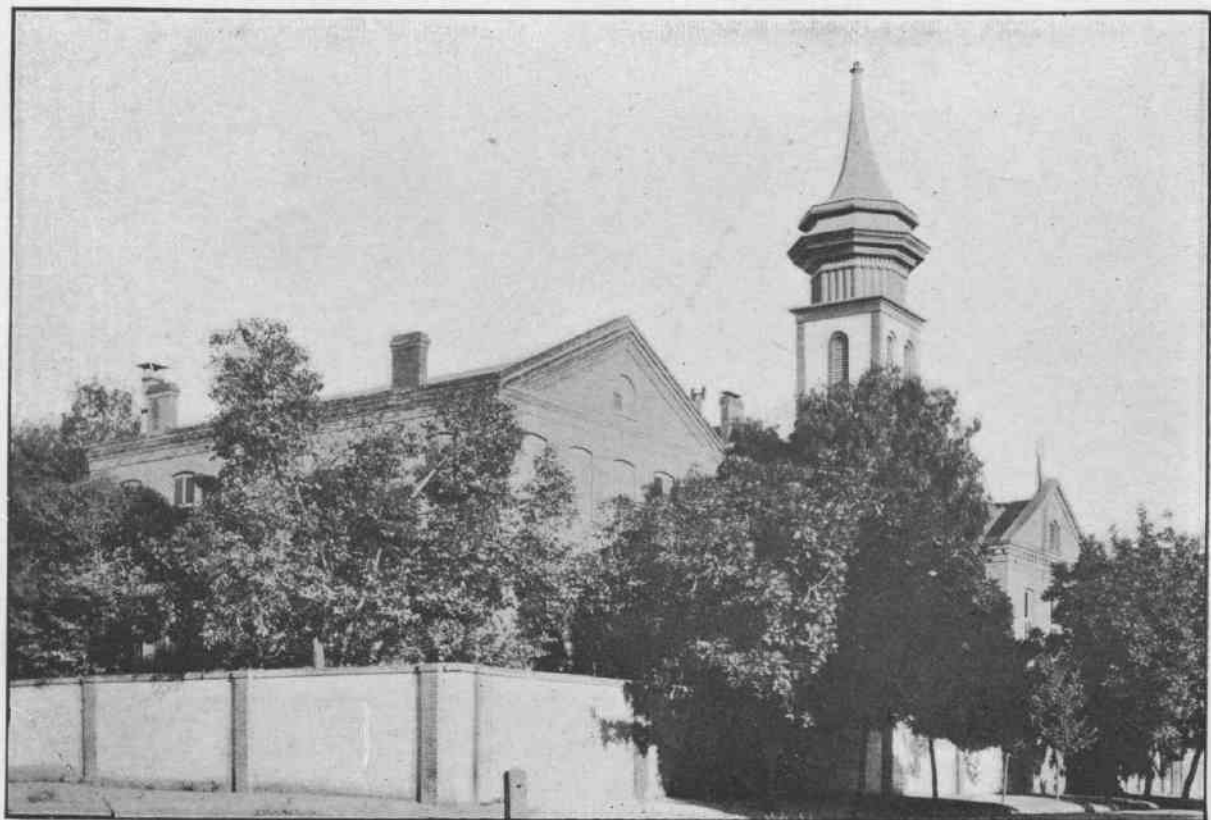




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Yuba City, California

January 2015



COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME.

Photo courtesy of Community Memorial Museum



OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

Sarah Pryor, President

Phyllis Smith, Secretary/Treasurer

DIRECTORS

Joe Bouchard - 2009*

Steve Perry - 1994

Constance Cary - 1987

Sarah Pryor - 2008

Kim Cupples - 2014

Leona Pennington - 2006

Bob Mackensen - 2002

Margit Sands - 2007

Phyllis Smith - 2000

*The year the director joined the Board.

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The **Bulletin** is published quarterly by the Sutter County Historical Society in Yuba City, California. Editors are Phyllis Smith and Sharyl Simmons. Payment of annual membership dues provides you with a subscription to the **Bulletin** and the Museum's **Muse News** and membership in both the Society and the Museum. Contact us at info@suttercountyhistory.org.

The 2015 dues are payable as of January 1, 2015. Mail your check to the Community Memorial Museum at 1333 Butte House Road, Yuba City, 95993-2301 530-822-7141

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Organizations/Clubs	\$ 35
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President's Message

Happy New Year! It is now 2015; we're 15 years into the new millennium. It is a brand new year with new goals and expectations. As president of the Sutter County Historical Society I am just going to continue with my goals from last year. These goals are to increase membership and participation for the Sutter County Historical Society and Community Memorial Museum, honor Century Farms in Sutter County, and with the help of our directors, provide interesting programs for our quarterly meetings. We are always looking for people who are interested in local history and want to join our organization.

We have a new Board member — Kim Cupples. Kim is a retired teacher for Yuba City Unified School District. He enjoys reading, the outdoors, and, of course, local history. Won't you consider joining Kim on our board?

I talk a lot about Century Farms — just what is a Century Farm? It's a farm held by the same family for 100 years and still active. Some names that might be considered are Krehe, Bills, Reische, Spencer, Dewitt, McPherrin, Tarke, Dean, Nall, Bihlman, Ohleyer, Noyes, Thompson, Morehead, Moore, Hoke, Hawn, Davis, Berry, Schwall, Jenkins, Scheiber, Capaul, Van Dyke, and..... I will be sending forms to these families. If you know anything about the above farms, or any others that meet our criteria, please let us know. We would like to honor the farms at our April meeting.

I will be distributing contest rules and applications for the Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial Essay Contest this month. I really enjoy visiting elementary schools in Yuba City and rural Sutter County. It is also fun to read the essays of these future historical authors. In April we will honor these young people.

May you have a joyous and wonderful New Year. I hope to see you in January at our quarterly meeting. We will learn about what was found while working on the levee in the Live Oak area. There are so many artifacts in our county.

Happy New Year and I look forward to seeing you at the Museum.

Sarah Pryor, President

Membership Meeting January 17 2:00 p.m.

Dr. Greg White will talk about what archaeologists found during levee work in Live Oak this past summer — Native American artifacts and evidence of the Marysville - Shasta Road! Don't miss this exciting presentation. Dessert follows the meeting. All are welcome.

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Director's Report

Welcome to 2015 at the Community Memorial Museum of Sutter County. The Museum is offering a great menu this year of delectable treats for the mind and the senses. First off, be sure to see the new exhibit that opens with a January 16 reception: *Vintage Postcards: Old-Time Texts & Tweets*. It features a marvelous array of postcard images from the Museum's own collection, along with a number of the messages that were scrawled on the postcards. They tell us a lot about life in our area a century ago – what people's concerns were, what crops were growing, what social events people looked forward to and gossiped about afterward, how high the flood waters were, who was in poor health, who had passed on, and who was going to be at the dance next week. The messages were indeed a lot like texts in that they contained pertinent bits of information that could be delivered within a short time, sometimes even on the same day they were mailed. "Uncle Joe will come to town on Saturday" could be relayed as easily as an email message today.

The illustrations on the postcards also tell us a great deal about society a century ago and how it was changing. Often new technologies were included in the pictures – airplanes, automobiles, and telephones. Innovative printing and photography technologies made the cards plentiful and inexpensive. As photography improved and cameras were generally available, people could take their own photos and have them printed as postcards. Please visit the exhibit and be pleasantly surprised by all there is learn about these commonplace items. The exhibit remains through February 28.

In March and April, we once again welcome the student art from our area high schools. River Valley High School students will present their art March 6 through 21, beginning with an opening reception on Friday, March 6 from 5 to 7 p.m. Yuba City High School will open their exhibit on Friday, March 27 from 5 to 7 p.m. It will close April 18. Each year, it seems the students outdo themselves, and we are always awed by the special talents coming up and how the excellent teachers nurture the creative talents of the students.

