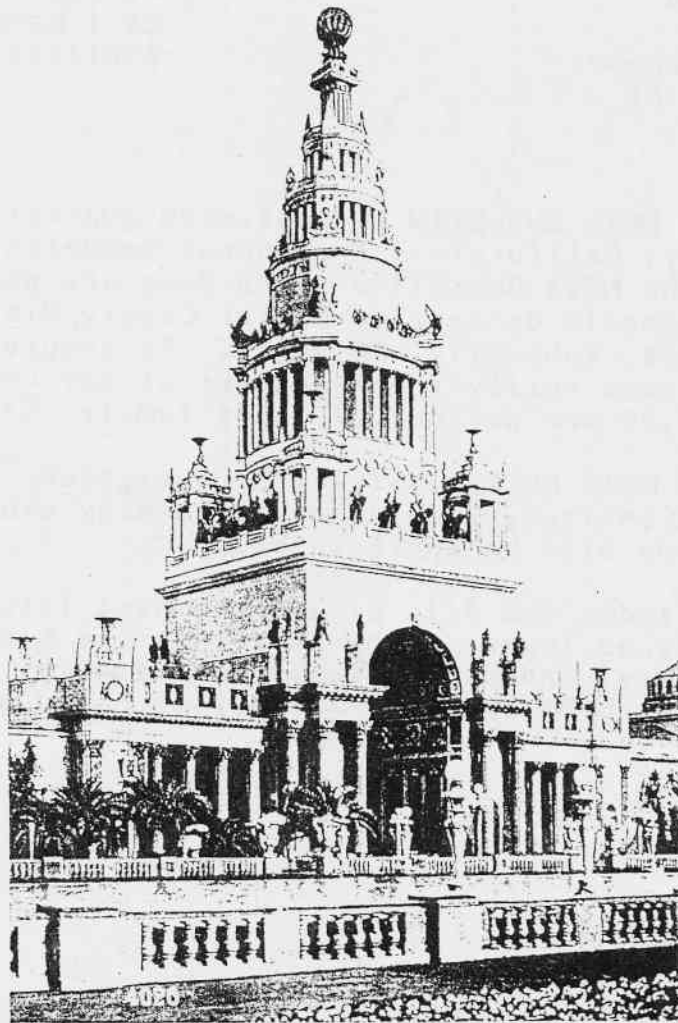


SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
NEWS BULLETIN

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TOWER OF JEWELS
Pan-Pacific International Exposition San Francisco
1915

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWS BULLETIN

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

THE TRAIN TRIP FROM WILLITS TO EUREKA IS OFF. THE TRAIN IS NOT IN OPERATION AS OF THIS DATE.

HOW ABOUT MAKING A FILM STRIP REGARDING OUR COUNTY'S AGRICULTURAL HISTORY? WE COULD GATHER PICTURES, SNAPSHOTS SHOWING THE VARIOUS PHASES OF OUR AGRICULTURAL ACTIVITIES. A NARRATION TELLING OF THE MANY CROPS, THEIR METHODS OF HARVESTING, TRANSPORTATION, MARKETING AND USES. THIS FILM COULD BE USED IN SEVERAL WAYS. ONE WOULD BE TO PROMOTE THE AGRICULTURE DISPLAY BUILDING BY SHOWING IT AT THE VARIOUS SERVICE CLUBS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS. ANOTHER WOULD BE TO HAVE IT FOR THE PRESERVATION OF OUR AGRICULTURAL HISTORY.

HOW ABOUT A BUS TRIP TO SACRAMENTO? WE COULD VISIT THE CAPITOL, SUTTER'S FORT AND THE INDIAN MUSEUM, THE RAILROAD MUSEUM, AS WELL AS CROCKER ART GALLERY. EVEN A LUNCH IN OLD SACRAMENTO COULD BE INCLUDED.

REMEMBER OUR ICE CREAM SOCIAL OF LAST JULY? FUN AND GOOD EATING TOO.

JULY 15, 1986 IS THE DATE OF OUR MEETING THIS SUMMER. BRING YOUR ICE CREAM EATING APPETITE!

