and felt all dressed up. At that time, calico cost 5-cents a yard; the same that costs 50-cents a yard today.

Uncle James Scott was a bachelor, so he got us some supper; and it did taste good to sit down to a table and eat off of real dishes. He made hot biscuits and baked sweet potatoes and fried ham and coffee and put some fruit on the table. That was before telephones were in use, so he didn't know when to look for us. In fact, from our last letter, he didn't expect us for two days. That night we slept in the wagon as usual, but next morning, I was up early and the most disappointed girl you ever saw. I said, "Is this the California I have heard so much about?" It was the 11th of August and so hot and dry we could not see anything but dry pasture and stubble, unless you looked over to Bear river. A hot north wind was blowing. Oh, how I wished I was back in Illinois!

Uncle James and Miles had an empty house of four rooms on Dry Creek, up near the Muck place. We moved into that house and remained there while my father hunted a place, which was only a short time. Then we moved out to a place that Croff Clark owned. It was a good house of seven rooms on the south bank of the creek that now flows through our Scott field. The house was plastered. It was pleasant there. I could go out and catch a mess of fish in a short time. I lived there until June 6, 1867, when I was married to Cyrus King Dam, in that house.

My father died in this same house on October 28, 1876. My father had bought the 640 acres, now known as the "Scott field", from Croff Clark, and gave him back a mortgage. My father paid the interest, but had paid nothing on the principal at the time of his death. After my father's death, my mother gave the place up to Croff Clark, who then made her a deed of 160 acres adjoining the west side. Then my husband bought the Scott place from Croff Clark. My husband moved the old house down across the road from the red barn, where it stands today.

Our family, at the time we left Illinois, consisted of my father, Samuel Watson Scott, my mother, Frances Belk Scott, and the following children: myself, Charlie, Etta, Fillmore, Emma, George and Julia, who was a baby in arms. The only other relatives in our party were Uncle Miles and his wife.

We had bought a cow in Iowa to take with us so as to have fresh milk on our trip to California, but she gave out after a few days; so we sold her and bought another and she lasted only a few days. Then my mother gave dried peaches, mashed up, to my little sister, Julia, and that child lived on dried peaches till we got to California.

In April, 1865, when we were getting ready to camp for the night near some little village, we noticed that the flags were all a half mast. My father said to the boys, "You boys unhitch and I will go out and see." In a few minutes, he came back and said, "Old Abe Lincoln has been shot. Hooray!" All the rest of us felt very sad. My father was a strong Southern man and always kept his Southern

prejudice. He didn't take kindly to my marrying Mr. Dam, because he was a "Yankee;" but when he came to know my husband, he became very fond of him. My father would not come into the room when I was married, but sat out on the porch.

We were married in the middle of harvest. Mr. Dam ran a header all forenoon, but didn't go back to work after dinner. We were married at three o'clock. He went back to work at noon the following day. Then I went to live with my husband near Wheatland, in the house down at the old orchard on lower Grasshopper. Mr. Dam's mother and brother, Ben, also lived in the same house. Harry and Fannie were born there.

In the spring of 1870, we moved up on the hill now known as the B. F. Dam place. Pearl was born there December 26, 1871. In the spring of 1872, Aunt Addie went East and said that she wasn't coming back until my husband and his brother, Ben, who had been farming as partners, had divided up their property. I, also, wanted them to separate and each one farm for himself. In the spring and summer of 1872, Cy and Ben divided the property; Ben took the house and Cy took more land, the McGrade field of about 80 acres, to make up for it.

In November, 1872, we moved into a two room house, which we had built on the present site of our home in

Wheatland. There Bert and Arthur were born. In the fall of 1876, we built quite an addition on to the house, adding a parlor and spare bedroom and three bedrooms upstairs and a bath room down stairs. This was the first bath room with the first bath tub in Wheatland. Carrie and Cora were born in the spare bedroom in October, 1879.

In the summer and fall of 1892, the house was again remodeled into its present form. We moved into the present house in November 1892. The old kitchen of our first house was moved out to the red barn place, after the house was rebuilt in 1876, and is now the kitchen at the red barn place. The old mens' cabin was later moved out to the camp on the Mercer place. Our present kitchen and pantry and china closet were the sitting room and dining room of the old house. The new part built in 1892 consisted of our present dining room and living room and hall and the upstairs portion over those rooms. The present parlor and spare bedroom and the bedrooms upstairs over them remain substantially as before, except that the doors and partitions have been changed.