May and June brings a special treat via a Smithsonian traveling exhibit called *Journey Stories*. Each of us has a powerful journey story deep in our personal heritage, whether it is a distant ancestor coming to America, a story of a family uprooting itself in order to stay together, or of sons and daughters moving to another land. Immigration and travel – over roads, rails, rivers, trails, and skyways – shaped American society. I am asking you to be thinking about your own personal journey story, because the Museum would like to collect as many journey stories as possible from people right here in our own community. These personal stories, collectively, form and tell our history – our American history, our California history, our community history. Please think about telling us yours in written form during the *Journey Stories* exhibit in May and June. Watch for more information about the opening date and reception.

As always, we look forward to your next visit to the Museum and hope that you will come frequently. Remember our store is a great place to find unique gifts. Valentine cards are in plentiful supply and we also have marvelous chocolate truffles.

Julie Stark
Director

Memorials & Donations

In memory of **Barbara Barnett**
Marnee Crowhurst
Phyllis Smith

In memory of **Nancy Bristow**
Jim & Joan Buchan

In memory of **Manuel Cardoza**
Tyrone Shaeffer

In memory of **Grace Ettl**
Sarah & LeeRoy Pryor

In memory of **Richard Foss**
Becky & Sam Anderson
Buster & Harriet Foster

In memory of **Tracy Foss**
Connie Cary
Buster & Harriet Foster

In memory of **Carol Hamon**
Helene & Michael Andrews

In memory of **Lillie Inman**
Robert Inman
Pat Kiesow
Monica Mollica
Doreen Monahan
Sharyl Simmons
Julie Stark
Cynthia Struckmeyer
Rose & Robert Wood

In memory of **Joe Jang**
Marnee Crowhurst

In memory of **Rosetta Kilgore**
Connie Cary
Buster & Harriet Foster

In memory of **D. Knapp**
Connie Cary

In memory of **Nevelyn Long**
Dealla Crother

In memory of **Thomas R. Madden**
Jan Perry
Phyllis Sorenson

In memory of **Leroy Pennington**
Arlene Chesnut
Sarah & LeeRoy Pryor
Margit Sands
Mary, Janet & Jim Spillman

In memory of **Dorothea "Dot" Reische**
George & Shyrlie Emery
Norman & Loadel Piner
Merlyn Rudge
Sharyl Simmons
Phyllis Smith
Roger & Janis Stillwell
David & Gina Tarke

In memory of **Marilyn W. Smith**
Janet Baur & family
Jane M. & Charles R. Cleveland
& Amy Cleveland Neto
Dorothy Coats
Dorothy Jang
Loadel & Norm Piner
Katherine Schmidl
Russ & Rita Schmidl

In memory of **Owen Lamar Stephenson**
George & Shyrlie Emery
Merlyn Rudge

In memory of **Robert Sykes**
Merlyn Rudge

In memory of **Elaine Tarke**
Ray & Shirley Anderson
Connie Cary
Alice Chesini
Ann Chesini

In memory of **Elaine Tarke** (cont'd.)

David Crother
Deanna Crother & family
Francisco & Rosey Damboriena
Carmen Frye
Jan Gomes & Family
Barbara Hardie Family
Paulla Hyatt-McIntire
Interim HealthCare
Dorothy Jang
Hardy & Ardis McFarland
Laverne & Maria McPherrin
Anita McWhirk
Betty Perry
Chuck, Diana & Amy Phillips
Norma & Loadel Piner
Elizabeth & George Post
Frank & Carol Rosa
Merlyn Rudge
Bobbie Sandgren
Sharyl Simmons
Phyllis Smith

In memory of **Elaine Tarke** (cont'd.)

Julie Stark
Cynthia Struckmeyer
Sarah & LeeRoy Pryor
Brad Willoughby

In memory of **Tom Teesdale**

Betty Perry

In memory of **John Trezza**

Stan & Jeanette Christopherson

In memory of **Dorothy Walls**

Sharyl Simmons

In honor **Bob & Eleanor Mackensen's**
60th wedding anniversary

Phyllis Smith

Outright Gift

Anna Belle S. Brown
Neelam Canto-Lugo
Sophie Noble



Membership Dues Due

It's the time of year when our membership drive begins. You received a white membership envelope in the last issue of *Muse News*. The membership year runs from January 1 through December 1. As you renew your own membership for the coming year, please invite a friend to become a new member and enjoy the benefits of membership: notification of upcoming exhibits, programs and events; quarterly *Muse News*; 10% member discount in the Museum Store; and membership in the Sutter County Historical Society along with quarterly issues of the Society's *Bulletin*. You may mail back your envelope or bring it by the Museum, or just mail your check with your contact information included. Membership dues are a very important way you can support the Museum and the Historical Society and their work.

I REMEMBER

California's Yesterdays

by
Ruth Vivian Orzalli

Excerpts printed by permission

The following materials are part of a collection produced by my mother, Ruth Vivian (Greathouse) Orzalli, while writing a column called "I REMEMBER" for the Sierra Booster, a bi weekly newspaper published by Hal Wright in Loyalton, California (Sierra County). Ruth wrote the columns starting in October 1965 for a period of about 18 years. Ruth only went to school through the eighth grade, so was self-taught in her writing. Ruth died on July 7, 1995. and amazingly, still remembered details about these columns during my last telephone conversation with her that month.

John Benton Orzalli (Number Two Son)

The People in the Columns

The Mister	John Alvin Orzalli, 1906-1985
Older Brother	George Philip Greathouse, 1899-1925
Little Brother	Merrill Randolph Greathouse, 1910-1993
Papa	Thomas Benton Greathouse, 1874-1915
Grandpa	Nathan Stansberry, 1833-1908
Mama	Permilla Stansberry, 1880-1965
Grandma	Mary Pathenia Clarke, 1852-1940
Mother O	Jeanette (Curry) Orzalli, 1885-1954
Number One Son	Donald Roderick Leal, 1923-2012
Number Two Son	John Benton Orzalli, 1930-
Number Three Son	Louie Randolph Orzalli, 1937-2008

ELECTION BOARD

After casting my vote and chatting with members of the election board last week, I came home to ponder on my experiences at elections thru the years... I began serving as soon as I reached 21, it being a small community there weren't too many who wanted the job of sitting all day and far into the night.

I remember the voting polls were at the I.O.O.F. Hall – Can't remember the names of any of the others, but do remember one was a man and heard it said many times he had been inspector since he was 21, and I know he stayed on the job until he died at 78... Several

years later I moved to Nevada City and as it was too late to change registration I drove back to Oregon Hill (over the old Bullards Bar Road) to serve on the election board. Other than board members, votes cast were four... Voting hours then, I think, were sun up 'til sun down – or maybe I am confusing the time with farm workers. Altho' I do believe that was dawn 'til dark, anyway, I am sure the pay was six dollars... Again I might be mistaken, but think then, the entire ballot was disqualified if even only one mark was erroneous...

In Sutter County I served at three precincts – the Church at O'Banion

Corners, which was destroyed by the flood of 1955; Franklin Corners Church, built by a community literary group. Now being used for a chicken house (which I resent — having worked my fingers to the bone, literally speaking, to help put it back to its former glory after years of abuse). Finally, the Native Daughters Hall, Sutter, at the foot of Sutter Buttes, world's smallest complete range of mountains...

Memories are dim on previous elections, but Sutter, being more recent, holds numerous recollections such as the sweet old lady who always asked for my assistance when voting. I knew no other members of her family then, but fifteen years ago (almost) her granddaughter became my daughter-in-law...

