

COMMUNITY
MEMORIAL
MUSEUM
OF SUTTER COUNTY

FALL
2018

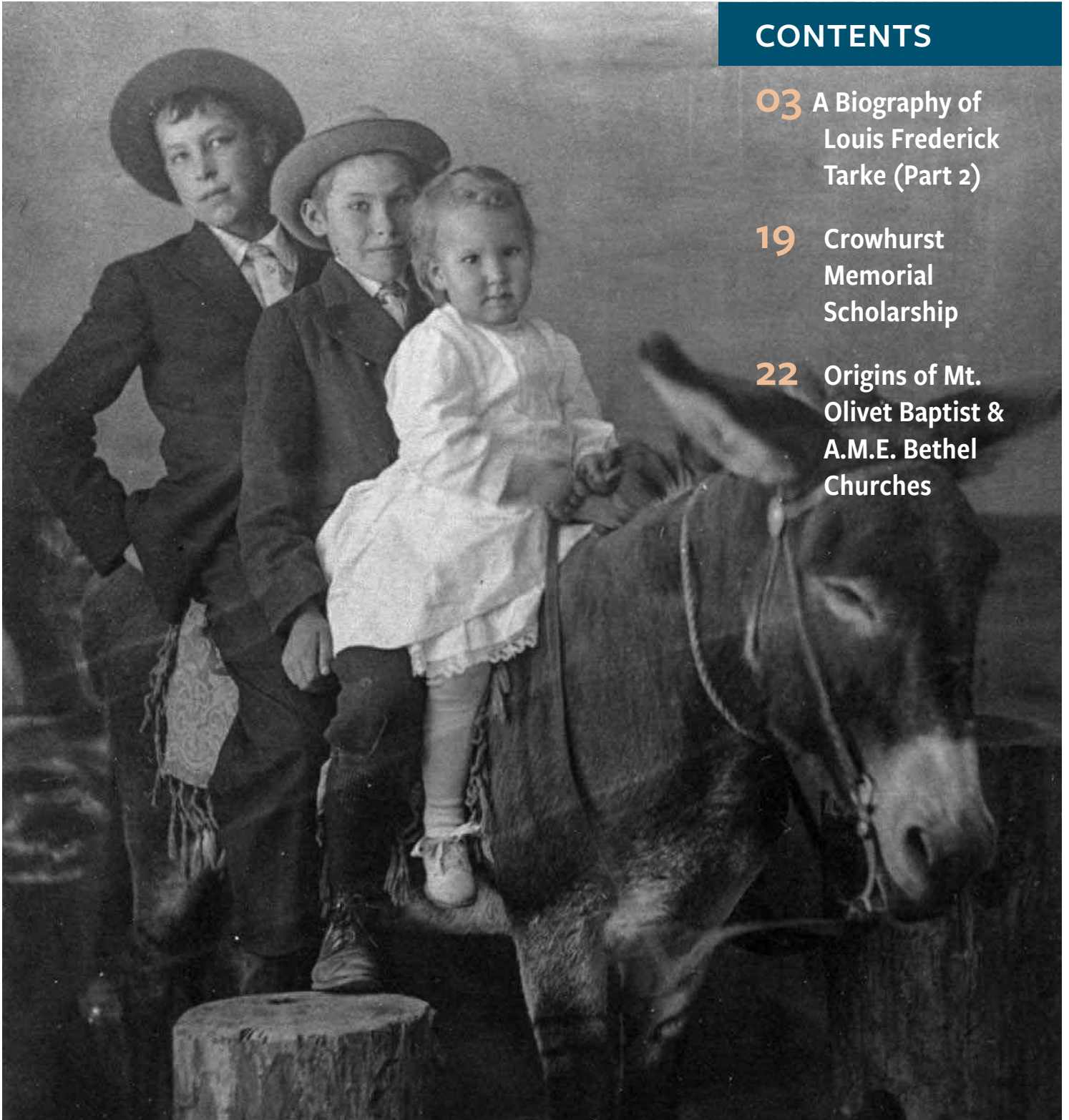
BULLETIN

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ON THE COVER:

FRED, ELDON AND GEORGE TARKE AT SANTA CRUZ
CIRCA 1909

Community Memorial Museum Staff

Jessica Hougen, Museum Director / Curator
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Visit the Museum

1333 Butte House Road
Yuba City, California 95993
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www.suttercountymuseum.org



Community Memorial Museum of Sutter County



cmmsc

Museum Association

The Association is a 501(c)(3) organization that fundraises and supports the operation of the Museum.

Applications to join are always accepted (available on the Museum's website). If you are interested in history and want to do something meaningful for our community, please consider applying! New applicants to the Association are approved by a vote of the full Association. Members serve for 4 year terms.

Current Association Members:

Tony Kurlan, President

Eric Gruenthal, Vice President

Babs Cotter, Secretary

Phyllis Smith, Treasurer

Carol Bordeaux

Coleen Morris

Katie Bryant

Mike Morris

Scott Hankins

Margit Sands

Mark Hartney

Sukh Sidhu

Randy Lavender

Chuck Smith

Amber Milner

Our annual art/history exhibit is on. Structures opened on September 15th, and will be available for viewing through November 25th. This time we are showing artists from Yuba-Sutter, Chico, and Sacramento. This exhibit is also a fundraiser for the Museum – all of the artwork is for sale!

As you know, we plan to do some work on our building in the Spring. This means that we won't have a temporary exhibit until June 2019. We have a fantastic exhibit planned for then; keep an eye out for a big announcement in the near future!

Since we have no exhibits planned for the spring due to the building work, we'll be holding a lot more programs in the garden to keep you all coming back. These will be announced in the next Bulletin. We're also working with local organizations such as the Marysville Chapter of the Japanese American Citizens League to plan some events that we will hold in Ettl Hall. Keep an eye on your mailbox for announcements and invitations!

News – Construction

- Have you ever worked with multiple contractors? It's like herding cats. We were hoping to have a finalized construction schedule to share with you in this Bulletin. It hasn't worked out that way, so here is what we are hoping to do – regular updates will be posted on our website and Facebook page throughout Spring 2019, and you can always call us or drop in to get an update on our progress!
- The Museum will be open during this work – only our exhibit spaces will be closed.
- The three large projects that are dictating the construction schedule are
 1. The removal of asbestos flooring and adhesive in collections storage, the kitchen, bathrooms, and janitor's closet;
 2. The installation of our new high-density mobile shelving in our collection storage areas; and
 3. The removal of our carpet and installation of new flooring.
- There are a number of small things we're going to do through the Spring as well – this place is really going to knock your socks off!
- We will close our exhibit spaces beginning January 2nd. The first phase will be a lot of packing. We're trying to schedule so that asbestos removal will occur in the last week of January, our new shelving will be installed in mid-February, and we'll begin work on the floor immediately after that.

We're going to need a lot of help with this project. If you are interested in helping out, please let us know! We'll need help packing and moving a lot of delicate artifacts. We're also going to need some supplies – if you have any shelving units, particularly the kind on wheels, that you can loan to us for 6 months or so, we would really appreciate it! We'll also need a lot of boxes, and this is the perfect time of year to collect them, since we're all doing our Christmas shopping!

If you have shelving or boxes you can loan us, please get in touch with the Museum Director, Jessica Hougen, at jhougen@suttercountymuseum.org or 530-822-7141 to set up an appointment to bring them by.

Thank you for your help!!

In the Museum Store

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Have you made your list yet? Checked it twice? We have all sorts of new goodies in the gift shop for all of your holiday shopping needs!! New games from Ridley's, candles from P.F. Candle Company in Seasonal scents, tons of new jewelry, many locally-made Sutter Buttes products, local honey (the best you've ever eaten!!), and more. Still to come are more children's items, more books, and some yarn in Sutter County colorways, made in Grass Valley specifically for our store!

Please note
that the
Museum Store
WILL BE OPEN
during our
building work in
Spring 2019





PHOTO FROM CMMSC COLLECTION

A Biography of Louis Frederick Tarke – Part 2

By Frieda Tarke Sanstrum

In 1966, Frieda Tarke Sanstrum undertook to write a biography of her father, whom she admired very much. The first part of the biography was printed in the Summer 2018 issue of the Bulletin. We've edited the biography to focus on her life and her experiences in the family's home in the Sutter Buttes, as those memories seem the most vivid in her account.

