

Sutter County Historical Society News Bulletin

Vol. XXXVI No. 3

Yuba City, California

July, 1995



ESSAY CONTEST WINNERS

(Left to Right) LILA PARKS, RORY JEFFRIES,
MELISSA JOHNSON, and MRS. JUDY BARR

Not Pictured: DAVID HYATT

(Photo courtesy of Linda Leone)

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 1995 dues are payable as of January 1, 1995.

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 BRIEF

I look forward with enthusiasm to my stint as President of our Sutter County Historical Society. I enjoy working with our Board of Directors, some of whom recently condescended to serve.

All of us greatly appreciate the leadership of our recent past-president, Evelyn Quigg. We thank you, Evelyn, for your untiring efforts, and trust that you realize that your work isn't finished!

I envision a continued revival of history being recalled by our members and friends at each of our get-togethers. Please come out and join the "old steadies" who usually make each meeting. The memories that are recounted during our functions aren't the formal writings that have been edited for the ordinary history books. I encourage all of our members, their friends, and the folks who have recently moved into our great area to join us for an evening of informal socializing.

And now, my good friends, I want to inform you that I and the Board of Directors welcome your constructive criticism in all our doings. We desire to be *your* society and to share your life-long knowledge. You, too, have roots and can pass on some written and, more importantly, some unwritten anecdotes to the next generation!

To all our people who are "down" and not in the best of spirits, I wish you speedy recovery and may our great Overseer be with you always.

Bruce Harter
President



HELP WANTED

Patrick Gallagher is trying to locate a photograph of Marysville's Bryant Field. Can anyone help him? You can write to him at: 5725 Stratford Road, Los Angeles, CA 90042.

Director's Report

As most of you know, this year marks the 40th anniversary of the 1955 flood. While this is hardly an occasion for gaiety, it does merit some notice. At the Museum we have attempted to do this by depicting the events and the people involved in a well researched, respectful manner.

In preparing for this exhibit, *The 1955 Flood: Communities Coping with Disaster*, we focused on the people caught up in the events of the flood. With the help of many community members, as well as some excellent resource material, we would like to believe that we have given the people involved their due. We hope that you will come to the Museum and spend some time viewing the exhibit, listening to the taped interviews and watching the flood films. Whether we like it or not, the 1955 flood is an important event in Sutter County history and worthy of some examination.

One of our purposes in mounting *The 1955 Flood: Communities Coping With Disaster* is to show that the 1955 flood was not an isolated incident in Sutter County history. To the contrary, to live in Sutter County is to live in an area with a rich history of flooding. The fact that human beings have attempted to turn this flood plain into a habitat that is friendly to man is a fascinating commentary on human nature. We are all a part of this ongoing struggle between man and nature.

Part of this ongoing commemoration of the 40th anniversary of the 1955 flood will appear this September in the form of a book that the Museum staff is currently preparing. The book will draw primarily from the 1956 radio interviews conducted by Lloyd "Dutch" Klemp. It is from these interviews that we learn first hand of the human experience in the flood.

On a happier note: 1995 also marks the 20th birthday of the Community Memorial Museum, an event that we hope is worthy of some gaiety and celebration. Be on the lookout for an invitation to the Museum's birthday party some time in mid-October. We hope that you will all come and join us in celebrating something that started as a desire to save Sutter County history and turned into a well established, thriving and active community museum. The Museum's birthday party is really an opportunity to celebrate the strength and perseverance of Sutter County residents in establishing a place for the collection, interpretation and preservation of their cultural history. In many ways it is a celebration of our desire to preserve the human spirit through the preservation of our heritage -- definitely something worthy of a party!

Jacqueline Lowe
Museum Director

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

First, we would like to congratulate this year's essay contest winners. David Hyatt is not included in the cover photograph through no fault of his own. David was "off track" at Lincrest School when the teachers of the winning students were contacted by mail. Mrs. Eden did not receive notification until after the dinner had taken place. The concepts of "year-round-schools" and "on-track/off-track" are still something most of us in this area are trying to grasp. The Museum and Historical Society Education Committees apologize to David, his family and Mrs. Eden and will try to see that this situation does not happen again.

Don Burtis contributed the Buttes' Fourth of July celebration article. Keep reading those old newspapers, Don.

The Board of Directors was asked to contribute their memories of the 1955 flood. Connie Cary and Randy Schnabel's contributions are printed in this issue. Shirley Schnabel's flood-time cattle drive was printed in the April 1993 issue of the Bulletin. Marian Regli's contribution will appear in the October issue. Wanda Rankin, who served on the Board for many years, was in town for a brief visit and was interviewed on Interstate 80 while on her way to the Reno airport to catch a plane home. There will be additional flood reminiscences from the Board in the January issue.

Marian's will be one of several "flood stories" from the southern part of the county in the October Bulletin. While we are focusing on the southern

part of the county for that issue, it will not be limited to the 1955 flood. There are also some holiday celebrations from years past that you will be reading about.

As Wanda learned, there is no safe place to hide. You all have stories to share, and we want to hear them. Contact Linda (673-2721) or Sharyl (674-7741) to make arrangements to submit or tell us your stories. If you have researched a topic that pertains to Sutter County, let us print it so you can share it with others. We will go almost anywhere at almost any time to get your story.

We didn't have room to remind you about the Honorary Membership on the Historical Society News page. Any person who was born in Sutter County and has celebrated their 90th birthday is entitled to a gift membership in the Society. Current residency in Sutter County is not required. Grace Noyes Hill Onstead was born in the Buttes and celebrated her ninetieth birthday on February 28, 1995. She now lives in Sacramento and called to say how much she enjoyed reading about her friend, Delma Davis.

We hope you all have a wonderful summer and we hope to see you at our potluck in July.

Linda Leone
Sharyl Simmons



MEMORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

In Memory of **Clifford Abbott**

The Alonso Family
Stella Anderson
Bob & Katie Bryant
Othera Carpenter
Jim Chalmers
M/M Roger Chandler
Mildred & Dale Deeds
Dorothy Fleckner
Charles & David Hageman
Roy Hatamiya
Ted & Betty Herr &
Dorothy Herr Larson
M/M David Homrig
Jim & Bobby Howard
Mildred Jones & Family
M/M Robert Kells & Family
Henry Kodama
Dorothy B. Larson
M/M Eugene Lonon
Stanley Marumoto
Justin & John Micheli
Dr. Ben & Louise Miller
Merle Norene & Family
M/M Robert Penning & Family
Norman & Loadel Piner
Henry & Norma Poffenberger
Mary G. Poole
M/M George Post
Gordon & Paula Raub
Caroline Ringler
Betty & Betty Ann Rose
Pete & Margit Sands
Randolph A. & Shirley Schnabel
Randolph E. & Barbara Schnabel
John & Hope Sheehy
Arthur & Verna Ulmer
Bill & Barbara Williams
William Womack