*
* JULY 15, 1986 COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM *
* *
* 7:30 P.M. *
* *
* We had such a good time last year with our *
* ice cream social we thought we would try it *
* again. Do come join us. *
* *

DIRECTOR'S REPORT

As many of you probably know the Community Memorial Museum has experienced more than its fair share of staff changes in the last few months. First, the Museum has hired a new Director- me! (I hope that's the good news part of this message). The not-so-good news is that after nearly eight years of service as the Museum Assistant, Lorraine Ramsdell, has moved on to a new job with the State Water Resources Dept. in Red Bluff. While I am sure she will be missed here at the Museum, we can all be happy for her and wish her success on this adventuresome move.

Museum activities have been somewhat slowed by all the staff changes, but the Commission's annual "Wine and Posies" gala, held on May 2nd, was a great success, proving it to still be a popular event. The Museum participated in Sutter Buttes Day, also in May, where we learned a great deal about what we need to do to make people more aware of the Museum and its activities.

If you cruise by the Museum in the near future please take notice of the new flowers and shrubs that have been put in near the entrance, and of course if you are that close, stop in and say "hello"!

June 1st was the annual Young Area Musicians Concert. As always the performers were superb and place was packed. The next Mini-Arts concert will be held July 27th and will feature Soprano, Shirley Eckardt, and tenor, Ben Thompson.

Jackie Lowe

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Letter to the Editor

I enjoyed the April Bulletin that concentrated on Boy Scouts.

There was an important omission, though. No mention was made of the memorable "cherry feeds" for scouts of three counties that was hosted annually by Mr. & Mrs. Randolph Skinner.

These feasts were at night. Everyone sat on logs around a huge campfire. Supper was served, followed by all the cherries one could eat!

As neighbor children, my brother, Jack, and I were included until the cherry feeds ceased, no doubt after the Skinner's beautiful house burned to the ground in the mid-30's.

Sincerely

Mary Hale Gano

From Sutter County Farmer of May 7, 1886

Mrs. F. Hoke and daughter of West Butte, who have been in the East for some time, have returned to their home on Saturday.

Friday, June 25, 1886

The Yuba City Cannery dried and canned some apricots this week. Work will not begin at full capacity for about two weeks.

OF WORDS AND WINGS

--- Arthur E. Derby

EDITOR'S PREFACE

Cold Alaskan rain slanted across the briefing room windows at Elmendorf Air Base one gray morning during the early bitter years of World War II. A young Army Air Force Captain faced the cluster of seasoned Air Transport Command pilots and laid it on the line: "This run will be from Anchorage to the strip at the mouth of the Kuskokwim River on the Bering Sea. It's a 3300-foot field, so the cargo limit is 25,000 pounds for a C-47. But this is priority Signal Corps cargo with a catalog weight of 26,500 pounds that's simply GOT to go. Under the circumstances, I'm not ordering the flight....just asking for volunteers."

The silence of the pause was ruptured by the casual voice of Arthur E. Derby: "I've already got two sets of official papers that prove I can't fly, so I might as well confirm it a third time. I'll fly this one, if it's O.K. by you."

The C-47 got off the ground all right, but barely, and felt extra heavy under the sensitive hands of the experienced pilot. Even with fuel expended at the end of the line, it still felt extra heavy, and coming in on the short field, it very nearly did wind up in the river --- but not quite. Back in Anchorage later, Derby checked the weights of some representative water-logged crates and packing, and determined that his load that trip was probably 40% over-weight, and his safe landing with it a near miracle.

A contemporary of Charles A. Lindbergh, Art Derby was born on the same cold mid-western night, February 4, 1902, but across the state line in Wisconsin. Like Lindbergh, he grew up with a liking for things mechanical, and learned to fly in an old Curtiss "Jenny". Like Lindbergh, he made flying for commercial air lines his life's work, beginning at Varney Air Lines, and retiring from United Airlines at the compulsory age of sixty. Like Lindbergh, Art Derby has a good sense of story line, and feeling for the rhyme and rhythm of words. even though, like Lindbergh, he never graduated from college.