Once a man threatened to fight the entire board — we wouldn't permit him to vote. How could we — his name wasn't on the register. He was finally persuaded to take his complaint to the County Clerk. Never knew the outcome...

The inspector was a heavy coffee drinker, so it was stop for coffee every fifteen or twenty minutes. When I took her place, not being a "Coffee mouth," as my German friend Anna says, coffee breaks came ten minutes at the end of the hour, cruel? Maybe, but it sure cut down the tally time at the end of the day... One dear lady had the habit of falling asleep. There were so many complaints I had to speak to the County Clerk. I hope the lady never knew it was I who had her dismissed. She was a friend and fellow church member...

In my latter years there, election day was meeting date for the Masonic Lodge. They served us a hot dinner, a welcome change from cold food carried thence in a dinner pail or paper bag. Also, my last two times on that board, an extra crew came in at closing time to

assist with vote tally. No more getting home by dawn's early light, after delivering returns to the County Clerk's office. One such time, I was getting home just as The Mister was leaving for work. Several times when I was going home from the all night counting in November, even tho' the car was unheated, I opened the window so the cold air would help me keep awake...

Service was short in Sierra County, fine with me. Tho't my days (and nights) of election work were over when I left Sutter (if I thought of them at all) but did enjoy being introduced to pleasant folk and a delicious frozen turkey dish eaten with the Sierraville Board... I can remember twelve Presidents, can't claim the honor of counting votes for all of them. At my age can't help wondering how many more.

In all my years of election experiences I will have to say I never served at a school election. Shame on me, I had to be shown every time the proper way to display the flag outside the polling place — and I always felt silly — Calling out to an empty street, "Hear ye, hear ye, the polls are now open."

MAKING THE BED

An old saying — "The kitchen is the woman's domain" wasn't so as I remember our sawmill. Most summers a man cook "Ruled the roost." We couldn't make a sandwich without his permission. Even I, who made all the cakes and pies, wouldn't have cut a slice of either between meals... In winter it was even worse — the men used the kitchen for a club room. If we wanted to put wood in the stove they had to be shooed off their wood box perch. We had to ask them to move themselves and cards from the table so it could be set for meals, the long sink was cluttered all

day with empty stained coffee cups, the sugar bowl constantly needed filling – Seemed the can of milk and cookie jar were always empty.

For sure the kitchen was not the woman's domain – But the bedroom – now that was a different story – not a man in the family would have dared lay a finger on a honey comb counterpane or lift a pillow sham, nor would he have considered using one article of the “toilet set” that held the place of honor on the “commode” (toilet set stand)... Yes, the bedrooms were ours, and each woman in the house spoke of them as such... Daily the beds were stripped to the mattress which was turned (weekly the springs were gone over with a feather duster), each sheet, blanket and comforter was put back in place and smoothed without a wrinkle, the white counterpane laid over all, exactly centered, then pillows plumped, set against the scrolled, wrought iron headboard and covered with stiffly starched, embroidered pillow shams... I often stood back, looked at the bed and tho't “How beautiful.” Even then when iron bedsteads were “Just bedsteads” not conversation pieces, I loved them – so lovely – white with shiny brass trim... Only one room had a brass bedstead – just tubular, not spectacular like the thousand dollar one I saw recently on TV.

But that room, like the others, had a bureau and commode with its toilet set and I don't have to search my memory to picture one like it – Large flowered bowl, hot water pitcher, small pitcher for drinking water, soap dish, hair receiver, brush vase and mug – I can climb my stairs, turn into the bedroom on the right and there it is... Hasn't been used for more than twenty years, I know. To put water in any of the containers would be sacrilege...

The set is complete right down to the setting – a commode with splasher back, high swinging looking glass, towel bar with pink edged towel (which nobody better use). The commode was originally purchased for the boarding school at Notre Dame Convent in Marysville near a hundred years ago, is my guess. The boarding house part was being phased out when I bought it. I remember when I asked the mother superior if she would take a check, my Irish Catholic friend spoke up – “You can trust her, mother. She's a Methodist but she's honest.”

DECORATION DAY

When I was a girl “Decoration Day” was a day of work. Cemeteries were cleared of weeds, head stones straightened and graves remounded if needed, before fresh flowers were placed on family plots and others, if no relatives were there to do so... I believe, now, in California, the upkeep of cemeteries is paid from County funds – which doesn't include repairs or so it seems - from appearances... Strangely, at least to me – most of the flowers are placed on the graves the eve of the holiday, but one thing is the same as yesteryear. People still visit with former friends, schoolmates, or their children and maybe grandchildren...

Some way “Holiday” seems not the proper wording of a day originating in the southern states, to honor fallen heroes of the Civil War... It was May 5. 1868 Gen. John A Logan, then Commander in Chief of the “Grand Army Of The Republic” issued the order appointing May 30th of that year “For Grand Army services in so decorating graves.” It is surmised the day was chosen as possibly the day of discharge of the last Union Volunteer of the War...

At “Sutter” Cemetery I have

witnessed many colorful ceremonies, headed by War Veterans and members of “Daughters Of Civil War Veterans,” the High School band taking a very active part... I was surprised to learn even tho’ U.S. possessions observe Memorial Day, there are some States that do not...

Cemeteries have always fascinated me. I remember when only four wandering thru the cemetery at Blocksburg (Northwestern California) trying to spell out names on the head stones. Yes, I knew the alphabet at that age and usually was spanked for running away to the cemetery... When I moved to Nevada City one of the first places I sought was the Cemetery – Pinegrove – where Mama (and the Mister and Ruth) is now resting, near The Mister’s grandparents, parents, Uncles, Aunts and Brother... I remember The Mister and his mother waiting in the car while I investigated “graveyards” along the coast from Point Arena to West Port and was awed by the oldest (so said) Jewish Cemetery in the new world at Newport, RI even tho’ I had to see it covered with snow... I even lured our Navy family into the burial place of “Ye Saints and Strangers” in Concord, Mass. An unusual sight there is the thin, flat, slate head stones...

I remember the time a sister-in-law and I walked in a Modesto Cemetery, on the way home a friend gave us some geranium slips. We told Little Brother we picked them in the cemetery, he really had a conniption fit... Last year The Mister and I spent our 45th wedding anniversary at Fallon, Nevada. You’ve guessed it – I managed to be driven thru the cemetery...

Since Blocksburg I can name numerous cemeteries I have seen, other than mentioned. Many are the resting places of my ancestors - Eureka (Ocean

View), Hydesville, where head stones are moss covered, Colfax (a step-father there), Yuba City (now filled), Booneville, where at seven I wondered why the flowers were tied with beautiful ribbons... At Cedarville a flag is placed by veterans on Older Brother’s grave.

According to courthouse records searched by a young friend, Papa was buried in Ukiah, Jan. 4, 1916 – but we have searched in vain for a head stone and there is no sexton’s record – so it seems the exact spot will never be known... As I have read head stone inscriptions with names, many foreign to the English language, some with their native country spelled out, I often wonder, “Were their dreams fulfilled – or was there only disappointment in this land so far from home?”

GOING TO THE FAIR

Fair time again – As I sat watching the people milling to and fro I thought of my first interest in the like. I was near fourteen, visiting one of Mama’s schoolmate friends, one of her four sons, who was called “Brown” was my “steady” (if such could be said of a near fourteen year old)... His skin, eyes and hair were brown. His “Sunday go to meeting” attire was brown – hence his self-applied “Person tag”... We had begged his parents to allow us to drive the horse and buggy to the Humboldt County fair at Ferndale. Wouldn’t you guess it rained all day. I sat by the window, watching the rain come down and saying, “It’s getting light around the edges” – but it wasn’t and two young people were very disappointed. We just couldn’t understand why we were refused permission to go. There were many reasons – It was years before I realized how many!...