[The above was dictated by Frances Leoni (Scott) Dam to the secretary of Francis Herbert Dam on April 30, 1915. We want to thank Elaine Tarke for supplying us with her great-grandmother's memoirs.- Eds.]

## EARLY REMEMBRANCES

by Rosemary (Ballard) Redhair

I have been asked to tell about my remembrances of early times at the Buttes.

I'm not sure that these are early times, but one of the things that I remember most vividly is going to market on the boat that used to come up the Sacramento River to Meridian.

Nellie Stass, a friend of my mother, wanted us to come down for a visit, so my mother and I left early in the morning with horse and buggy to go to Meridian. We went across the old long bridge. I'm not sure how old I was -- probably five or six. I do remember vividly the excitement I felt when I knew we were going to Meridian, and that we were going to cross over the old long bridge where a year or two before a horse had run away and off the bridge and killed an old couple.

We got to Nellie Stass' place alright. She lived north of Meridian right on the levee and they had quite a place. They had hogs, chickens, turkeys, cows, sheep and everything. We stayed two or three days and the boat came up from Sacramento. We were told when it would be coming and that morning we could hear its whistle way down the river, so we got ready to go meet it. Nellie had eggs all counted out in a basket and chickens in a coop. A couple of kids helped take the things and [Jean Harris crossed out, but can't read the name written in] and I went with my mother and Nellie to where the boat would stop. They put down a big plank to the levee and we climbed up

the levee and went on the plank onto the boat. They had everything you could imagine on the boat, hats, shoes, yardage, foods. My mother bought yardage to make dresses for us.

Nellie Stass traded her eggs, chickens and other things from the ranch for things on the boat. I don't remember exactly, but think they had meat and vegetables and things like that for sale or trade. I don't remember too much, I was pretty small, but that was my remembrance of the trip to Meridian with my mother.

I can remember when I was quite young at Pennington, we would get word that the Indians would be coming. The Indians used to come to my parents' property each year when the acorns were ready to be harvested.

There were a great number of oak trees on the hills of the Buttes. It was necessary that the Indians cross my parents' property to gain access to the area at which they traditionally harvested the acorns. At that time acorns were still a staple part of their diet. Five or six horse and wagon loads of the Indians would come from somewhere near Colusa. The ones who were in charge would come to my parents' house and ask for permission to gather acorns up in the Buttes. They had to open gates on our property to get there and they camped on the edge of our property for two or three days while they gathered the acorns.

My bachelor uncle, Stephen Arnold Douglas Fairlee, Uncle Doug,



would camp out in the barn when the Indians were there to "keep an eye on things."

There was also a time of year when a large band of Gypsies would come and camp near my parents' property. The Gypsies did not go into the Buttes. They would just come and spend only one day and night camped along the roads. They camped down at what is now Craig Road by what is now my orchard.

We children were not allowed to speak to or be near the Indians or the Gypsies, but we could not be prevented from watching at a distance. The Indians wore clothing very much like what our people wore. The Gypsies wore clothing which was a little different. The women always wore very bright colors and big, long skirts. As children, we feared the Gypsies, we didn't really fear the Indians. That is about all I remember about that.

Back at that time, the hill on my parents' property that is now on property owned by my sister Verd Hine was alive with wildflowers in the early spring. There are still wildflowers there in the spring, but it seems that there were many more at the time I was young. I have been told that the grazing of sheep on the hills is one reason that there are not as many wildflowers now. The flowers that I liked best were the Johnny Jump-ups, which were a yellow and blue flower quite like a violet except for the colors.

There used to be fish in the early spring that would come up the creek on our property to spawn. Our people would go up there and spear them. They were delicious to eat, but we had to eat them with our fingers, they were

full of little bones. I believe that these fish were a type of Sucker. I don't know whether or not there are any in the creeks in the Buttes today.

It was such fun to go to the creek in early spring and be along the clear running water. Sometimes we would slip and fall in the water. We always wore long underwear at that time of year and it was a lovely mess to be wet under those circumstances.