In Memory of **Archie Boudreau**

Marian Regli

In Memory of **William Brockman**

Don & Beryl Burtis
David & Darlene Jean
Norman & Loadel Piner
M/M Bill C. Wineinger

In Memory of **Mrs. Myrtle Clyma**

Bob & Jean Kells

In Memory of **Charles R. Deatsch**

M/M Robert Masera & Family

In Memory of **Wilhelmina M. Erickson**

Orlin & Johanna Schuler
Burwell & Loretta Ullrey

In Memory of **Wendell Jacobs**

Norman & Loadel Piner

In Memory of **Viola Lauer**

Norman & Loadel Piner

In Memory of **Eric Lyss**

Liz & Ev Berry

In Memory of **Thomas Miller**

Mary Gillis
Eleanor Holmes
Jeanette McNally
Mrs. R. I. Nicholson
Norman & Loadel Piner

In Memory of **Doris Nall**

Ken & Vivian Calhoun
Norma, Deanna, Waldo DeWitt
Gene, Janet & Mike Lonon
Loretta M. McClurg
Norman & Loadel Piner
Ivadel Simmons

In Memory of **Don Ramsdell**

Norman & Loadel Piner

In Memory of **Dick Scriven**

Norma, Deanna, Waldo DeWitt
Caroline Ringler

In Memory of **Lucille Sullinger**

Tierra Buena Women's Club

In Memory of **Chas Sutfin**

Ruth & Howard Anthony

In Memory of **Vern Williams**

Caroline Ringler

In Memory of **Ruth Ziegenmeyer**

Leonard & Suzanne Reynolds

In Honor of **Marge Edmonds**

Evelyn Monnie

In Honor of **Ora Epperson's** Birthday

Marge Edmonds

Outright gift

Bruce & Esther Forsythe



On the Mountain

Sutter City Enterprise July 7th - Last Wednesday at 2:30 o'clock, James Poole, Wm. Bliss, S. Beere, A.D. Gardemeyer, W.H. Bairnson, J.B. Pratt and W.B. Russell started for the summit of the South Butte for the purpose of furnishing a pyrotechnical display for the surrounding country. Fifty pounds of red fire and a large number of rockets were taken up. Wm. Bliss, an old mountaineer, acted as guide and marched the party up to the top in about three hours. After the table for the fire was placed in position and the rocket trough set up, J.B. Pratt made a very appropriate speech. Mr. Beere, being determined to reach the highest point on the Butte, climbed to the top of the flagstaff. At fifteen minutes past nine two rockets were sent up as a signal for the fire to be lighted. At this time there was a strong gale of wind which came "near to blowing the powder off the table;" on account of this it was necessary to move the table to a lower point which was very unfavorable for spectators at a distance. At 9:30 o'clock James Poole lighted the fuse and the Buttes were illuminated for the first time. Almost instantly after the fuse was lighted the summit became intensely luminous, the flames rising bright and gigantic. The sight was grand at a distance of one hundred yards, although it was very severe on the eyes at that distance. The fire lasted only four minutes, then the darkness was so intense, that it was with difficulty the party could make their way down the mountain.

Sutter County Farmer - 13 July 1888

HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

JULY MEETING

The July meeting of the Sutter County Historical Society will be held on Tuesday, July 18, in Howard Harter Memorial Park which is located behind the Museum on Butte House Road in Yuba City. Again this year we will celebrate the good weather with a pot luck dinner held under the trees. The Society will provide paper goods and drinks. Those attending are asked to bring a dish to share -- main dish, salad or dessert. Last year the food was wonderful and we know it will be as good this year! We will start dishing up at 6:30 p.m. with the program to follow.

In the January issue, we set forth the programs for the year. Due to the sudden passing of Vern Williams recently, we are making some changes. The loss of Vern as our July speaker is small compared to the loss to his family and the community.

Maggie Moyers will be presenting the "Gold Rush Trunk" to our group in July instead of October. This is one of the presentations she takes to the local schools when she does the Museum's "Travelling Trunk" program. We greatly enjoyed the "Indian Trunk" presentation she previously made to our group and are looking forward to hearing about the "Gold Rush" trunk's contents.



1995 ORNAMENTS

The Sutter Buttes ornaments did not arrive in time for the Buttes hikes and bus trip in March and April, but will be on display and for sale at the museum beginning the first of July.

Also making its general debut on July 1st is the "Old Meridian Bridge" ornament which was introduced at the April Annual Dinner meeting in Meridian. There are only about 20 of these ornaments left; there is a limit of two per person.

Grace Ettl created the sketches of the Buttes and the Bridge which were used for the ornaments. She gave use of the sketches to the Meridian Farm Women. The Society would like to thank both Mrs. Ettl and the Meridian Farm Women for allowing us to use the art work on our ornaments.

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 open to all fourth grade students in Sutter County. This is the fourth year for this contest which encourages students to investigate early local history.

This year we asked the students to place themselves in the California Gold Rush and describe their experiences. Following are the winning essays.



First Place
Melissa Johnson
April Lane School
Yuba City

The Diary of Mikala Ontario

April 13, 1849

Dear Diary, Jack and I celebrated our first wedding anniversary on the way here. Hangtown is so different from Greenville. Back home it seems like I could always depend on my family. Now we're on our own, but I know God will watch over us.

April 30, 1849

The men from town helped Jack and I build our house last week, and I am very happy because Jack built me a window seat. I can see the mountains and the dogwoods are blooming beautifully. I miss my family back home, but I think we're doing pretty good so far.

May 11, 1849

Yesterday I started some flowers

growing by the creek. I'm planting a garden now, the tomatoes, strawberries, and potatoes, are growing very healthy. Also I am expecting a baby sometime in June. Now, that is something to look forward to!

May 21, 1849

Something very exciting happened today. Jack came home from mining and showed me a huge gold nugget! He staked the claim and he is going back to it tomorrow. I hope nothing will go wrong. This is an encouraging event for us.

May 31, 1849

I was so excited about Jack's discovery that I went to mine with him for a while. But I think that is too hard of work for a pregnant woman. As soon as I left, something terrible occurred. A Californio claimed he owned the small area of land Jack was mining on. They got into a fight, and Jack is hurt bad. I hope he recovers soon. I also hope Jack will be able to keep his claim.

June 5, 1849

Boy, it's hard to move around with this baby! It's as heavy as two mining cradles filled to the brim with gold. Well Jack was able to get back his claim, and I've been having to give away most of my vegetables; I've grown so much! From my window seat I can see the wild flowers growing by the creek next to my Poppies, and Pansies. I love summer here!

September 15, 1849

Well, our baby is cute as can be! She's a copper headed brown eyed blessing. Her name is Abigail Melissa Ontario. The months just seem to fly by.