AT HOME

Yes, it was a cheerful, homey, happy scene, evening after long winter evening. The men would enjoy the sparkling, blazing fire in the huge fireplace. We had an abundance of splendid logs and other wood, for along the slough grew all kinds of trees, willow, oak, cottonwood and sycamore suitable for burning. Every fall it was the custom to cut and haul up to the house load after load of logs. Then they would have to be chopped or sawed into suitable lengths for the family fireplace and piled nearby. Shorter lengths put in a woodshed at the back of the house to be used in the kitchen range. An old stove was also used in the laundry shed to heat the big wash boilers. There some vast washings were done once a week regularly every Monday morning. The clothes were hung on long lines, a great many of them in the big back yard. It was one of Tie's jobs to help hang clothes and I can hear him singing now, as he straightened the countless sheets carefully matching the corners as Mama had taught him to do. She was very particular too to have the white pieces hung on the sunny lines to get lots of sunshine and the colored clothes in the more shady and secluded spots. Tie became very proficient and those lines and



LOUIS, EMMA AND ANNA TARKE C. 1880

lines of immaculate washing were sights to see. Many, many baskets full of clothes, big wicker baskets they were, were carried out of the wash house across a little plank bridge and upon the levee, there to flap in the breeze and get fresh and white.

About sundown they had to all be taken down and brought into the kitchen. They then must be sprinkled, rolled up and packed again into the baskets to be ironed the next day. We had so much ironing, there so many of us, that two ironing boards were necessary, set up in the kitchen between the long table and chairs. Of course, there were no electric irons so sad irons¹ were used, kept heated on the range. I think no one could realize the work required to keep a large family like ours supplied with fresh, clean clothes beautifully ironed. Clothes were starched too and how lovely they looked when they were finished, sometimes with so many ruffles. The men's shirts had to have the collars and cuffs pressed real stiff.

Perhaps someone would say, "Let's play a game." Then would follow a merry session of some lively and popular game such as Pedro, 500, Pinochle, Hearts, Old Maid, Pit, Checkers, Crokinole or others I have forgotten.

Often there would be music on the phonograph, one of those early model gramophones, an Edison, with the big morning glory horn and cylinder records. Papa would always

get an innovation like that when it would first come on the market. He wanted to keep abreast of all the new inventions. We all loved the music and the comedians. No matter how many repetitions we loved it just the same. Of course, there was no plugging into an electric wire, but just a crank that wound up a spring. But who cared if you forgot to wind it up tight enough and it ran down with a wail and a descending scale of sound. Just rewind it and start again.

We also had a music box that few will recall. I believe it was brought from Germany, but I am not certain. The music was exquisite. It was produced like a player piano by a large metal disc about fifteen inches in diameter with short, tiny teeth from indentations in the disc rolling over the disc. Of course, the teeth had been planned expertly according to the musical scale. The power was supplied by winding a spring with hand crank. The sound was like chimes, but very musical. It was a complicated, ingenious contrivance and we never got our fill of the lovely music. The best of the classics was hidden in those magic discs. Strauss waltzes, Sousa's marches, Mendelsohn, Wagner, Liszt, of course all instrumental because it could not reproduce a voice. This was our Regina, the grand music box. The joy we had from the Edison and the Regina! We listened to them over and over again and then repeated the concert the next evening.

There was also an organ in the living

room. After Ann and I learned to play on it, to pedal, to adjust the many stops, we often played on this instrument in the evening too, mostly hymns from the different church song books. There was a high back to the organ, decorated with carved and indented designs in the wood. It was the most beautiful organ of its kind I have ever seen. Mama could play on it too, but she didn't often perform. She had a sweet, high voice and I loved to have her sit at the organ and sing away so happily to her own accompaniment.

After Tie had finished his dish washing and straightening up the kitchen after supper, he would steal into the sitting room to be with the family. He would amuse himself looking at a magazine for a few minutes.

Then he might take a notion to prepare a treat for the group. If the blaze wasn't too high in the fireplace, just a hot bed of coals, all red and glowing, he would get out the corn popper from the corner cupboard, the ears of red and white popcorn, shell some off the ears by rubbing them together or with his fingers. When everything was to his liking, he would sit down in front of the fireplace, hold the popper (it was a screen, square-shaped box with a tight cover and long handle) at the proper distance from the red-hot coals and proceed to pop the corn. He was a master at producing a popper full of delicious snow-white curly popcorn, knowing just how close to hold it and how long so as not to char it coal black. If you

¹ Flat irons were also called sad irons or smoothing irons. The sad in sad iron (or sadiron) is an old word for solid and the names suggests something bigger and heavier than a flat iron.

weren't careful, it could easily catch fire and be ablaze with flame and smoke. Of course, all your trouble was for nothing then. An inexperienced hand too would find unpoped kernels in the popper, "old-maids" we called them. That was indeed a bad batch that had too many old maids in it for they couldn't be eaten.

Then the fresh, delicious corn was poured into a large dish or two and passed to everybody. There were also salt shakers for those who liked it salted.

Other nights Tie would bring in a huge, black baking pan of peanuts that he had roasted during the day. They were just right to be cracked and eaten, sometimes kept warm in the warming oven over the kitchen stove. You understand both the popcorn and the peanuts were products of our own fields, hence the more delectable. How everyone would enjoy them! And even though an occasional peanut shell or popcorn kernel was dropped on the floor, it could all be cleaned up in the morning,

and nothing was thought of it.

I remember old "Uncle Bill," a little old gray-haired man who tended our sheep for us for many years. He had his own special corner by the fireplace. Here he would sit in the evening dozing in a comfortable platform rocker. It had strips of Brussels carpet for back and seat. Once when I was just a little girl, I stood on the side of the rocker to get a ride as he rocked back and forth. I guess my added weight made the chair unbalanced and suddenly over it went on its side! Both Uncle Bill and I tumbled off onto the floor. I thought that I had killed him or hurt him really badly. But he was only shaken up and soon got over the shock of the fall. But I had learned my lesson and stayed off the rocker after that.

Mother and Father were always there in sickness or health to care for us and to advise us. Yes, I must say, we were a lucky family and never experienced any serious illnesses during the process of growing up.



FRIEDA, NANCY, FRED, GEORGE, ELDON, LOUIS AND ANNA CIRCA 1911

Papa was progressive. I will illustrate why I say this. Long before refrigeration was common in households, he devised and had built at a hardware store in Marysville, a “cooler.” It consisted of a large round zinc tank set in a large tray, with an upstanding edge about -1/2 inches high so it would hold water. Inside this big tank, was another identical in shape, but smaller, with built in shelves of wooden slats which were removable so they could be cleaned. There was a large door with double walls too.

Now when this “cooler” was installed on the side porch where a big windmill pumped a steady stream of cold water whenever the wind blew, the water would circulate all through the walls and run out through an outlet pipe on one side. It ran away from the pipe into the yard adjacent to the porch so it really killed two birds with one stone.

It was an entrancing sight where the little stream flowed, winding through Mama’s ferns and plants and shrubs on and on and watering lemon, orange, figs, effortlessly keeping the yard wet. There were also geraniums, lemon-verbena, roses, and oleander. It was a delightful place to play in the summertime. The boys would make little wooden boats or ships, whittling them with their jack-knives and putting up little paper sails on sticks and float them down the river to faraway places.

Maybe they pulled them with strings because they had no power of their own. I can hear the boys laughing and shouting as they raced their little sailboats and the big old windmill clanking and churning away as it pumped the water up into the cooler. It would pound and hammer away, making a sucking sound all day and even all night. There was a long handle fastened to a rope that could be tied down and stop the pumping when necessary like when a hard north wind came up, as it often did, and the windmill would pump itself to pieces if it weren’t shut off. Above the cooler was a pipe and faucet attached to a pipe coming down from the hill which brought cool, refreshing drinking water from the reservoir there.

I can see the lazy bees and yellow jackets humming and buzzing over the little river sipping a cool drink on a hot afternoon. You know those insects will never drink from standing water. It must be running and so fresh and lucky they were to have such a convenient drinking place.

There was a tree in the yard that I was afraid to play near, or even walk under. I had been told or heard somehow that it was deadly poison. It was a pink oleander which is attractive with red, white or pink blossoms and evergreen leaves. Someone said a child had put some oleander leaves in her mouth and she died from the poison. All of us kept our distance from that tree as well as a row of them along the road in front of the house. However, this fear of poison from these trees has not prevented people or towns from planting them and they are very attractive.

RECLAMATION

I want now to describe a project to which Father gave much energy and study. I refer to the reclamation of the valuable lands in Sutter County which had been subject for long years to flooding. He had acquired his holdings in a district which lay mostly between the great Sacramento River and a tributary to it called the Butte Slough. This was some of the most fertile and productive land in the State of California. At the time of his acquisition and subsequently the cultivation of it, this land was subject to inundation from these streams, especially in wet years. These acres were sparsely settled at this time. The farm homes were situated along country roads, often far apart, and the owners protected their ranches as best they could with levees which they built themselves. This was a heartbreaking task for the levees were inadequate and often broke under pressure of a

mighty flood, and this created great damage and destruction.