This is something that I don't remember myself in the first person, but I was told about it so many times that it is almost as though I could remember it myself. This has to do with Aaron Pugh, who was my step-grandfather, my grandmother having married Mr. Pugh after the death of my grandfather.

Grandpa Pugh had injured his leg, I don't know how - whether he dropped something on it or just what. But, anyway, it just kept getting worse and worse. Dr. Powell came out from Marysville to tend to him. After examining the leg, Dr. Powell told Grandpa Pugh that it would be necessary to amputate the leg because gangrene had set in, and if the leg did not come off, he would lose his life as well as his leg.

Grandpa Pugh told Dr. Powell he would think it over and let him know. Grandpa Pugh sat most of that day and that night. He sent for Uncle Doug and had him go to town to tell the Doctor to come and take the leg off.

Dr. Powell, another doctor from Marysville and a doctor from Sacramento came out to the ranch the next day. Grandpa Pugh was laid out on the old dining room table in the dining room. The doctors had my

father, Papa, help them by having him give the anesthetic. At this point, the doctors discovered that they had not brought a surgical saw with them. The doctors decided that the operation could not wait. They knew that Papa had carpenter tools, so they had Papa bring them a carpenter's saw, which they disinfected and used to remove the leg.

My mother, Mama, was on the back porch when all of this was happening. She saw Papa come out and put his head between his knees. (The doctors had told him to do this if he felt that he would be sick.) Mama didn't know what was the matter, but she did not want to ask any questions. This is about all that I remember about the operation as it was told to me.

Grandpa Pugh recovered from the operation and was furnished with an artificial leg, which he could not use. Papa improvised on the leg with some buggy bows and Grandpa Pugh was then able to use it. Later when I was a child, after Grandpa Pugh had died, I can remember that the wooden leg used to be hanging out in the granary and we children used to get it down and hop around on it. When my daughter, Dorothy, was young, the wooden leg was still hanging in the granary and she and her cousins used to play with it too. Later the granary caught fire and burned and Grandpa Pugh's wooden leg burned with it.

My Grandmother used to tell a story that Grandpa Pugh had told her. When he, Grandpa Pugh, was crossing the plains an old Gypsy woman told him that he would have three wives and would outlive all of them. My Grandmother was the third wife, but

she was quite a bit younger than Mr. Pugh. When Grandpa Pugh would tell the story, my Grandmother would say, "Well, the Gypsy made a mistake, because this is one you are not going to outlive!" My mother, Mama, could remember how they used to joke about this sitting out on the back porch.

It did turn out that Grandmother was right and that the old Gypsy was right as to three marriages, but only two-thirds right on outliving.

Aaron Pugh was a gentleman farmer from Ohio and was way up in the Masonic Lodge. My Grandmother joined the Eastern Star after she married him. Aaron Pugh built the house in Peace Valley. He had two daughters, Lizzie Hogeboom and Mary Fredericks.

My Grandmother built the house at the home place. The lumber was Redwood and came by boat from Oregon.

After my Grandmother married Mr. Pugh, my mother went away to school at San Jose Normal (now California State University, San Jose).

Mr. Pugh's daughter, Mary Pugh Fredericks died when her second child, Ralph, was born. My Grandmother, then Mrs. Pugh, took the baby to raise. When Ralph was about six months old Grandmother had a stroke, so they telegraphed to my Mother to come home at once to take care of them.

Mama never went back to school. Her mother did get better and was up and around. When Ralph was three or four years old, Mama and Papa were married and continued to live at the home place and take care of Grandpa Pugh, Grandmother and Ralph.

My father, Papa, planted almonds and was one of the first members of the California Almond Exchange. He propagated several varieties of almonds. He did most of this at McMurtries on the hill, on the left as you go up toward the cemetery at Pennington.

Wallace and Dorothy [Coats] have a picture in their home that Wallace's cousin's husband, Ken Duffin, painted from two old photographs of the house where I was born at Pennington. Grandpa Pugh, Grandmother and Mama are in the picture. The original pictures were taken before Mama was married.