Six years later I did get to a fair –

south of Marysville, I think, in what is known as “Arboga District.” The carnival attendant was somewhat amazed at my skill in throwing baseballs into a barrel, winning for me a bedside lamp. He couldn’t know my Older Brother, a baseball enthusiast, was my teacher. I can’t remember how it happened I was at the fair — Who took me or why...

I think it was either 1919 or 1920 we were at the State Fair. I don’t remember much about it except it was hot, hot and hotter. Two years in Yuba County foothills still hadn’t tempered me to inland heat. Ah yes! I did see and hear for the first time, a radio...

I remember we stayed with the in-laws at 13th and T street. Wonderful people. I still think of them with affection (Portuguese) Aunt Flemina and cousins Marge, Beth, Adaline and Al. They were so kind to me — a gauche, freckled-faced outsider... When living in Sutter County, we occasionally attend Nevada County Fair at Grass Valley. About all I remember was watching square dancing and pulling a “Bloopster.” Commenting on an art work, blue ribbon winner, I remember it reminded me of a game I play as a child. Putting a large glob of ink on paper, folding it and guessing what the resulting conglomeration resembled. When I turned, one of the judges was standing just behind me. Making matters worse, she was a former girlfriend of The Mister. Goes to show it’s really wise to guard the tongue, no matter the surroundings...

I remember three world fairs — Panama Pacific Exposition, San Francisco 1915 and my first statue, minus a fig leaf, Treasure Island, also San Francisco 1938-39, Sally Rand and her Fans, Montreal 1967. There, I haven’t decided if I was impressed or disgusted by the stacked, boxlike structures, constructed

for use of fair managers and workers. Won’t mention the architect — world famous he is. Well — as the saying goes, “Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder”... fairs are nice for those who enjoy them — and I have seen outstanding and amazing crafts and discoveries, but will have to admit “Hi, ho come to the fair” doesn’t turn me on. I would rather be home in a cool spot crocheting.

EARLY ‘30s

In a recent “I Remember” I related, in general, some of the trials of depression years. While wrapping Christmas gifts came to mind Christmas experiences of our family during the late ‘20s and through the ‘30s. I remember 1928. In early fall Mama and my stepfather had sold their small farm outside of town and moved into Nevada City, a nine-room house. Three rooms were a small apartment, the remaining used by the family. Mama, an elderly lady she was caring for, Stepfather, Number one son, and me. I remember we had stewed chicken and dumplings for dinner.

As for gifts — Son, most every day, asked me to play on the piano “March Of The Wooden Soldiers” so using the picture on the title page for a guide I cut a doll from an old oil cloth table cover — sewed and stuffed — then painted features and a red, blue and gold uniform. He loved it. (50 years and still stuffing dolls, only now I remember the faces.) The Mister and I had not married, but I embroidered a wool picture for his mother (it now hangs in a bedroom upstairs). For his sisters I combined scraps of silk, satin and lace to make bed pillows, very popular in those days. To The Mister I gave something he refused to give up a long, long time — a beacon robe at least three sizes too

large. (It remained for years a reminder of another error in judgment.)

All I remember of 1929 Christmas, I was six months married, pregnant, and with morning sickness. 1930 and 1931 I don't recall anything unusual. I suppose we went to the Folks' in Nevada City for dinner — ravioli if at Mother O's, chicken at Mama's, and The Mister always got a shirt.

1932 I do remember. I made Christmas cards — cutting, sketching water coloring, glue and glitter (glue and glitter left over from beauty parlor days when I made fancy georgette undergarments for the ladies). Even made envelopes for the cards. We had a small tree and Mama and Stepfather surprised us with an oak rocking chair for me, and an armchair for The Mister. Next year we took our few gifts (riding size tractor and zeppelin for the boys) and went to see Mama and Stepfather near Challenge, Yuba County, stopping at Aunt Carrie's for a bowl of her cranberry relish (ground cranberries, or oranges and raisins). I don't remember what else we had for dinner, but do remember how cold it was and how Mama piled so many quilts on the beds we could hardly turn over. I also remember their little radio and listening to "Jack Armstrong — The All American Boy" and the "Two Black Crows."

1934 — Mama and stepfather had moved to Apple Gate. I was in Nevada City and The Mister working in Sacramento. I went to Mama's to do pre-Christmas cleaning. Not being able to find a fir tree on the more than 80 acres, we downed a small cedar, set it up in the parlor and decorated it with popcorn ropes, bows of red crepe paper, balls of cotton and strings of tinsel. That was the Christmas I sunburned my eyelids sitting too near the "Aladdin"

lamp while painting pictures on glass and fashioning bed dolls of crepe paper to give for gifts.

1936 — we had moved back to Sutter, bought a house, rented it and moved to a "State Pumping Plant" on the Sutter By-pass. By then things were "Looking up" for us. Oh, I was still making over clothing for our family and friends, as well as mending broken toys and dolls for children of families less fortunate than we were. We bought a train and other windup toys for the boys. I had boarders, bringing in extra money. Now too, we were active in the Church and Sunday school and taking part in holiday programs.

Then came Christmas 1937. I spent it in the hospital waiting for Number Three Son. Being it was Grandma's birthday I did my best. "No soap!" Had to go home to wait two days — a grand climax to our depression years. We may have lacked a great many things during our depression years, but even so, we were happy while "Making do." After all — it wasn't difficult for me. I was "brought up" to be frugal.

FLOODS

I am often asked, "How can you think of things to write about?" Well, hardly a day goes by without a reminder of an earlier incident relating to the present. For instance the recent high water and flooding. I have many memories of just such happenings. I can remember seeing debris and even houses floating in Eel River in Humboldt County when very young but it was not until the Mr. became associated with State flood control that the magnitude of water destruction really hit home.

The winter of 1937 we lived at a State pumping station on the Sutter By-Pass. I was awaiting the arrival of

Number Three Son when the water became dangerously high. I was sent, with Number Two Son, to stay with friends on higher ground. Keeping a doctor's appointment in Marysville, we had a thrilling race with rapidly rising waters and just getting back on our side of the River when the bridge was closed to traffic. When the water lowered, I returned home to find quite a job awaiting me. With only men – and busy ones at that – occupying the house, homemakers can picture what awaited me. I had to use a hoe to scrape out the mud.

Several times in the next five years water covered the By-Pass duck clubs, making duck hunters very unhappy. I can remember the time thirty feet of levee near us suddenly settled two feet without warning. Many times I saw spray flying over the top of the twenty-one foot levee, when the wind was blowing at gale velocity, and seeing trees and branches floating on the high waters – and hearing the Mr. tell of seeing snakes that had taken refuge on such debris.

The first real flood I witnessed was 1940, when a portion of the By-Pass levee gave way, inundating thousands of prime farmland and several homes in the Meridian area. It was February 3rd (I think) of 1942, that the phone connecting the pumping stations with headquarters rang every few minutes all night. The weather being bad, the boys and I didn't go to Sunday school that day. They were in bed with me listening to stories of when their Mama was young. The Mister came in, listened on the phone a few minutes, turned and yelled, "Get up, get up, the levee has broken." We ran around like beheaded chickens for a few minutes, then getting organized, began moving our belongings

to the crest of the levee.

By the time trucks arrived, sent by the Marysville Chamber of Commerce, everything was out of the house but the piano and circulating heater. Near 500 jars of fruit, vegetables, meats, pickles, jams and jellies were lined up along the levee road. Believe it or not, it was tucked into the loaded furniture and delivered without one breakage. I remember I carried a box of fresh eggs in my lap for the trip to high ground. When we finally found a place to stay I held them out to the lady of the house and asked, "Would you be willing to trade a night's lodging for a box of fresh eggs?" I remember all the while we were moving things out of the house I was thinking, "How foolish, the water wouldn't come into our house," but it did – fifty-one inches deep.