Later, however, Mr. Tarke, having long studied the flood problem, devised a system of levees which would protect this large acreage, approximately eighteen thousand acres. It was flooded so often that silt and other productive essentials were added to the fields.

Mr. Tarke realized that this section of land needed protection from the destructive floods if it was ever to develop properly. He spent much time organizing and establishing an irrigation and flood control district in this very locality. So eager was he to see this accomplished and completed and he devoted his skill and energy and fervor to securing local and state aid for the momentous project. He went so far in 1915 to campaign for the State Legislature. He served for two years as a member of the Assembly in the notable legislature of 1917. He campaigned strenuously on the campaign of reclamation and flood control. At his insistence, he succeeded in having his dream come true and in obtaining the aid of the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers. This body worked over the flood and irrigation problems by building miles and miles of immense levees under new surveying techniques. This was done with Federal Funds and local irrigation taxes from "District 70" as the newly formed Reclamation venture was called. Now, since the initial goal had been reached there was much more to be done.

In due course of time an organization was developed

involving lands on both sides of the Sacramento River, in Colusa and Sutter Counties. It was set up as a Board of Trustees of District 70. Officers were elected with Mr. Tarke as President, Oderbine [William Otterbine Wood] as Secretary and Lon [Leonidas] Summy as Treasurer. Meetings were held monthly, I believe, in the town hall of Meridian and many prominent men of both counties served on the Board. Mr. Tarke attended faithfully and regularly riding all over the District in his little buggy and driving his wiry little horse, Minnie. Many, many miles he drove, and Mama used to worry grievously when he was late coming home because the meeting was long and he was detained. Especially anxious she was because Minnie was shy and nervous and could easily have been frightened at some unexpected object and run away. But he never had an accident.

Also, in the Legislature Papa had been disturbed by "lobbyists, a new species of vultures" that he had never encountered before. He would tell us when he returned home on weekends from the Legislative sessions that a certain man or group of men had approached him and made him an offer, "Say, if you will vote for our bill (something he had not studied much, so he did not know exactly the right or wrong of it), we'll vote for your Reclamation Bill for District 70." This of course was political, but dishonest and the worst kind of politics. He never got involved, but no doubt lost "friends" because he stayed aloof and remained honest and true to his

convictions. What a sorry set-up the Lobbyists have become in modern days! But my Father wanted no part of it! How characteristic this was of the man!

But the drain on his energy and health began to tell, especially after his labors at the Legislature. He was always frail, and he suffered a serious illness after the meetings were adjourned for the year.

My Mother had stayed with him and they had nice rooms at the Hotel Land near the Capitol. She would not leave him alone there, but in spite of this, his physical condition deteriorated. He was too conscientious and fearful that he would not serve his constituents well. Heart trouble, from which he had always suffered, increased in severity from that time on.

However, “you can’t keep a good man down” and his interest and labor for District 70 never faltered. There was much to be done since the U. S. Gov’t was now definitely overcome. There were also objectors to be won over to the new plan of reclamation, in fact there were some who were downright enemies and my Father took many a taunt from some short-sighted person who could not see the benefits ahead or did not want to pay increased taxes. But he took it all courageously and fought on for what he believed was right.

LEVEES AND DISTRICT 70

District 70 today has been tremendously developed and has increased to a much greater value. A great system of levees has been

built. They had been enlarged to about twenty feet in height before the last great flood but still disaster came. In spite of their gigantic size, as wide at the base as they were high, a break caused by a gopher hole where the water could seep or by a weak place in the levee could suddenly release a great volume of water, then would come a flood. This was all before the days of gasoline and diesel-powered tractors and Caterpillar-drawn huge farm machinery, and all of this levee building was done with horses. Local labor was used to do the work. Many of the fertile acres were plowed, then piled high along the banks of the river by heavy horse-drawn scrapers.

It was a sight to see these hard-working men behind a powerful team of horses, guiding them to pull a Fresno scraper-full of dirt to just the right spot, then by pulling a long rope attached to the handle on the scraper to dump it at the proper moment and pile up the great levee higher and higher.

To take care of this huge system of levees required maintenance crews under the supervision of the Board of Directors. It was a constant expense too, because the men had to live on the spot and have sleeping and eating quarters. That meant cooks as well as laborers.

With this constant supervision, it would be supposed there would never be another break in the levee. But as I have said the last one did come. Some have surmised that the breaks were not caused by an act of God but were deliberately engineered by parties on opposite sides of the river. For instance, if the water was very high near the town of Meridian, some scoundrel landowner near the danger point could sneak across the river, set off a charge of dynamite on the levee and blow a great hole in it and relieve the terrible pressure on the Sacramento site. Thus, the flood waters could pour through the hole on the Colusa side. There were many lawsuits over just such suspicious occurrences, but I don’t think anybody was ever convicted of the crime.

FLOODWATERS

I believe it now behooves me to tell in some detail just what happened when the levee did break on the Sutter side and the disastrous results that followed.

Because the River and the Slough both have a tremendous fall, or slope, toward the low lands and the Pacific Ocean, and there is drainage from such a vast plain, when the levee breaks and the waters escape there comes an accumulation of volume, momentum and depth. They create a frightening noise because of so much movement both in speed and power. It sounds like the voice of destruction, chaos, with supernatural force, intention destroying everything in its path. All

are combined in one fearful drive with disregard for all life or order.

I have stood on the shore of this ocean of “high water” that is far from the natural shore and watched and listened. Immense trees, uprooted by the sheer strength of the mighty flood waters, go whirling by caught in the vortex of this horrible volume of uncontrolled water. A section of a panel fence passes boards and wire all twisted and tangled and mingled with a swirling mass of debris. This terrible sea of water smothered in a cloak of white and yellowish foam, angry, restless, insatiable, furious and cavorting like a mad devil. All are churned to violent rage by the sheer rotation of the motion of the water.

There is a melancholy moaning as if [there] were a cry of exultation that accompanies all this melee. There is no escaping its refrain. Sometimes there goes rushing by all that remains of a house, a roof, a piece of steps, huge lengths of lumber, broken boards that once belonged somewhere, or even a car body, old or perhaps new?

Saddest of all, you might spot an animal, a horse, a cow, a sheep, a pig, now dead and distorted, the carcass carried along without protest having succumbed in the mighty stream of the flood waters. No life could survive. Though the irony of this tale is almost comical; I heard my brother Fred tell that one time, as he stood on one of the huge levees watching the high water rushing by, his eye caught an object on a small log bobbing along. It was a ground squirrel almost merrily showing off. But in reality, the poor little creature was enduring the most frightful episode of his life. He did not seem to realize his terrible danger. He rode out of sight and who knows? Did he reach a safe harbor at last, or did fate turn over his bouncing log and cast him to his death in the flood?

My sister lived in this flood section, protected by these huge supposedly invulnerable levees. Their home was two-storied and represented years of planning, labor, construction and individual effort. One year the levee broke about a mile and a half north of them and the floods came. Understand that these vast volumes came only after unusual periods of rain and storm that sent so much water coursing down the river that it could not contain it. A break just had to come as the only relief. I did not see the flood then, only heard their

vivid description of it some months afterward. The catastrophe was real. Later during a visit to her, we were shown relics of the destruction that took place. “Look at the sewing machine,” she said. “Open the drawers.” I tried to but I couldn’t. They were stuck shut, filled to the top with dried mud and silt. This was the peculiar sticky, slick residue left by all the muddy, churning, grasping demolishing waters of unusual origin and demonical intent.

My brother George lived nearby. His nearly new early California style home had been inundated too, of course. Ruin was apparent, but in neither case, Ann or George, were the houses moved off their foundations. Sticks, rubbish, trash and refuse were everywhere as if a bunch of giants had had a free-for-all struggle all around the house outside of it. “Look at the ceiling,” said Janette, George’s wife, “in the living room.” It had been such a pretty room. “Guess what those marks are.” I saw some huge gashes or dents in the beautiful white plaster ceiling, as if someone had tried to gouge holes in the floor above to gain entrance. “That’s where the piano kept hitting the ceiling, as it floated around in the water in the house,” she said. Outside the devastation was apparent too.

It took weeks, even months for the oozy, nasty mud to dry and then everything looked ugly. Leaves of shrubs and bushes and trees were covered with a coat of dried silt that would take a long time to get rid of.

I can recall only one fatality, though very possibly there were others. This was the death of a woman who took the awful chance of driving down the road on top of the levee. The might of the water thru the awesome break was ahead of her, caught her car and was swept away in the current. Neither the car nor the woman was ever seen again.