## Pugh Cemetery

The Pugh Cemetery is located in Peace Valley in the Sutter Buttes, Sutter County, California. The cemetery is located on top of a knoll. There are two fenced burial areas. Barbed wire has been added to the original fencing. The gates into the burial sites are padlocked. The earliest burial is that of William Calder who died in August of 1855 at the age of 39 years.

The grave of John G. Albert is located west of the area where the remainder of the graves are found. His is the only grave that carries an inscription other than names and dates. Carved into base of the headstone is,

There is ascent where spirits blend  
Where friend holds fellowships friend  
Though sundered far by faith they meet  
Around one common Mercy seat

The larger burying "area" has a brick base with a marble top around the inside fenced perimeter. There is a large stone in the center which contains the information about all who are buried there. There are eleven evident stones. Three of these appear to be "footstones", although the "footstone" of Aaron Pugh appears to have been moved to the eastern edge of this section.

In the larger section are buried Aaron Pugh, Eleanor Hawes and her infant, John E. Cocks, William Calder and his daughter Almira, Jane Pugh, Nancy Pugh, Wm. Jacks., and Mary E. Fredricks.

## WILLIAM ROTHNEY CHANNON

by Marian Channon McElroy

[The following was compiled from an interview Linda Leone had with Marian Channon McElroy on October 2, 1992.]

My father, William Rothney Channon, was born in Michigan where he met and married my mother, Ivah May Kellogg. They separated about 1913 and he remarried in 1916.

My father, his parents and brothers came to California when he was a small boy. They lived on Township Road for a year or two before returning to Michigan. While they lived here, he attended school at the four-corners, Pennington and Township Roads. My father's two half-brothers moved back to California. Tom settled in Gridley and John settled in Live Oak. Their move to California was one of the reasons my father came back here. Also, he thought there were more opportunities in California. He earned 50-cents a day working for other people in Michigan; he also worked on his father's farm.

My dad's brothers, Frank and Ben, also moved back to California. Frank died in 1900 and is buried in the Live Oak cemetery.

My father had a meat market in Gridley and when we moved to Live Oak in 1907, he started a meat market here. It was located on a corner of the property where he built our house.

The early photographs of the meat market in Live Oak show stools for the customers to sit upon. I suppose people had originally come in and took a little time to visit as they picked out the meat they wanted. He

had a butcher block in the front area where he could cut meat, but most of the cutting was done in the back room. Also in the back room was where he made ice. Clyde Hetrick worked for him. They had a big brine tank where he made 50 and 100 pound blocks of ice which he'd sell. They'd let water freeze in big, deep cans and then they would bring the ice out. They always talked about "pulling the ice" and then they would turn the big cans upside-down, squirt water from a hose on them to thaw them out enough to take them out of the cans and then put them in a cold-storage room to keep them. This was probably around 1910, 1912. People would come and get it and he delivered meat and ice to all these farmers south of Live Oak, between here and Yuba City.

My father also had a livery stable down at the end of the block, at the corner of Elm and Center Streets. He rented surreys and horses and carriages. People would drive into town and leave their horse and buggy there and get on the train and go to Marysville. Yuba City wasn't much in those days. Everybody went to Marysville.

My father purchased the property and house from J. C. Porter. There was a flood in Gridley in 1907. Some of my relatives told me about my father walking down the railroad track because it was up out of the water; he

walked from Gridley to Live Oak to see how his property was getting along.

One of the biggest fig trees in California was on this property. It was so big he had to prop up the branches. One year a chautauqua was held under the fig tree. It's a travelling show with lectures, small orchestras, singers and things like that. They'd come and stay for a week and have a show every night and sometimes they'd have matinees. They put a piece of canvas along the sidewalk to enclose the area and used the porch on the house for the stage. My father got tired of sweeping up all those leaves in the wintertime and all those figs in the summertime and he had the tree cut down.

My dad had a windmill to pump water for himself and then the neighbors began to say "Why can't you furnish us with water?" so he had the waterworks here until 1943 when Live Oak was incorporated. The city bought the pipe in the ground, the waterworks, from him. Meantime, he bought an electric pump and didn't depend on this

windmill anymore to furnish water. This well is still under a building I have out here. It's capped.

The Sacramento Railroad was being built when we came here in 1907. They called it the Northern Electric and then changed the name to the Sacramento Railroad. The workmen needed a place to stay so he built them a place. It had eight bedrooms, four upstairs and four downstairs. It was built right by the tracks. The depot was built over on the corner. After the railroad was finished, we always had roomers; it was a boarding house.