During the last ten years I've listened with fascination to Art Derby's experiences and stories, whether he was telling of a dairy products distributor in Marysville who aspired to pugilistic fame, but may have been hampered because everybody called him "Milky", or of the high drama of wartime Alaskan freight flights. Finally, with the sympathetic cooperation of his charming wife, Nellie Derby, I arranged an hour's taping of his reminiscences, including his early days here in the Big Valley. He expresses himself in prose and in verse with equal facility, often with verve, and always with an underlying modesty. But he is human enough to slyly rake an Editor's favorite Service over some warm coals when proper opportunity arises.

These reminiscences were recorded on Veterans' Day, November 11th, 1985. I regret to report that Mr. Derby has recently been very ill, and is in Hillhaven Convalescent Hospital in Yuba City, California.

OF WORDS AND WINGS

--- Arthur E. Derby

Way back when I was just a grammar-school kid, my father was a Methodist minister down here in Dixon, and the church that he preached in is still down there. Once my brother and sister and I, and a couple of others, went back there and visited. We set up some sort of Memorial that we all contributed to. Just what they used it for I don't even remember, but something in memory of my father.

I always liked poetry. My father was a great orator. He could recite poetry, and was really good at that sort of thing. When he was a kid, they used to do it in school -- they'd have oratorical contests and recitations. So I came by it rather naturally.

Anyway, when World War I started, I was intrigued by this war that broke out **back** there **across** the ocean, and most particularly by the story of how Belgium was overrun by the Germans. I don't know what got me started.... I think it was probably the first poem I ever wrote.

HOW WAR COME TO BELGIUM

Far away in Belgium, a land of grain and hay,
There lived in sweet communion a peasant family gay.
They lived in humble housing, and their food was not the best,
Yet they were always happy when they lay down to rest.
So all was peace and quiet, 'til alas one fatal day
Came news of noise and battle in countries far away.
Their country was in danger, and needed noble hearts
To stand out there in battle and bravely do their parts.
Then from his home and family and all that he did hold,
The father marched to Antwerp, where soldiers were enrolled.
Weeks passed. The anxious family no news from him received,
While in the Belgian trenches, a soldier's death was grieved.
So now my friends, just listen: If you feel you have to fight,
Think of your homes and families, **BUT STAND UP FOR THE RIGHT.**

Now that was way back -- way back when I was about in the fifth or sixth grade. This was the beginning of World War I. It seems like we got news of it - telegraph and newspapers, I suppose. There wasn't any lack of news, but we didn't have access to radios and television -- the things they have now. But anyway, that was my first try at writing a poem, and it still sounds pretty good to me.

After we left Dixon, our family moved up to what was then known as "Sisson", but is now named Mount Shasta City. It was a very beautiful place then, just as it is now, and the mountain commands a view of the whole area. It was getting along towards Christmas time, so my sister and I, and a younger brother, went out to find a Christmas tree, and we cut one down and lugged it home through the snow. That night I got the urge to write a little poem about getting that Christmas tree, as follows:

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

In Sisson, midst three feet of snow,
Forth for Christmas trees we go.
Rabbit tracks lead roundabout
And show us that our friends are out.
We make our way among the trees
That are loaded with snow and ready to freeze
Until we find the one to please.
Then down my shining axe I take,
And flying chips I'm wont to make,
And soon the burdened tree comes down,
Stately and perfect, all around.
And now the hardest job:
To take the treasure to our house.
We tug and puff and pull and groan --
Through soft white snow we drag it home.
Then in the house, we set it right,
And all is ready for Christmas night.

I probably left something out here and there -- after so many years, it's kind of hard to remember exactly. But we had a weekly newspaper in the town, and the principal of the school which I attended also worked in the newspaper office. I think the Paper came out on Fridays, and anyway, one of my young friends had picked up his paper. He started calling to the other kids, and they all started laughing because they thought it was really funny. I gathered it had something to do with the newspaper, so I asked permission to go down and pick one up from the Post Office mail box, and there on the front page was the headline: "SISSON HAS BOY POET", and gave my name, the class I was in, and so on. All the kids in school thought it was excruciatingly funny. They tacked names on me like "Longfellow", "Whittier", and "Greenleaf". The names clung for several weeks, but finally did settle down to one--- "Whit", short for "Whittier"--- which wasn't so bad, and I really didn't mind it.