Dec. 27, 1849

Jack gave me a beautiful new dress for Christmas, and he got a shiny new pocket watch from me. As for Abby, I think she enjoys her new teddy I made. December is very cold here and we're looking forward to spring. The snow is blanketing the ground, which makes beautiful scenery out the picture window. What a month!

Jan. 17, 1850

The coming of the new year has lifted our spirits. Last night I got letter from my sister Carol. She said she and her husband are thinking about moving out here! I just hope the hard journey they travel will be safe for them. God has blessed us and watched over us, during the hard life in California.



Second Place
David Hyatt
Lincrest School
Yuba City

The History of Tom

Today, I, Tom have arrived at Hangtown. It's very windy and cold. My only companion has been Old Trapper, my dog. He is an excellent trapper and he has chased raccoons up trees so fast! That's when I shoot them. It's a delicious meal for a hungry man.

I came here with about 1,000 other people. Most people said even if they don't strike it rich, they will be happy, because they're away from their bosses. It was a journey of a lifetime for all of us!

Hangtown is swarming with miners with gold pouches and revolvers. Many miners have started mining with the "long Tom." This is an artificial wooden sluice for washing pay dirt.

One day I looked up from my pan when I heard something rustling in the bushes. It was a bear! I shot it with my four shooter. It took all four shots to kill it. A man paid \$50 for the meat and I made a sleeping bag out of the hide. I also made and sold knife handles out of the bones.

After a hard day's work, I got a partner and we staked a claim. I met him when we were 8 years old. I saw him again when I arrived at Hangtown.

I was at the general store when a lady named Jill asked me to dinner and bought me a bottle of cologne. We kept company for a month. I asked Jill to marry me. She said yes because she

was kind. I asked her when we were on a picnic on a warm sunny day in October.

On Sunday there was the usual fight and two men were injured by gun shot. The doctor was out of town, so he couldn't treat them. The men both died.

One day I went to the doctor's office because I wasn't well. I had the fever. But I told him I would still be a gold miner even if I had the fever. He said I couldn't, but I ignored him. I wanted to strike it rich!

I found a three ounce nugget. The banker named it the Tom Nugget. I had been mining for four days with the long tom.

One day while I was mining, I saw an Indian woman looking at me through the bushes. I told my partner, Jack, but he said it was just my mind playing tricks.

My fever was getting worse and I thought it was time to get a wife to take care of me. But now my fever is getting better. I have healed of the fever and everything is fine.

I am healthy enough to build a cabin now. Jill and I have decided to get on with our plans for our wedding in May and to build a cabin on a hill above the valley. This is our home now, Hangtown, California.



Third Place
Rory Jeffries
Barry School
Yuba City

Living in the Gold Rush Era

STREAMS PAVED WITH GOLD!
GLITTERING NUGGETS
LOOSE ON THE GROUND,
FREE FOR THE PICKING!

Those were the headlines back in the Gold Rush Era. I was a young man back then. My name is Rory Jeffries; I live in Boston.

I was a young man, and a poor one at that, back then. But now I'm a very rich 81 year old man. Let me tell you how I became wealthy. It all begins in Boston. I was sitting at our dining table eating breakfast when my wife handed me the paper. It said that gold had been discovered in California. My wife approved me of going. I planned to take the Panama Route. My friends said it was the safest way.

The route started in Boston, sailed to Panama then I would need to catch a boat up to San Francisco, California. There I would get my gold mining equipment. The date I left my beloved Boston was June 1, 1849. If I go at this time, I would get there July 1, 1849. So I set off. It took me one month to get there but there was little trouble.

After getting supplies I went looking for a place to stake my claim. I dug in one place, then another, and finally I found gold! It was a chunk of gold as big as my hand. I decided to

stake my claim in this area. I then set up my camp. I stayed the night here before looking for gold again.

The next day I panned for gold in the stream but only found flakes. I moved up stream to a better place that probably was filled with gold. I panned there and found 20 gold nuggets! I went back to camp and heard a strange noise. I looked outside and there was a miner trying to steal my cradle but I scared him off when I blasted him with my gun. That night I guarded my camp.

The next morning I decided to dig a mine. It took me five days to dig a mine big enough for one person. One day when I was working in the mine I discovered quartz -- Great! This is going to be a bonanza!! Where I found the quartz rock I found a long skinny nugget of gold. When I brought the gold out of the mine there was a claim jumper ready to take it from me. He had a shotgun and he pointed it at me. He wanted the gold nugget I had found. I had to give it to him. His name was none other than that evil thief, X-Ray.

The next day I decided to go back to Boston because I just wasn't cut out to be this brave. So I returned to my claim and mined my last time. I heaved my pick into the side wall of quartz and all of a sudden a crack widened in front of me. It crumbled and there sitting in front of me was a huge vein of gold.

So you know the rest of the story -- I returned to Boston with money to live a very, very comfortable life.



Fourth Place
Lila Parks
Winship School
Meridian

A Rush for Gold in 1848

As the ship leaves the dock, me and my family were waving goodbye and so were the rest of the crew. Me and my little sister, Carly, were talking to people and asking them if they were going to go to the Gold Fields too.

The ship had reached California. All of the people on the ship were in a hurry. We were one of the last ones. We decided to split up. Carly and I went together and my Mom and Dad went together, but we all traveled together in a wagon. There was another man in there with us. He looked scary, so I did not talk at all. The driver of the wagon said, "We have reached the Sierra Nevada!"

There was a little town that some people lived in. It was called Gold Town. They named it that because that's where they had found the first gold. That's when we said good bye to everybody and we left with our pick, shovel, and pan down our back. We came along a hill side. We could see a little stream running through the woods so we decide to stay there. There were only a couple of people in tents on the other side.

The next morning, we got up early. There were more people there than there were last night.

As the days grow many people started coming in again. We had found a couple of flakes but that was not enough to buy supplies, so I traded with a guy next to me. We started going

down the creek more. As we went down the creek it got bigger.

We were going down the creek and Carly and I saw a Post Card that said Chinese Immigrant. They were shoving him and some other people away. They were doing this because he had found a lot of gold. We had finally found a spot to settle in.

That night it was very cold and we were running out of food. The next morning came fast for us. There were some deer by the side of the creek. We got to have that for breakfast.

That afternoon ten men came in with a big hose. It made a lot of noise and it was washing away some of the land. It was really muddy. I had to move and all of the animals were running away.

I had to leave Nevada soon and take the wagon back to California and meet up with my family. I met up with my family in California. We were on the ship and I told them all about my journey.



FLOOD MEMORIES

by Connie Cary

At the time of the 1955 flood, I was ten years old. I lived with my parents, Lloyd and Sylvia Henson, and younger brother, Leonard, on Colusa Highway between El Margarita and Hooper Roads. My grandparents lived about a hundred yards west of us in the home my grandfather, William "Doc" Henson, built in 1926.

