

Sutter County Historical Society News Bulletin

Vol. XXXVIII No. 3

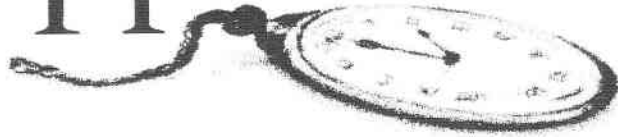
Yuba City, California

July 1997



**Amber Agapiades, Chelsea Sykes, Mrs. Barr,
Alisse Leal, and Nicole Farley**
(Photo Credit: Amber Agapiades)

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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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 1997 dues are payable as of January 1, 1997.

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

As I begin to write my first President's Message, I wonder what will be of interest to the members of the Sutter County Historical Society. As the Editor's deadline nears, my thoughts are of all of the past presidents who served this Society. They all have something in common -- a deep appreciation for our forefathers and the events that made Sutter County what it is today.

At our dinner in April, our president, Bruce Harter, displayed all the requirements for an excellent president. As he worked his way through an agenda of noted speakers, one could see his love and appreciation for the history of Sutter County. This trait was apparent to young and old that evening. As I begin my year as president, I can only hope to do as well as Bruce.

This year I hope to see some of our long-awaited projects come to reality. Such as, the renovation of the monument at Hock Farm on Garden Highway and the Agricultural Wing which will be added to the Museum.

As a member of an old Sutter County family, I grew up with the help and guidance of the generations that came before me, and I am sure that with the help and guidance of our dedicated members, this will be an exciting year, and the history of Sutter County will be preserved for generations to come.

Steve Perry
President



Local Author

Dorothy Jenkins Ross, a native of Live Oak and member of the Historical Society and Museum, has written several articles about the Live Oak area for the Bulletin in the past. Last year she published Jenkins Farms, a book about "Life on a Family Fruit Farm in Early California." It not only tells the story of her family's farm which was established in Live Oak in 1910, it tells the story of the development of the area and explains a lost form of fruit processing. The book is well-written and contains many photographs, sketches and maps. It is available at the Museum.

Director's Report

Summer at the Museum means that the staff can take a deep breath after the multitude of school tours and get down to some of the behind-the-scenes work that waits patiently while more pressing matters demand our attention. These tasks include cataloguing and accessioning donated items and paying special attention to the care of our collection.

Summer museum visitors can view the Mormon Sesquicentennial exhibit opening Tuesday, July 15. Although set in a larger historical context, it is a look at the history of the Mormon community in our area. It will continue through August 10.

This summer the Museum is offering a two-part workshop for children on Tuesday, July 22 and Thursday, July 24 from 1:30 to 3:30. The theme is *Traveling West in a Covered Wagon* and is designed for elementary school age children. It will feature stories about life in a covered wagon on the trail West, including diary excerpts from local settlers who crossed the plains to California. Children will construct a wood model of a Conestoga wagon to take home with them. There will be a fee of \$6.00 to partially cover the cost of materials. Preregistration is required and may be done at the Museum or by calling 822-7141.

Opening August 23 will be the traveling exhibit *Photography and the Old West*. The exhibit includes 40 black and white photographs printed from vintage original negatives made by 19th century photographers working in the American West. The photographs document both key events in the western movement and everyday life in the towns and farms of the West. The exhibit features the work of 15 photographers, including Carleton Watkins and William Henry Jackson. Their images contribute to the scant surviving historic record of 19th and early 20th century life in the West. We will include a local component of photographs from the Museum collection.

Photography and the Old West comes to the Museum through the California Exhibition Resources Alliance (CERA), a program of the California Council for the Humanities. Program funding is made possible by C.C.H., and several programs will take place during the exhibit, which closes November 16. Watch for more information on the programs, which will include a family photo conservation workshop.

The effort to purchase a Yuba Ball tractor for the Museum is just \$2,000 away from becoming a reality. That amount must be raised by September to make the final payment on the tractor. Art Worledge, who has headed the project, would be most appreciative of any donations to put us over the top with the tractor.

This year is also your last chance to purchase a paving stone for the Museum patio. The 12" x 12" terra cotta pavers sell for \$80 and may be engraved with any name or message. They make wonderful memorials, birthday or anniversary gifts or are a great way to recognize a family or business name.

Julie Stark
Director

Letter from the Editors

The winning essays in the 7th Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial Essay Contest appear in this issue. Amber, Chelsea, Nicole and Alisse received their prizes and memberships in the Historical Society and the Museum at the Society's April Dinner meeting in Meridian. We are certain you will enjoy reading their essays. Good job, ladies.

Greg Glosser gave us a copy of part of the "diary" of Richard Ford Platt, his great-great uncle. The first few pages tied in with the essays so well, we thought this would be a good place to share some of the information.

Sandy Palmer readily agreed to share her memories of Andy's Drive-In when asked. Various independent newspapers have had articles about Andy's in the not too distant past, but Sandy told us about the uniforms and how the actual car-hopping was done. Some of you will remember Andy's and "the good old days" while it will be new to other readers.

When Hardy McFarland was approached at Sutter Buttes Day about sharing growing-up-in-Sutter memories with us, he agreed. It may have just been his way of getting rid of us, but you'll read the outcome following the "That's Entertainment" article.

Mary and Harry Barr, Grover Davis, Jim Rickert and Harold Rohleder shared their information when we were working on the April News Bulletin. Ann Dietrich was working as a volunteer at the Museum when she shared her information. Kenny Engasser, Faye Scheiber and Gene Taresh shared their stories when we were gathering information about the southeast

portion of the county. Kenny Engasser was going to be asked to play the Swiss card game, Jost, with us so we could explain it to you, but we decided to let him recuperate from his gallbladder surgery instead. Marian and Jim McElroy's contributions came from an information gathering session about Live Oak a couple years ago. Burwell Ullrey and Tony Winship's information also came from past interviews. Just to show you you're not safe from us any where, Esther Forsythe shared her story while sitting in the back seat of the car en route to Ukiah and Fayne and Jane McPherrin were attending Celia Ettl's 80th birthday party. Thank you all!

The October issue will once again focus on the southeastern portion of Sutter County. Among other items, Jim Taresh will share his memories about growing up in Rio Oso.

The January quarterly will be eclectic. That means we're not sure exactly what is going into it at this time. We do have some ideas, but are open to suggestions and material. If you have any information to share with us about Sutter County, please contact either Linda (673-2721) or Sharyl (674-7741).