Dad became minister at the Barry Methodist Church, south of Yuba City, at Barry and Comanita (a Spanish street name that I never could remember.) In 1916 I graduated from Yuba City Grammar School. I'd say it wasn't a big class... I don't really remember, but guessing, I'd say maybe twenty-five or so. The Principal was an elderly gentleman who had been there so long that there were grandparents in the area who had gone to school to him or under him.

I don't know why I never got in on a church scholarship, but I don't think churches were very active in that respect in my time. Back in those days, you see, I never even finished the first year of high school. Therefore, in later years, I had the problem of sitting in the cockpit where I was the boss, handing down the orders to the man sitting in the right-hand seat, and that man could have been, like one was, (and from whom I haven't heard for a long time), a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in aeronautical engineering. I sometimes thought to myself that I shouldn't be sitting here giving him orders --- HE should be sitting over

here, and I should be taking orders from HIM! Another fellow I had as co-pilot was a graduate of Cal Tech --- which is also a pretty prestigious institution.

One career opening, then as now, was the Army, and I took that route, and wangled an assignment to Brooks Field in San Antonio, Texas, which was the Army's primary flying school in those days. I learned to fly, and soloed in what was called a "Jenny", A World War I type of plane with an Hispano-Suiza engine in it. So I got through Brooks Field all right, and then we went over to Kelly Field, which was the advanced flying school, and I don't know whether the instructor just didn't like my looks or what, but I met the "Washout Board".

When you stop to figure it, there were one hundred and sixty-three cadets and reserve officers at the start, and they ranged from West Point Cadets to Reserve Officers from the National Guard, from cadets that came from the regular service and took the test like I did to recruits from civilian life who took the examination. Mine was the biggest class they had graduated up to that time --- we were thirty-three ... out of one hundred sixty-three! Precisely one in five. The problem was that the United States had just fought a war to make the world safe for democracy, which we had won. So all the "establishment" wanted was a country-club type of Reserve a nice gentlemanly bunch of guys which they would probably never have to use in a real war. And maybe I didn't fit the "country-club" mold.

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It would have made a whale of a lot of difference if I had gone right on through and graduated, but I didn't. I had got through the first six months at Brooks Field, but when I got over to Kelly, it was a different story. The way I heard it, the instructor-officers had a meeting, and somebody with authority asked, "How many cadets do we still have?" When somebody else mentioned the figure, he said, "Oh, that's too many. Way too many! You check pilots have got to get busy and cut that number down." So they did.

But that's the way it goes in peace time, right after a war, when the budget calls for only limited personnel and equipment retention. I'm sure they must have done the very same thing right after World War II. I've often wondered if it would have made any difference if I had put up a fight. Probably not.

When we first came over to Kelly Field, check pilots told us, "Over at Brooks, some of you cadets 'beat the board', but over here at Kelly we bat one thousand." So when my turn came to go over to meet that Board, I felt like a fly on the end of a pin, which is expected to furnish the entertainment. The fellow that soloed me over at Brooks

was a West Pointer named W. W. White, known to his friends as 'Chick' White. (There was another White who was known as 'Woppy' White, but I never did meet him.) On the day I was scheduled to meet the Washout Board, I went over to Brooks Field, and my old instructor, 'Chick' White, spotted me, came right over, and said, "What are you doing here on a flying day?" I told him, "Lieutenant, I'm meeting the Board." He said, "You're crazier than hell." I said, "Well, that is probably true also, but never-the-less, I'm meeting the Board." He said, "Why, I asked about you just the other night, and was told that you were getting along just fine." I guess it depended on whom he asked. In such situations, you never know who your friends are.

I came before the Board, and they started asking me questions. One officer asked, "What were his ground school grades?" (In other words, if he's a dumb so-and-so, that alone would justify flunking him.) They had my records out, and I think my average at Brooks Field had been 89.9%, and at Kelly Field I was making an even 90% --- commendable in any man's school. He didn't pursue that track any further. They hemmed and hawed on a couple of other points, but in the end, I got my walking papers --- the first set.

