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**Meridian Flood, 1940**

*Photo courtesy of Community Memorial Museum*



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\*The year the director joined the Board.

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The 2017 dues are payable as of January 1, 2017. Mail your check to the Community Memorial Museum at 1333 Butte House Road, Yuba City, 95993-2301 530-822-7141

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## President's Message

Happy New Year! 2017! It is hard to believe that it was just 17 years ago we welcomed in 2000!

Last year we added many century farms to our records for the Sutter County Historical Society. So this year I would like to start adding century businesses to our records. We will start with Davis Machine Shop in Meridian. Our January Luncheon will be at the Machine shop. Clifton and Thomas Davis will share their family and business history in Meridian. Alan Odor will be catering our lunch. I hope you all will come and visit this wonderful business and see how they helped shaped the Meridian community.

We need to get some farms and businesses from South Sutter County. A new organization, the South Sutter Heritage Alliance, is working on the Vernon School from that area. The Historical Society had to give up on the West Butte School Project. We could not see how restoring the school would be enough of a benefit for the community compared with how much it would cost.

We really could use some new members on the Historical Society Board of Directors. We would appreciate some new ideas and help with how we can tie 2017 with the late 1800s.

Jessica Hougen, our new curator at the museum, has been a wonderful addition to our community. Julie Stark is still helping out at the museum and the school project in South Sutter County. We all could use some help with either volunteering at the Museum or being a director for the Historical Society. If you are interested or you know someone who is please contact me at (530) 755-0702.

So I wish for you that you make some fun colorful history for yourself in 2017.

Sarah Pryor  
President

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## Director's Report

Happy New Year! Another Trees & Traditions has come and gone. Attendance was up compared to the few years prior. There were a lot of familiar faces, but also many new ones, which bodes well for the Museum. Thanks to all of you who came! If you have any feedback on how to make this event even bigger and better, please feel free to share!

Our new exhibit opens January 14th: *Gold Fever! Untold Stories of the California Gold Rush*. Exhibit Envoy, which owns the traveling exhibit, describes it as follows:

“This exhibit presents California before the fateful discovery of gold in the American River through the frenzied rush to the gold fields overland and by sea. The experience of vigilante justice, life in the rowdy gold camps, Gold Rush era commerce and farming, and the shaping of California's future are all explored.

From staggering success to unmitigated disaster, *Gold Fever!* spotlights the remarkable stories of individual Californios, women, Native Americans, adventurers, and gold seekers who emigrated from all parts of the world during the tumultuous and colorful Gold Rush era.”

We're hoping to also display some of our own Gold Rush-era artifacts.

Speaking of artifacts, I'd like to share one of my goals for the Museum. Artifacts are truly the heart of a museum. One of the primary goals of museums is to preserve artifacts so future generations will be able to study and learn from them, so storage spaces are actually the most important physical spaces within museums. If they are not set up for optimum care of artifacts, we risk damaging or losing artifacts.

One of the biggest problems the Community Memorial Museum is facing right now is the lack of storage space. We are bursting at the seams. We have so many incredible artifacts tucked away that we are nearly at the point of not being able to collect any more. That in itself is a problem – if we can't collect any more, how can we continue to tell the story of Sutter County as it grows and evolves? I have been investigating ways to optimize our existing storage spaces. **We do not need more buildings – what we need is to better utilize the space we already have.** My solution is Spacesaver shelving, which is often used in museums, medical offices, and court houses. Shelving units or cabinets are mounted onto a carriage and rail system, eliminating the need for fixed aisles. In effect, this will double our existing storage space. If you want more information, please visit this website:

<http://www.spacesaver.com/products/high-density-mobile-shelving/>

Putting this type of shelving into our artifact storage areas will greatly increase our capacity for collecting and caring for the artifacts we already have. Yes, it will cost a fair amount, and yes, you will probably see a request from me in the near future to contribute to this effort. But properly caring for artifacts is the most important thing a museum can do, and installing this type of shelving will ensure that we meet this goal.

I have brochures on this type of shelving at the Museum. If you're interested, let me know the next time you are in and I would love to share them with you!

As always, thank you for everything you do to support the Museum, and the preservation of this area's history.

Jessica Hougen  
Museum Director

## Memorials

In memory of **Jay Alexander**  
Yuba River Moulding & Millwork

In memory of **Bee Brandt**  
Julie Stark

In memory of **Bethel Butler**  
Robin Bonfiles

In memory of **Deanna DeWitt**  
Geraldine, Gayle, Ned, Debbie &  
Lila Lemenager  
Gayle Matthews  
Laverne & Maria McPherrin  
Christine Schellenger & Family  
Sharyl Simmons  
Phyllis Smith  
Julie Stark  
Meredith Weldin  
Jon & Susan Whiteman

In memory of **Jim Goble**  
Cynthia Struckmeyer

In memory of **John Howe**  
Yuba River Moulding & Millwork

In memory of **Lil Inman**  
Robert L. Inman  
Rose & Robert Wood

In memory of **Bob Labonte**  
Rose & Robert Wood

In memory of **Kevin Lambert**  
Rose & Robert Wood

In memory of **Jim Mitchum**  
Stan & Jeanette Christopherson  
Merlyn Rudge

In memory of **Ted Moroni**  
Sarah & LeeRoy Pryor

In memory of **Edith & Perry Mosburg**  
Barbara Mosburg Green  
Joyce Mosburg Hansen

In memory of **Tetsuo "Ted" Nakamura**  
Mel Tsuji

In memory of **Margaret Pursch**  
Audrey Breeding  
Connie Cary  
Arlene Chesnut  
Sharyl Simmons  
Phyllis Smith  
Julie Stark