At least two days before the levee broke, my grandfather was over having coffee with my parents. He said if the levee broke up north again, we'd probably be okay because the railroad tracks made a natural levee; if it broke down south, the water could back up real easy and whether we got wet would depend how far south the levee broke. He said no matter where the levee broke, if we put everything up on prune boxes we should be okay. We put a lot of furniture up on prune boxes, but not our beds. We used prune boxes instead of peach lugs because they were deeper. Mrs. Foster, my brother-in-law's mother, called and said if anything happened, we could come to her home in Sutter because it would be high ground.

That summer my dad bought new bundles of Brazilian coffee bean sacks from Folgers in the Bay Area. They came in great bundles four or five feet high, bound with baling wire. We had to take lamp black and stamp our name with a stencil on each sack. When they're brand new, burlap bags have a really nice smell and they're kind of fun to handle. The lamp black was terrible. The day before the levee broke, my dad loaded all of our new sacks onto the

truck and took them to Marysville because they put out a call for sacks for sandbags. Dad said he drove in and the Beale guys just swarmed the truck and those sacks were gone before he could get out of the truck to help unload. The soldiers from Beale were working so hard and the sacks were needed so bad.

The night of the flood my parents were glued to the radio. My brother and I were sent to bed. I remember in the middle of the night waking to a siren. I was disoriented and I realized something was going on. I looked out the window and it was a solid line of headlights coming out of town on the old Colusa Highway which was two lanes and very narrow at that time. A Sheriff's car was driving on the wrong side of the road going out west of town wide open with his siren going with all these cars slowly stumbling by. I was scared; "What's going on?" I got up and Mom said it would be best if I got dressed, that we were going to have to leave. They had heard the levee was breaking and it was time to go.

I had an enclosed cage that I kept some ducks and pigeons in. I went up and opened the gate and shooshed them out. I had a flashlight and I chased them out because if the water had come, they could have easily drowned and I didn't want that. It was better to have them turned loose and survive than drown in a cage.

We got our clothing that we had bundled up already and we went out to Sutter and stayed there overnight.

The flood water did not get up near

us. We had a deep well. We never had water problems that I know about. I don't recall the electricity being disrupted much in our area because we came off a feed line from north of Yuba City. We had a farmer's telephone line; four of us shared the line and you each had a different ring. It seems to me the people stayed off the line pretty good because it was an emergency situation; they said not to use the phones unless you had to.

I remember my parents going to town and helping some of the cousins and friends muck out their houses that had been badly damaged.

People started bringing furniture to our place because they knew my dad had a dehydrator and he could turn on gas heat with these big fans and blow air through them. They brought mattresses and furniture and most of it, even after it was washed and they tried drying it, just warped and buckled. Most of it was not salvageable. I can remember having old mattresses lay around that were soaked and we dried them and they were just yuck.

After we got home, I went up to the barn to feed the chickens and there was a big Siamese cat that was meowing and crying so I scooped it up. We didn't have Siamese cats so I took it home. You could tell he belonged to somebody; he was a beautiful cat. The word went out that we'd found a cat and about a mile down the road the Smith family had taken someone in and some where along the line they'd opened the car door and the cat ran away. We got in touch with them and the lady came to the house and called the cat's name and he jumped right on her shoulder; he was not about to let go.

Truckloads of clothing came from

Lutheran Churches all across the United States. I went with my mother to the church to help distribute the warm clothing to people. We hung our coats on a coat rack towards the back of where we were working and somewhere along the line, people came in and took several coats off that rack. They were nice warm coats; one of them belonged to me. In those days, you only had one good, warm coat.

In 1973, I was teaching at St. Isidore's, Holy Angels in those days. One of the electrical outlets shorted out in one of the classrooms and blew the circuit breaker. I was known as "Miss Fix-It." After school I was going to take the electric receptacle out and replace it so it wouldn't keep blowing the power. It was a potential fire danger. I pulled the cover off, looked in the box and it was full of mud and silt from the flood. It had been raining and the dirt had drawn enough moisture that it was causing the box to short out. I knocked all the mud out of it and put it back together and it worked fine. The school had opened in September of 1955. The water in most of the classrooms was about a foot from the ceiling. My blackboards were warped from the flood. They didn't have money to replace all of them until later. When I taught there, most of the classrooms had one good blackboard, the sideboards definitely had been in the flood. I always had a problem with my classroom. You'd close it on weekends and when you'd come back on Monday, it'd smell like a cross between dirty tennis shoes and old lunches. It took me a long time to realize that wasn't the problem; the walls were full of silt. They hadn't taken the siding off and cleaned the things out of the walls.

FLOOD MEMORIES

by Wanda Rankin

My mother had come to visit us. We were living on Orange Street in Yuba City.

My husband, Bill, was working for Hasting's & Wilson's paint store and was a volunteer fireman. When it got to be an emergency, he went to the firehouse which was located in the old City Hall building at Plumas Street and Colusa Highway.

When I was getting ready to cook our dinner, Bill's Aunt Margaret and Uncle Percy Graves came in. They had been in Marysville all day with Bill's Aunt Mary and Uncle John Brust; John had a heart condition and was sick in bed. When Marysville was told to evacuate, they tried to get an ambulance to take John to Chico. The ambulance was busy hauling people from Rideout Hospital to the Hotel Marysville. Places had been set up in the hotel where it'd be above water if the levee broke in Marysville. Since they couldn't get a local ambulance, they got one out of Chico to come down to get him. When the ambulance got to the 10th Street Bridge, it was confiscated to help move the people from Rideout Hospital. They had to hire somebody to drive their Cadillac to Chico with Uncle John in the back seat.

Bill came home to eat dinner. He had stopped at the service station and gassed up our station wagon. He took the station wagon down to the firehouse and when we had to evacuate and I ended up with my little Plymouth coupe. Three could sit in the front and we had a little chair behind the seat. I had the little car,

my mother, two children and a quarter of a tank of gas. We were fortunate to get to Williams where I could gas up the car.

The basement filled with water up to the floor joists. Everything in the basement floated, except the jars of fruit; they were contaminated. I had to throw out everything I'd spent the summer canning. I swore I'd never do any more canning and I haven't. The only damage I had in the house was muddy footprints from the dogs. My husband's boss had heard that our big pointer was ranging around town so he came to our house and propped open our back door so the dogs could go in by the gas heater.

We ended up in Davis. The Red Cross set up at the University. We were supposed to meet at Percy's sister's place in Davis; they lived on a street across from the University. I had no address but didn't think it would be hard to find out where they lived because the husband had worked for PG&E there for a number of years. I found out nobody knew him. I knew his name was "Bob Robinson." It turned out his name wasn't Robert. The Red Cross checked with PG&E to get an address and they said no one by that name worked for them. I knew he worked for PG&E; I'd been to the building where he repaired meters. We finally went to the man at the top and he said, "Oh, sure, I know Bob." and gave the Red Cross worker the address. The house was packed with people already so we continued on to Oakland where we spent Christmas with my mother-in-law and her husband.