We had one fellow in class whose father was a Brigadier General commanding a Corps Area. (Young K--- was no 'brain', and never got to be one.) First Dad had got him into West Point, (which was in itself a good trick, and how it was done I'll never know), but he didn't last long at The Point, and got kicked out rather quickly. But Dad wanted his son to become an officer and a gentleman. Now little stories do get passed around, and I would say that mostly they're just hot little rumors, but sometimes they can be pretty accurate. Anyway, the word was out that the General had told a bunch of the instructor-officers that his son was going to graduate from Kelly, or heads would roll. And that was probably no idle threat. So Junior did graduate. But some time ago I came across an old letter from a fellow who was our class president and everything you could want in an officer, in which he comments, "I really don't know how K--- stayed in school." Apparently his flying was so bad that everyone at Kelly Field was aware of it. But an instructor who considered the fact that he would have to live with the father could manage somehow to take care of a lot of things for the son. That sort of thing could happen also in grammar school or high school, and of course it does.

Later I ran into young K---, (or rather, he ran into me) in Chicago when I was in the Illinois National Guard. Anyone who had anything to do with flying and came to Chicago for **any odd reason** would normally check in to our place for gas or service or anything else they needed. Anyway, K--- wandered in one day. He had just been rotated back from duty in the Philippines. He never knew how I felt about him, and of course I didn't make it a point to tell him, since I out-ranked him at that time ... I was already a First Lieutenant. He was telling me about coming back from **abroad**

and how different everything seemed when he got back to the United States. He said, "I'll wake up some morning and be feeling just fine. Oh boy, I feel real ambitious and ought to get a lot of work done today. But then I look around, and I can't find anyone to do it!" You may know about life in the Islands, and you can imagine that an officer like K--- isn't going to put out very much effort. All he has to do is to GET SOMEBODY ELSE TO DO IT. It may be even worse in the Navy. There was a fellow I knew during the war who told me that one of the first things they drum into your head so that you will never forget it is that there is nothing on earth closer to God than an Admiral.

I lived in Oak Park, Illinois, for several years. In fact, all three of my children were born there. I mentioned that I had secured a commission in the Illinois National Guard, and I really don't know how they worked that out, because according to Army Regulations, anyone who has been "professionally disqualified", as they put it, from flight school would never be able to hold a first-class Pilot's rating, and in the end I resigned from the Guard because, although I held a Junior Aircraft Pilot's rating for years, I could never get a full Aircraft Pilot's rating, and so received a second set of papers proving that I couldn't fly.

Yet in civilian life, I was something that damned few of my Guard colleagues were --- I was a PROFESSIONAL PILOT, holding down a job with a commercial airline. Those days there weren't very many men who could say they had ever done that.

I'm trying to remember a poem that I wrote when I was flying for United Airlines between Chicago and Cleveland and New York. In the flying business, you can have a run of luck. For a while, the weather and everything else will hit just right, and you always have a nice trip. And then all of a sudden your luck changes, and it seems as if the weather goes sour every time you're due out. I had been on a real good streak, and then one night out of Newark I was set for an all-night type of trip. I wasn't due to be picked up until about 10:30 or so, but at 10:00 the phone in my hotel room rang, and the clerk said, "Derby, your trip's cancelled." Well, it was a beautiful, really beautiful night. Coming over from Chicago, you could almost get lost because you could see so many things you were not used to seeing. You could see both the South Course and the North Course. It was one of those nights you get only once or twice a year. So I said, "Why? Why is the trip cancelled?" And the clerk answered, "No Passengers." So I was stuck there for the night, and that last phrase rankled. I thought of the many times I had flown trips in bad weather because they had a full load of passengers. Now here we had beautiful weather. No passengers! The phrase kept running through my mind, so that finally I started writing it down, and it seemed to come out pretty well, so I finished it up:

NO PASSENGERS

When the goddam ducks are walkin'
And the clouds sink to the grass,
With a three-foot ceiling at Wauchunk,
And zero at Woodward Pass,
Then the traffic men get busy
And they sell a lot of folk,
And I go out to fly the stretch
And make it through or croak.
But when a "high" pervades the area
From Midway Isle to Spain,
And even folks in Oregon
Are sayin' prayers for rain;
When the temperature is sixty-nine,
And the dew-point minus twenty,
Then, Pilots, stroke your rabbit's foot
And squeeze it extra plenty,
For Indian Summer days are here.
Sweet peace pervades our stations.
Our traffic men dream mighty dreams,
But book no reservations.
With sprightly step I mount the stairs
Up to the dispatch room,
But "N.P. - 26" tonight
Fills all my soul with gloom.
My uniform is pressed and neat;
My wings shine like the sun;
But in my heart there is no joy ---
They've cancelled out my run!