In memory of **Lucia Robillard**  
Alice Chesini & Family

In memory of **Elizabeth Smith**  
Sarah & LeeRoy Pryor

In memory of **Keith Snodgrass**  
Jim Staas

In memory of **Albert Ulmer**  
Sarah & LeeRoy Pryor

In honor of **Don Payne**  
Jon Whiteman

Outright Gift  
Bob & Nancy Aaberg  
Joe Benatar  
Dianna M. Ceballos  
Fremont Medical Center  
Auxiliary  
Mary Jensen  
Steve & Marie Kroeger  
Tim & Jan McCullough  
Rosalie Palmer  
Julie & Nancy Rolufs  
Audrey Vogel

This page allows the Historical Society and Museum to acknowledge donations made in memory or honor of a loved one, or gifts given to the Historical Society or Museum.

# Jewish Gold Rush Cemeteries

by  
Sharyl Simmons

On September 22, the Museum hosted Stephen Kinsey, Chairperson of the Commission for the Preservation of Pioneer Jewish Cemeteries and Landmarks in the West. Mr. Kinsey spoke about the Jewish presence, their businesses, and communal involvement during the Gold Rush. Settling in communities throughout California, Jewish settlers established businesses and became part of the communities in which they lived . . . and died.

With no synagogues in which to pray, services were held in homes and fraternal lodges and schools were established to educate their children in their culture. While these “make do” locations served the living community, consecrated Jewish property was necessary for burial. The Commission for the Preservation of Pioneer Jewish Cemeteries and Landmarks is working to recognize and preserve these consecrated locations.

The Shaar Zedek congregation began in Grass Valley in 1856 with some of the only markers carved by a Jewish mason. In some of the cemeteries it is obvious that gentile masons are copying Hebrew letters to the best of their ability, but often not accurately. Just up the hill from Grass Valley, Nevada City has its own Jewish Cemetery. The rivalry between Grass Valley and Nevada City is long-standing and dates from the Gold Rush, with miners and laborers generally living in Grass Valley and merchants and mine supervisors and owners having their homes in Nevada City. However, members of the

same Jewish families are buried in each cemetery.

Other locations for Jewish cemeteries include Jackson, served by the Givoth Olam congregation; the Sonora Hebrew Cemetery; Columbia State Park; and Mokulumne Hill. In 1854, a Jewish cemetery was dedicated in Placerville.

In 1853 the Hebrew Benevolent Society formed in Marysville to provide relief for the poor and a consecrated cemetery for their community. The Society purchased part of the existing cemetery, consecrated it and began using it to bury their dead. In 2002, there was a rededication of the site and in 2008 gates and signage were re-homed from a site in San Francisco.

Aside from the history and physical location of Jewish cemeteries, Mr. Kinsey explained some aspects of Jewish cemetery ritual that gentiles may be unfamiliar with. If you see a gravestone with pebbles on top of it, that is intentional. When you pay respect to the dead, you leave a pebble on the stone as a visual representation of your visit and respect for the deceased. On leaving the consecrated grounds, handwashing is required and provisions were generally provided to allow for this act.

The Project that Mr. Kinsey chairs is working to create landmark status for these cemeteries, restore the gravesites, and educate the public about their existence and the active role Jews had in settling and developing the west.

# The Meridian Flood of 1940

by  
Phyllis Smith

Everyone who's been in the Yuba-Sutter area for any length of time is familiar with the story of the 1955 flood, and many current residents remember it through first-hand experience. But the Meridian Flood of 1940 is not so well-known.

In October the Museum hosted a presentation by Cait Plantaric of the California Department of Water Resources (DWR). Cait has spent considerable time researching this watery event as a personal project — this was not done on behalf of the DWR. And even with all her background and knowledge members of the audience were able to provide new, personal insights on the catastrophe.

Like most floods, and certainly like the Flood of 1955, the Meridian Flood was not strictly a local event. It was really the 1940 Flood of Northern California. Thirty-five California counties were affected. But Cait provided a local view of phenomenon that made it very personal for those of use who live in the area.

The flood occurred at the end of February, 1940. At the end of December, 1939 the season's rainfall was only 24% of average. But in January came a series of storms that provided a good snowpack down to 4000 feet, and then in February the warm rains came. There were 17 days of rain as high as 6000 feet, melting the snow that had accumulated. That month saw 20 inches of rain in the Feather River Basin, and 32 inches of rain at Inskip Station.

There were 16 levee breaks north of Princeton, and a break northeast of Meridian between the Mawson Bridge and the Long Bridge that was 1200 feet wide.

This was in the days before our large reservoirs. Construction of Shasta Dam had just begun and was disrupted by the flooding. The levees along the river had not been maintained and they were not as tall as today. When the water receded levees were repaired but one month later the water rose again. Some of the repairs failed to hold and there was once again flooding, although on a smaller scale.

The county was still in the throes of the Great Depression, and California was the new home to immigrants who had fled the disaster of the Dust Bowl. Many people in the Valley were evacuated from their homes and the state fairgrounds became a camp for those who were displaced.

The event was costly for the north state. There were ten deaths and 992 square miles of the Central Valley were inundated. Damage was estimated at \$12 million, and \$1.7 million of that was in Sutter County, which had more than twice the damage of any other county. In all, 65 highways were damaged and the Napa Valley, as well as Tehama, Glenn and Colusa counties, had no passable roads.

The flood was key in reminding people of the importance of controlling our great rivers. Shasta Dam was completed in 1943-44 and although World War II was raging, the dam lost no materials to the war effort.