Thirteen years later, the 1955 flood completely covered that house. It was damaged beyond repair, so a new one was built on top of the levee. We had moved by then and lived in the little town of Sutter at the foot of the Sutter Buttes, where even during highest floods it was always safe. What a terrible night that December 23-24 of 1955, when the levee gave way south of the joining of the Yuba and Feather Rivers. Marysville had already been evacuated, thousands of residents scattered to surrounding towns and countryside – some to Yuba City where they were caught in the flood waters.

Our little town was filled with refugees – the high school gym was made available with food and sleeping accommodations. Number Three Son, home on leave, helped cook – and his wife-to-be cared for small children. Every home took in the homeless. We had sixteen, which was far less than many others made room for. It was a

terrible feeling to see the stream of cars wandering aimlessly — trying to find a place to stay.

By the 26th the waters had receded enough that our daughter-in-law was able to get to Marysville for the birth of our second grandson. His daddy was aboard ship in Japanese waters and was notified by the Red Cross that he had a son. So many things I remember of that disaster — the terrible storm leading up to the levee break — waiting anxiously for word of the Mister - working out in the midst of the turmoil, seeing friends whose every belonging was destroyed or washed away, witnessing the grief of many whose family members were drowned in the swirling muddy water.

But with all the sadness surrounding these two flood events there are also things to remember that were amusing - like the Mister losing his temper and running off a worker who chopped down a prized shrub in our garden; being embarrassed when water began pouring through the roof the first time future in-laws came to stay because water was all around their home. The Public Health Department worker who spread his sleeping bag in the living-dining room doorway and the Mister's comment after stumbling over him in the dark - but I think the "most" was the night a hole in the levee about a mile north of the house at the State pumping plant was being sand bagged. The Pump Man with the night shift knocked on the side of the house to tell us a farmer had come by to give warning the levee might give way at any moment. I called the Mister, who had slept only an hour after working over thirty hours. He went into the kitchen where he stayed and stayed without a sound. I finally went to see what was going on. There he stood eating an orange. "Aren't you going to

investigate?" I asked. His reply - "Well, I don't believe there is any gas in the car." I have never decided if he was too brave to be anxious, or too sleepy to realize the danger. Near 35,000 sandbags were put in that hole in the levee. If they hadn't held, tons of water would have poured through the break. We would have had only a few minutes to reach safety.

I have said many times we could have met our demise by water and it didn't happen. Surely our guardian angel must have been keeping watch over us. After near thirty-six years of fighting water, is it strange when looking for a new home, the Mister insisted on buying on high ground?

PORCHES

Having young grandchildren for Easter vacation, I only took time to quickly leaf thru the first issue of a newly subscribed magazine that features the "Good Old Days." In so doing I noticed the article on a porch which brought back memories of the many hours I have known with porches...

The first I remember was at Grandma Tracy's (paternal), sitting on her lap as she showed me the stars to take my mind from the fact I was very lonesome for Mama and Older Brother, I gather... A year later it was not a front porch I remember, but a back one. A small country hotel, where the men removed their work shoes, hung their coats on hooks and washed in a basin on a bench, beside a bucket of water kept filled by the handy man... Friends "Up the road" had on their front porch a swing where a nephew and I took many a journey while playing house:..

At a small village, West, I first saw Little Brother. Grandma Engrahm (no relation) brought him out to show me.

He was three weeks old that day. I had been staying at the house of the swing, because of whooping cough. When Brother was a few weeks older, we traveled by stagecoach to Bridgeville where Mama bargained for a house with a front porch shaded by a large yellow, cherry plum tree. Older Brother put his bed on one end, Mama would lay the baby there and tell me to watch him while she was busy and call her if he cried. He seldom did. Being interested in watching the dancing leaves of the plum tree... When able to walk we often laughingly remarked, during plum season, he had one going in one side of his mouth and the pit coming out the other...

My last year of school (we had moved of course), I remember the house had a long porch just high enough off the ground. My school mates (and beaux) would sit dangling our legs over the edge, talking of "Who knows what?" Everything was a new experience to us at our age... Two years later it was war. We had moved again, but still had a porch, with a two star flag in the window. I sat on an old school desk by that window, writing letters to Older Brother and many other boys who had answered their country's call...

At "Cedar Crest," our first home in the Sierra, a hammock hung at the turn of the ell porch. After my marriage, a well was at one end of a long, long, porch that went around three sides of the house. Close by the well were two long sinks where the workmen washed, and benches for sitting while they waited for the clang of the dinner gong. Around the corner, slatted benches with back rests were where the ladies took afternoon rest, and were joined by the men folks, evenings. Around another turn three bedroom doors opened from

the porch, which ended at the office door...

When I moved to a small house on the mill grounds, at one end of the porch was a swing hung with heavy chains. I often sat there to rock Number One Son. Later another porch was built along the side and back. The latter screened, where I kept my wash tubs and a burlap screen cooler... At Nevada City, our porch door, like the one mentioned in the magazine article, was once pinned with a sign "Scarlet Fever." Number One Son was the sufferer...

Only a narrow front porch at Sutter, not much room for sitting, but a lovely frame double lawn swing was on the shady lawn. Enjoyed by all especially Number Two Son and his playmate... The fifty foot porch at the State Pumping Station (No. 2) faced to the west, so was never used for afternoons. But many a morning I sat there to shell peas, snap beans and hull berries, reminding me of days gone by when I sat on a stool by my great grandmother's knee, helping her do the same thing and maybe eating lettuce leaves or tomato slices sprinkled with sugar, or a bowl of wild strawberries, covered with sugar and thick cream...

I remember The Mister built a dehydrator at the Pumping Station, so we could dry produce from our garden to supplement what was available thru our ration stamps. War again with one star in the window for Number One Son...

When we moved back to Sutter, the former owners of the house had enclosed one side porch for a bedroom, later our sitting room. The screen porch Number Three Son took for his sleeping quarters. Later The Mister enclosed that also to house my sewing shop... Last, but best of all is the porch at our mountain home. It too, has an ell. One side we

converted for a kitchen, around the corner a section for service center, but the remainder Ah! That is where in summer, sit the couch, chaise lounge, and easy chairs for enjoyment, shaded by a giant cherry tree and gravenstein apple. In winter wide panels enclosed the space for storing wood, shovels, a small plow, heavy coats, boots and other things required when the snow flies. Not so attractive as in summer when there was a place for magazines and games, a shelf for potted plants, a croquet set at the end of the couch for the use of young visitors, a humming bird feeder and bird house. All this with a view of our lawns and gardens (and the neighbors'), a weeping willow tree in front of the barn and pine trees in the background...

Not long ago when, "Sanford and Son" came on the TV screen, The Mister dryly remarked, "Looks somewhat like our winter porch." No matter, summer or winter, we love it.

LITTLE HOUSE IN THE BACK YARD

The March issue of "Ruralife" featured several articles on the subject of "Outhouse." Following issues published numerous letters of comment, which "Set my cork abobbing," having many memories along that line...

Mama was trained in the niceties of polite society by Grandma, a southern lady who when reciting the nursery rhyme "Little Boy Blue," had him fast asleep under a "haydoodle," so I didn't know there was a title for "The little house in the back yard" until I was quite well along in years, at least seven or eight. Then I learned there were several, the quaintest I think, as our elderly bachelor neighbor put it, "the Doniker."

The first outhouse I remember was at a country hotel. The hotelkeeper's

small son threw my new red shoes down one of the holes. Reversing the old adage, injury was added to insult when I was spanked for playing in the outhouse...