Well, enough about these gruesome floods. Progressive development and prosperity have followed the establishment of Reclamation District #70. Several real estate development agencies became interested in farming here because of the almost fabulous productive ability of the land, invested and brought outside capital which helped to bring success. Today it is a prosperous highly developed section of California and I doubt if an acre of the District would be for sale at any price.

FIRE DANGER

I have inadvertently omitted an incident which helped to show my father's great progressiveness. He had learned about acetylene lights² almost as soon as they were invented and perfected. After a dreadful catastrophe happened to some very dear friends of his, this was in 1911 I believe, he had them installed. Before, we had used coal oil or kerosene lamps all over the house. I have thought it a wonder and a great blessing that through all our childhood days, carrying lamps all around, upstairs and down, climbing the long stairways to our rooms with a live flame in our hands, we never once had an accident, no burns or close calls.

But after Papa heard of the disaster that happened to Mr. and Mrs. Charley Moore near Sutter City, he seemed to fear some trouble with kerosene lamps.

It happened this way. Mrs. Moore was sewing one evening, seated in front of her sewing machine. It was getting dark so to see her work, she lit a stationary oil lamp and stood it on the machine near her. As she busily pulled the material under the foot, suddenly by a jerk or movement of her hand, she knocked over the flaming lamp. Instantly the gauzy window curtains caught fire and blazed up out of control. She was alone, could not summon help. She could save only a few pieces, though she did her best. It was a beautiful new Colonial home

– white with green shutters. In about less time that it took to tell about it, the house was completely destroyed.

The Moores had worked hard for many years, farming and dairying and had saved frugally to build the new home. Mrs. Moore said after the smoke and flames had died down, days afterward, she and the girls went to look for their new silverware in the ashes of the ruins. They found a pile of molten silver, all that was left, unrecognizable as knives or spoons or forks. But, as I said, Papa seemed to have given serious thought to the dangers of coal oil lamps. So as soon as possible, he sent for the salesman of acetylene gas lamps and had them installed.

OUR OWN HOME THREATENED

One evening when the whole family was in the kitchen eating supper, someone had built up a blazing fire in the fireplace, in short had just put on too many logs. Some one of us children had a bad cold and Mama had been rubbing his throat with turpentine and oil, an old fashioned but much used remedy at the time. She set the bottle on the mantel.

Now that fierce, too hot fire blazed up so quickly it heated the bottle of turpentine so hot, it caught fire and broke into flames. Somebody heard the roar of the flames. Papa always so alert and heedless of

danger to himself, rushed from the table through the long halls and into the sitting room. Quick as a flash he seized the fiercely blazing bottle, ran out onto the porch with it and threw it out in the yard. It was a miracle that the bottle did not explode in his face. But enough damage was done. His hands were practically cooked. For want of a better remedy, mother quickly grated raw potatoes into a large tin milk pan and immersed those poor, scalded burned hands in it. The pain must have been very severe. But Mama's first aide did help. She said so much fire was drawn out of those blistered and scorched hands that the great pans of potatoes were cooked. How Papa must have suffered! The rest of his life he bore the scars on his hands. There were never any pores or hair on them. But he saved our lives and our precious home from being destroyed. Such bravery is not common, I think.

It was about this time that he purchased his first automobile. It was a "Great Smith," obsolete now, of course. But it had acetylene headlights and perhaps these as an innovation helped to convince him to get a new kind of lighting for the house. For all in all, kerosene lamps were very dangerous.

WINDMILL AND RESERVOIR

Another thing that showed his provision and care for his family. In order to have adequate and proper

² Carbide lamps, or acetylene gas lamps, are simple lamps that produce and burn acetylene (C₂H₂) which is created with the reaction of calcium carbide (CaC₂) with water. Calcium carbide pellets were placed in a container outside the home, and water was piped to the container and allowed to drip on the pellets, releasing acetylene. The gas was pumped to lighting fixtures inside the house.

water supply for the home and everything around it, Papa conceived the idea of a reservoir. It was built on a hill about one half mile from the house at quite an elevation and above any danger of pollution from sewage or flood waters. I don't know the height or the capacity of the large galvanized tank that was installed there. Of course, a good well had been dug or drilled first, and a large powerful windmill set up. The drop to the house gave a strong force to the water coming down the hill thru the maze of pipes to the house and all thru the barnyard. We could always use at least three or four sprinklers and had ample water for everything.

It was wonderful water, good tasting, cool and soft. The well on the hill was so deep it never slacked and the circular reservoir, cement lined and covered with a heavy shingle roof, kept the water at a low temperature.

What an exciting adventure it was to walk up to the windmill along the winding path usually with Mama and Papa. There was from this height a beautiful panorama in every direction, giving an entirely different perspective of the Buttes. We seemed so much nearer to them. Papa would lift the big, heavy door to the reservoir to see how high the water was below. We could shout through the opening and get some reverberating sounds and echoes over and around the water. That gave us great fun.

Later when my brother, Elden, was old enough my Father told him it would be his responsibility to keep the big windmill oiled so it would never squeak or run dry. He was very faithful – and so was the industrious windmill.

PIGEONS

This reminds me of a special task allotted to my brother Fred at the same time. George was much too young then. High up under the gable of the shed (it was really a combination granary, tool shed, blacksmith shop and storage shed for farm machinery, wagons and vehicles, etc.). High on top was a little weathervane, so called but it was really a wind-vane, a cute yellow rooster standing guard on one foot. It was made of iron and many times I have looked at it to see from what direction the wind was blowing.

Now inside this big shed was a large pigeon loft built

in a corner of the west gable about twenty-five feet up. A tight-fitting door in front of it was kept closed by a latch. It could only be reached by climbing a heavy stationary ladder on the front. The pigeons could enter by little square holes in the front wall, near the floor. Outside there was a little step or space in front of each little door. I used to be brave and venturesome enough to go up the ladder just to look inside. There were all the pigeons, perhaps as many as fifty. Often there would be baby ones around on the floor, perhaps inside a ring of mud which the parents have provided from mud brought up in their beaks. Here the babies lived, fed by the parents, until they grew old enough to be able to fly.

It was always a treat for a special occasion to have squabs for supper, or for Sunday dinner. Old Tie was very efficient at preparing the delicate young birds; it was really a lot of exacting and careful work. I learned how to do it too, so I would know how, but I would always rather not. They had to be scalded, picked and cut up, usually a half squab to each person. Oh, nothing could have tasted better than a cup of pigeon broth after a bout with a sick stomach. It was good, appetizing and nutritious.

It became Fred's responsibility to take care of the pigeon loft. Of course, it had to be cleaned every so often. The pigeons always flew down to the ground whenever the chickens were fed and ate with them. The chickens were fed outside the big shed, for they were loose around the barnyard. Chickens and pigeons all ate together and what a commotion it was when feeding time came and the chickens came running and the pigeons flew down, all hurrying and scrambling to get some grain. All manners were forgotten; it was first come, first served.

GARDENING

My father loved to have his special fruit trees growing around the house and corrals. I can see him now coming in with an armful of apples from one of his favorite trees, a Lady apple – delicious, little, bright red, sweet little beauties. He was so proud when it bore its first crop.

He liked to have a little vegetable garden too. There was a sheltered little valley between two foothills over

the hill from the house – just an easy walking distance. Papa was not supposed to have any strenuous exercise in his later years on account of his heart condition. But he would have a hired man plow this little plot very carefully, rake it and lay it off in long rows. Then Papa would plant it himself. There was a strong panel fence around it to keep out the cattle. Of course, this had to be done early in the spring, for there was no way to water it except by the early spring rains. He was very fond

of fresh green sweet peas and was very pleased when we could have some from his garden, from the long straight rows from his garden over the hill. I think he had string beans, radishes, onions and maybe a row or two of sweet corn.

But understand this was only a little hobby. The garden didn't produce much. But Papa was a true son of the soil and he loved to watch things grow. It gave him light exercise, but he had been forbidden to even ever so much as lift a hoe. In later life he

had a severe heart attack and was subject to recurring spells of angina pectoris.

He went to a celebrated heart specialist in San Francisco for help. He told him, "Mr. Tarke, if I could just give you a new heart, I could help you." But he could only give him medication to relieve the excruciating pain of the heart seizures, put him on a salt free diet and tell him to lead a quiet life with no exertion and lots of rest.