Linda Leone

Sharyl Simmons

Memorial Contributions

In memory of **Marian Behr**

Gene & Joan Erfle
Loretta M. McClurg
Dorothea & John Reische

In memory of **Marie Alban Blazer**

Esther Forsythe Family

In memory of **George Gordon Boyd**

Jackie & Roger Chandler

In memory of **Ross Brooks**

M/M Frederick Boone
Norma & Deanna DeWitt

In memory of **Alice Bryan**

Joe & Patti Benatar of
Fidelity Natl. Title Ins. Co.
Joan & Bud Doty

In memory of **Newell Burtis**

Bob & Pauline Masera

In memory of **Esther F. Cholcher**

Mary C. Gillis

In memory of **Betty Coats**

Helen & James Abbott
Alpha Sigma, Delta Chapter
Connie Cary
Heidi, Karl & John Erickson
Helen Heenan
Bob & Jean Kells
Gail & Mitzi Morrison
Marjorie Muck
Marjorie Starr Neeley
Norman & Loadel Piner
Gray & Audrey Poole
Mary G. Poole
George & Dottie Post

Barbara Putman

Evelyn & Harold Quigg
Wanda Rankin
Randy & Shirley Schnabel
John & Hope Sheehy
Mark & Marilyn Smith
Louis & Betty Tarke
Walter & Jane Ullrey
Anna Ulmer

In memory of **Ida L. Davis**

M/M Grover L. Davis
Joan & Bud Doty
Louis & Betty Tarke

In memory of **Margaret Ettl**

M/M Larry Harris
Barbara, John & Kathleen Putman

In memory of **Howard Hall**

Joe & Patti Benatar
Dewey Gruening
Wanda Rankin

In memory of **Una Hall**

Alpha Sigma, Delta Chapter

In memory of **Jeannine F. Harshbarger**

Joe & Patti Benatar of
Fidelity Natl. Title Ins. Co.

In memory of **Firelan Harvey**

M/M Frederick Boone

In memory of **Stephen R. Herr**

Mary C. Gillis

In memory of **Mary Higgins**

Bogue Country Club

In memory of **Vesper Kellogg**
M/M Roger C. Chandler
Lee & Edna DeWitt
Norma & Deanna DeWitt
Randy & Shirley Schnabel

In memory of **Howard Mayfield**
Othera Carpenter
George & Dottie Post
Randy & Shirley Schnabel
Orlin & Johanna Schuler

In memory of **Ruth McFarland**
Bill & Gail Squire

In memory of **Doris Orcutt**
Dora Dodson
Janet Heisch

In memory of **Betty Owen**
M/M Warren Hall

In memory of **Mildred Parvino**
Mary C. Gillis

In memory of **Ethel Rouse**
Bogue Country Club

In memory of **James Steel**
Eleanor Holmes

In memory of **Annette Taylor**
Norma & Deanna DeWitt
Bob & Pauline Masera

In memory of **Bill Smith**
Evelyn & Harold Quigg

In memory of **Rose Teesdale**
Hazel Barkley & Al Micheli
Joe Benatar of Fidelity Natl.
Title Ins. Co.

Bogue Country Club
Don & Lynne Buckman
Leo & Alice Chesini
Davis Machine Shop
Alfred & Charlyne Frost
M/M Leslie Gaboury
Bill & Carol Hamon
Leonard & Grace Hanson
M/M Larry Harris
Bob & Jean Kells
Bob & Pauline Masera
Russ Mead
France E. Peters
Norman & Loadel Piner
Barbara, John & Kathleen Putman
Ron & Merlyn Rudge
Bob & Martha Shogren
Louis & Betty Tarke
M/M Tom Williams
James & Irma Uren

In memory of **Hattie Vickrey**
Betty & George Taylor

In Memory of **Barbara Brown Welch**
Betty & Bill Arnett

In memory of **Norma Welter**
Helen Frye

In memory of **Gertrude Worledge**
Ray & Janice Anderson
Helen Brierly
Norm & Loadel Piner
Albert & Mary Ulmer
Anna Ulmer

Outright Gift to Museum
Mr/Mrs. Baum

Historical Society News

Pot Luck in the Park

The Historical Society's July meeting will once again be a "Pot Luck in the Park," scheduled for July 15th at 6:30 p.m. We will gather under the trees in the Howard Harter Memorial Park (located behind the museum at 1333 Butte House Road, Yuba City) to enjoy each other's company, great food and the ever-developing park. The Society will provide paper goods, eating utensils and drinks. Those attending are asked to bring a dish to share -- main dish, salad or dessert.

Evelyn Quigg, chairperson for this meeting, has arranged to have Kevin Putman speak to us about his blue bird and wood duck nesting box project.

As always, our meetings are open to the public; you do not have to be a member to attend — so bring a dish and a friend and join us!



October Meeting

On October 21st, we plan to return to Hermann Sons' Hall in Nicolaus for some great German food. The program has not been set, but mark the date on your calendar now.



By-Laws Revision

As advised in the April issue of the Bulletin, copies of the By-Laws and the proposed changes were available at the April Dinner Meeting in Meridian and are still available at the museum (ask at the front desk) for your review. If there are no questions or objections to the proposed changes, the Board of Directors will vote to accept the changes at their board meeting on July 1. If you have questions, contact Leonard Henson (674-0776) or Linda Leone (673-2721).

Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial Essay Contest

The Sutter County Historical Society and the Community Memorial Museum of Sutter County were co-hosts of the seventh annual Judith Barr Fairbanks Essay Contest which was open to all fourth grade students in Sutter County. The contest was created to honor Judith Barr Fairbanks, a fourth grade teacher at King Avenue School, who believed very strongly in the importance of involving our children in local history. The award money for this year's winners was provided by the Walter Nock Scholarship Fund. We thank Margaret Spengler and Rich Garmire, trustees of this fund, for their support.

The topic of the essay was a "letter home" from the immigrant or emigrant who had arrived in the Sutter County area during the 1840s, '50s or '60s. The letter was to describe how the area looked or relate experiences since arriving here.

Amber Agapiades, Chelsea Sykes, Nicole Farley and Alisse Leal received their awards at the Society's Annual Dinner which was held in April. Following are their essays.



Amber Agapiades
First Place
Encinal School
Teacher: Mrs. Sims

July 8, 1842

Dear Mama and Papa,

The journey to my new home was very long, hard, and tiring. When we finally got to land after months at sea I then had to travel many weeks by covered wagon to get to my new home. The wagon trip was very hard. It was extremely rough land, very hot and dusty. Many of us had to walk by the wagons so the horses wouldn't get tired.

This land is very strange to me and different from our homeland. The people

here wear funny clothing. The men wear hats with large brims and dents in the top as well as pointy boots. Most women wear long skirts and bonnets. There are some women who dress very fancy with long frilly skirts and large hats with decorations on them. I have been learning to speak the language and am quite fluent. I do though find it very difficult to learn to read and write the language because nothing is written how it sounds or sounds as it is written. I will keep trying to get better and maybe someday I will be able to help new immigrants to learn also.

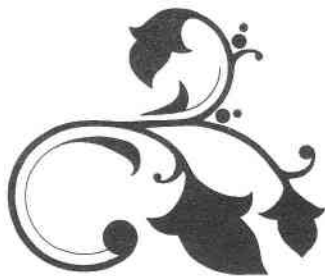
I was very lucky to find a family that was willing to let me stay in a room in their home in exchange for me doing the outdoor chores. I help out in the fields tilling the soil and planting corn. The family that has taken me in is very nice but

the mister is ill and that is why they needed someone to help with outdoor chores.