RECOLLECTIONS OF '55

by Randolph A. Schnabel

[Editor's Note: The following recollection was gleaned from an oral interview done with Randy Schabel on June 19, 1995 by Linda Leone.]

In 1955, I was teaching high school, primarily U. S. History, in Marysville. We had been on Christmas vacation for a few days and on the night of December 24th was when our olympic sized troubles began.

I was commanding the Navy Reserve Unit, a communications unit, here in Yuba City and I figured we'd better get the group together so we could have communications with the outside world, which we did. I wasn't on levee watch, but I walked from the building up to the top of it several times during the day. We were located in a Quonset hut that had been placed next to the Yuba City Airport by the Federal Government for our use. That was our headquarters. This was at the south end of Second Street.

We could not communicate directly with Sacramento by radio. Because of the skip distance of radio waves, we would get Eureka and Eureka would get Sacramento for us. We could communicate with a lot of the craft that were working in this area, like helicopters and boats, because we use a different channel that didn't go so high. With our other higher frequencies, it would go up too high and then it would come down too far away. We had pretty good communication with the outside world. A lot of questions were asked and answered over the radio and were part of the Navy log. It would tell quite a story.

The rest of the world knew what was going on here, believe me. And nobody could do anything about it.

The day before, on the 23rd, I think it was, we started talking about getting a group together and then that next day we called everybody in. The number of men varied with the hour. We would have as many as 25 or 30 people out, some of them not in our unit but ex-Navy people. Some even came down from Reno to help out.

It was raining all of the time and, of course, there's always a matter of feeding the crew. We didn't have to worry about that too much because the Salvation Army volunteered their sandwich wagon and coffee wagon and goodies and they kept us supplied for nearly two days. They were our main suppliers. We were in cahoots with the National Guard who were laying telephone land lines between our unit and the Sheriff's office which was headquarters for all emergency work.

The Sheriff's office was in the courthouse, on the first story. They had a person on duty up in the tower at the top of the courthouse. I know the telephone line went up that far. They had a pretty good watch up there but night fell too soon. A fellow that was a sergeant for the National Guard by the name of "Speedy" Gonzales was laying telephone lines all over Yuba City and we were connected with the City Hall and we

were connected with, of course, the Sheriff's Office. It was pretty well organized.

The City Hall at that time was located at the end of Plumas Street and Highway 20. We had a couple of generators, gasoline-driven generators, and they requested one of our generators be installed there at City Hall. That was taken care of and they had the presence of mind and whatnot to put it down in the basement which immediately got flooded and we have never gotten it back yet.

I had several staunch supporters in the Unit. Joe Nemanic was the executive officer and he was detailed to watch over in Marysville -- he and Harry Hooper. Jack McLaughlin, Dr. Wormley, and Dr. Bihlman were there. Keith Lennox was the mainstay as far as personnel were concerned in the office. The station master was Everett Fuller who was pretty competent with the radio and he kept people well informed all up and down the coast of our situation there. His brother, Logan Fuller who's my next-door neighbor here now, was on duty there. He had been a Naval aviation radioman so he was aware of what was going on as far as the radio was concerned. We had a pharmacist's mate, Bill Alexander, and we were pretty well set up. One of the fellows who was in town during this particular time was a fellow by the name of Tom Holton. He was a Lieutenant Junior Grade on leave from Long Beach where his destroyer was. He volunteered and he was standing one of the watches, in charge of one of the watches, down the levee from us and it was he who passed the word to us that his feet were gettin' wet and the levee was goin' out from underneath him.

That was about 12:01 Christmas morning, the 25th. The Sheriff was notified and upon receipt of that information, I think he dispatched a car to warn people downstream away from what was happening and those fellows got killed as a result of that. [Blackburn & Talley]

We had use of some helicopters, mostly Coast Guard, and long boats. The long boats had been set up and after the water got up pretty high down at oh, Highway 113 I think it is -- the by-pass bridge going to Knight's Landing -- they launched their boats there. The helicopters would call in and say they were in an intersection and they would be asked well, what's the name on the intersection because we had people spotted that would need to be rescued and we'd tell them from their location where to go and they would pick up people. Before the night got too far along, the last time the helicopter came into the airport to try to land and discharge people, the water was several feet deep and the wind from their helicopter created quite a problem down by the airport. It was decided oh, I guess it must have been within the hour -- 1:00 o'clock roughly -- that we would have to abandon our position there and get out.

As soon as we could we got everybody organized and on their way to take care of their own personal business. One of the fellows that was with us at the time, Bob Stromer, had a wife and child downstream from us and unbeknownst to him or any of the rest of us, they got caught and had to take refuge in a tree someplace. They spent that Christmas Eve and a long time the next day in a tree before they were rescued.

As far as I know, none of our

fellows lost anything except sleep and some personal effects. Lots of them lived in Yuba City or thereabouts. If they lived in or near Gilsizer Slough, all through there they got wet.

I had my 1955 Chevrolet brand new pickup. As we left, we had to go in front of the airport and going through a little swail there, the exhaust pipe was underwater and sounded just like a motorboat. We finally made it up to Second Street without any problem. We went under the 5th Street Bridge approach and on the other side I remember seeing water coming up the tracks -- the railroad tracks that were in the middle of the street -- so we backed up there and went on up to Plumas Street. I remember the jeweler, Rhoades I think was his name, was crossing the street and he stepped off the curb into water and was walking across. He had a small case which must have been his diamonds or something like that and he was evacuating.

The reason we went up to Plumas Street was to go to Fremont Hospital which was on the corner of Plumas and Highway 20. That area is now a restaurant. We had requested 6x6 trucks from the Marine Reserve in Sacramento and a fellow named Spencer was in charge. He and his crew, with some help from our boys, evacuated the Fremont Hospital. They put the patients on the trucks and took them over the 10th Street Bridge to the hotel in Marysville.

All the time that the 5th Street Bridge was being damaged, they had a crew there at the ramp going up to it and they were taking truckloads of dirt to fill the gap on top of the levee. They requested another power generator to give them some lights. We had about

500 feet of extension cord on a big reel and we would make extension cords to fit the situation. The cords are still underneath the pavement going up to that place.

The 5th Street Bridge broke, I think, a couple hundred feet east of the steel structure and the underpinning. The cement underpinning was washed out. What really happened there, and I'd seen it happen once before when we'd had some extremely high water, was that buildings had been built clear upstream someplace came down and bumped into the bridge. They would create a dam that would exert more force and somethin' had to give -- either the building collapses, which it usually did, or the obstacle collapses which it did in this case. The river was full of junk because it was so high -- trees and everything else.