## Trek to Yellowstone, 1919

*Traveling locally by automobile in 1919 was a challenge – flat tires, poor roads, sharing the road with horses and wagons were all challenging. Now imagine getting up one morning in the summer of 1919, loading up your car with provisions and family and heading off to visit Yellowstone National Park – a trip of approximately 1200 miles. The journal that follows chronicles just such a trip. Written by an unknown local teenager, she highlights the adventures of the road in the family's Haynes automobile and the incredible sights of Yellowstone and downplays the flat tires, heat and car repairs. They were accompanied by another family, the Sullengers, who traveled in a rather more reliable Buick.*

*A copy of this manuscript came to the museum some years ago, but we are at a loss as to the identity of the young author. She mentions few names in the diary – her friend or possibly sister Minnie, the witty Mr. Sullenger, Arthur, Pauline, and Georgia. If you think you may know who the author was, please contact the editors (Sharyl at 822-7141 or Phyllis at 671-3261) and share any information you may have. We'd love to be able to identify the adventurers in our story.*

August 4, 1919

We started for Yellowstone on Monday at six o'clock a.m. and travelled without trouble all day. At noon we lunched at Cottonwood on the line between Shasta and Tehama County. The roads became very bad when we reached the mountains and on account of this we were not able to reach Shasta Springs that night, but camped at Des Moones, a little lumber camp among the pines. A log chute ran past and all night long we heard the drip of water and the wind through the pines. Of course we slept perfectly and awoke next morning ready for anything.

August 5, 1919

We set out early in the cool morning and arrived at Shasta Retreat before noon. After lunch, some of us went for a hike up to Shasta Springs by a beautiful path by the river and some more inclined to laziness stayed in camp, a beautiful spot among maples and near the Sacramento River. On the way to the springs, Papa was endeavoring to walk the rail and fell

down and skinned his nose. All day long either one or another of us amateur fishermen cast the fly, but alas without success. We returned early that evening and slept late on the following morning.

August 6, 1919

We washed in the morning and evidently set the fashion for our next door neighbors (who) were hard at the tub and board also. In the afternoon the Haynes balked and required extended coaxing. It was finally fixed minus the starter and speedometer. At about three, Minnie suggested a plunge and we found that a dip in the Sac. was all the sweeter by being cut short. The temperature, you know. In the evening we attended the dance where we met the Pryor family and also danced with our neighbors of the wash tub, a sweet young thing by name of "Ike" Allen.

August 7, 1919

We had to tear ourselves away from Shasta and all its attractions early in the morning. Stopped at Shasta Springs and went down a steep path to



view some beautiful springs and falls. We lunched by a small stream on the edge of the pines and had a treat for the watercress grew very thick there. In the afternoon we visited the trout hatchery at Sisson and got our mouths all fixed for Yellowstone trout. We passed over the line into Oregon. Low and Behold! Clouds immediately obscured the sun. Mama predicted rain, a stunt which she repeated daily all the way through Oregon. We camped near Ashland, Ore. that night on a damp, grassy meadow. After supper we wandered down the lane and found a blackberry vine growing on the fence. A debate ensued as to whether it was wild or tame. We ended by calling at the nearest house and obtaining permission to eat all we could. However, they were too green and besides they were awfully sticky. We slept rather damply, but no bad effects followed so we should[n't] worry.

August 8, 1919

Friday: Ashland, Talent, Phoenix, Medford, Eagle Point. Friday lived up to tradition as we had nothing but bad luck. One of our tires blew out with a terrible report and the extra was faulty so that we had four punctures. We lunched under a pine tree where the soil was a deep red color. We gathered moss and made some funny oak ball faces. In the afternoon we had a beautiful drive along the Rogue River. An interesting feature was the irrigation by millwheel of which there were several. We camped that night at a beautiful spot on the Rogue River among the pines. The river is very rough at this point and there were some magnificent falls where we stood on a rock and enjoyed the spray. We were directed here by the caretaker of

the Rogue River Power Plant which is the second largest in the state and supplies San Francisco with electricity. The plant was a wonderful sight and we viewed the river from the bank 500 feet straight above.

August 9, 1919

Saturday, Anna Springs. Papa woke up feeling bilious and the roads finished him up. The dust was at least a foot deep and bumpy – full of ruts. Just before noon we got stuck in the middle of a river, the springs got wet and we pushed the old boat out. Papa got hot from cranking and caved in completely. Arthur at last got the car fixed and after eating lunch and letting Papa lie down for a few hours, we started on. By the way, the name of the stream was Whiskey Creek and it seemed to affect the Haynes as that beverage usually does for it got on a grand long toot. You see, the water shorted the horn wires and echoes resounded from the hillside for about five minutes while everybody scrambled wildly about trying to choke it off. We decided to make our next stop at Crater Lake, and on our way we stopped at Anna Camp where we found that the cost of living corresponded with the altitude which at the Cascade Divide near here was 6,225 feet above sea level. Bread was 30 cents a loaf, potatoes 5 cents a pound and gasoline 50 cents a gallon. Goodbye cash at that rate. When we entered the Crater Lake National Park we had to stop and register, paying a \$2.50 fee. Whenever we met a ranger we had to show our card, which we did only once. At last we reached Crater Lake after going up a very steep grade and saw this wonderful curiosity. The rim was 1,000 feet above the water and perfectly perpendicular. The water was a deep

blue and as smooth as glass. It was a beautiful sight, but somehow none cared to be in it so we went some distance away to camp. We rode right by patches of snow and camped quite a distance above the snow line. The elevation at the lake is 7,220 feet. Believe me, we hunted sweaters and coats to eat breakfast in the next morning.