I must say I really miss Mama's cooking. The food here is nothing like home. There are lots of trees and beautiful rivers. I often sit by the stream to think and it reminds me of home and how much I miss you both. It is very hot here now. I worked for a while playing the piano in what they call a saloon. We don't have anything like this at home. It is a building where mostly men go and drink till they get drunk. It was very noisy and people were always fighting. On some occasions some people even got shot. I didn't work there for long as it was too scary. After I left the saloon I got a job as an apprentice for a blacksmith. We mostly shoe horses but also repair farm equipment. This is very hard work especially during the hot months but I am excited about learning this work and maybe someday I will be able to open my own shop and make enough money to bring you and Mama here to live with me.

Well Mama and Papa, I must close now as there are chores to be done before I run out of daylight. I will write soon. Take care and remember I love you both.

Love,
Amber



Chelsea Sykes
Second Place
Lincrest School
Teacher: Mrs. Kuster

Dear Mom,

I have made it from England to America. I have really missed you. It was hard coming over by myself. I felt scared, nervous and excited all at once. That is a very strange feeling. I wish you were here with me. Now I'll tell you the scary tale.

On April first, we left the harbor in England. It was a beautiful day. I thought the whole trip was going to be like that. Boy was I wrong. The very next day, a big gust of wind rocked the boat for hours. I turned green and threw up. The next two weeks we sailed through a big storm. I was kept under the deck so I wouldn't get thrown off the boat. Some water leaked through the deck planks when it was over come by waves. The rest of the trip was pretty good, except for the day we found high coral reef.

We landed at Virginia March fifth. I took what I had and was on deck in no time. Two families were in front of me. That made me think of you. I traded one of my books to get enough money to buy a wagon and an ox. The wagon was in excellent condition and the ox was friendly.

I put my personal belongings in the wagon. I started on my way. The next day I was out of Virginia and passing through what seemed a prairie. After three months I came across an Indian tribe in California. They were the Hupas. They traded me two of their baskets for two of

my cooking pans. I showed them how to use the pans and they showed me how to use the baskets. The baskets were beautiful and useful. After a week, with my wagon full of food, I went to Sutter County where the Gold Rush had begun.

The next day I put a dress on and went to the river bed. On the shore, I pushed a few rocks away. There it was, a gold nugget about the size of my fist. The rest of the day I found ten gold nuggets. That was enough money to buy five hundred acres of land. The next two weeks I found fifty small gold nuggets. Hopefully, I'll have enough for you, Dad and the boys to come over from England. Many were not as lucky as me. My landscape has green trees and everything else is mainly brown. My landscape is green because I have a lot more water to water vegetation and trees. So I let other people take water from my land. In the spring everything is green and colorful. I don't know what fall or winter is like yet. I have enjoyed the ending of spring and starting of summer. The days keep getting longer and hotter.

The valley is very flat. In a distance, I can see a small mountain range. Some day I wish to explore the mountain range that I see in my window. Sutter County does not remind me of home. England was always greener and wetter. I can easily plant flowers here. The dirt is nice and soft, just like England.

I love you and hopefully I will have enough money for your passage.

Love you always,
Your Daughter



Nicole Farley
Third Place
April Lane School
Teacher: Mr. Rosecrantz

July 14, 1850

Dear Mom, Dad, and Maggie,

Hi. How are you doing? I am doing fine! I have arrived in California safely. I would like to tell you about my journey from Boston to California.

It was a very long and hard journey. I was able to secure boat passage from Boston to the Panama Isthmus. There were many people like me on the boat heading to California to find their riches in gold. There was a thief on the boat, everybody's things were being stolen! It took some time to find out who the thief was. Once we found out who it was, we took our things out of his pockets and his room, then he was thrown overboard! After that it made anyone who wanted to steal not want to anymore. There were three other people in my room with me, they got a very bad and common disease called cholera. I almost got the disease with three people in my room but I got better. After they died I was all alone. I was very sad and lonely without my friends. I was in such a big room without anyone to talk to at night. It was so boring because I was all alone in such a big room.

When I got to San Francisco, I was shocked to find the cost of a shovel was \$15.00, when in Boston the price was \$3.00. I bought my other supplies and headed for Sutter's Fort on a boat up the river. Then I heard of a gold strike in Red

Dog on the Bear River. I packed up and headed for Red Dog. I had to go through Grass Valley, where they had brought in miners from Cornwall, England to mine underground because all the placer gold was gone in this area. While I was looking for a place to stake my claim I met two other girls and their names were Chandra and Jessica. I asked them if they wanted to be my partners and they said yes that they would be my partners!

We gathered our supplies and went to find a place to stake our claim. After one week of looking, we finally found a good location. When we staked our claim, we found it in a place called Hangtown. I will tell you about that a little later. We didn't know how to mine so we hired a guide to help us. After that we got to work right away. At first we didn't have very good luck on finding any gold. After about two to three weeks we were very tired and dirty. So we went into town and you would not believe the prices. It was \$10.00 for one room and it was \$9.00 for a bath. That makes \$27.00 for all three of us girls to take a bath.

Well, I told you I would tell you about Hangtown. We figured out why they call it Hangtown. It is because they hang people in this town. It sounds scary but is pretty cool unless you're the person being hung! We thought it was pretty cool watching people get hung. When you are staying or living in Hangtown, someone would come and tell you that there was going to be a hanging. You have to go and watch the people be hung or you will be hung. One time we didn't want to go, so we almost got hung. But we got out of it by saying, "O.K. we will go and watch that person that is going to be

hung!" The reason why they hang so many people is because they have no law. When someone does something wrong, it does not matter what they did, they would take them in a saloon and if they thought that they were guilty, they would hang them. No matter what the crime was. For example, a long time ago there was a man that stole a few apples for his wife and child. He got caught stealing, and then he was hung. Don't worry I am ok. Well good-bye. I love you very much!

From Your Daughter



Alisse Leal
Fourth Place
Winship School
Teacher: Mr. Reusser

Dear Ma and Pa,

I am doing fine in California. John, my husband, has been chopping trees to finish our cabin. Meanwhile, we are living in a tent made of sticks, deerskin, and various things.

I have two kids, Hanna and Tim. Tim is six years old and Hanna is five years old. They love to go and play on the nice green hills by the nice blue river. Now that it's summer they like to play in the river.

Winter is the hardest season for us because all the plants die. So, in the Summer and Fall we have to gather supplies for winter, make warm clothing for us to wear, and make warm blankets as well. Our easiest season is Summer, because everything around us is green and

ripe.

We have three chickens. Their names are Tom, Lisa and Sammy. We also have one cat named Speckle and one dog named Spot. All together there are nine of us, and we live happy. We have a lot of fun playing with Hanna and Tim. When we don't have enough time, they play with the animals. There was one event that I will never forget. It all started when we had just come to California. We were looking for a place to settle and right across a river, where we now live was a

nice flat grassy plain. We thought the river was not deep, so we went across and got stuck half way through. When the horses got scared, they did not move. So John got out and walked the horses across to the other side. We almost lost Sammy, but Tim got her on time! I was glad we were safe.

I taught Hanna how to keep house, while Tim watches his Pa work at the sawmill.

Your daughter

P.S. I'll write back soon!



From the Writings of Richard Ford Platt

Dec 24th 1849

We left Hangtown early in the morning. . . .