I remember at Bridgeville school the boys threw rocks and clods at the girls' building and I often wondered why there were four holes when only one occupant at a time was allowed. At our house in Bridgeville it was almost half a block to the outhouse, past the well, chicken house and old hotel. A long journey after dark for a seven year old. I remember the commotion the day a sister-in-law was trapped when a rattlesnake crawled across the front of the door.

And speaking of rattlesnakes one place I worked we had to cross a creek and go up the hill by trail. With all the snakes killed in the area I wouldn't have trod that path after dark for love, money, or a great urge...

I remember we rented two rooms of our house in Sutter to an elderly lady and her middle aged son. The first time she returned from the little house in back, she sat down, folded her hands and said, "That's the best set down I've had since we left Colorado"... I remember at the sawmill, one of our bookkeepers, city reared, was afraid of his shadow, which was "Duck soup" for the young members of the crew. They never missed the opportunity to mention wildcats, bears and cougars. The bunkhouse was up the hill where it could be seen from our kitchen window. One evening bookkeeper was paying a visit to the outhouse before retiring. Two of the boys slipped up and began scratching on the back and pulling shingles from the roof. Out he came, pulling up his trousers by his suspenders and fairly flew down the hill, thru our back door,

grabbed Mother-in-Law's apron, all the while screaming "Save me save me." Poor fellow Mother-in-Law had him sleep in the spare room that night and scolded the boys. Next morning, after he was safely in the office, Father-in-Law spoke to the crew. That was the end of wild cat, bear and cougar stories...

I have seen outhouses "Aplenty" in my time large ones small ones shanties and well built one hole, two, and three holes. Even a two story at Nevada City, Montana, but the most elite was at Aunt Carrie's and Uncle John's where Number One Son was born. The builder was a carpenter so it was a sturdy structure, amid rose bushes, whitewashed in and out. Screen covered the diamond shaped ventilators and a screen door was extra, besides the regular door that was not closed with a string operated latch but a china door knob. There were holes for Papa bear, Mama bear and on a lower level, baby bear, all with hinged lid covers. Blue linoleum with pink flowers was on the floor and the catalog hung, not on a nail but from a "Black Japanned Hook." Now the pages of "Sears and Sawbuck" and "Monkey Ward" may not have been "Cush" but they sure "Weren't too good for toilet paper"... There is still a small "Oneholer" at the end of our barn and there it will stay "just in case."

BEES AND HONEY

A recent visitor has a hive of bees in his garden which brought to mind Papa robbing bee trees. Joe recalled how they used to find bee trees in Missouri where he was reared. We sat by the spring, he said, when a bee took flight we followed. Sometimes we would lose sight, so sat down and waited until another came by and followed it until

the tree was found and marked. In Fall it was cut and the honey taken. I can't remember Papa ever cutting any trees altho' he did watch bees in flight. It was a big occasion when he discovered a hive. Mama went with him for the "Robbing," adjusting netting over his hat, face and neck, tying the bottoms of his trousers and helping on with gloves. Papa then built a smoke fire in a five gallon coal oil can and placed it where the smoke could enter the hive; what a commotion followed. When all was quiet a hole was cut in the tree trunk or a limb sawed, so the honey could be removed. Always leaving some for the bees...

I remember our big tin dishpan filled with honey in the comb, before Mama strained it thru a cheesecloth bag. Some of the wax was saved, for various purposes, like running heavy linen thread thru the ball when sewing shoes. The strained honey was put in jars for storing... I remember in Sutter a swarm of bees settled in the walls of a neighbor's house. What a nuisance, they zoomed everywhere, in our hair, even dipping into the food. Finally the local bee keeper was contacted, "Honey Whiskers," an oddity of the time (47 years ago), he had long hair and beard... The boys, and some young men thought it a big joke to throw oranges at the hives when "Honey Whiskers" was working among them. He would softly say, "Now, now little ones." At times he let a swarming flight settle on his arm, then gently brush them off into a hive. Some people have a way with bees, I guess.

Also in Sutter we lived in a duplex where the other occupants were bee keepers. Their business was shipping bees to Canada every spring. At that time bees were not kept thru the winter in the far north. I remember the bees

were packaged in small cartons, perhaps 2 x 3 inches, with two compartments. The queen bee in one, workers in the other with a soft pellet of sugar queen food for the journey... Often in coast country we saw bees swarming. One time I remember they settled on the top of our buggy. Believe me we very carefully climbed out and stayed out until they flew away... The humming of a swarm of bees in flight can be very frightening.

I remember once, when very small, visiting at the home of greatgrandma's niece, the humming started and Mary told me to run, "Run to the house and shut the doors" (no screens on country homes in those days)... I remember her husband, Dave Brush, hitting on a tin pan to get swarming bees to settle so he could put them into a hive...

Thru the years I have eaten honey from wild flowers in Humboldt County, star thistle in Sutter County, orange blossom in Los Angeles and sage honey from North Western Nevada. Oh. I have eaten honey on waffles, biscuits, pancakes, muffins and fried mush, but never mixed with peanut butter... I appreciate George Washington Carver's discovery of many uses for the "Goobers," but peanut butter is not my bag even with "Food of the wandering Israelites in the promised land."

WASH YOUR HEAD

Recently while shampooing my hair, on my knees with my head over a bucket in the bath tub, thoughts came of the chore thru the years... When I was young we "Washed our head," or "our hair." The first time I remember, Mama was pouring water over my head from a tin dipper, while I leaned over a pan on a box. I remember until I was about seven

she used Castile Soap, then it was Pine Tar or Carbolic, both "Smelled to high heaven." Maybe no one else noticed, but I surely did...

I think I was twelve, I know we lived in Eureka, when Mama began buying shampoo from the J. R. Watkins Company much more pleasant. Around the time I was married I discovered a coconut oil shampoo (Watkins, not J. R.) and used it for a long time in fact until it was no longer available. At least I think so, as I haven't heard of it for years and years... There are so many brands now, it's like playing "tic, tac, toe" to make a choice, according to advertising, each is superior...

The Mister found a full unopened bottle of "Olive Tar" in the yard, when we first moved to our mountain home; it is a conversation piece on the "ice box," side board, still unopened. Remembering the tar scent, rest assured it will remain that way as long as in my house...

I remember we always caught rain water for "Hair washing," even tho' I can't recollect hard water until we moved to Sutter County... Hardly a house but what had some sort of a container under the eaves to catch rain runoff. Mama used a wash tub and during a heavy storm the house was surrounded with tubs, buckets and pans. If the storm was lengthy she used some of the "catch" for the family laundry... I remember some folks had barrels for "catchers" and also remember, when it hadn't rained for some time, seeing "wiggles" in the water. Never gave it a thought then, now I surmise they were likely mosquito larvae...

I had heard and read of cisterns, but never saw one until on a visit to Maryville, Tennessee in 1955. It was under the house I think, not in use, as water and power use had changed with

the development of Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA). An electric pressure system had been installed to bring water thru pipes to sinks and tub... I just reminded myself even tho' I am water conservation minded, I never thought to put a bucket under the drain spout during the electric storms earlier this summer, so will surely make a notation on the calendar as a reminder for the next storm... By the way the bucket of shampoo water watered my small flower garden by the back porch.

EASTER PARTY

Altho' I might have had a new dress for Easter, Mama was not one who associated colored eggs and bunny rabbits with the Christian observance so it was not until Number One Son was six years old that I included such extras. I remember I told him to invite his classmates to a party. When the cake was served he stood up, looked around and said, "I bet your mothers couldn't make a cake as pretty as that." I was very glad none of those mothers were present. It would have been embarrassing to say the least.