August 10, 1919

Sunday. Crescent City, La Pine, Bend. It certainly didn't seem like Sunday. We got up early and made the longest drive yet. Just before leaving the park we passed Pinnacle Creek where the rock pinnacles had very queer shapes. One, in front of the Ranger's cabin, looked like a woman with a cape on standing with folded arms. Further on we came to Sawbuck canyon which is very narrow and 800 feet deep, with peculiar formations of rock on either side. Later on we entered a stretch of desert country, forested with pine but perfectly dry and of volcanic nature. This lasted about 100 miles with only one little town, La Pine, to break the monotony. We reached Bend, Oregon, at about 7:30 and pitched camp. After supper we went up town and had some ice cream and then retired.

August 11, 1919

Monday. We got up early and got all packed to go when we stopped at the garage and discovered that we must stay over a day to get the springs on the Haynes fixed. We unpacked and spent the day washing. There was a Gypsy camp across the road with four families with 27 children. Dirty! Oh boy! They were ragged, filthy and

thievish. Some of the children came over and tried to tell our fortunes, but we ran them off. They came over several times and once they came right into the tent. Mama gave them the run. It was very cloudy all day but didn't rain. At night we went to the show "Virtuous Wives" which was very good. After enjoying ice cream, we retired.

August 12, 1919

We slept late and then wrote letters. A whirlwind hit the Sullenger tent and it collapsed completely. We sat around in camp all day and the car was fixed by afternoon so we prepared to go on the next day.

August 13, 1919

Burns. We started early and traveled all day through a sage brush desert with an occasional herd of horses or cattle to break the monotony. Several cowboys passed also and the whole scene was a typical wild western one. At noon we lunched in the sage brush with no shade and shortly after we had a blow out. Otherwise nothing happened until we reached Burns, a little town in the midst of the desert where we camped beside a creek near a spring.

August 14, 1919

We started on bright and early and were about 25 miles from Burns when the universal yoke broke caused by the garage men when they fixed the springs. The Buick towed us back to Burns and we pitched camp again while they telegraphed for the extra. We girls enjoyed a swim twice and washed our hair. We returned early and slept very late (the) next day.



Haynes Touring Car (1919)

August 15, 1919

The men stayed up town all day and fixed the car and the rest stayed in camp reading and talking. The car was fixed before night so we prepared to go on the next day.

August 16, 1919

Crane. We started out on a different road early and continued to see nothing but sagebrush. We ate lunch near a small stream and it was surely hot enough and dusty too. The roads from there on were terrible and we were not able to reach Vale as we had intended but camped about thirty miles west of there in a little valley near a farmhouse surrounded by alfalfa. The mountains near there were of sandstone and worn into queer shapes.

August 17, 1919

Sunday. Vale, Ontario, Fruitland, New Plymouth, Emmett, Boise, [Idaho]. We had pretty fair

roads on to Vale except spots and arrived at that city by noon where we lunched. It was a regular cowboy town and very hot and dusty. About the size of Williams. After leaving Vale we left also the sagebrush and we were certainly glad. In Ontario, the next town, we enjoyed ice cream as a birthday treat. Crossing the river [Snake River] we entered Idaho and it surely seemed a beautiful spot, all orchards, gardens and alfalfa as far as one could see. On the way to Boise we had to go up about the steepest grade imaginable, nearly straight up. We were all as weak as chickens when we reached the top. We traveled until dark to reach Boise and reached the campground there at about 8:30. After supper we tumbled into bed, too tired to even wash the dishes.

August 18, 1919

Monday. Dixie, Fairfield, Soldier Mt. We bought provisions at Boise and

then started on. The roads were very good, but steep in places and, of course, surrounded by sagebrush. We ate lunch at a farmhouse, near a fine spring and in the afternoon passed through a farming section, camping that night at Soldier, a little village near a little stream.

August 19, 1919

Tuesday. Hailey, Bellevue, Gannett, Picabo, Carey. We had a late start on account of doctoring the Haynes, but otherwise we had a good day's run. The lava beds through which we passed were very interesting — great lumps of rock covering whole canyons. The roads wound around along the edge of the hills beside the lava. There were lots of cactuses growing along the way, that and sagebrush were about all except in spots on the mountains there were groves of quaking asps [aspens]. We ate lunch near a little town named Picabo by an irrigation ditch. We had expected to reach Arco, the next town, by night but couldn't make it and camped at a little brook running through the sagebrush. It was a nice spot, gravelly and clean and we had neighbors also, nice people with three adorable little girls. Mr. Sullenger named the spot "Windjammer Flat" on account of our neighbors who had an orational tendency. Mr. Sullenger killed three sage hens and we had them for breakfast.

August 20, 1919

Wednesday. Martin, Arco. We started out early once more and had fine luck until we reached Arco, where we stopped to fix a spring and the radiator on the Haynes, as usual. We lunched at the high school near the garage and had a fine time playing the

piano and going through the building. By the time the car was fixed it was so late that we decided to camp there. We were all tired and after supper we talked for a little while and then went to bed. There was a merry-go-round in town and we went to sleep listening to its melodious tune. It was at Arco that we met a couple in a Ford who were going to Yellowstone and they followed us on from here.

August 21, 1919

Thursday. Howe, Du Bois [Dubois], Spencer. We started out early and made good time until we got out into some more sagebrush where there were so many roads we got badly mixed up. Everyone gave us different directions, but at last we reached [too faint to read] after going over some terrible road. We ate dinner at a little ranch in the midst of the desert where there were two cowboys, one of whom was riding a mule without a bridle. We enjoyed the show very much excepting the strong language. After dinner we traveled through desert until we reached a place called Hot Springs. From there we went to Du Bois, quite a town, and then to Spencer, a little place where we camped by the river.