Joe Nemanic and Harry Hooper told me of another critical time on the D Street Bridge in Marysville. They were trying their best to hold the pavement down by adding more sacks of sand and so on and so forth to keep it from buckling and breaking out and flooding Marysville. Ken Scott lived over in Linda or Olivehurst, I don't know which. He works for Valley Truck and Tractor now. He walked across the then D Street Bridge and got his feet wet walking over the bridge. The water was that high on the Marysville side. The Yuba river was up. It's a wonder it didn't flood on that side.

Most of the men that we had were on a kind of shore patrol. They were keeping people from bothering the stores and what not. They had no sidearms, but their presence up and down "D" Street helped a lot. Anti-looting stuff.

The evening wore on and the men jumped from one hot spot, or wet spot, to another.

Time went by and you didn't pay much attention to how tired you were because you had a lot of adrenalin running and you were keyed up. About sundown or sunup that next morning, Keith Lennox and I and somebody else evacuated and moved our communications center out to the corner of Onstott and Highway 20. We had a mobile van out there that was passing information on what the situation was. There wasn't anything more that we could do to help out there. Keith's family had moved out -- gone out to Sutter -- and so it was time for me to think about something that I had hanging around here so I went out to the Dean ranch where my wife and the children were and I laid down behind the kitchen stove. Keith was on the other side of it and I don't think we stirred for two or three hours.

A few weeks after it was all over, I got a call from the Grand Jury to come down and tell my story about the night of the flood. I guess that's the first time they ever had any hours or anything. We kept a log of the whole situation and as far as I know, that log is in the hands of the Navy Department or in a waste paper basket someplace.

During that day of the 24th, I think Shirley did a lot of fussin' around trying to talk Grandpa -- that's Ed Dean -- into gettin' ready to move out with his cattle and of course there were pigs and calves and chickens and everything else to think about. He wasn't about to stir away from there. He'd had a flood through there before and all it did was wash the fleas out of the barn and so he

knew it wouldn't hurt them at all. Before it was all over, he had about five feet of water in the house and the barns were all pushed around with wave action and wind. It raised hobb with the barns because they were not built on foundation; they were built sitting on rocks as was the custom 110 years ago.

Christmas morning there wasn't any water there, but water was backing up from the South coming up towards the ranch and eventually it got there about noon.

The one casualty in regard to the house was the piano. We couldn't get it upstairs so it fell to pieces. We had quite a bit of hardwood out of that to use to make gate latches and so on and so forth after a while.

You could drive down the by-pass levee and look at the Dean house, which had a picket fence around it and tell the people in your car, "You see, the water wasn't very high because you can still see the picket fence." Well, little did we know that the picket fence had floated up.

The rice straw floated up and along with it came carcasses of animals - - sheep and cattle and pigs -- and they had to be disposed of because of illness arising from flesh that's gone bad. I have never seen so many different bugs in my life. The chickens had a hay-day -- this is the days afterwards -- getting on top of the rice straw. They just worked it over. And snakes. We had one snake that took refuge in the switchbox on the Dean house. It was like a blue racer type. Then there was a big gopher snake that had gotten away from the high water by going into the top of the separator house under the shingles, between the shingles and the rafters, and stayed in there for I

don't know how long. It was halfway warm up there and not quite so cold and wet. One of the kids that was helping clean out the house out there at the Dean place eeked and squeaked because he was stepping on a snake in the house.

We had storage for grain at the ranch and we had more grain than usual stored. In other words, we had sudan seed for the next year and we had oats for the next year and we had barley in there to feed the pigs. By the time the water got through, we had a good place to set up a still because all those seeds were fermenting. I bring this up because high school kids, the FFA and all those kids under the tutelage of their teachers came out and they loaded those sacks, drippin' wet, onto vehicles. We took them up to what we called "Pot Hole Dryers" up on Highway 20 and Humphrey Road. It was Peterson's place and we put them in there where they had big fans with gas heat and we dried all of that grain out and finally ended up grinding it all and feeding it to the pigs the next few months. An awful lot of labor was involved in gettin' that grain there. Everybody was really willing to pitch in and help. It was all back-breaking work; it was real hard work.

In my case the kids who helped were from both Yuba City and Marysville. They came out 'cause I had a stranglehold on them, some of them. Boyd Thompson was one of the leaders over in Marysville and he saw to it that we had a good bunch of kids. My friends that I had been teaching with up in Portola even, a few years before that, they came down there with his couple of sons and built fence. So everybody just got into the spirit of it, somehow.

The cattle that were down at the

Dean place had to be taken up to the Butte ranch and in order to get them up there, we had to go up the levee. Every time we came to a road, we had to stop traffic. Now, there was as much traffic then as there is on any busy hour today on the Highway 20. Everybody was going west. We had to stop people on the highway up there. I was still in uniform but I got on a horse. One of the jokers that came by said he'd never seen a sailor on horseback. It was necessary. My nephew, Arnold Dean, went ahead to where we knew there were some wire fences and he took care of the wire fences with pliers. Then we reached Butte House Road and of course it was traffic going west and people were not ready to give way while we took the cattle down a little ways and headed north again.

People have to understand that all this time it was either cloudy or wet or miserable as far as temperature was concerned. They had a milk string [cows] down at the ranch and they were taking it up to the Buttes and by the time they got there, it was dark, quite dark, and they ran them in and the poor old girls had to be milked. My wife and my father-in-law, who was not too well, had to get down and do the milkin'. [Shirley: I had to do the milkin' and he stood over me. "Keep milkin'" he'd say. I said, "I can't. I'm dying."]

I guess we had prepared for this by putting a new roof on the barn that year and all of the old shingles that had been on it -- some of them didn't fall off. Some of the shingles with nails fell down in the hay and the rain had penetrated the hay to make chimney-like hollows in there -- made the places rot out. My oldest son, Randy, had to pitch in and

get hay over for the cows. He was in high school so he must have been 14.

Our niece, Dr. Loretta Dean, during that next year was kept real busy gettin' hardware out of the insides of the cows, putting magnets in them because of the shingle nails that had fallen and they had eaten. This is one of the things that some people didn't have to put up with.

Then too, the outhouse roof was not exactly weatherproof and people had to go in the rain. Since that time there has been an improvement made.

That year we harvested and stacked up hay in excess. We had three stack out in the fields and the barn, the big cow barn, was full of loose hay. The water had taken its toll and gone away and Grandpa wanted to come back and get goin down at the ranch. Shirley decided to bring him down to let him see that we didn't have any fences around and we couldn't bring anything down here 'cause we had no fences left. So he came down; he got out by the big barn and he sat down on a bale of hay. There was one bale left and one sack. All the rest of it had been disbursed across the countryside. The hay that was in the big barn, there had been over eight foot of water in that particular barn, had melted down and I know for a fact that there was 2,000 pounds of rock salt distributed on that because it was packed from the levee 50 pounds at a time across to that barn and scattered in there to keep the hay from burning. Well, when Grandpa came down and he sat down on the one bale of hay, looked around, turned to my wife and said, "Just look what happens when we leave you in charge." He was perfectly happy to go back to the Buttes; never said another thing about it again.