My father was involved in his community. He was elected to the first Board of Trustees of Live Oak High School in 1920. The first high school classes were held in a rented building south of Sunny's Market. I started high school the year Live Oak High School came into existence. We went to school in this building the first year and into spring of the second year. That's when they built the high school building.



## **SANTARY DRINKING FOUNTAIN**

William R. Channon has further proven himself to be a public spirited citizen by installing a public sanitary drinking fountain in front of his building and the Bank on C Street, says the Live Oak Advocate. This, besides being a much needed addition to the town, is one that shows the forward spirit of the citizens.  
Sutter County Farmer - 6 March 1914

## MARIAN'S MEMORIES

by Marian Channon McElroy

[The following information comes from an interview Linda Leone had with Marian Channon McElroy in her home on October 2, 1992.]

I was born February 11, 1907 in Gridley, California. I am the only child of William Rothney and Ivah May (Kellogg) Channon. Shortly after my birth, my family moved from Gridley to the home my father purchased in Live Oak. The "home" property is bordered by Center, California, Elm and Fir Streets. This is where I grew up and I currently live on the same property.

My cousin Addie was married to George Pierce. We were always close although she was 17 when I was born. She was pregnant at the time and when they got the news that I'd been born, she fainted. My mother had several miscarriages prior to my birth and they were all boys. When I was born, my father called the family and said, "Well, I lost my boy" and Addie promptly fainted. Then he told them it was all right because I was a girl.

Uncle John Channon lived in Live Oak before we moved here. He and his family lived in a house right across from where Wada King's store is. My Aunt Allie did the cooking for the Porters who previously owned our property. George Pierce told me that during the 1907 flood, he used to row the meals over in a row boat for the people. One time when he was rounding the corner by Stafford's store, which later became Wilson's Hardware Store, the boat tipped over and all the food went into the water. He used to laugh about that.

When I was growing up, there were always lots of children around. One of my best friends was Violet Hendrickson who lived a few blocks from me. I also played with Fern Westlake who now lives in Sacramento. We played with dolls - tea parties and that kind of thing.

As a child, we used to go over to the school grounds. They had playground equipment there like rings and bars and things. We played on those quite a lot. The school was where Kings's Market and Dowd's furniture store are located. In fact, Dowd's store was the replacement school for the old Clay School that I attended. It was a two-story school. Later they took the top story off and after they built the new school they used the bottom story for a cafeteria and a music room. It was sort of an annex to the new brick school which is now Dowd's. I went there until I was in the third grade. I came back to this school when I was in the seventh grade and graduated from eighth grade here.

My parents separated when I was about six years old. I lived with my mother part of the time. When I was about eight years old, my father put me into the Notre Dame convent in Marysville and I boarded there for at least two years. He remarried when I was about ten years old and then I lived with my father and step-mother. I was a day scholar at Notre Dame for a

year or so and I'd catch the Sacramento Northern train here at 8:20. It would stop at Bradley's corner, 5th and D Streets, in Marysville. We'd get off there and then we could walk to the school. Classes started at 9:00 a.m. Those who went to Marysville High School didn't have far to walk. It was located at about 8th and G Streets at that time. I can't remember if we caught the train in Marysville at 4:20 or if that was the time we got back to Live Oak.

I met the Allens when I first went to the convent. They lived in Yuba City and went to Notre Dame also. They moved to Live Oak about when I started high school and we went to high school together. There was Gerald who was Sutter County Assessor, Leland, and Edwina. Edwina was three years younger than me and a freshman when I was a senior. She married Donald Atterbury. My son, Jim, married their daughter, Virginia.

The students who went to Sutter High School took the train to Tierra Buena. It was a junction and then the train would go on into Sutter.

I started high school the year Live Oak High School was opened. We, the class of 1924, were the first class to go all four years to Live Oak High School. The others had been to Sutter High School or Marysville High School their first two or three years.

Kenneth Vantress was in my high school class. His family used to have a chicken business north of Live Oak. They had an egg hatchery in Marysville for a long time. He married Florence Berg who is from an old Marysville family. Mabel Shepherd trained to be a nurse after high school.