August 22, 1919.

Friday. Talk about cold, Oh Boy! The wind blew something terrible through the canyon where we camped. When we got up we cooked and ate breakfast in overcoats and started out as soon as possible. The country grew more attractive all the time and we passed through two little towns after crossing over from Idaho into Montana, by name Monida and Lakeview. We lunched at a grove of quaking asps near Lakeview. At Monida I bought myself a pair of shoes being nearly barefoot.

They were very swell, costing \$1.50 reduced from \$2.00. We called them "Old Ladies Comforts." We drew nearer and nearer to Yellowstone and passed three large lakes surrounded by trees and grass. The roads were pretty good and were steadily getting better. By the time we reached the entrance to the Park, they were fine. We registered and paid the entrance fee (\$7.50) and went in about ten miles where we camped beside the Madison River. After supper, we girls went for a plunge and then retired. The chipmunks visited us several times in the night but were perfectly welcome. No bears as yet!

August 23, 1919

Saturday. We slept late and then fished and washed. Minnie caught a trout about 14 inches long. Of course she wasn't excited at all. Our friends of the Ford appeared and visited us for a while and then moved on. We prepared supper at about 3 o'clock and then packed up and moved on to camp at Old Faithful Geyser. We passed through a zone of geysers about fifteen miles in length. The first of any importance was one called the "Fountain." This was hollowed out of a [too light to read] formation of rocks and was about 20 feet in diameter. It was boiling about 3 feet in the air when we arrived and the water was a peculiar bright greenish blue in color from being boiled so long. All around us were numerous other geysers of different sizes, some boiling far up in the air. The whole valley seemed to be a mass of steam and hot water. One place was a mass of rock with small holes in it where we could hear the water boiling underneath. All of a sudden the water shot up about two feet in the air. Believe me there was

some scatteration. We had our picture taken standing right by the fountain and not ten minutes after the thing shot up about 14 feet. We stood there and imagined what would have happened if we had stayed ten minutes longer. Probably would have been well parboiled if not hardboiled.

The next wonderful thing was the Mammoth Paint Pots. Here white, pink and yellow mud boiled, all in one spot about 40 feet in diameter. There was a great mound of mud in the center from which rose steam as from a volcano. Mr. Sullenger said that this here was the place where they slacked the lime to whitewash the lower regions.

Next we came to the Excelsior Geyser which was a boiling hot body of water about 100 feet across. Like the other geysers, it had hot bright blue-green color from boiling so long. The water lay about 15 feet below the ground and was surrounded by high cliffs, burnt black in some places. Surrounding this geyser was a big flat of white sands and not far from it was the Prismatic Lake. This was a magnificent sight, for the water showed different colors as you looked at it, blue, green, purple, yellow and red. Nearby the edge the stone was terraced beautifully and in the deeper parts the rock was washed into formations resembling sponges and roses. This lake looked as if it were lying right on top of the ground, as it had no bank whatever, but ran into the Excelsior Geyser. Going back to the machines, we girls ran a race and the ground rang just like an empty barrel, showing that only a crust separated us from the boiling water below. We passed swiftly from here in order to reach camp early and

at about 6:30 reached a place about two miles from Old Faithful. From camp we walked up to view this world famous geyser and after waiting about an hour until after dark, we were rewarded by seeing a wonderful sight. A strong spotlight was thrown on the geyser and the whole eruption lasted about 5 minutes. The water and steam mounted higher and higher, straight in the air until it reached over 100 feet in the air. It then gradually fell away and we walked home to camp impressed beyond words of this famous work of nature. Our camp was about ten feet from a boiling mud spring and nearly surrounded by different boiling springs, which smelled terribly of sulphur or something equally as awful, but we slept well anyway.

August 24, 1919

Sunday. We decided to see Old Faithful by daylight and after packing up we started out. First we visited a curio store and then went to some of the other geysers. The Castle was quite a heap of stone washed out in the form of an old castle. It only spouts from every 4 to 7 days. Next was the Giant, the largest geyser in the Park, also quiet on that day, and near it was the Indicator which spouts all the time when the Giant is quiet, but ceases when the Giant starts. The Grotto was a beautiful sight of stones washed into curious shapes and as it was spouting, its indicator was quiet. Next we visited the Riverside, a huge geyser but quiet. It's peculiarity is that it is boiling hot, not two feet distant from the Firehole River which is cold as ice. We then returned to Old Faithful and witnessed a fine eruption although the wind blew it a little sideways. From there we started out for Yellowstone Lake. On the way we saw the Kepler Cascades,

very pretty, under which fell down into a canyon, narrow, dark and very deep. We lunched beside the river. The road from here was very attractive and soon we reached the Continental Divide, where the Pacific and Atlantic watershed began. The rivers are very dark and beautiful, filled with water lily pads. The altitude was the highest yet here, being 8,325 feet. Along the road there we met our first bear and took several pictures of him. At the Thumb of the Lake we met another, very gentle, and several of our party touched him. The Ranger warned us, however, that they are sometimes dangerous. When we reached the Natural Bridge, a perfect arch of rock, we [en]countered a mother bear and two cubs, a pretty sight but one to be viewed from a distance. A beautiful road by the lake led us to our camp for the night, a pretty spot among pines by the lake. Now we began to meet our bears in earnest. There were about 5 or 6 and all night long they bothered one camp or another. Three visited us but we had wisely put all our provisions in our tent and they merely sniffed around. Some people nearby had hung a ham and a bacon in a tall tree and during the night a huge Bruno came and chewed the tree nearly through and pulled the meat down. They were not able to drive him away and he ate the whole thing. A car full of boys camped near and fixed up some food with red pepper for the bears which they ate and evidently enjoyed hugely. Quite a disappointment for our friends, believe me.