I remember one cold Easter morning we attended sunrise services on the Sutter Buttes. We took along blankets (no heaters in cars then) and everyone huddled together to keep warm. The minister and choir members were blue with cold before the services were over. Altho' the Mister and our two younger boys attended numerous times, I only made the effort once more.

The Ladies Aid of our little Church served Easter breakfast several years. My part was making the biscuits and cooking (short order style). We often served 150 to 200. Along with the pheasant and duck hunter breakfasts we made money enough to pay for building

and equipping a kitchen and dining room at the Church. This made it possible for the members and friends of the church to enjoy many pot luck dinners after church socials, and vacation bible school classes for the young ones. I remember the year I made a "lamb cake" for the two first grandchildren, tears came to my eyes when their daddy told me my dear little Deidre folded her hands and said, "My grandma can do anything." How great is the love of little children?

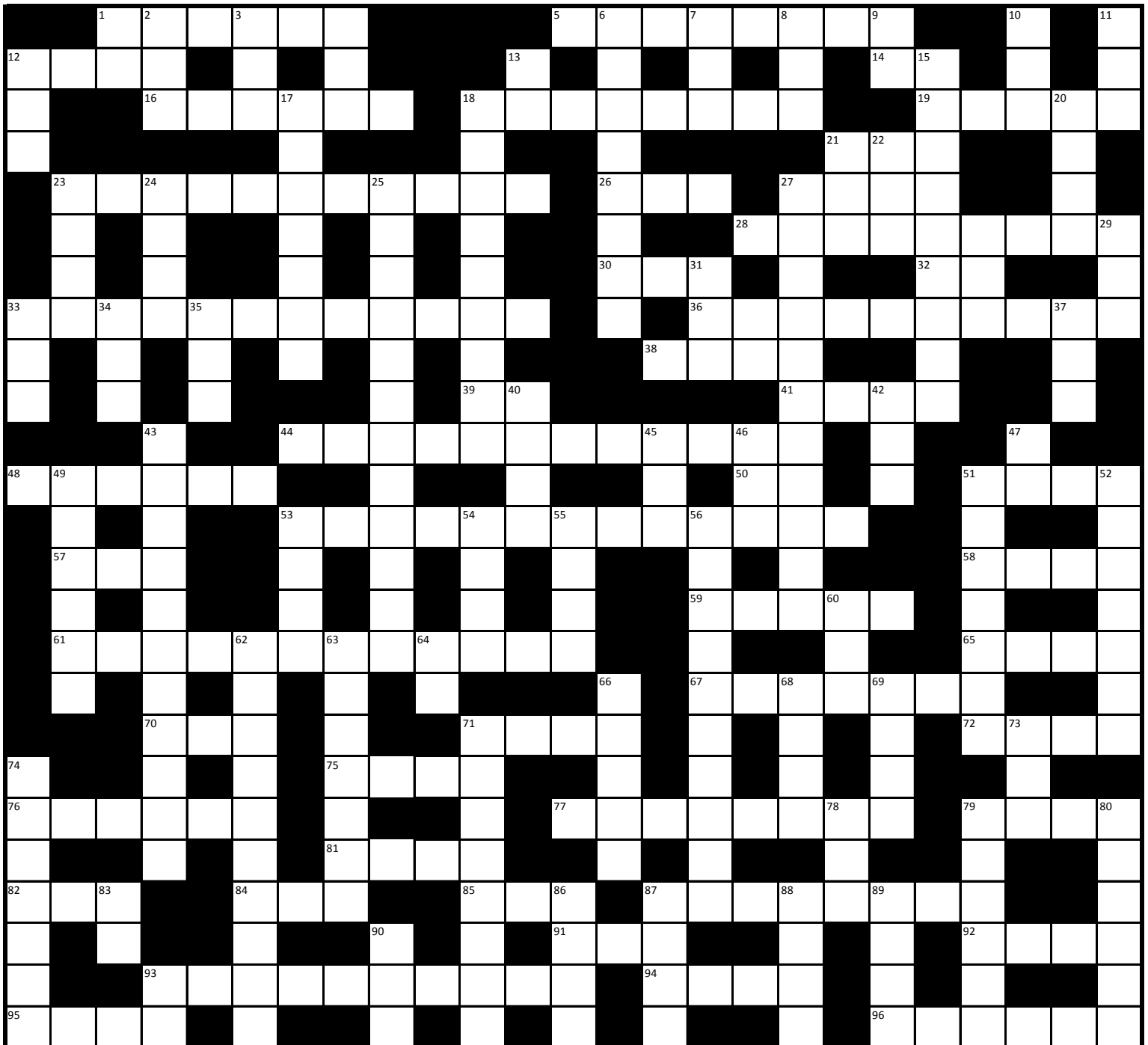
I can't remember our "Navy" grandchildren being with us any Easter time but the two youngest are usually here. This year Johna was ill, but she bravely attended Sunday school and church. When I told her she could go home she shook her head and told me afterward she didn't want to go home, because the Easter bunny might see her and not leave any eggs. She was not aware that a kind neighbor was watchful that canine visitors didn't make off with the hidden goodies.

I remember many Easter programs at Sunday school. Preparations were perhaps a more thorough lesson related to Christian living than those of the usual weekly Sunday school. I often thought the program practices impressed the significance of the observance on their young minds. Those times — along with other programs of the church — are cherished memories. How could I ever forget the children in costume, singing, reciting — making mistakes and their following confusion — and Number Two Son chiming in with his deep voice, amid the trebles, "Come to Sunday school every Sunday morning, come to Sunday school." I am indeed thankful this opportunity to serve was allowed me — A joy to remember.

Puzzling

We thought it was time we tried something new - a crossword puzzle instead of our usual Find-a-Word puzzle. Please tell us what you think of it.

If some of the words seem a little unexpected, it's because they were used in our main article in this issue. So if you're stumped, read the article!



Across

- 1 Small
- 5 Dirigible
- 12 Annoying bug
- 14 Conjunction from the middle of the alphabet
- 16 Provide or furnish
- 18 Rite
- 19 This, that or the _____
- 21 Common lunch sandwich (abbr.)
- 23 There's a dam there now (two words)
- 26 Strike lightly
- 27 Equipment
- 28 Name of Orzalli's column (two words)
- 30 Cry of discovery
- 32 Marriage vow – I ____
- 33 Fruit with tiny external seeds
- 36 Nearby town named after a state (two words)
- 38 Golf warning
- 39 Present tense of went
- 41 Town in Lake County or on the French Riviera
- 44 Smallest mountain range in the world (two words)
- 48 Our northern neighbor
- 50 ____ta boy!
- 51 Military branch
- 53 Paper where Orzalli's column was published (two words)
- 57 Wager
- 58 Soothing plant
- 59 Bear's sweet delight
- 61 Ruler of the 180 Meridian (two words)
- 65 Colored
- 67 Author of this issue's article
- 70 Drink slowly
- 71 Not shiny
- 72 Close by
- 75 Ice house (variation)
- 76 Part of flood control strategy

- 77 City where Orzalli's column was published
- 79 Chicken products
- 81 ____ the Red, Norse explorer
- 82 Voting version of 9 down
- 84 Black gooey substance
- 86 Espionage expert
- 87 Life saving organization (two words)
- 91 Miners find it
- 90 Layer
- 93 Cemetery in Northwestern California
- 94 Distinctive style or flair
- 95 Short letter
- 96 "I have found it!"