We all lost track of her. I think I had heard that she was in Hawaii, nursing at a hospital in Honolulu. Nobody has heard from her since World War II began with the attack on the fleet there at Oahu. Irvin Brubaker, John Farrer, Lewellen Powell, Joe French and Walter Hendrickson were in our class. Betty Michaels lives in Chico and Wilma Hammonds lives in San Ramon. I'm the youngest.

Our first telephone operator in Live Oak was Jenny Hedger. She had a parrot and a dog named Sacto. I don't know if they named him after Sacramento or what. Eudora was our telephone operator for many years. She knew everybody's comings and goings. She was located over here where she could see everybody going over to the highway and if you said, "Get me so-and-so's number" she'd say "Well, she's not home. I just saw her cross the railroad track. She's going to Marysville." My daughter, Janice, worked at the telephone office for a while.

I met my husband, James Madison McElroy, when he came back from World War I. He'd been in France. My father had married his half-sister so he stayed here in Live Oak on her account and worked for my father. I was only 12 at the time he came back and he was thirteen years older. He was grown up. But then, I grew up too and when I was nineteen, we got married.

When we were dating, we'd go to the movies at the old State Theater at the end of D Street in Marysville. They had stage plays there too. Jim was a ball player and we went to ball games a lot. They played ball every

Sunday. Later, he and Ben Lewis were the managers of the team. We went to the fairs. There were picnics in the Buttes.

I don't remember the first movie I attended, but I have always been a great movie fan. I remember Wallace Reid and Theda Bara. Wallace Reid was one of the very early leading men in the movies in 1915 or whatever. I guess Mary Pickford was my first real favorite. I remember Mary Pickford and Wallace Reid from when I was just a little kid. We had to go to Marysville to see a movie in those days. There was an old town hall down here called Independence Hall. It was across the street on Elm Street. It burned down. The first year we had high school, the school must have rented that and we used it for a gymnasium. It had a stage in it and they used to have town plays and it was the skating rink and dance hall and everything like that. They did have movies there sometimes.

We got married in my folks' house in 1926. We went to Southern California for our honeymoon. Jim had a buddy in the army in France who had a second-hand automobile business. Somebody had stolen a car and it ended up in San Francisco. We got in touch with Hugh Marshall and said we were coming down and he said, "Could you maybe go to San Francisco and get that car and drive it down here for me?" Jim said we could, so we went to San Francisco on the train. You changed trains at Sacramento. Around Contra Costa, they put the train on the ferry and you went to Oakland. We spent the night in a hotel in San Francisco, picked up the car and drove

it to Los Angeles. We bought the car while we were down there and drove it home. It was a Maxwell like Jack Benny's car.

The thing I am most proud of as a child was having been a straight-A student in school. I was practically the first name on the honor roll at Live Oak High School. Other than that, I was nothing special. I was always a good student. History was my favorite class.

When my children were young, there would be "street shows". There would be outdoor movies during the summer. Everyone would either sit on the street or bring their chairs and benches or take the seats out of their automobiles and sit on them. They even had commercials because the person who put on the shows would come to town, take his camera and go to the barber shop. He would take pictures of the people getting shaves in the chair and take pictures at different businesses. He would get money from the business people and then show the pictures on the screen as advertising for the local people. It helped pay for the show.

I think electric lights are the best invention made. I can remember in our old house we used coal lamps. The old house that was here burned down. They had electric lights installed long before then, but there still were a lot of old coal lamps in the little closet under the stairs. I think electricity is the all-time most wonderful invention there's ever been.

I've been giving piano lessons since 1959. Presently I'm 85 years old and I currently have 24 piano students.



## HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION

The graduating exercises of the Marysville High School take place this Friday evening. The graduates are Allen Cooley, Shelby Strange, Jessie Hill, Lois Earnshields, Annie Swain, Carrie Ruff and Matteline Hill. Miss Jessie Hill will deliver the salutatory, Miss Mattie Hill reads an essay, and Shelby Strange delivers an oration. These three are all from Sutter county.

Sutter County Farmer - June 29, 1894

## CELEBRATION AT MERIDIAN

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A big Crowd Assembled at Doty's Grove.