August 25, 1919

Monday. We started out early for the Grand Canyon and made a good trip. On the way we met an old bear with a darling cub. It would stand up

and walk on its hind legs. Our friends in the Willys-Knight followed us and we went to see some mud geysers. They were very interesting but rather strong as to smell, very sulphuric. One [of the] geysers shot out of a cave in the mountain with a loud roar. Soon we reached the Yellowstone Canyon and were repaid in that one place for our whole trip. We stood on an overhanging cliff and viewed the magnificent falls and looked at the same time down into dizzying depths of colored stone into the river over a thousand feet below. The colors of the rocks were of various shades of yellow, red, purple, and orange and these, with the deep green of the trees, made a gorgeous spectacle. At Artist's Point, the view is almost the same, but the falls are a farther distance from here. We went to a camping place beside the river to see if there were any fish and ate lunch. While some fished, the rest of us climbed down to see the Upper Falls. A thunder shower came up and we raced down in the cool rain and saw these magnificent falls, high and very rapid. Next we decided to go on to Lower Falls and on the way had a very steep grade of which we passed safely, although the brakes grew rather warm. We camped at a beautiful spot not far from the falls, which were very beautiful, surrounded as they were by spires and peaks of stone. After supper we visited the falls again and then climbed over the rocks in the river with our Willys-Knight friends.

August 26, 1919

Sunday. We slept late and then started off fishing in three parties. One, Arthur, Pauline and Georgia traveled about 3 miles and found an elk horn and a lot of pine burrs [pinecones], but no fish. Papa, Mr.

Sullenger and John didn't go very far — but no fish. Minnie and I and our W.K. [Willys-Knight] friends climbed in a cave up a perpendicular bank, a mountain of loose rock and a few other minor things, also no fish. We returned to camp, bid the boys goodbye and ate dinner. We decided to go on to Mammoth Hot Springs, escorted there by a friendly young Ranger on a motorcycle. On the way we saw three buffalo, huge creatures in a strong pen and took their pictures. We arrived at the camp ground at about 6:30 and soon our young Ranger appeared and he and his pal asked Minnie and I to go to the dance. We went and had a fine time.

August 27, 1919

Wednesday. We slept late and sat around in camp until noon. Minnie and I went up to the big camp to get some groceries and of course got lost and wandered around for an hour or two. There was the biggest hotel imaginable and lots of beautiful stone houses surrounded by grass, for this is the headquarters of Yellowstone Park and used to be an army post. In the afternoon we went up to see the sights, beautiful terraces and formations of all kinds. We young folks set out for the devil's kitchen and wandered about over a different trails, looking for some sort of boiling springs. On the way we saw a doe and two fawns which were so gentle that we could get within fifteen feet of them. Soon after we found the devil's kitchen, which was a crack in the earth about 4 feet across at the top. Steps led down and it grew wider. We went down as far as we were able without a flashlight, down a path along the side. It was a spooky place and we were glad to reach fresh air. We then climbed down a steep path and met the

other folks on a white plain surrounded by terraces. From here we went down to the car and were certainly glad to rest a while. Arrived at camp. We got ready for the dance and rode up to the Post Canteen where it took place in the car. We had a fine time and got home pretty late.

August 28, 1919

Thursday. Mama woke us up early saying it was about to rain and we piled out quickly. We decided to start for home and set it for the western entrance. Just out of Mammoth Hot Springs we came to the Golden Gate, a canyon of huge rocks and a truly magnificent sight. The rocks were of a yellow color, whether by formation or moss, I am not sure, and they were immense. The whole canyon was a mass of them and two jutting points formed the famous Golden Gate. Just below were the rustic falls, beautiful feathery sheets of water though not as big as others we had seen. The next point of interest was a beaver dam and house, very interesting and carefully done by the little animals. We also passed Roaring Mountain, a huge mass of steam and noise. It seemed to have become a geyser seat since the trees had been cleared off for it was covered with fallen timber. Next we arrived at Norris Geyser Basin, the most interesting of any we had seen. Among the usual spouters was a huge crack from which issued nothing but clouds of steam in regular puffs accompanied [by] a loud noise, exactly as from a giant locomotive. Another small hole near[by] sounded exactly as though steam were escaping from the same engine. The smell of sulphur was very strong here and in one spot a huge spring of sulphur mud was boiling merrily. We passed on and soon were

riding a beautiful road beside the Gibbon River. We passed about three geysers boiling right beside this cold river, one boiling out of a cone shaped rock. Soon we reached the junction of the Firehole and Gibbon Rivers which then formed the Madison. We lunched at the place where we had camped on entering the park and then left the wonderful Yellowstone behind. About 30 miles out we camped beside a brook where there were lots of brook trout, but we didn't have a bit of luck, for not one fish did we catch. After supper we retired very early and nearly froze all night long.

August 29, 1919

Friday. We got up to find the ice an inch thick in the wash pan and the radiator frozen tight. We crawled protestingly out and ate breakfast around the fire. After pumping up a flat tire, we set out. We travelled steadily through sagebrush until noon when we lunched at a little homestead cabin where we bought some fine Idaho potatoes. We passed through Monida, Montana and Dubois and we camped at Lidy Hot Springs, the oasis where we enjoyed a fine, warm swim and played the piano in the outdoor dance hall.