The day after Christmas Matsler went back to the mines and I remained to look after the cattle. We had been boarding at Mr. Clark at \$1.00 a meal and \$1.00 for the privilege of sleeping in the house on the floor and furnished our own blankets and some nights the house was full and the floor was crowded with miners going to and returning from the mines and as a matter of course I got lice on me and when I found them on my clothes it made me sick to think of them. They were the first I ever saw. I had no change of clothes and I was at a loss what to do. Then I thought I'd drown the nasty things. Accordingly I went to the creek, stripped off all my clothes and sunk them under water, put stones on them to hold them down and left them long enough to drown anything as I thought. Then I wrung out my clothes as dry as I could and put them on and went on after my cattle. The day was warm and pleasant and my clothes dried on me but the next day I was taken sick -- had an awful cold and some fever. I remained a week when a young man from our camp came along and persuaded me to accompany him to camp. My bill was \$52 and as I was only there ten days it was outrageous even for the days of 49.

That's Entertainment

Harry Barr: There were a lot of organizations in Meridian when we first came here. The Methodist Church had three groups; there was the Farm Bureau and Odd Fellows and Lions Club. There was a community picnic and ball game at the end of the school year. The stores and the post office closed and everyone came. The church had a Thanksgiving dinner and bazar. There was the Meridian Mudhens baseball team; the name was carried on by the Little League team.

Mary Barr: We were involved in folk dancing and square dancing. The Women's Club had two or three branches and there was the Rebekah's. This was the most organized little town I ever saw.

Grover Davis: Meridian Grammar School had a baseball team when I was there. I remember the Farm Bureau track meet at Dow Grove. Dances were held in the Odd Fellow's Hall in Meridian. There were plays and minstrel shows at the grammar school; it seems like everyone in town was in those. C.P. James and Carl Brown showed movies; Clarice Wood played the piano at the silent movies. The freight elevator at the Northern Electric station had about a fifteen foot drop from the tracks to the station; C.P. James let us ride up and down on that. Kitty James ran the Lone Palm; it was a lunch counter and ice cream place. When they moved to a large building, you could go there and play pool. It was a great place for the kids to go.

Ann Dietrich: I grew up in New England with two older brothers, two younger brothers and a younger sister. I was a tomboy who liked to climb trees; I had to keep up with my older brothers. I came to this area in 1936 because of the availability of work. My first date with the man who became my husband was in 1941. We were going to the movie in Sacramento when Sacramento had a black-out and all the cars had to pull off to the side of the road and stop; it was eerie. After we were married, we spent a lot of time boating at Lake Francis.

Kenny Engasser: We'd pool our money for gasoline and a carload of us would go to Sutter; we always had eight in the car. We took girls up to the dance, but they never came home with us. Three of the four girls married fellows they saw at the dances; Regina May married Cliff Stewart and Bernice May married Everett Lemenager. If you got to the Wintergarden before 9:00 p.m., you got in for 25 or 50 cents. We always made a point to get there before 9:00. In the Wintergarden, you danced uphill and then you went downhill; you'd get up to the peak and then you went down. Mrs. Stripe's orchestra played. She had about six daughters and I think that was one reason there were always a lot of single young guys there; they came to see her daughters. I remember occasionally we would stop in Yuba City and buy a little gin or vodka; we'd have a gallon jug and put it in the jug and add maybe three quarts of Tom Collins mix. We'd buy 10-

cents worth of ice and put the ice in the jug and we'd have our refreshments. We'd leave Sutter at 2:00 a.m. and stop at Hoyt's Donut Shop for coffee and donuts and get home about time to milk cows at four or five in the morning. If you had five dollars then, boy you had a lot of friends.

Esther Fortna Forsythe: I attended a Native Daughter's meeting at the Marysville Auditorium the same night a wrestling match was taking place. Gorgeous George was one of the wrestlers; I got his autograph and one of his hair pins which I still have. It's a big bobbie pin about two inches long. It cost about \$20 to see the wrestling match or I probably would have skipped the meeting.

Fayne McPherrin: I grew up in the Buttes. My brother, Calvert, and I collected rattlesnake rattles. At one time we had three one-gallon jars full of them. In the meadow up at the sheep camp, there were tamarack trees that grew over sixty feet tall. We'd climb to the top of them and get them swinging from side to side; you could get them to go all the way over and touch the ground.

Jane McPherrin: I grew up in Live Oak. During the summer, before the prune harvest, my brother (Leonard Berry) and I would take the old row boat and a picnic lunch and be gone all day. We would eat and swim. My mother never seemed to think a thing about it. If my kids had done that, I'd have been worried sick.

Jim McElroy: I remember the "street shows." They even had commercials. The

guy would come to town and go to the barber shop and take pictures of the people there getting shaves in the chair. He'd go all over town taking pictures and the businesses would pay him and he would show the pictures on the screen as advertising for the local people. It helped pay for the show.

Marian Channon McElroy: When I was little, my friends and I played with dolls and had tea parties. We used to go over to the school grounds. They had some playground equipment there like rings and bars and we played on those. That was the grammar school yard where King's Market and Dowd's furniture store are now. After I was married, we went to movies and stage plays at the theater at the end of D Street in Marysville. We went to a lot of baseball games. Independence Hall in Live Oak had a stage in it and they used to have town plays there; it was the skating rink and dance hall and sometimes they had movies there. When my children were kids, there were street shows. They'd put up a screen in the street and everybody brought chairs and benches and cushions or sat on the street. A lot of people took the seats out of their automobiles and sat on those.

Jim Rickert: Tarke Warehouse sponsored the Meridian basketball teams. Our sweatshirts were a vivid orange; we got some pretty good kidding about those darn orange uniforms. In 1948 the entire team was from Meridian; Matt Phillips was the manager. Barney Reische asked if I would get a team together. Gary Phillips, Ed and George Wood, Ed Nall, Jack and

Bill Hankins, Pete Lemos, Barney Reische, my brother Duke and I played. In 1952 we played 32 games and lost one. We played at the Sutter High School gym. It was like a box, but it was adequate. One time we were playing a team from Sacramento at Sutter. The score was tied at the end of the game and as I took a shot, the lights went out. We never knew whether the ball went in or not; I always said it did, but the rest of them said it didn't. The game ended in a tie. The lights didn't come back on and we had to find our clothes and get dressed in the dark; somebody had some matches and that helped. One league game at Wheatland, in the warm-up, the rim got broken off the backboard. They had to rustle up a blacksmith and he came over and welded the rim back on and we played the game. Colusa had the Fusaro twins playing for them. Coming home after one game my wife, Eva, said "You know, that Italian boy was just all over the place out there playing basketball." And I said, "Well, Eva, there were twins out there; there's two boys out there, no wonder they were all over the floor."

Harold Rohleder: For entertainment, we would go to people's houses and play pinochle. In 1953 we started the "Young People's" Farm Bureau for young married couples. We would meet all over the county in schools or community buildings or homes. One time we had a potluck and everyone brought beans.