Doty's Grove, near Meridian was the scene of a large gathering last Wednesday on the occasion of the celebration of the glorious Fourth and a picnic at that place. Yuba City, Marysville, Colusa, Sycamore, Sutter City and all the surrounding country was well represented. The program was as follows:

Music . . . . .	Colusa Military Band
Declaration of Independence . . . . .	K. S. Mahon
Music . . . . .	By the Band
Oration . . . . .	Prof. A.B. Coffey
Music . . . . .	By the Band
Selection, Comedy . . . . .	Miss Eva Wilbur
Grand Balloon Ascension & Thrilling Parachute Drop . . . . .	Prof. T. Godfrey
President . . . . .	Judge Liening
Marshall . . . . .	Wm. F. Hoke

After lunch dancing was commenced and continued until 6 o'clock, good music being furnished by the Meridian string band. At 5 o'clock there was an exciting horse race one mile and repeat. Three horses were entered: Wm. Doty Jr.'s gray mare Dora Wilkes, M. Hanson's sorrel colt Brigadier and Wm. Doty Sr.'s bald faced sorrel horse "Nesbit." The gray mare won both heats, the time being 3:01. Nesbit came in second. Prize, a \$30 harness.

A grand illumination balloon ascension was made by Prof. Godfrey at 9 o'clock p.m. which was very fine but on alighting the fireworks set fire to the balloon and burned the same. The exercises closed with a ball on the grounds. Everyone reports a good time, but there appears to be some complaint on account of exorbitant charges being made on the grounds, one in particular where water was sold for 5 cents a glass. The celebration was a success nevertheless.

Sutter County Farmer - July 6, 1894

# Kid's Page



Can You Find These Words?

BROWNS	LIVE OAK
BUTTES	LUTHER
	LYNDSI
CENTRAL GAITHER	
CHANNON	MCELROY
	MICHAEL
DAM	
	PEACE VALLEY
ELECTRICITY	PUGH
ERIC	
ESSAY	QUILT
FIRECRACKER	REDHAIR
JEFFREY	WINSHIP

ZBARRJEREHTULGZJNMT  
 EZSKNSHDFJIELVWDMIQ  
 BBYPAGDXNRWJQHENCNX  
 GKGEUONXJREIWEYYNVU  
 LESPLOEWGEXDNERNKNP  
 ZDECNLXVYRFJHSLIFOP  
 HBANETAWITBFUAHDCIB  
 BUAMLNGVFLIURQIIFTJ  
 BHPIRKTSEITCHEMRPTU  
 CWUMESCRQCRBIVYTZFY  
 YQBACTSYASAERRBXRZV  
 WCYUNEINALMECQTJERM  
 OQNRTFLSWSGGPRECQVE  
 LCCVHTBRDOSASQAXEFM  
 YRMKCOEWONREIJECLM  
 TKEYQHF SXYYBWTUNKVE  
 RRZGMKQXUXALKPHWJEB  
 UDMICHAELJYXNYFEIRR  
 MTIGHWRMBLLUWKXRRGZ