Down

- 1 It falls between sol & ti
- 2 ____ delightful
- 3 Not the bottom
- 4 Electric fish
- 6 Way to get into office
- 7 Opposite of Am or Con
- 8 How 79 Across come into being
- 9 Negative response
- 10 Slang version of 9 Down
- 11 "I'm cold"
- 12 Set up
- 13 See 92 Down
- 15 Former local girls school (two words)
- 17 Exterior gathering places
- 18 Competition
- 20 Cosmo competition
- 21 Stinging insect
- 22 The criminal was on the ____
- 23 Source of sugar
- 24 ____ Montez
- 25 Red ague (two words)
- 27 Serious apple variety
- 29 ____ Rogers, he hunted in Sutter County
- 31 She married Lennon
- 33 One of the senses

- 34 Go faster than walking
- 35 Who, what, when, where, ____
- 37 Electricity program in the southern U.S.
- 40 Killer whale
- 42 Feline pet
- 43 Olive-based cleanser (two words)
- 45 Also
- 46 Ingest food
- 47 Either/____
- 49 Yuba County Swedish district
- 51 He got his wish
- 52 One who gives in
- 53 Not late
- 54 What the bell did
- 55 Where horses live
- 56 Classroom buddy
- 60 Period or age
- 62 Big fair
- 63 What Orzalli called the outhouse
- 64 Article for words starting with a vowel
- 66 A common occurrence in Sutter County's early days
- 68 ____ Suit, 1940s apparel
- 69 Mortgage
- 71 Easy opportunity (slang, two words)
- 73 Original Siamese twin
- 74 Irish corners
- 78 Rowboat tool
- 79 Spring holiday
- 80 A long jagged mountain range
- 83 ____ ho a pirate's life for me
- 86 Eastern exercise
- 87 Tule
- 88 Source of sugar
- 89 Not twice
- 90 Make a request
- 92 To ____ or not to ____

Answers on page 20

Calendar of Events

January

- 17 Historical Society Membership meeting at the Museum**
 2:00 p.m.
 Program: Dr. Greg White, Archaeologist
Excavation of the Live Oak Levee
 Dessert follows the program
 No charge, everyone welcome
- 16 *Vintage Postcards: Old-Time Texts & Tweets* exhibit opens at the Museum**
 Reception 5:00 - 7:00 p.m.

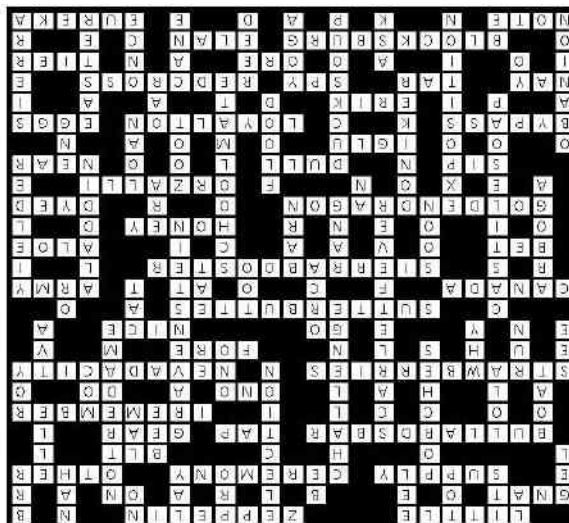
February

- 28 *Vintage Postcards: Old-Time Texts & Tweets* closes at the Museum**

April

- 11 Historical Society Membership meeting at the Museum**
 2:00 p.m.
 Program: Judith Barr Fairbanks essay contest awards
- 25 Picnic in the Buttes**
 10 a.m. - meet at the Museum to carpool
 Location: Dean Ranch
 Potluck, donation \$15 per person or \$30 per family covers
 drinks, plates, utensils, tables and chairs
 Questions? Call Sarah Pryor, 530-755-0702

Crossword answers



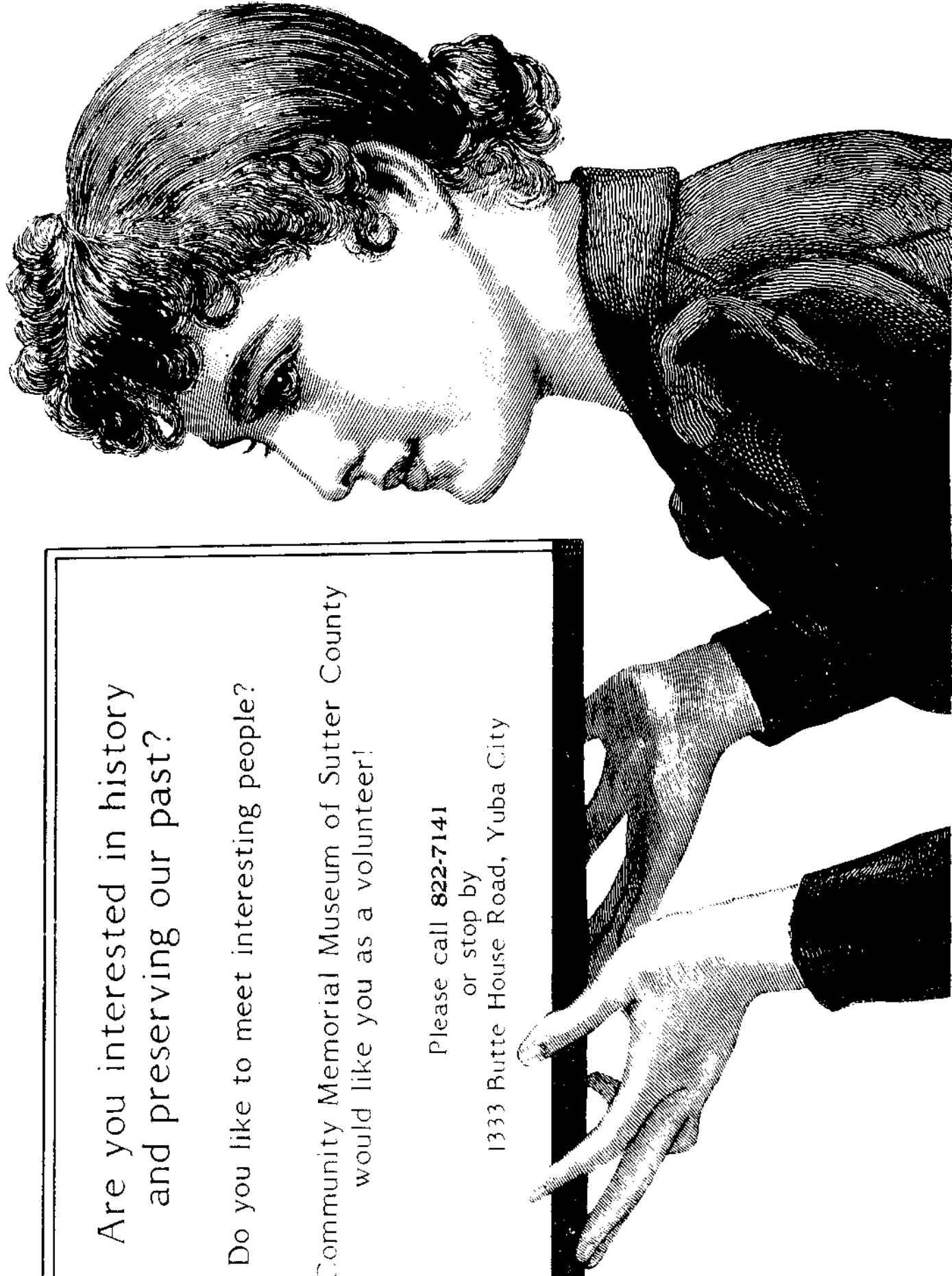
Are you interested in history
and preserving our past?

Do you like to meet interesting people?

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

Please call **822-7141**
or stop by

1333 Butte House Road, Yuba City



Membership Meeting

Saturday, January 17, 2015

2:00 p.m.

At the Museum

1333 Butte House Road, Yuba City

822-7141 or 671-3261

Program: Dr. Greg White

Archaeology of the Live Oak Levee

See page 1

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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