Wauchunk is in a
gorge, so a 3-foot
ceiling there is
zero everywhere
else.

Pilots used to call
Woodward Pass "The
Hell Stretch" be-
cause of the many
fliers' lives lost
there.

N.P. -----
No Passengers.

This seems like a rather sad song for a beautiful night, but it did happen every so often --- more or less in the nature of the job.

Just before World War II, the airlines were flying Douglas DC-3's, or if they weren't DC-3's, they were Boeing 247's --- twin-engine machines that carried about eleven passengers.

Perhaps if I hadn't been so stiff-necked, I might have got a commission during the war.... it was offered -- by ordinary mail, and a bit diffidently. I wrote back and told them that I would accept any kind of a rating they wanted to give me, and go any place and do anything they wanted, but only on condition of no qualifying examination (except physical) --- in other words, no qualifying requirements other than those I already held. Somehow they never came around looking for me. But I kept busy as a civilian, and worked for the Air Transport Command, making shuttle supply runs, largely between Seattle and Alaska. I was just looking at this picture of Mount McKinley in Alaska Magazine. It still looks very familiar to me, although there weren't many days clear enough where it just jumps out at you like this picture shows.

Thirty years and eight months I flew for United Airlines. Never a crash with United, although I rode through one back in Chicago with the fellow who was in charge of the Illinois National Guard permanent detail. I always felt I'd rather be confronted with a real emergency than a simulation. In a real emergency, as soon as you get it under control, it's over with. But on these test flights, if the check pilot thinks you hit it right too easy the first time, he can really pile it on you: "Oh, that was much too easy. Let's try that over again." It's just not the same when it's merely simulated. And I've had test people who couldn't think of anything they'd rather do than pile it on me, even though I had not done that to them when it was my turn as check pilot.

I just can't remember any outstandingly famous or important passengers of mine. I did have some with rank, but never any royalty, to my knowledge. Just rank - lots of rank.

The last planes I was regularly assigned to at United were the four-engined Douglas DC-6's and DC-7's. I liked the DC-7. It had a little more power --- flew a little faster. I always liked planes that would go fast. I figured there was really only one excuse for having an airplane: making it go fast. I tried to teach all my co-pilots that if you took forty-five minutes of circling around before you landed, you were defeating the whole purpose of the aircraft. The passengers could have gone by train! And to them flight starts paying off only when they get on the ground and meet families and friends. But I guess some pilots still wander around all over the state instead of figuring the shortest way in to get that plane on the ground. Up there you're just wasting fuel.

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I never got to fly the jets. They were coming in, but it is a very expensive process to check people out in jets, and because of my age, management wasn't enthused about spending \$40,000 on retraining me, so I didn't even try. I never even ASKED to be checked out in jets, although if I had insisted, they would have had to give me a chance. But I saw what they were doing to some of the other fellows, and I met one who had been given a "down", as they say in the Navy, five separate times. Now this is the sort of thing that will break a man up, especially if he is a college graduate who has always been in the top ten percent of any class he's ever been in. I think they gave him six "downs" all told before they finally let him pass. That's real cold war. You need persistence to get through it, and you've always got somebody breathing down your neck who can cost you your job. That type of thing disturbs me -- really works on me.

When I was back in Chicago, the first football team I was ever an ardent fan of was the Chicago Bears. And they're back in the limelight again --- they have played ten consecutive games without a loss. There was once a time when they were known as the Midway Monsters. George Halas was their owner and coach. they won all kinds of championships, but then in recent years they've fallen on hard times, and haven't been so successful until this year. (1985) And the man who has brought them back is a fellow named Ditka, who once played for George Halas and I think also for Tom Landrey, or perhaps worked for him as assistant coach. Anyway, they're back in the news now, and there's a very good possibility they may go to the Super Bowl.