August 30, 1919

Saturday. The weather was nice and mild and we felt fine after our swim. We got a rather late start and traveled through more sagebrush, then Hamer, a little place next to nothing. We lunched at about 3:00 at Arco back in civilization. Now we passed through a farming section until we reached the lava beds and at night camped again at "Windjammer Flats."



# The Diary of an Average Housewife

by

Estelle Crowhurst

*Estelle Crowhurst wrote a weekly column about her life for the Independent Herald from 1948 until 1969. The Crowhurst family donated a bound copy of these columns to the Museum. The following are excerpts from some early columns.*

June 4, 1953 – On being a woman

You often hear women say that they wish they had been born men. Men get all the breaks, their life is so much easier, it would be wonderful to be able to do all the things that men can do and so on, ad infinitum. I, for one, have never felt that way. I'm perfectly satisfied that I was created a woman. But I do think that we women concern ourselves a great deal more than men do with the superficial things of life, particularly with appearances. And most specifically with our personal appearance.

Nowadays it takes courage and perseverance to keep up our personal appearance. I don't mean necessarily striving to stay young looking which I think is one of the silliest efforts one can make. But, being neat, well-groomed and attractive takes some real doing. It takes time and patience.

Before we even consider clothes there are the three basic problems to keep in mind at all times: hair, skin and figure. Take hair, for instance. First we must have a permanent if we are to be able to manage our hair at all. And permanents, whether they are the home permanents or one from the beauty salon, take time, effort and money. And when you have your

permanent, depending on the kind of hair you have, you must "pin up" or "set" your hair two or three times a week. That too takes planning, time and effort. If I am going somewhere where I must wear a hat, I simply must plan ahead so that my hair is at its best, which is not very good.

But does a man have any such worries? Of course not. If he is so unfortunate as to be growing a little bald he combs his remaining hair to the best possible advantage, and reassures himself with the old adage that grass does not grow on a busy street. And lets it go at that.

And then the problem of keeping one's skin fresh and young as possible and free from blemishes and weather effects takes time, effort and cosmetics. Of course a man must shave, but that takes at the most 15 or 20 minutes daily. A woman who must keep up the skin of her face, hands, arms, and even feet and legs, spends much more time than that daily. And if she doesn't she soon shows the effects of the neglect.

And last, but by no means least, we have the figure. And how we have it. If I ever envied men anything, it has been over the years their lack of worry over their figures. We must always

watch the diet, try not to gain too many pounds and worst of all even those of us with very good figures feel the need of a girdle of some sort. And rightly so, I think. But men have always worn their added pounds and unsightly bulges with the same apparent insouciance as they view their balding heads.

Until fairly recently. Perhaps it is the advent of television. Perhaps they have now begun to see themselves as others see them. Because in last Sunday's paper I saw an ad that really made me happy. It was for a large men's clothing store in San Francisco. It said, "Hey, we have pot holders." I didn't even get it at first. I thought, "How funny for a clothing store to be selling pot holders." And then I saw the picture. It was just a plain old two-way stretch girdle.

So now I find I have one thing less to envy in the opposite sex. They are going to begin wearing girdles. When they have to begin pinning up their hair I will feel that things are pretty well evened up.

July 16, 1953 – Leon Bunce and the public swimming pool

How true it is that the good we do in this world lives on after we are gone. Every year during June, July and August I find myself thinking of Leon Bunce, our one time city engineer. I remember his quick wit and his ready smile, his kind ways and his thoughtfulness. I remember how much he loved plants and flowers, in fact all growing things, including children. I remember how hard he worked to improve our fast growing town of Yuba City.

And what is it that makes me think of Leon Bunce so much at this particular time? Every day now I see dozens of children and teen-agers walking and riding bicycles past our house. They are dressed in all sorts of bathing attire, some have towels thrown over bronzed shoulders, some carry brightly colored tubes, other are carrying fins and swimming goggles. There is much singing, laughing and whistling. All are happy and eager to get to their destination and seem perfectly oblivious to the boiling sun. They are on their way to that most wonderful of children's pleasures – swimming.

When I see and hear their pleasure or when I occasionally go down to the pool and see the hundreds of noisy, happy splashing youngsters of all ages, I am always reminded of Leon Bunce. I know we owe a debt of gratitude to the city officials and the recreation department for their wonderful maintenance and supervision of the municipal swimming pool. I am afraid very few of the children who enjoy the pool stop to think how fortunate they are to live in a city that makes a free swimming pool accessible to all. But by the same token I wonder how many grown folks stop to realize that if it were not for the vision and planning of Leon Bunce that swimming pool would not even be there. And I just wonder how many of us ever thought to thank him for it when we still could do so.

December 17, 1953 – New courthouse

If you have not been down on Second Street for the last three or four weeks, you really owe yourself a trip

down there to see the new county office building.

It was constructed right around and behind the old buildings on that side of the street, so that a casual passer-by had no idea what an impressive and beautiful building was being built. Then after it was completed the old buildings along Second Street were removed and it was as if the curtain had been raised on a new act in a play.

The change was as complete and surprising as a completely different setting on the stage. Now that the ground is being leveled for the bush and shrub planting, it is a beautiful and most imposing building and one that Sutter County can really be proud of.

And we can enjoy it more than we do most things nowadays, due to the fact that we are not in debt for it. There are so many things nowadays that we will be paying for the rest of our lives and our children will take up the burden after us.

There is only one feature in the new building that I would take exception to and it is much too late for me to do anything about that, except to complain – which I am doing loudly and bitterly. There were several old black walnut trees on the east side of Second Street, the side on which the new building now stands. There are those misguided souls who contend that the trees were misshapen and had been pruned until they were unsightly.