Faye Schieber: Nicolaus had the old Bridge House which should have been saved as an historic building. There were card games there every day and night. I

met my husband, Les, at a dance at Hermann Son's Hall in Nicolaus; it is a Swiss lodge and they had a lot of dances.

Gene Taresh: My folks would take us to the movies when I was a little tiny girl. I've seen characters all the way from the '20s. I guess Jimmy Stewart is my favorite actor. After we'd met, Jim talked up skiing. He got us all enthused about going skiing. He had a friend who would furnish the car and Katherine Schnell and I furnished the lunches. We went skiing every weekend that first year. Soda Springs had ski lifts, but Sugar Bowl had no lifts and you had to climb the mountain to ski. When I started teaching at East Nicolaus High School, I had to take dance lessons because they told me I would be expected to go to the dances at the high school.

Burwell Ullrey: We lived at West Butte until I was in the seventh grade. If there wasn't any work we had to do on the ranch, my brother (Leigh) and I would walk the rock wall fences with our slingshots and kill rattlesnakes. That was our pastime. We'd go to church in Meridian on Sunday and afterwards we'd gather up the discarded ball bearings from behind the blacksmith shop in Meridian. That's what we used to kill birds and rattlesnakes.

John O. Winship: When we were kids, we'd go to the Smith Theater on Plumas Street in Yuba City to watch the serials. It cost about a dime to go to the show. When you came out, if someone had taken your bike, you'd just take someone else's.

The mosquitoes were so bad

during the summer that everyone had a screen house or a screened porch and people would sit out there to visit. There was no air conditioning in the houses. I remember on Tuesday evenings watching the ladies in the neighborhood walk to the Eastern Star meetings all dressed up. By the time they walked home, their feet hurt and they were barefoot.

In the 30s, we'd park on Plumas Street and watch the people walk by until 8:30 when we'd go get a three-scoop orange ice cream cone that cost a nickel. When I was in high school, the place was owned and run by Mrs. Schwartz. It was located where the old Strawberry Lane was on Plumas Street.



Marlins Guests of Movie Star

While in Hollywood Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Marlin were the guests of James Stewart, the movie star. Stewart entertained the Marlins for an entire afternoon on a stage setting where Stewart is playing opposite Carole Lombard in their new picture, "They Were Made for Each Other."

Stewart personally conducted the Marlins through the studio, and between his acts on the stage, entertained them with refreshments.

The scene that was being shot was in a New York night club on New Year's Eve. It was a gay affair with 150 extras on the stage, all dressed up in gay New Year's costumes, with plenty of confetti and serpentine and everything that goes with a gay New Year's party. The Marlins say it was the thrill of their trip.

James Stewart's father and Mr. Marlin were reared together in Indiana, Pennsylvania, and are great friends.

Stewart is now making his seventh picture of the year.

The Meridian Index - 6 October 1938 - pg. 1

[Ed. note: Mr. Marlin was the bridge tender at Meridian]



Youthful Pastimes

by

Hardy McFarland

We moved to Sutter when I was in the second grade and I can count on my hands the boys who were in my class -- Donald Kemp, Al Ziegenmeyer, Lamar Stephenson, Jimmy Murphy. As soon as school got out, off came the shoes and we ran around barefoot all summer.

As kids, we did a lot of fishing. We'd go to the dam on Wadsworth Canal and fish for black bass and catfish. Once in a while we'd go to the by-pass to fish. We'd throw rocks in the water and scare the carp and mudhens; we rarely caught anything.

We also went swimming in Wadsworth Canal and at Farrington's. I guess there were no restrictions put on us; we would walk or ride our bikes and lots of times there were no chaperons. Charlie "Oat" Hill used to hang out a lot at Tub and Alice Perry's house. He didn't have a car, but we'd talk Oat into going to Fred Briggs' garage and borrow Fred's old wrecker. All of us kids would climb on that thing and he'd take us swimming for a while and then bring us back and drop us off and return the wrecker. Later on he had a big old car with no top on it, we called it an old green tub, and he'd make the rounds once in a while and pick a bunch of us up and take us out swimming and then bring us back. If we could find Oat, he'd take us swimming. We used to go swimming a lot with Darwin "Zeke" McPherrin too. We used to hunt birds in town with our slingshots. We used rocks for

ammunition. Stanley Putman, Brud Perry, Lamar and Robert Stephenson, Leo Todd and I used to do that. We never went hunting out of town.

We rode our bicycles all over. Once in a while we'd ride to Marysville and we thought we were really making a long trip.

I remember when they put in the lights at the softball field at Brittan School so they could have ball games at night. They played at least once a week. They had a woman's league which was kind of small and several men's teams. The Native Sons had a team and so did Hi-and-Dry Warehouse. It was quite a social thing. We always went to the games although we really didn't watch the baseball games, we just went to run around barefoot. Bill and Don Burtis had little carts and they sold ice cream bars out of them. Their dad, Fud, would bring the ice cream bars packed in dry ice when he came home from work on game nights and Bill and Don would make the rounds back and forth selling them. We used to kind of hang around with them, but we never got a free one; it was strictly business.

When we graduated from the eighth grade, Idella Briggs took her son, Jimmy, and two or three of us guys over to Mama's Place in Marysville for a Chinese dinner. That was a big deal for us when we graduated.

I always liked cars. When I was about 13 years old, my dad gave me a Model A Ford. I was too young to have a

driver's license. My dad was working for the Navy at Mare Island and my mother took Jordie Epperson and me down to Vallejo to pick it up. Jordie had a driver's license and drove it back to Sutter for me where we parked it in my grandparents' orchard. I was probably a freshman in high school and was running around Sutter in the car and got a citation for not having a license and I had to park it until I was old enough to drive it.

My first year in high school they had sports and then the war came along and there were no competition sports between schools because they weren't allowed to take the buses for things like that. We had what we called the Decathlon at school. There were events like the 100-yard dash and the mile race and the rope climb and chin-ups and sit-ups and high jumps. Each event had a series of points. The person at the end of the year with the most points won. The first year they had it, I came in second place. Bunky Cloninger came in first. He was real tall and thin; I was a little short guy and I couldn't jump any ways near as high as Bunk. He was also a better basketball player than I was and that's the reason he beat me.

The Decathlon and chase girls is what we did in high school. It seemed like all the guys lived in Sutter and all the girls lived in Meridian. On Friday nights we'd go to the show with our girlfriends, Saturday nights the boys went out, Sunday nights we usually took the girls to the show again and on Wednesday nights everybody always went to Meridian to see their girlfriends. We all had steady girlfriends; I don't know if that's the way it would have been if it hadn't been for the

war. The war changed people. We grew up faster or thought we had to do more adult-type things. The kids I ran around with, we were very close; we were all true to our girlfriends. Other than the school dances and carnival, our dates were almost exclusively to the State Theater. We sat in the loges in a specific spot where the Sutter kids would sit. We never messed around in town at all because Marysville at that time was completely over-run with soldiers from Camp Beale. For us young kids with the nice-looking girls to think about going over on D Street and just walking around, that was tabu. Personally, I felt I didn't want to go in there and have a nice looking young girl with me as a civilian and here's this soldier a thousand miles away from home and not knowing if he's ever going to get home; I didn't think that was right.