TRAVELING



TARKE FAMILY AT SANTA CRUZ (LEFT TO RIGHT ELDON, FRIEDA, LOUIS, GEORGE, NANCY, ANNA, AND FRED C. 1909)

I want to recall trips that he and Mother took before he became so desperately sick and which gave him a great deal of pleasure and enjoyment. He had the facility of being able to place himself completely in the environment in which he found himself. In other words,

he never worried about how things might be going at home while they were away. He had done all he could in preparation and he trusted all would go well. I heard him say once, "Mama is different than I am. She worries that an old hen might fly over the picket fence into the yard and scratch up her nice flowers. But I'm not going to worry while I'm gone." He was a delightful traveling companion.

The folks attended the St. Louis World's Fair and Exposition. I think it was about the year 1906 or 1907³. They went by train from Marysville. They had asked Aunt Neva to stay at our house while they were gone and take care of us children. She was such a lovely lady, and we had lots of fun together. We must have nearly worn her out though as we were five lively, noisy energetic youngsters.

I'll never forget what fun it was helping to pack the big trunk for the trip East. Mother was always very particular about her clothes. How careful she was in placing them all just so, in the various trays. Father's were arranged with care too. They stayed several weeks. Besides seeing the Fair, they visited relatives in Missouri in the country near St. Louis. They had many exciting and pleasant adventures to tell us about when they got home.

Another memorable trip was one made to Honolulu on the Lurline of the Matson Steamship Line. The party was made up of Aunt Annie, Uncle Will, Cousin

³ St. Louis World's Fair ran from April 30 to December 1, 1904.



FRED, ELTON AND GEORGE AT SANTA CRUZ CIRCA 1909

Henrietta, their daughter, and my brother George. He was then a young fellow still in H.S. I'm sure they had a wonderful trip and enjoyed it very much on the voyage. It was another of those times when Papa could get away from the cares of home and not worry about anything.

My aunt, as I remember, was the only one to be sea sick, though they took along plenty of "Mother Sills Sea Sick Remedy" which was highly recommended at the time. Aunt Annie said she got so tired and provoked lying in her cabin sick hour after hour that she thought and thought of something to make her feel better. At last! It was a beef steak. So she called the purser and ordered a well-done T-bone. She sat up and ate it and, sure enough, it did the trick. She came out on the deck and from then on thoroughly enjoyed herself.

I wanted to tell you of another trip which our Father really dreamed up and engineered. Yes, this time we all went – to the Portland Lewis and Clark Exposition in September 1904⁴. This was really a community affair. When the various families around West Butte decided to go to the Fair as a group, the party consisted of eighteen friends and neighbors.

Here are their names:

1. Will Hawn
2. Effie Hawn
3. Will Straub
4. Alice Straub
5. Lola Straub
6. Cecil Straub
7. Will Hoke
8. Ella Hoke
9. Hazel Hoke
10. Will Wilbur
11. Nellie Wilbur
12. Myrtle Wilbur
13. Louis Tarke
14. Nannie (Nancy) Tarke
15. Anna Tarke
16. Frieda Tarke
17. Fred Tarke
18. George Tarke⁵

It was lots of fun getting ready. Everybody had to have new clothes, Anna and I had new dresses and sailor hats with wide brims and ribbon streamers hanging down the back. They were very pretty.

Oh that was an exciting experience. Each family took its big basket of food and lunch. I don't remember how long we were on the train, but it was a day coach. The upper berths had to be lowered from the ceiling and the

lower ones were made up from the seats turned around some way.

I remember my brother Fred was supposed to carry a wooden box of Thompson Seedless grapes. It was quite a responsibility for him and he got pretty weary with those grapes before we reached Portland. But he did very well.

It was always a great adventure when Papa took us on a trip. This journey to Portland was one of the most memorable. It is such a beautiful city, and though I couldn't locate the Exposition grounds today, I remember them vividly. There were, and are, so many lakes in and around the city, so much water and trees, trees, trees everywhere. It is well named the City of Roses and has such a marvelous climate. It is never too hot, a cerulean blue sky opens above and the sunshine is animating and refreshing.

I do not recall too many details of the Fair, though I was impressed with the outstanding beauty of the Exposition Building and grounds. The Forestry Building remains in my mind especially. It was entirely rustic, made of immense redwood or cedar logs like a giant log cabin. There was such a fragrance inside the building. I have never forgotten the beautiful statue of "Sakajawa" [Sacagawea] the Indian maiden who acted as scout for the pioneer explorers, Lewis and Clark, in their trek across the wilderness area.

It was on this trip that we first learned about Welch's Grape juice. There was the cutest stand where

⁴ The Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition in Portland, Oregon ran from June 1, 1905 to October 14, 1905.

⁵ There is some confusion about dates in Frieda's narrative. George is listed as going on the trip to Portland, but he wasn't born at the time of the trip.

it was sold, entirely covered with grape vines with clusters of great purple grapes hanging over it. I suppose it was all artificial. What a refreshing drink it was after you had walked many, many miles over the spreading Fairgrounds.

The lighting of the Fair was exquisite with many large pools, fountains, much trees, shrubbery, winding walks and drives. The exhibit dazzled me too.

All good things must come to an end. And so the time came to say farewell to Portland. Our visit was rushed somewhat though, and prematurely ended for some. We had allotted so many weeks to be gone from home. But one night, about midnight, suddenly and without warning we were roused from our beds by the ringing of the fire bells and the shrieks of sirens.

Lo and behold! The fire engines came right to our block, to a small hotel just a few doors down the street from our Hotel. We were all roused up and policemen told everybody to leave their rooms and go out on the street in front. They were afraid other buildings would catch fire. It was a frightening scene. I saw people in the windows of the burning hotel and firemen in uniforms and helmets helping people down the long ladders. It was a new and strange experience for all of us, for we were country people and had never seen a fire in a big city.

Finally the fire was out, the danger past and we returned to our rooms. I don't think there was any sleep for us though the rest of that night.

But the next morning, we were all up bright and early. Some of the older folks had decided already that

they had had enough of Portland and the Fair. They wanted to start home immediately. A quick check-up found everybody of the same mind – we were all suddenly very homesick and the quicker the better to be on our way back home.

DAY TRIPS

We often went to annual picnics, celebrations like the Fourth of July, Chinese New Year and Circuses. There was the Gridley Cannery Picnic, a large peach cannery event.

There was the Grimes Picnic which was especially thrilling because all the neighbors for miles around would drive to Meridian where a large river steam boat was anchored and chartered to carry the picnickers down the Sacramento River to Grimes and Grand Island to the big picnic grounds around a



RIVERBOAT COLLECTING PASSENGERS FOR GRIMES PICNIC

beautiful oak grove. There was fun for all that day.

Another gala day was at College City down the river where folks would gather from near and far for this unusual celebration called the "Dove Stew." This was a great delicacy. Great iron kettles had been boiling for hours, full of the wild game – free to all comers.

The annual State Fair at Sacramento was still another event which we looked forward to from year to year. "Now when you go to the Fair," Papa would say, "try to see something that you can learn from and remember after you come home. Don't just look at clowns and things like that." Oh how I would try to see something I could describe to those who hadn't gone or maybe write a story about at school. I always enjoyed the agricultural displays, so cleverly arranged with all the extraordinarily large varieties and specimens of vegetables, fruits, nuts, grains and such. The livestock show of fine cattle, hogs, sheep and chickens was always a marvel to my eyes.

Many times Papa took us on the Interurban Third-Rail Electric Train from Marysville to Sacramento to the fair. We were always cautioned on entering or climbing down from the coaches to be careful. Remember there's an extra rail that is alive with electricity and it will kill you if you touch it. You may be sure we were very careful. This train and the branch running to Colusa have long since been abandoned. I suppose it is because of the increased automobile traffic, when people began to have their own cars as means of travel. The shipping of grain products from District 70 at one time became a thriving industry. The local station was named "Tarke" in honor of our father who was instrumental in the establishment of the railroad.

I have mentioned before that Papa was always progressive and I told you he owned one of the first, if not the first, automobile in the neighborhood, the magnificent "Great Smith." Some wide-a-wake dealer in Marysville sold it to him. It was something to behold and something more to ride in and to drive. It was a beautiful crimson color with a polish like a grand piano. The trimmings were all made of brass which tarnished easily. So it was our task, Ann and I, to clean the car, polish the brass and get it in tip-top shape on Saturday morning. We girls always took piano lessons in Marysville on Saturday afternoons. How proud we

1907 GREAT SMITH CAR



Price, \$2500 F. O. B. Topeka

Q Four cylinders, 4 1/4 x 5 inches, water cooled engine, sliding gear transmission, three speeds forward and one reverse. 107 inch wheel base, 34 x 4 inch tires. Multiple disc clutch, ample tonneau, magnificent upholstery. Full elliptic unbreakable springs. Refrigerator in box at side. Ample room for extra tire, three powerful durable brakes

**In all respects a perfect machine—
Built as well as any car in the world.**

Smith Auto. Co., Topeka, Kansas, USA
Makers of the World's Greatest \$2500 Car.

were when we had the car all shiny and clean. We used a certain kind of polish on the body and another on the brass fixtures. There were acetylene lamps, head and rear, which operated from a tank of acetylene gas attached to one running board. The horn was a marvel by itself, a huge rubber bulb which blew a shrill blast when compressed by the chauffer.