We were living on El Margarita Road. I had 20 acres here and water did not get onto our property. I had an alfalfa field in the back of the ranch here and had a levee around it to control my irrigating water and the water came right up to that levee. Down the road, Franklin Road at El Margarita, there was water in that intersection. You had to go through water to get out west, out to Franklin School.

Incidentally, Franklin School was a headquarters for salvage workers. People from over around Maxwell and Orland and several of the churches up there sent groups of people over to help any manner they could. They really pitched in and did a good job 'cause they were farmer folks and they knew how to handle things.

One of the biggest problems was gettin' the stuff that had floated up and parked alongside the levees around here back to the people who owned them. They didn't want anything to do with them; things like butane tanks and barrels of oil. I've never seen so many 55 gallon drums in my life collected in one place -- all along the edges of the levee.

You'd dig through debris and there would be a carcass of a sheep or a pig or something else and that kind of stuff had to be gotten out. There was no way you could burn it up because there wasn't enough burnable stuff around. They hauled away most of the carcasses to the reduction plant up by Chico. I don't remember exactly how they got them from behind the house and stuff. They must have hooked onto them with a tractor or something and pulled them out.

The rice straw that had collected

around in the yard and everywhere else, nearly every day it would dry out enough so that you could burn the top a little bit. The chickens would come and scratch and find something; set a match to it and that would burn. You knew nothing else was going to burn.

People down in the southern part of the county that had corrals and holding pens and the likes of that, most all of that stuff came up practically whole. Big gates and sections of fence came up.

As far as equipment was concerned, anything that went into the flood, under the flood, had to be torn all apart and washed out and new bearings put in. The Richmond-Chase Cannery at that time had stacks of boxes. One place had over 9,000 boxes in one stack. It was right there by the Gum Tree and by the time the flood washed through it and out and went by, there wasn't a box left in the place. Pole barn full of boxes - just disappeared, those boxes. Surprisingly, the barn stayed. All it had to resist were telephone poles up about 30 feet high, but the boxes washed out.

Our well wasn't contaminated, but we still had to Clorox it. You had to take all these precautions because you just couldn't afford to get sick. The wells out in the outlying districts, regardless of how well they were constructed or anything else, got flood water in them. Of course, all of the pumps and everything else that you could think of were out of business until they were dried out.

Eventually the sun came out and all of our friends found out what it was to be fence builders. We scavenged lumber from the drifts and everything and finally built back. The summer of '55

had been a work year because we repaired and put in a lot of new corral fences. There was one 10-foot section of fence that we didn't get around to repair and that was the only one that was left out of the construction because all of those fresh post holes wouldn't hold anything except mush. That was fun.

After the flood was over and flood relief started to come in here, it was surprising. The Bay Area and people like that they just flooded us with all kinds of junk. Furniture and blankets and clothes. My God. There were some World War I wool shirts. It all came in handy. Somebody could use it. It wasn't too long afterwards that the Red Cross got in gear and they helped distribute a lot of stuff after the water was down to where they could find out what was needed.

A lot of the people went out to Camp Beale also and they took care of a lot of 'em out there. One of the young fellows that used to work with us here was just a squirt at that time and tells about one of the sergeants out there who took him in tow and saw that he was fed, clothed and taken care of.

Some of the people, Harold Newcomb was one of them, lived down by Bogue Road in that area. He and his son tried to beat it out and they got caught up on a fence right along what is now Onstott Freeway. They made it out by the skin of their teeth. But there's any number of stories like that are around.

It was awful hard on some of those people down there in the southern part of the county because they had no place they could go. Any place they turned, there was water.

After the flood, it was the job of the Sheriff's Department to keep curiosity

seekers and possible looters out of the evacuated areas. Some places they may have had some of the National Guard, I don't know. They had people on watch, for instance, on the Wadsworth Canal levee at the intersection of Highway 20 and also Franklin Road.

But what came next was -- I think it was January the 16th, we had another flurry of high water. This time everybody turned out to see what they could do as far as the Navy was concerned and we kept people informed again. Beale Air Force Base sent over a contingency of engineers and all their equipment because the levee had been patched with mud.

In Marysville, school went on all through this time and I guess that would be the best place for people to be anyway. You'd have 'em at least concentrated.

We had a kid-oriented school in Marysville and while the salaries and everything like that were a complaining point, everyone pitched in and did their job. The kids seemed to have that feeling too, that they had a job to do. You'll always have a few that are on the fringes, but lookin' back over it, some of those kids that were up in the foothills and places like that, heck, to this day they're my friends. No way did the flood have a derogatory effect on them; they didn't lose sight of the fact that they were in school. Of course, Yuba City High School is another story. They weren't in school. Yuba City High School didn't go right back in school after the flood because it was full of mud.

Terra Buena School was open because Margit and John had to go to school, but Randy didn't. He got pushed into fixing fences and all kinds of

things. Randy was just in high school; he was a freshman. He kept worrying about all of his books and stuff in his locker getting flooded. They still had the old building; they had the second story. I don't think they had lockers in the second story, but I know his locker didn't get flooded.

They're having a big to-do now about a levee tax or an assessment on anybody who owns anything in the county. In a way, I think a thing like that should pass because they do not have good levees. They have too much undergrowth in the riverbottoms. They should clean them all out and start dredging the levees and put that back up on our levee. I don't think that you can control nature when it's confined too closely. If the river channels had not had the silt from the mountains from the gold rush and the hydraulic mining and if we had had a little foresight in keeping the channels opened up so we would have steamboats coming up and down our river, we would have a safer levee system.

Now, any place in Sutter County at the present time is in a potential flood plane. We are just so constricted; we are confined here by three rivers and they can raise hobb with us even unto today. They can trap the whole shebang in here because it's all confined by levees. On the Yuba River you've got the Bear River levee and over here we have the Sacramento River levee and we have the levees in between.