Zeke and Bunk and some of the other guys and I would sometimes go in and shoot pool at the Brunswick. It was open 24-hours a day for a while. They had a check-cashing place in the very front where they would cash paychecks for the cents. If it was \$45.17, they'd keep the 17-cents. I guess they made a bundle of money because people were lined up there at night; the banks were closed. I often wondered how much money they had to have stashed away in there to cash those checks.

Every time we went to town, we got our shoes shined. We spent a lot more money on having our shoes shined than what the shoes cost, but it was the thing to do.

There were lots of night clubs on D Street. On Saturday night, that place was really rockin' around. There were floor

shows; they had it where one floor show would stop and another one would open across the street and everyone would clear out and go over there and have a drink. Zeke was old enough to go into the clubs; they'd let you come in and sit down even though you didn't buy a drink, but you were supposed to be 21. They didn't pay that close attention. You could walk up and down the streets and look in the places anyway.

We weren't a rowdy bunch; outside of driving our cars around a little too fast, we didn't get in any trouble. Maybe at Halloween we'd go out and tip somebody's outhouse over or find a buggy or a gate and put it up on top of the high school gym roof, but there was no property damage and nobody was hurt.

I remember Scotty McLean's "Bug House." It was a pool hall and I remember when they had slot machines in there for a short time. Later they had pinball machines. Next door was Pic Paxton's barber shop. Pic was not only the town's barber and constable, he was kind of the kids' town doctor. When we went swimming in the canal and got a scratch, the water was so infected with everything you'd end up with impetigo and have sores all over you. If you went down the sidewalk and Pic was out there, he'd catch you and whip you into the barber shop and put this salve on you. Can you imagine in today's world having your kid somewhere and this strange person saying, "Come here, I want to put this salve on you." There'd be a law suit.

Next door to the barber shop was the Wintergarden. They had dances on Saturday night with a band. At midnight they quit dancing and they'd have dinner

in the back. I was too small to go there, but I would go over there and look around and play outside. Later on they had the Moon dance hall and there was another one at the south end of Sutter. Sutter supported three dances at one time. People would go to one dance and then go back and forth. The Wintergarden later turned into a skating rink. It burned about 1946. I had gone to bed and woke up and the whole side of my room was just glowing; it scared the heck out of me.

We used to go out once in a while and watch the National Guard. I don't know how we'd find out about it, but they used to go out behind Clarence Joseph's place and practice with their machine guns and rifles. We'd watch them shoot and then pick up the empty shells that were all over the place. I don't know what we did with them, but that seemed to be an attraction of some kind.

The Native Daughters or Native Sons had Easter egg hunts. They hid eggs in the grass for us kids to find. Once in a while Idella Briggs would take us in to Yuba City to the Easter egg hunt. That was a big deal.

On the 4th of July, Fred Briggs and Scotty McLean would get together and have fireworks for us kids. They would put on quite a display. I guess all kinds of fireworks were legal then because Bill and Don Burtis and some of the other kids and I would send away for firecrackers months ahead of the 4th of July. We would shoot them off all over town; some of the merchants were pretty unhappy with us.

About a month before Christmas, people would decorate their houses and trees. My grandpa and grandma and I would ride into town and look at the

Christmas tree lights. That was always a big thing.

We used to build model airplanes. Bill and Don Burtis, Jordie Epperson, Jimmy Briggs and I would build gliders, rubber-band powered ones. We would spend hours and hours building those things. Fud built Bill and Don a special room in the pumphouse where they built theirs; Jordie had his room and I had a spot at my grandpa's place. We bought the kits from George Nakamura's grocery store in Marysville. You'd spend hours and hours building them and take them out and fly them and — crash. We usually flew them at the Brittan School baseball field. We would try to time them, but if one of them flew for 15 seconds or so, that was quite a long time.

We also built little wagons; they were really sad. We had lumber, but we didn't have very good axles or wheels or anything. We'd tow them by hand up in the pass to some of those nice rounded hills in the Buttes. If things would hang together long enough to get them clear to the Buttes and up on top of a knoll and got started down, it was very rare you ever got to the bottom. Either the front end broke off or the wheels flew off or you fell off or you tipped over or something happened to it and you got banged up pretty good. We spent hours doing that.

There was a guy who came through Sutter about twice a year in the

summertime and showed free movies. He'd go to the merchants in town and get a little donation and he would mention the names of the merchants who gave a donation. He would set up the movie projector in the vacant lot at Lundby's service station. People would bring chairs or stand and watch the movie. Us kids would sit on the ground or we'd run around; we really weren't paying attention to the movie. It was hot.

My mother and my Aunt Gail worked for my uncle, Steve Hust, in his photography shop in Marysville. They would drive in to work every day and sometimes I would take the Northern Electric train to Marysville in the afternoon. It cost 15-cents to go from Sutter to Marysville. Sometimes Jordie Epperson would go with me and we would go to the movie at the State Theater in Marysville. The Sandwich Inn was on Fifth Street almost at the corner of D Street; they had chili beans for 15-cents and hamburgers for 5-cents and 10-cents. That's where we'd go after the show. The Quality Spot had the biggest milkshakes for ten-cents; they were humongous. Later on they opened the Toot-N-Tell-'Em drive-in on Bridge Street in Yuba City. I thought that was really living high. You'd drive in there and order hamburgers and they would bring them right out and you ate them in your car.



Andy's Drive-In

by

Sandy Palmer

In August of 1951, I applied for work at Andy's Drive-In. I was hired and fitted for a uniform and went to work the next night and worked there for five years. If I did something with friends when I wasn't working, we went to Andy's. After I went to work for Anchor Motors, I went to Andy's for coffee. The people I worked with and the people I met through working at Andy's became my friends.

Our uniforms looked like Marine uniforms. We had blue slacks with a red stripe down the side, white blouses, white shoes and billed caps with "Andy's" across the top. In the wintertime we had red sweaters that zipped up to the ribcage. We also had clear plastic jackets that came just to the bottom of the hips. It would be rainy and windy and you'd go out the door and be blown halfway across the parking lot and the stuff would blow off the trays.

Andy Swensen had about three or four drive-ins in Oakland, one in Chico and the one in Yuba City. The Yuba City Andy's was opened in 1947 and located at the northwest corner of Plumas Street and Colusa Highway. The eating area inside had blue glass almost down to the floor. The counter was an oval shape. There were ten stools around the curved counter. There were three booths on each side and two big round booths close to the kitchen. The restaurant was open 24-hours a day.

I was hired to be a carhop and I loved it. I wasn't much older than the kids

who were coming in there. The kids would cruise around the drive-in to see whose car was there. It was the place to go after school or a movie or a dance. They felt it was their place too.