The collapsible top was held in place by long straps which reached to the hood, near the radiator. On rainy days, there were isinglass side windows that would be put in place all around the car with little snap fasteners on the bows. It was a real puzzle to get them all correctly adjusted. But the car was warm and cozy when they were all fixed. I don't know what ever became of it.

I must not forget the roads. Of course there were no highways, no paved roads, no white lines, no speed limits, no road signs, no stop signs, no Highway Patrol. It was just a dirt road with a track for each side of the automobile. A macadam road was unheard of though road improvement was beginning with rock and gravel bases. This furnished employment for many men, grading, leveling and applying the sticky black tar.

As I said, in those days, it required a lot of preparation to get ready for a ride of any distance. You must wear a duster (a long coat made of some light cotton material). It was usually grey or tan and was meant to protect your clothes from flying dust. Men wore dusters, hats or caps, and most likely large colored glasses to protect the eyes. The completely encircled the eyes with little side glass panels and were called goggles. They also wore long gauntlet gloves to grasp the steering wheel for those first machines required quite a show of strength to keep it in the tracks and avoid ruts and mud holes.

The ladies, who wore dusters too, also wore hats, securely fastened to their hair by long hat pins. They covered their hats and heads and sometimes their faces with large silk or chiffon veils. Some were square, some oblong, some tied under the chin and some left to fly in the breeze as a gay decoration. They were of all colors. It was fun to have different colored veils.

Well, as years went by, Papa had other makes of cars. There was an Overland, a Mitchell, an Oakland, and once he bought my mother a beautiful Franklin model. He thought it would be very nice for her because it required no water in the engine. I think maybe it also had a self-starter, which of course required no cranking which was a dangerous and difficult performance, especially for a woman.

Mama was determined to learn to drive it and so she did on short drives near home. But I don't think she ever had any confidence in her



LOUIS TARKE AND ONE OF HIS BELOVED CARS

driving or got any pleasure out of it. She would always rather have someone drive for her.

A trip to San Francisco was always a pleasurable adventure for our Father. I remember so well one winter when we went with him, Anna and I to see the U. S. Fleet come in through the Golden Gate. He planned the trip and it turned out so well, though I do not know why Mama did not go.⁶ It was very rarely that the Fleet came into San Francisco Bay. Many friends were going to see this big event.

We stayed at the home of some old friends from West Butte, Maggie and Tom Forsythe, who had a houseful of teenage boys. We went with them on the streetcar to Land's End on the peninsula high up on the Point at Golden Gate. We sat among the sand dunes to watch the display, as one

⁶ This probably was in 1908, not long after Nancy Tarke gave birth to her last child, George.

by one the majestic steamships proudly steamed by far below, American flags flying from each one. They sailed on to anchor in San Francisco Bay. Wish I could remember how many there were. It was an inspiring sight and one I've never forgotten.

DEATH OF A FRIEND – WILL HOKE

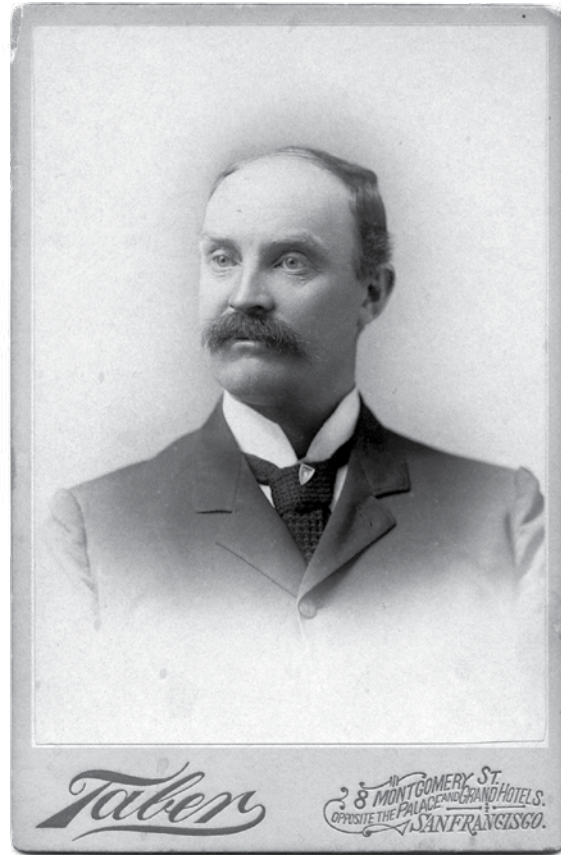
He was overwhelmed with grief at the sudden death of his boyhood chum, pal, friend, companion and neighbor, Will Hoke. He was not prepared to lose him; the tragedy, while not entirely unexpected left him shaken, and with a dreadful sense of loneliness. He was consumed with the value of this friendship, which was life-long, the loss of his counsel and advice and the future without him. Mr. Hoke had been County Supervisor for a long time, was a successful rancher and a highly respected resident of Sutter County.

Papa said one morning after Will's passing, "I'd like to do something for Will. I think I'll write a little piece about him and his life and send it to the Farmer," our local newspaper published at the county seat, Yuba City.

So he went alone into his office where he remained for quite a while, probably reviewing all the happy and rewarding hours he and Will Hoke had spent together. When he came out he was carrying the little slip of paper upon which he had been writing in his hand. He rather shyly handed it to Mama and me. We read it. I could not speak, nor could she. It was a stroke of genius, a short concise account of Will's life, with the outpouring of loving heart for the life-long friend who had left him.

I mailed the eulogy to the paper and it was duly published. It expressed the sentiments of Will's many friends too. The incident always touched a tender spot in my heart. It does upon recollection today. It showed and revealed so much of the unexpected and unexpressed, but not unremembered little acts of kindness and of love that were so much a part of the man who was my father.

Sutter County Farmer



Friday, June 9, 1922

◀ IN MEMORIAM ▶

W. F. Hoke Goes From This World.

Playmate of my childhood, schoolmate and companion of my youth, associate in the activities of life through middle age, close friend and advisor at all times, next-door neighbor for sixty-five years, you have preceded me to the final goal. No more shall we see you at your daily vocations. You have been a dependable citizen at all times; every ready to help the down-and-out and place again upon their feet those who had been unfortunate, or had fallen down in business; never scheming to make gains by pulling down others, and always ready to foster new enterprises, even at the risk of personal loss; not impulsive, but doing all things only after due consideration; such is the impression you have left on my mind. And now you have gone to your reward, which must be bountiful if apportioned to the amount of good done in this world Good-bye!



LOUIS AND NANCY TARKE C. 1920

LOUIS TARKE

Often did I hear him say that if a man lived by the “Golden Rule” he couldn’t have a better guide. He said it this way, “Do unto others as you would be done by.” His life showed that he believed and lived what he said. He was always considerate and understanding, trusting that there was some good in every human being. It would have been hard to have found that quality in some of the characters he befriended. They took advantage of his friendship, his kindness, his generosity and his helpfulness. But it ill behooves me to pass judgment, and it was his pleasure to help those less fortunate.

LOUIS TARKE’S FINAL DAYS

I come now to the sad, sad portion of this story, the end of this remarkable life. Such a life can have no end, however, for it lives on in the hearts of his countrymen, his friends, his associates, his benefactors and above all his family. Those who were near him during the last years of his life realized what was inevitable. His physical strength was diminishing, his brave heart growing weaker, steadily but surely. But his indomitable will and determination to direct his business and care for those he loved most kept him more active than was for his own good. He was plagued by recurring attacks of angina pectoris, which in turn caused Bright’s

disease of the kidneys. The suffering during those terrific onslaughts was so severe his agony was intense. His heart struggled to faithfully perform its functions, but it was too much. I causes me deep pain now when I recall the accounts of his pain.

I was not at home during his last illness, but Mother told me that his best source of relief during one of those spasmodic seizures was for my brother George to hold him, to hold him tightly, pressing into his chest with his hands till the heart somehow regained its pulsation and stopped hurting. No doubt this was relieved some too by medication (nitroglycerin). But the best doctors in the world could not have saved his life.

continued on page 24

Crowhurst Memorial Scholarship Essays 2018

Influence of Water in Sutter County: Past and Present

The Crowhurst Memorial Scholarship Award was established in 1979 in memory of Estelle Peirano Crowhurst, who was known for her column The Diary of a Housewife, which was published weekly in the Independent Herald, a Yuba City newspaper. The award is also a memorial to Estelle's son, Thomas J. Crowhurst, who excelled in journalistic writing, especially about sports. He wrote The Sutter Notes, a column for the Appeal Democrat, and contributed information for the sports pages. He was also President of the Sutter County Historical Society.