That may be true, but in this valley where the sun beats down mercilessly on us 12 long hours on many a blistering hot day during the summer, any shade is welcome. I contend that any tree that is not diseased, even

though not perfectly symmetrical, adds grace and beauty and charm to the building it shades.

I don't know why the builders and architects who design and construct a fine building feel that all the natural beauty of the site must be cleaned out and their project must stand out in its naked splendor. These old walnut trees would not have hurt the beauty of the building at all and besides giving the whole site a more lived-in look, they would have provided a most welcome shade from the beating rays of the afternoon sun.

We seem to get so carried away with our man-made air-conditioning trappings that we want no part of the wonderful protections from the weather that Nature provides for us. Our whole attitude seems to be "OFF" with the old, and on with the new.

Often the old is just as good as the new and sometimes it is a lot better. Especially is this true in trees. I think we have removed just about enough trees in Yuba City. After all, we are just a little country town, and why try to look like a big city, with bare sidewalks and streets. Trees are one of the lovely advantages that a small town has over the city, so let's try and keep what we have.

April 29, 1954 – School open house

Once again we are observing Public Schools Week and so on Monday evening we visited the grammar schools of Yuba City, since on that night they held "Open House." As usual, I came away deeply impressed with the ingenuity and the endless patience that every good teacher possesses. I think

that a teacher who returns to her work year after year, particularly in this day of higher salaries in other fields, is an inspired person.

We visited many rooms that night where the teachers must have spent many hours of careful reading or creative thinking to provide inspiration for the various projects that the children had undertaken. And then after having thought up the theme, it must have taken endless patience and perseverance in order to inspire the pupils to put forth the necessary effort to complete the idea.

In several rooms there were autobiographies written by the children. Many were accompanied by pictures of the autobiographers, which of course had stirred up interest in the children far greater than the mere writing could have done. Most of the stories were mere statement of fact. "I was born in Yuba City, August 10<sup>th</sup>, 1941," etc.

Occasionally a more adventurous spirit had tried a little humor or used poetic license, so to speak, as for instance the boy who entitled his autobiography, "The Day My Father Killed the Stork." But whether the literary effort was witty or in deadly earnest, it had all required a lot of work and thought on the part of both teacher and student. And it was all displayed interestingly and neatly.

Then one room had a beautiful mural, covering the two blackboard walls of the room. The scene depicted was a rural vista through four seasons of the year. Each child in that room

had contributed some artistic effort to that lovely colorful picture. It was hard to believe that the finished product was the work of second grade children. I have seen pictures hanging in art exhibits of supposedly finished artists that were not nearly so pleasing to the eye.

In one room the children had recently been taken by the teacher on a tour of our new county building and they had then written compositions or made drawings of their impressions of the various offices which they had seen. Some had written letters to the county officials thanking them for their consideration in showing the offices. One picture was of our county treasurer, standing beside the big vault. The treasurer had carefully shown the children where the money that the taxpayers pay is kept and the little boy had been sufficiently impressed to make a very realistic drawing of it.

These are only a few instances of the many interesting displays that we saw Monday evening. There were many, many more that we had to just skip over. There was a scientific experiment set in one room proving the air has weight, there were poems on many subjects, maps that looked almost professional, charts of the sense organs of the body, to mention just a few things.

On the way home I kept thinking that if only parents had all the training, teaching technique and patience that most teachers have, our children would grow up into supermen.

# Calendar of Events

## January

- 3 Undecoration Day, 9:00 a.m. at the Museum
- 14 *Gold Fever! Untold Stories of the California Gold Rush* exhibit opens at the Museum
- 21 Membership Meeting, 11:30 am**  
Luncheon – Reservations required (see flyer in this Bulletin)  
Program: History of Davis Machine Shop, a century business  
Location: Davis Machine Shop, 15805 Central Street, Meridian
- 21 Lost Communities of Lake Oroville, 1:00 p.m. at the Museum, presentation and book signing by Larry R. Matthews

## February

- 11 Gold Rush, 1:00 p.m. at the Museum, presentation by David Rubiales

## March

- 5 *Gold Fever!* exhibit closes
- 11 – 26 Scholastic Art Awards

## April

- 1 – 23 River Valley High School Art Exhibit
- 29 – May 3 Yuba City High School Art Exhibit
- 30 Picnic in the Sutter Buttes**  
Meet at 10:00 am at the Community Memorial Museum  
\$10 for members, \$15 for non-members, \$30 for families

## May

- 27 – 100 Years – The Sutter County Library  
Aug. 20

## August

- 25 – Sutter Buttes Calendar Exhibit at the Museum  
Sept. 4

## September

- 9 – *The History of Hunting in Yuba-Sutter* – 5<sup>th</sup> Annual Fall Art Exhibit at the  
Nov. 12 Museum

# Puzzling

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CEMETERY	MERIDIAN
CROWHURST	MINNIE
EXCELSIOR	PEBBLE
FLOOD	PIONEER
GEYSER	PRINCETON
HAYNES	ROGUE
JEWISH	SHASTA
KINSEY	SULLENGER
LEVEE	WYOMING
MASON	YELLOWSTONE



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 and Luncheon**

**Saturday, January 21, 2017**

**11:30 a.m.**

**Davis Machine Shop**

**15805 Central Street, Meridian**

**Program: Davis Machine Shop, a Century Business**

**Reservations required**

**Please RSVP by Tuesday, January 17 to**

**Phyllis Smith, 530-671-3261**

**See flyer in this Bulletin**

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
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