The parking was on the sides and in front; it was just one big parking place and sometimes they'd park four deep. The cars would pull in and leave their lights on until you took their order and then they would turn the lights off. When they finished eating, they turned the headlights on again to let you know they were through. There were heavy cardboard numbers; you'd lay the number on the car window and write the corresponding number on the order. That's how you knew which order went where. One night there were so many people out there that I ran out of numbers so I started sticking the menus on the windshields to let the other gals know the car was taken. One of the car hops really chewed me out, "I went to wait on all those cars and every one of 'em had one of your menus on it. Don't you ever do that again." We had sections and a certain amount of numbers, but if nobody was waiting on other cars, you did it. There were two car hops on week nights and three or four on Fridays and Saturdays, depending on what was going on at the school. Prom night and after big dances at the high school, it was always four car hops. Rarely did we have two waitresses inside. It was built like a big horseshoe

with islands in the middle where the pies and things were displayed; one good waitress could handle it.

It wasn't hard to learn to hook the trays on the car windows because I would only carry one at a time. One day my boss said, "Sandy, you're going to have to learn to carry two trays." He showed me how to do it. I got them in my hands and carried them to the car, but hooking them on was another story. I finally learned how to do it but until I got it down pretty good, they'd only have half a cup of coffee. We also had the trays that went inside the car so you could have the car window rolled up. Those trays had a hook that went down between the window and the car door and the tray would sit right there in their lap. Some of those guys from Beale and some of the other kids would come in so hungry and tired. They'd order a hot turkey sandwich or something like that and after quite a while I'd wonder why they didn't turn on their lights for me to come pick up the tray. I'd go out there to check and they'd be asleep with their nose in the gravy.

The kids who ate outside in the cars ordered hamburgers and french fries and a coke. We had cherry coke, chocolate coke and lemon coke. Hamburgers were 25-cents each. A hot turkey sandwich or bacon and eggs or anything like that cost \$1.95. Coffee was 10-cents and refills were a nickel. Donuts were 15-cents so you could get a cup of coffee and a donut for 25-cents, plus a penny tax. Milkshakes and sodas were 25-cents. Banana splits were 50-cents.

Andy's wasn't just for teenagers. I think Vada's Motel was the only motel in town and travelers who stopped there

came into the restaurant to eat.

Harry Farnsworth was the main cook while I worked there. He was always happy. He made all the pies and worked the morning shift from 4:00 a.m. to noon. The shifts for the other staff was from 6:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m., from 2:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. and from 10:00 p.m. to 6:00 a.m. The car hops stopped at 2:00 a.m. but the inside restaurant was open 24-hours a day.

I was a car hop for about two years and then the boss moved me inside as a waitress. The tips were better inside because more adults ate inside and they tipped better. After being a waitress for two years, I was promoted to "fountain girl" where I handled the money. The money had to be paid when the order went in to the cook. If the waitress or car hop didn't collect the money from the customer, they were out that amount. At the beginning of the shift, the car hops and waitresses would each get \$25 from the register and leave an I.O.U. At the end of the shift, the \$25 had to be paid back. What the person had left over were the tips. I also made up the menus, made all the drinks and put the orders up for the cook. I was promoted to manager when Bob Clark, the manager when I went to work there, was made regional manager.

One night someone called in an order for twenty-five hamburgers to go. It was a joke; no one came to pick up the order. At that time, the house where Casa de Esperanza is located was a home for abused or abandoned children. I called over there and asked and they said, yes, they'd love to have them so I loaded them in my car and took them over to the kids.

The kitchen was cleaned during the

slow hours in the early morning, but each car hop or waitress was responsible for cleaning their station before their shift ended so the next one coming on would have a clean station. Even the bar towels had to be bleached out and clean and ready for the next shift. There was always a bum coming through who wanted a meal so we'd have them clean up the parking lot in return for food. Otherwise, the dishwasher would go out and pick up the trash in the parking lot.

Shan's was a fast food restaurant located where the 7-Eleven is at the southeast corner of Bridge and Plumas Streets. They had a radio program where you could call in and dedicate songs to people. One night I had a song dedicated to me from all the boys at Beale who used to come to Andy's. It was "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." Every kid in the parking lot rolled down their windows and turned up their radios. The Beale boys came in all the time and towards the end of the month, they would be broke. We would treat them so they could keep coming in; they couldn't just sit there with a glass of water. We'd buy their cokes or hamburger or whatever out of our tips and then when they'd get paid the first of the month, they more than made up for what we had given them. I had an old Model A. You had to turn the steering wheel clear around before the tires would move. The guys would have to wait for a ride into town and I didn't need the car. At that time it cost \$1 to transfer the pink slip on a vehicle so I said, "If you want it, give me a dollar." My brother was angry; he said if he knew I was going to give it away, he'd have taken it. I could hardly drive the car and they were thrilled with it.

That's when they dedicated the song.

There was a bathroom outside in the parking lot and someone blew it up. They put something in the toilet or whatever and just blew it to smithereens. They never caught the person who did it. It really made Andy and the regional manager mad. Ed Monahan owned the service station that was right on the corner there and Andy's had to pay him to use the service station restrooms after that.

We didn't have any problem with people drinking and coming in causing trouble. If they came in and were drinking, we wouldn't serve them. We wouldn't tolerate any filth either. We just 86-ed them. We wouldn't wait on them any more; they could just sit there all night. If they came back the next night or the week after, we wouldn't wait on them then either. We just wouldn't tolerate it. The kids weren't angels, but they weren't bad kids. Of course, there were those car hops that the first time a good-looking car came by, they jumped in and we didn't see them again. We lost a few that way; they didn't care what the guy looked like, but it was a beautiful car.

I lived on the other side of the river in 1950 and got flooded and lost everything. Christmas Eve morning of 1955, I packed my car with the Christmas presents, blankets and warm clothes and went to work. Everybody laughed at me and made fun of me. I said, "It's going to break someplace and I'm not going to be here." Andy was up from the Bay Area and I told him, "You'd better pull the plugs on those french fryers because I'm not staying around." He said, "If you leave, you're fired." He said they were going to stay open; I said, "I'm leaving" and I did.

Three days later we got back to town and I still had my job. No water got inside the building, but it floated a telephone pole up to the front door.

Andy Swensen also owned Zip's restaurant in Marysville; I helped open that restaurant while I was managing Andy's. A girl from Oakland and I worked 12-hour shifts for six weeks until we got the other girls trained. Zip's was on the corner of 9th and E Streets and was later

called Hy's. It's gone now too.

After Andy became sick, he sold the restaurants. The one in Yuba City was bought by Ben McDonald in 1956. He discontinued the car hopping and added two rooms on the back. He took out the counter in front and made kind of a dance floor there. I had remarried and wanted to get on with my life so I left Andy's and went to work at Anchor Motors.



Clown Teams Play

Known as Coats Kadoodlers and the Yuba Ramblers two clown quintets composed of local youths and coached by former Yuba Junior College cagers will give an exhibition preliminary to the Yuba 49ers versus Stockton JC's Casava fray tomorrow night at Knight Park.