The scholarship is awarded to a talented high school student. Written in journalistic style, winning entries are based on fact and structure. The award continues now in conjunction with the Community Memorial Museum as a means of involving more people in the appreciation of Sutter County history. Students interested in a career in journalism who feel they have creative literary talent are encouraged to participate in this scholarship opportunity.

In this issue we are proud to present the winning entry for 2018 and two additional entries.

Ari Berlfein

First Place

YUBA CITY HIGH SCHOOL

With the Sacramento River to the west and the Feather River to the east, water flows through Sutter County like blood flows through our veins. Water's influence on Sutter County can be felt through agricultural use, local government policy and development. This influence has been felt throughout history, even before California was part of the United States.

Before contact with Europeans, the Maidu Indians of the area resided along the Feather River, hunting for the fish within the river. The fish were their primary source of protein. They fished the multiple runs of salmon along with other fish indigenous to the area. Water was also used in the creation of the tribe's staple food of acorn meal, water from the river was poured over the meal to leech out the tannic acid.

During the mid-nineteenth century, Mexican and European farmers in Sutter County began building levees along the rivers to protect their crops from seasonal flooding, eventually becoming a single large line of levees like we see today along the west bank of the Feather River in Yuba City. John Augustus Sutter

established Hock Farm in 1841, thus becoming the first of a long line of large agricultural enterprises in Sutter County. The Sacramento River and Feather River were both popular areas for prospecting during the gold rush. During this period Yuba City was founded as a steamboat landing for miners and was named the county seat in 1852.

More recently, Sutter County and California have learned to control the flow of water through the county due to natural disasters and development. The Feather River levee has been protecting Yuba City from flooding for decades; however, historically it hasn't always held up. In 1855, a series of storms caused the levee at Yuba City to break. It happened on Christmas Eve and was so devastating it caused the deaths of 38 people and resulted in heavy damage to the city itself. More recently in February 2017, the Oroville Dam Crisis caused most of Sutter County to evacuate due to the damage to the spillway and possible collapse of levees which would have caused mass flooding.

Millions of dollars have been spent throughout the years

on improving the Feather River levee and the Live Oak Canal. Most recently, Yuba City has completed repairs on the Feather River levee adding deeper slurry walls and drainage pipes connecting to the Gilsizer Slough. Local dams and irrigation pipes have diverted much of the river's waters for agricultural purposes, especially the rice fields. Rice is Sutter County's top crop and the county is one of the world's top rice producers with 113,084 acres harvested making \$127,469,000 in 2016. Because rice is a water intensive crop, the local rice farmers are reliant upon our local government and agencies to protect their water rights. Today, water usage and rights are a huge subject in Sutter County. Farmers every year fight in order to get what they feel is their fair share of water for their fields. This was especially important during the drought years where water had to be rationed throughout the state.

Water from the Feather and Sacramento Rivers are part of the California State Water Project which oversees the distribution of water throughout Central and Southern California for public consumption, hydroelectricity, and agriculture. With Sutter County's heavy reliance on water, it can truly be considered the blood that fuels Sutter County.

Mickenna Turner

Runner Up

SUTTER UNION HIGH SCHOOL

Humans need many things in life – food, sleep and air. But one of the major necessities is the chemical compound H₂O, more commonly known as water. Water in Sutter County can be seen almost everywhere – from levees to rice fields to irrigation systems. In the past, one of the main ways water has helped shape Sutter County is from the building (and breaking) of the levees. In the present day, water helps this community export goods to the entire United States and ensures many animal species thrive.

The flood of 1955 was one of the most influential events in Sutter County history. Coming from a collapsed levee on the west back of the Feather River and causing

38 deaths, it was the “worst disaster in the history of California since the 1906 San Francisco earthquake.” This flood destroyed farms, houses and businesses spreading over 100,000 acres in Sutter County. The flood then led to an “Early Implementation Project” that restored levees on the west side of the Feather River and reduced the threat of flooding for 90-95% of Sutter County residents. This plan has kept Sutter County levees strong and well-cared for up to the present day (now all the Sutter County residents need to worry about is the Oroville Dam!) While the levee break was a tragic event, it has benefited Sutter County as the levees never go unchecked and are not allowed to weaken like they once were.

Sutter County is a major agricultural community. Currently 90% of the land in this county is utilized for agricultural purposes. This area grows wheat, rice, walnuts, plums and peaches. The only way to keep crops alive is through irrigation systems, which are therefore prominent locally. Sutter County would not be able to survive without its profits from agriculture, which implies that without water Yuba City, Sutter, Live Oak, Meridian and numerous other small, rural communities may not even exist. The goods produced from these irrigation systems are sent across America and the world. Just think, the Sunsweet packaged prunes someone in New York City is eating right now has a highly likely chance of being grown and packaged in Sutter County.

Finally, the amount of water present allows for the preservation of a more natural environment. Sutter County land is, of course, prime farmland and very fertile, but it goes deeper than that. This area protects several species of fish, snakes, fowl and mammals. The Sutter Wildlife Refuge (which contains a large area of wetland) also promotes the protection of these animals. Without water, Sutter County would have no way of protecting any endangered waterfowl or fish, and a difficult time with some snakes as well. Because this county holds water, it can make the world a better place little by little.

Water has influenced Sutter County in many ways, though not always for the best at the time. The surging rivers and breaking levees eventually lead to safer and better maintained levees and the influx of water allows

the county to grow their crops and make a profit off them virtually everywhere. Having water present also allows for the protection of animals in their natural environment. Sutter County is a thriving community, and a lot of the reason is the abundance of water.

Cassandra Farias

Runner up

SUTTER UNION HIGH SCHOOL

There are several ways water has influenced Sutter County in the past as well as in the present. Water has influenced agriculture, flooding, population expansion and an assortment of native and migratory wildlife in Sutter County throughout the last century.

One of the biggest ways Sutter County has been influenced by water is agriculturally. Water has allowed farmers to grow a variety of grain crops and an array of fruit and nut trees. In the mid to late 1800s, pioneers of the Sutter Basin began to reclaim low lying marshlands for agricultural use. They reclaimed the land by creating a system of levees and dikes to farm rich and fertile lands. In doing so, Sutter County has been able to thrive and benefit from the agricultural backbone. To this day, Sutter County has been able to rank amongst the leading producers in the state of California in grain and nut products. How has a relatively small county managed to sneak its way up there you ask? Well, we have achieved this due to fertile lands, the willpower of our awesome communities and great leadership.

What helped us grow is also our kryptonite. Our battles in Sutter County with flooding have been historic. Our battles in Sutter County with flooding have been historic. As our founders basked in our agricultural prosperity, they overlooked the fact that our land was in a major floodplain. When hydraulic mining for gold caused many rivers to overflow due to debris, it affected communities and farming immensely. That is when a group of supervisors within Sutter County decided to enact the first flood control effort in our state – Levee District 1. Over the last century the Sutter Basin has had several major floods. The flood of 1955 was an

eye opener for many Sutter County residents and the country because it brought attention to the aging flood control system in the state. After the 1955 flood, the Federal Government and the State of California began to upgrade the aging flood control system. What was once our economic bloodline (water) had now become our greatest threat.

Another way water has influence Sutter County is through population expansion. With all the success from farming, it created more job opportunities for many people. It also influenced people to become farmers and farm the rich soil. Allowing people to move, live and stay within Sutter County.

Lastly, water has attracted an abundance of waterfowl species. Some include ducks and geese. Approximately 60% of the waterfowl population in the Pacific Flyway and 20% of the population in North America spend the winter in the Sacramento Valley. This makes our area a common bird watching spot as well as a good hunting spot. This also attracts more people to our area. If it weren't for the influence of water, these birds would not migrate here.

All in all, water has been a very important influence on Sutter County growth as well as its prosperity. From helping create new ways to help flood control, to attracting thousands of birds and people, water has been a big part of our County and will continue to be in our future.