(What a prediction -- they went, and they won!) Ed.

The Sutter Buttes: An Insider's View

Katherine L. Heenan

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THE SUTTER BUTTES: AN INSIDER'S VIEW

Isolated within the agricultural patchwork of the Sacramento Valley, the Sutter Buttes are a source of awe and inspiration, symbolizing the virtually untouched patterns of nature. One need not live in or near, nor know the geological history of this mid-valley landmark to appreciate its beauty and serenity. Just to see its lofty peaks casts a spell.

Yet for those, like myself, who are fortunate enough to live in or near the base of these mystical peaks, the Sutter Buttes symbolize something even more special--home. Standing as ever watchful sentinels guarding some of the most fertile farm land in the nation, the Sutter Buttes evoke a sense of pride and affection in local residents--a sense of security, of home.

Standing apart from the neighboring Sierra Nevada and Coast ranges, the Sutter Buttes appear larger than they actually are. A prominent feature of the valley landscape, the Buttes can be seen from as far as Mt. Shasta to the north and Mt. Diablo to the south. Situated between the Feather and Sacramento rivers, approximately six miles west of Live Oak and Yuba City and about forty miles southwest of Chico, the Buttes are approximately ten miles in diameter, covering over seventy-five square miles of the valley floor (Hendrix 62). South Butte, the tallest of the principal

peaks, stands 2,132 feet above sea level, while North Butte, the massively rounded dome, stands at 1,863 feet (Brown 5). West Butte is approximately 1,700 feet, while the three other principal peaks, Twin Peaks and Old Man, are all over 1,600 feet (Hendrix 62).

Geologically speaking, the Buttes are a fairly young range, having been formed some time after the Sierra Nevadas (Independent Herald), and although geologists cannot agree as to their specific origin, it is generally agreed that they are the result of volcanic activity beginning sometime during the geological Greaceous period (Jommen 3). Speculation about the volcanic origin of the Buttes was reported as early as 1886 in an article published in the July 23 issue of the Sutter County Farmer, which reported that scientists had uncovered evidence indicating that the Buttes were the result of volcanic activity. However, it was not until 1929, when a young graduate student from England, Howel Williams, who called the Buttes "one of the most interesting and unique formations in the United States" (qtd. in Jommen 3), that the first documentation of the Buttes' volcanic origin occurred. Williams was the first to map, describe, and analyze the Buttes, as well as the first to publish theories concerning their volcanic origin (Anderson 18).

Today it is generally accepted that a burst of volcanic activity beginning approximately two million years ago initiated the formation of what we know today as the Sutter Buttes. Prior to this time, the site of the Sutter Buttes was simply a level plane, much like the greater part of the Sacramento Valley is today (Hendrix 62). This first burst of volcanic activity resulted in a huge dome which rose approximately one mile above the valley floor. Then for a time, things were relatively quiet, as wind and

water ate away at this huge dome. This erosion resulted in the creation of the uneven contours we find today (Jommen 3).

Beginning about 1.9 million years ago, a second burst of activity occurred, this time pouring streams of mud into the valley and catapulting small rock particles high into the air (Jommen 3; Anderson 24). The rising domes resulting from this second period of activity created a lake basin which, over a period of time, filled with andesite rock particles which had been washed away from earlier peaks, while other volcanic debris was swept outward, forming the perimeter of the Buttes (Anderson 24). Pressure from within caused the andesite domes to continue rising, cracking, and steaming, often breaking off in huge chunks and splitting into verticle slabs (Anderson 24), until reaching a height of approximately 3,000 feet. At this point the Buttes were approximately a half a million years old (Hendrix 62).

It is interesting to note that although this volcanic activity resulted in the formation of a crater which was later filled with andesite rock particles, volcanic mud, and ash falls, there is no evidence of any lava flow (Anderson 24).

Erosion during the past one million years has continued to wear down many of these early peaks to a series of rolling foothills which surround the remaining peaks. As this erosion process continues, it is conceivable that in another million years, visitors to the Sacramento Valley may find that the present site of the Sutter Buttes is once again a level plane (Independent Herald).