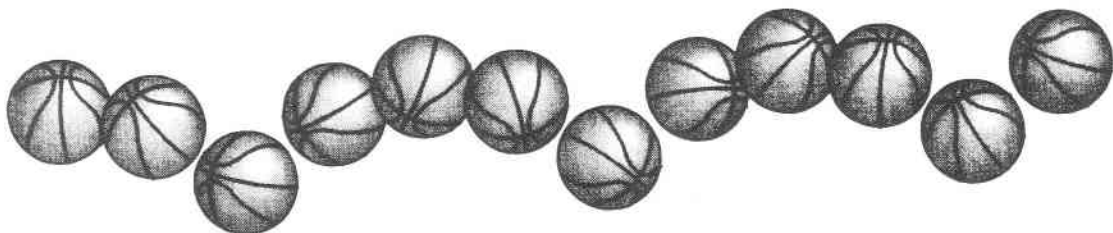
A preview of the two exhibition squads disclosed the regular basketball garb will be discarded in favor of plush pajamas and old fashioned night shirts. Glen Coats is the manager, coach, and leader of the Kadoodlers; while Jim Schnabel is the head man of the Ramblers.

Matched mainly to give the spectators some entertainment before the main event, the Kadoodlers and the Ramblers will, undoubtedly, provide plenty of comedy for most of the players are football men or non-athletes.

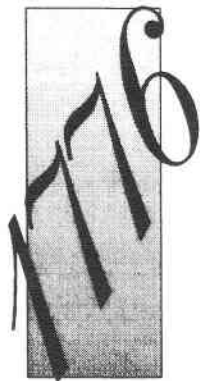
Members of the Kadoodlers squad are Glen Coats, Robert Coats, Joe McAuliffe, Bill McMullan, Merle "Buck" Car, Bill Wilson and Elmo Harvey.

Coach Schnabel reports that his outfit is composed of Jess Simmons, Leo Smith, Dub Shipley, Beach Howard, Bill Burroughs, Elton McDaniels and Jim Schnabel.

Appeal Democrat - 21 May 1939 (pg 8)



Kid's Page



HIDDEN WORDS

ALISSE
DANCES
HARDY
PLAY
SUTTER

AMBER
ENJOY
MOVIES
RATTLESNAKE
SWIMMING

ANDY
ENTERTAINMENT
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THEATER

CARHOP
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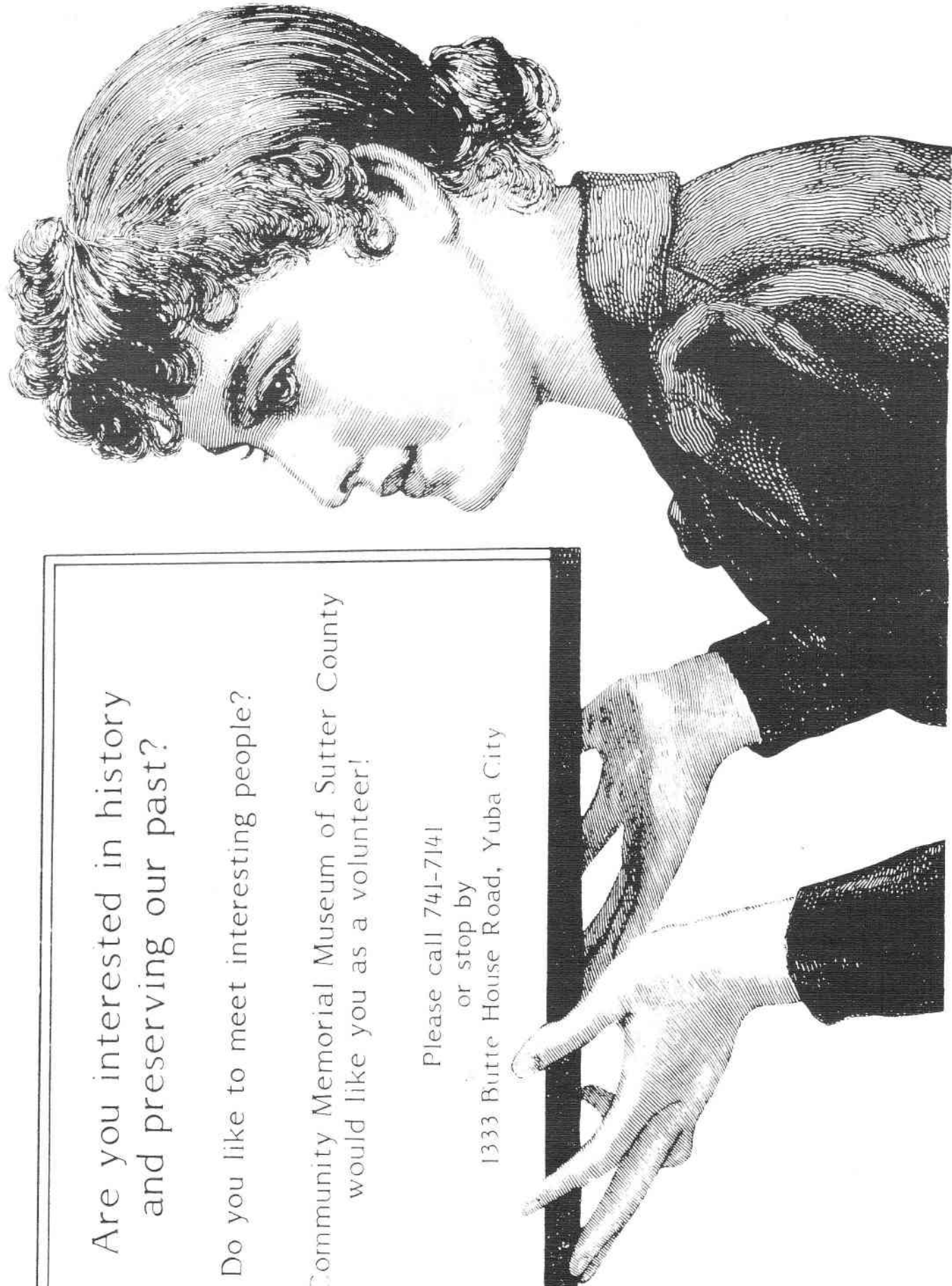
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Do you like to meet interesting people?

The Community Memorial Museum of Sutter County
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Please call 741-7141
or stop by

1333 Butte House Road, Yuba City



COMING EVENTS

July

- 4 **Independence Day**
- 15 **Sutter County Historical Society Potluck in the Park**
Howard Harter Memorial park - 6:30 p.m.
Program: Kevin Putman
- 15 *Mormon Sesquicentennial Exhibit - Opens*
- 19 *"Remembering Ol' Highway 99" 11:00 a.m.-3:00 p.m.*
Antique & Classic Car & Truck Rally
Sutter County Library Parking Lot
Memorabilia, Music & Movies, Refreshments
- 22 & 24 **Children's Summer Program at the Museum 1:30-3:30 p.m.**
Theme: Traveling West in a Covered Wagon
Hear stories & Build a covered wagon from a kit
\$6.00 charge towards cost of materials
Reservations required - 822-7141

Mary Aaron Museum - Summer Exhibit: 1865-1955 Women's Clothing

August

- 10 *Mormon Sesquicentennial Exhibit - Closes*
- 23 *Photography and the Old West - Exhibit Opens*
A CERA Traveling Exhibit of Old West photographs

September

- 1 **Nicolaus Labor Day Parade**
- 13 & 14 **Prune Festival**

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