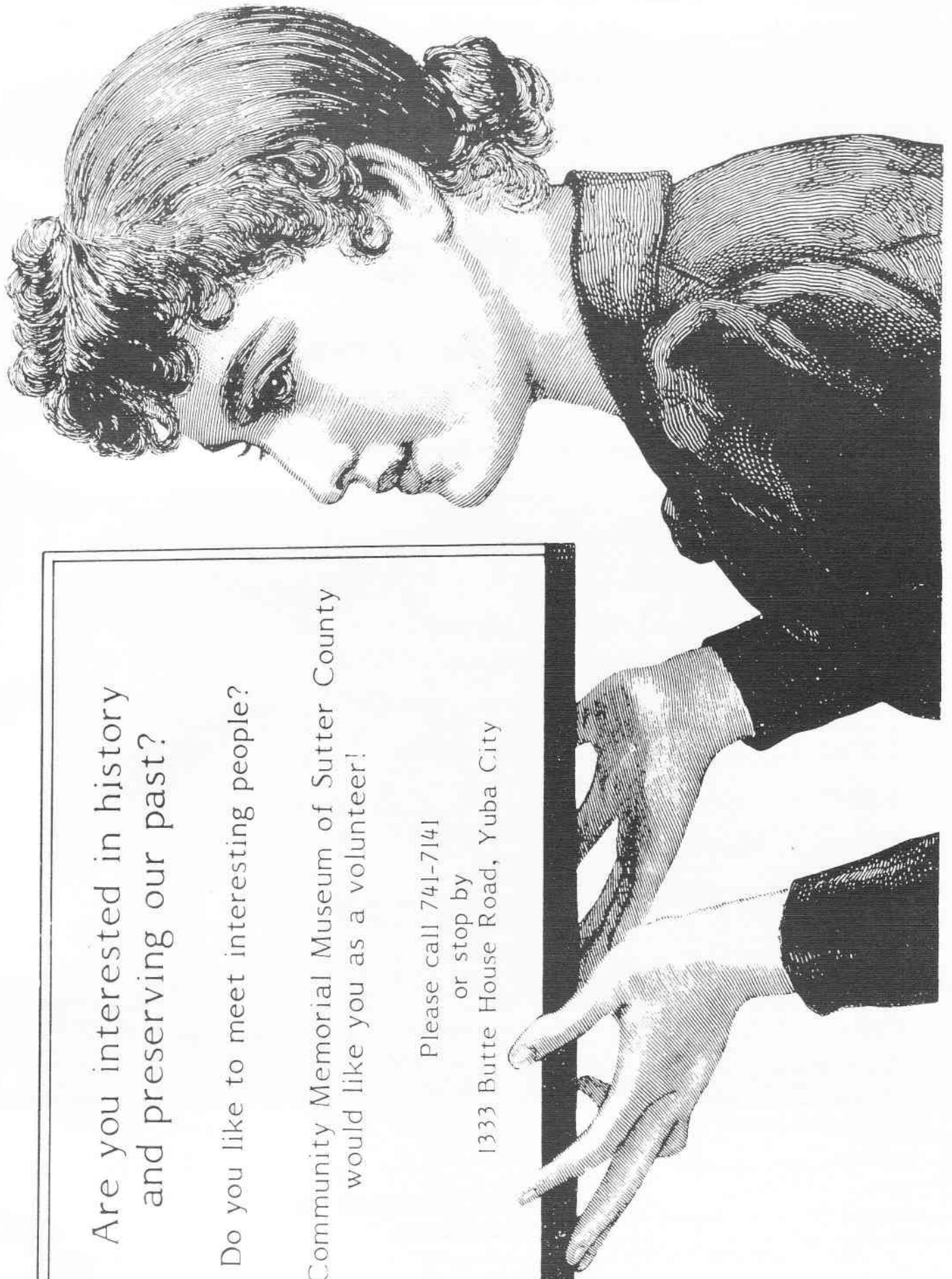
Are you interested in history  
and preserving our past?

Do you like to meet interesting people?

The Community Memorial Museum of Sutter County  
would like you as a volunteer!

Please call 741-7141  
or stop by

1333 Butte House Road, Yuba City



## COMING EVENTS

### CURRENT EXHIBITS

- Textile Diaries: Quilts as Cultural Markers  
Community Memorial Museum  
Connecting Stitches: Quilts in the Yuba-Sutter Community  
Mary Aaron Museum

### JULY

- 4 Independence Day  
7 Summer Reading Program -- 3:00 - 4:00 at the Museum (no charge)  
19 Historical Society Meeting/Potluck Dinner  
6:30 p.m. - Howard Harter Memorial Park (see enclosed flyer)  
21 Summer Reading Program -- 3:00 - 4:00 at the Museum (no charge)  
27 Rod Kiracofe Quilt Program and Book Signing  
7:00 p.m. - Sutter County Health Department Auditorium  
28 Summer Reading Program -- 3:00 - 4:00 at the Museum (no charge)

### AUGUST

- 4 Children's Quilt Program -- 2:00 - 4:00 at the Museum (no charge)  
11 Summer Reading Program -- 3:00 - 4:00 at the Museum (no charge)  
14 Textile Diaries Exhibit Closes  
27 Rice Land Suite Exhibit Opens  
7:00 p.m. Reception at the Museum

### SEPTEMBER

- 5 Labor Day  
Nicolaus Parade  
10-11 Prune Festival

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