If you went back on the history of Yuba City High School, before the term "unified" was involved, back in about 1921, '22, they were propagating the idea of having secondary education in Yuba City because Marysville and Sutter were

not expansive enough to take care of everybody. They decided if we're going to have one, we'd better find a site. My dad was on the school board at that time; he and Judge Coats and Bert Cooley -- can't remember some of the other ones. It was a pretty slow movin' bunch. They had been offered a situation down at what people now would call the "Jackson bottoms". Now, the Jackson bottoms is where the airport is and where all the businesses are down there. Doc Jackson said "I've got a pear orchard that's no good to me; you guys can have it for a high school." That's when we had -- what we call the old bowe levee and between the bowe levee and the sand levee, which is the one that broke, would have been an excellent place for a high school. Well, some of the people in the community thought we

shouldn't have it there. They looked around and they talked to the Van Arsdale people who owned the piece of property where the high school is today - just the part next to the big old house. The school district and the trustees spent money when they could have gotten the other one for nothing; they spent money on puttin' it up there on Van Arsdale property. They had to defend themselves against nearly anybody and everybody because they spent money when they could have gotten something for nothing. If they had put a high school down there behind the bowe levee, and if the levee had broken, and if the people had been in school, they would have been trapped. Wherever you put a high school is gonna get wet. It has the potential. I don't know about Sutter High; guess they can be blown up out there from the volcano.



Picnic At The Buttes

A party of ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a delectable picnic at the Buttes a few days ago. They were so much delighted, and have spoken so enthusiastically of the sublime scenery, the cool groves, and the delicious mountain water, that a larger party have arranged to make another picnic, for the same spot, in exactly three days. In the language of the John Gilpin ballad, "May we be there to see."
Daily Evening Herald - 11 August 1853

Kid's Page

Find these words.

CONNIE
DAVID
ESSAY
EVACUATE
EVELYN
FIREWORKS
FLAG

FLOOD
GOLD
GRACE
HORSE
LEVEE
LILA
MELISSA

PARADE
PICNIC
POTLUCK
RANDY
RORY
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WINNERS



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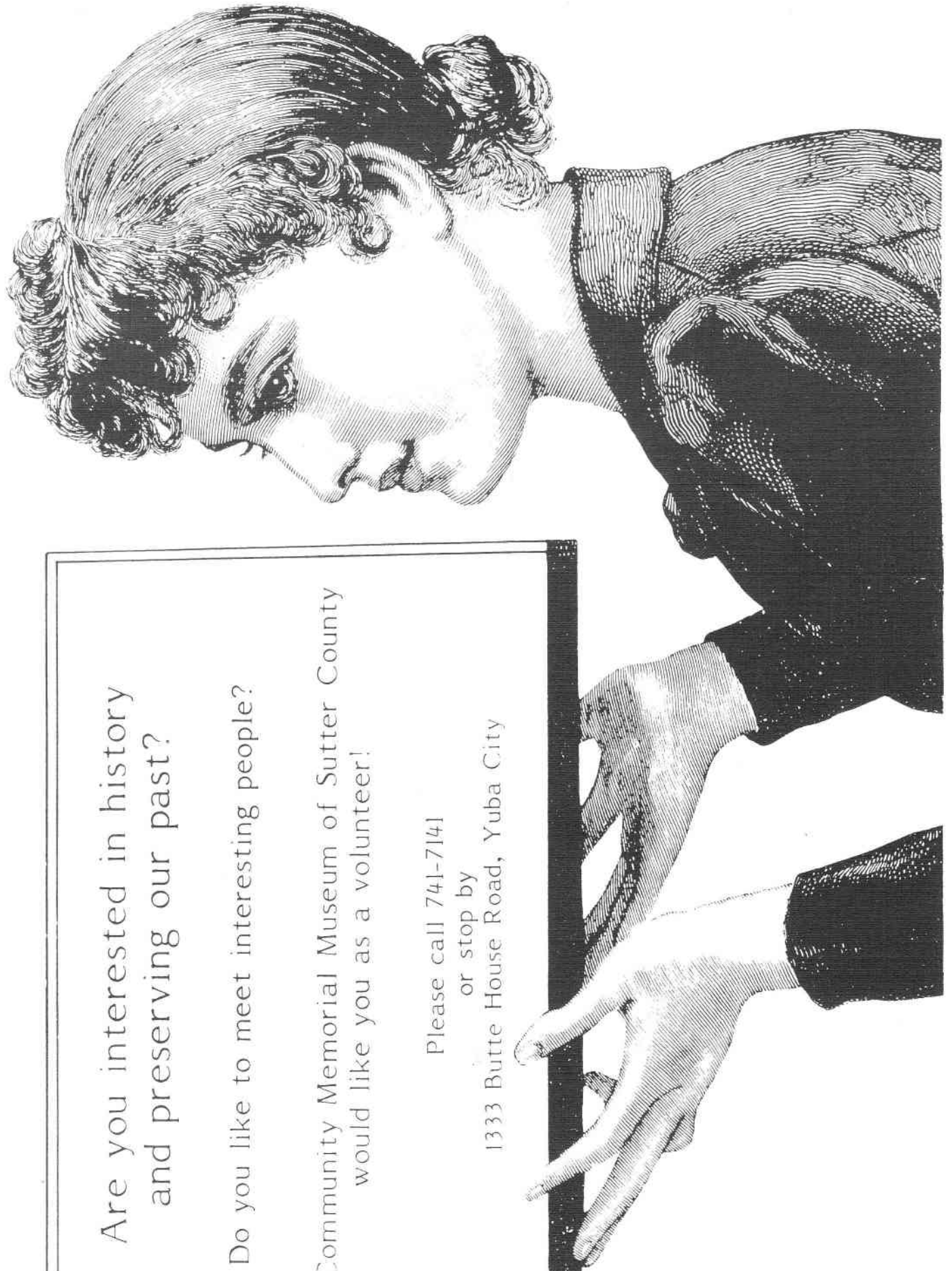
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Please call 741-7141
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1333 Butte House Road, Yuba City



COMING EVENTS

JULY

- 4 Independence Day
- 6 Summer Reading Program -- 3:00 - 4:00 p.m. at the Museum (no charge)
- 12 Kid's Summer Program
 - Old Fashioned Ice Cream Social & Games
 - Howard Harter Memorial Park -- 1:00 - 3:00 p.m.
- 13 Summer Reading Program -- 3:00 - 4:00 p.m. at the Museum (no charge)
- 18 *Historical Society's Potluck in the Park*
 - Howard Harter Memorial Park -- 6:30 p.m.
 - Program: Maggie Moyers - Gold Rush Trunk
- 20 Summer Reading Program -- 3:00 - 4:00 p.m. at the Museum (no charge)
- 27 Summer Reading Program -- 3:00 - 4:00 p.m. at the Museum (no charge)

AUGUST

- 3 Summer Reading Program -- 3:00 - 4:00 p.m. at the Museum (no charge)
- 10 Summer Reading Program -- 3:00 - 4:00 p.m. at the Museum (no charge)

SEPTEMBER

- 4 Nicolaus Labor Day Parade
 - 7:00 a.m. -- Pancake breakfast
 - Parade, Crafts and Entertainment
- 9-10 Prune Festival - 1955 Flood Book Debut
- 30-Oct. 1 Beckwourth Days

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