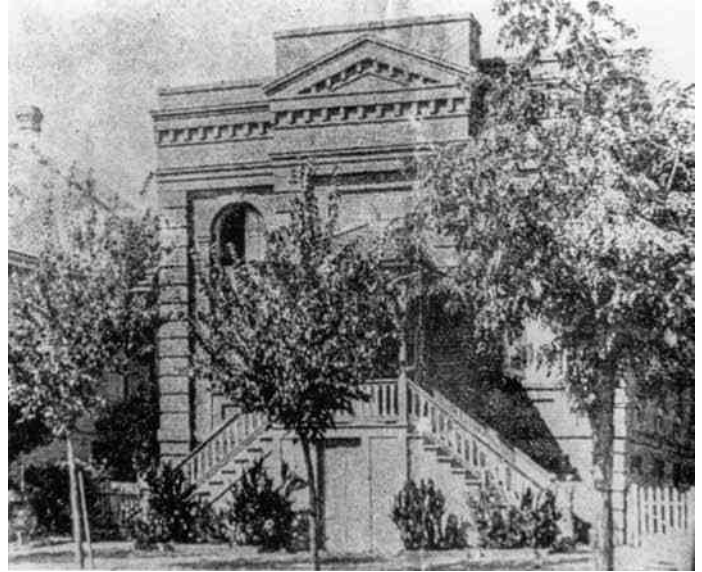
The Origins of the Mt. Olivet Baptist Church and the A. M. E. Bethel Church

By Carol Withington

Mt. Olivet Baptist Church

As more African-Americans settled in Marysville, it became important that their spiritual needs were met. By 1853, area residents noticed a group of African-American Baptists who seemed to “hum with activities.” And, with the help of the entire community, the establishment of the Mt. Olivet Baptist Church was accomplished in 1856 with the purchase of land on the corner of Sixth and High Streets.

Over the next few years, the small congregation planned fund-raising events in order to build their church. Women played a major role in this endeavor. For example, Mrs. James Segui, Mrs. Susan Blue, Mrs. Dorothea McGowan and Mrs. William Bland worked ceaselessly on “Ladies’ Festivals” selling bakery goods and knitwear.



In October of 1857, a large crowd of Marysville residents also witnessed a public baptism of some of the members in the Feather River. And all along, the Marysville Herald newspaper “applauded the work of the Mt. Olivet congregation.” By January 1858, the building, including a basement school, was completed at the cost of \$5,000 to assist in the remodeling. The school opened in 1859. The first teacher was a Mrs. Sherman followed later by Carrie Oldfield and Emma Washington.

The Rev. Charles Satchell served as the first pastor. The Rev. Thomas Randolph later ministered the church for many years with Mrs. McGowan faithfully serving as treasurer for 30 years.

A.M.E. Bethel Church

In 1854, the African Methodist Episcopal (A. M. E.) Church was organized in Marysville. The congregation initially met in a building on California Alley between Sixth and Seventh Streets and was pastored by circuit ministers for many years.

By 1864, a “neat brick church” had been built on the corner of California Alley and Fifth Street for this growing membership. Among the first church officers were Darius Stokes, a pastor who founded many A. M. E. churches in California, G. A. Cantine, D. W. Sands and Samuel Ringol who served as trustees. Over the years, the church included 200 books in its library with Mrs. C. J. French serving as Superintendent in 1879.

Ten years later, the church needed repairs and the congregation hoped to build a parsonage as well. In addition, in August of 1889 the 22nd Annual Section

of the California Conference of the A. M. E. Bethel Church was set to take place in Marysville. The church began its fund-raising in January of that year with a Bible Exhibition of over 250 scenes as a benefit. An advertisement in the Marysville Daily Appeal noted that a sum of \$500 would be needed to complete the repairs and build the parsonage.

Once more the community of Marysville came forth to help the church as Pastor J. R. McClain and Trustees H. Brown, W. M. Wapple, J. Churchill, A. Pinckard and Johnnie Churchill continued in their quest to “advance the cause of our Master’s Kingdom.”

Both of these churches are still very active in the community. Mt. Olivet relocated to 2284 McGowen Parkway in Olivehurst. The A. M. E. Bethel Church is located at 115 5th Street in Marysville.

In Memory of **Ruth Anthony**

Julie Stark
Jim Staas

In Memory of **Daniel Joseph Dirks**

David & Ann Rai

In Memory of **Larry Harris**

Audrey Breeding
Phyllis Smith

In Memory of **Dino Lekos**

Helene & Michael Andrews

In Memory of **Daniel Norris**

Robert D. Benton

In Memory of **Ida Philpott**

Sabrina & Bob Benton
Merlyn Rudge
Phyllis Smith
Julie Stark

In Memory of **Kathy Burky Heier**

Billy Burky

Correction to Summer 2018

In Memory of **Bill Messick**

Stan & Jeanette
Christopherson

New Native American Exhibit –
Rotary Club of Yuba City

Trees and Traditions Sponsorships –
Recology Yuba-Sutter

**Law Office of
Paulla Hyatt-McIntire**

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Peppercorn**

**The Harkey House-
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New Flood Exhibit –
City of Yuba City
Soroptimists International
Marysville-Yuba City

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or stop by the Museum

His questing mind and intelligence never ceased to reach out, interested in everything that went on, till sheer physical exhaustion and weakness prevented more.

It was during this last illness that my brother was married to Ruth Spiva at a lovely ceremony in Stockton. They planned a honeymoon in Hawaii, a gift from our ever thoughtful and generous Father. It was while they were in Honolulu that they received a telegram at their hotel, telling them that Father was gone. Ruth said afterward that it was almost too much for Fred to hear and he turned absolutely white and was close to fainting in the

Lobby. They immediately cut their trip short and took passage home. The services had been delayed till their return.

It was said that so dearly was he beloved and revered throughout the entire area, that the little country church at West Butte, where he and Nannie had been married years before could not begin to hold the men and women who came to offer their respects. They crowded all around the yard, under the Monterey cypresses and into the street.

It occurred to me after the first sad days were over that our Father had

indeed left us a great heritage that we would be hard-pressed to fulfill.

We could always remember and cherish his kindly solicitous advice, his faithfulness, his generosity, his pride in our well-doing and well-being, and his great love.

My mother remarked that she missed him most at eventide when the shadows fell and they could no longer be together by the fireplace. The room was so lonely and still, and his great rocking chair empty. His presence was missing but the memory lingers long in the memories of those who knew and loved him.

Puzzling



**GOLDEN
CHARACTERS
DUSTER
TRAVELING
GARDENING
WINDMILL
RESERVOIR
SQUABS
TRADITIONS
GALA
CONGREGATION
NEWSPAPER
FLOODING
INFLUENCE
RICE
LEVEE
COMMUNITIES
WATERFOWL
PROGRESSIVE
ABUNDANCE**

Donate

The Museum is a partnership between Sutter County and the Community Memorial Museum Association, a non-profit 501(c)(3) organization. The Association supports all of the public programming aspects of the Museum, including education programs, fundraising events, temporary exhibits, updates to permanent exhibits, and the Museum Store. Donations made to the Association are tax deductible.

There are many ways to donate to the Museum:

- Mail a check
- Come visit us!
(Yes, you can donate using a credit card.)
- Planned Giving

We also have corporate sponsorship opportunities for our events and temporary exhibits.

Volunteer

We would not be able to do what we do without our volunteers. Volunteers staff the front desk when the Museum is open. This includes greeting visitors, answering any questions they may have, answering the phone, and selling items in the Museum Store. Volunteers also work on special projects, help at events, make ornaments and help decorate for Trees & Traditions. We are always looking for more volunteers, so if you are interested please contact us or come by the Museum!

Our Mission

The Community Memorial Museum of Sutter County shares local stories to strengthen community bonds, to inspire celebration of our diverse cultural heritage, and to demonstrate how understanding the past prepares us for the future.

Membership Information

Our members are vital to the success of the Museum. The funds we raise from this program help us to properly care for our collection, bring in traveling exhibits, and provide education programs.

Membership benefits include: advance notice of events and exhibit openings, a 10% discount in the Museum Store, and subscription to the Museum’s quarterly journal.

For information please call 822-7141 or visit www.suttercountymuseum.org

Student (under 18)/ Senior Citizen/Library	\$20.00
Individual	\$25.00
Organization/Club	\$35.00
Family	\$40.00
Business	\$100.00





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Calendar of Events

NOVEMBER

Saturday

24 Small Business Saturday!

Come shop in the Museum Store!

DECEMBER

Saturday

1 39th Annual Trees and Traditions Gala, 5:00pm

Sunday

9 Annual Children's Holiday Program, 1:00pm

JANUARY

Wednesday

2 Museum OPEN during building work. Exhibits will be closed

If you haven't signed up for our **eNewsletter** yet, you should!

Since we're adding programs and events on a regular basis, it's the best way to make sure you know about everything we're up to.

Just visit our website at **www.suttercountymuseum.org** and scroll to the bottom. You'll see the box to sign up.