The Sutter Buttes are an ecological island, containing an unique variety of plant and animal life. In general, the Buttes contain many of the same basic habitat types as found in the surrounding areas of Butte and Sutter counties; however, there

are some geographic exceptions (Anderson 55). For example, plants such as the Rockgoose Berry and the Arizona Three-awn, not found in the outlying areas, are living in the Buttes, while the Digger Pine, the California Buckeye, Chamise, and the Black Oak, found in the surrounding areas, are absent from the Buttes (Anderson 54-55).

There are a number of feral mammals living within the Buttes. The Black-tailed Jackrabbit, California Ground Squirrel, Black-tailed deer, and Bobcat are but a few examples. An overwhelming abundance of waterfowl, gamebirds, raptors, and songbirds also inhabit the Buttes, and one might even spot a Golden Eagle if he is lucky. This abundance of both plant and animal life provided the first residents of the Buttes, the Maidu, with virtually everything needed for survival.

Approximately two centuries ago Indians were widespread in California. The Maidu, just one of the many tribes living in the state, were a large nation extending from the Sacramento River to Honey Lake and from Big Chico Creek to the Bear River (Lee 3;96), but for the purposes of this paper I will concentrate on those living in the area of the Sutter Buttes.

To the Maidu, meaning "people," the Sutter Buttes were a high spiritual center where, according to Maidu legend, the World Maker created man and woman, from whom a great family--a people--descended (qtd. in Anderson 260). These people who lived in and out of the shadow of the Sutter Buttes called them Histum Yani, "Middle Mountains," (Hendrix 1), as well as "Living Spirit," and "The Mountain of the Breathing Spirit," the latter names being derived from a Sierra Indian tribal legend which alludes to "the great smoking mountain in the waters." This legend has been interpreted as an indication that parts of the prehistoric sea were

still present during the time the ancestors of the Maidu were living. The breath of the "Mountain Spirit" is now explained as coming from steam rising from the natural gas deposits found in the Buttes--a blazing "breath" when ignited by brush fires or lightning (Brown 6). For the Maidu, however, sights such as these gave the Buttes a mystical, spiritual quality, a specialness which is reflected in many of their legends concerning these sacred mountains. One such legend tells of the creation of the Sutter Buttes:

The Great Spirit worked very hard to fashion the mighty Sierras. [He] placed snow on the peaks, rivers in the canyons, grass in the meadows, deer in the forests, [and] fish in the streams. Birds and flowers [he also] made in quantities. The Great Spirit was pleased with [his] handiwork but suddenly realized a Coast Range was needed in the west to keep out the Big Water and protect the valley in between. Weary from [his] labors, the Great Spirit hurried toward the setting sun, carrying the remains of earth, animals, fowl, and plants with [him]. Alas, in the center of the valley [he] spilled some of his load, and the Sutter Buttes, "middle mountains of the valley" were formed (qtd. in Hendrix 31).

A variation of this legend is found in the Romantic Story of Sutter, in the Sutter County Buttes file, by Ada Ohleyer. This version follows many of the details found in the previous legend with the exception that the Buttes were formed

As the Great Spirit paused to smile upon the sentinel in white which [he] had placed in the far north [Shasta]

a portion of the range which [he] carried in [his] hand slipped between [his] fingers and lay unnoticed upon the plain. After completing the Coast Range, [he] noticed the small mound of hills laying in the middle of the valley, and decided to leave it there as a sign to all [his] children that the Great Spirit has always enough to spare.

Yet another Maidu creation legend relates a different version of the Buttes' creation. It concerns a tale of

An immense and beautiful tortoise who, in her decision to maintain peace in the land, raised the Buttes in the middle of the plain. By this means she hoped to separate the contending tribes that were about to go to war. Her plan succeeded and bloodshed was prevented. No warrior dare attempt the crossing of the mountains, as the good spirit of the peace-loving tortoise dwelt on the summit and had the power to strike down anyone who might disobey her command (qtd. in Jommen 4).

Thus, the Buttes were rarely traversed by the Maidu who feared the wrath of the great tortoise.

These legends serve not only to "explain" how the Buttes were created but also echo their creator's (the Maidu) attitudes toward and reverence for their environment. The Maidu inhabited an area with an abundance of natural resources at their disposal, and so lived in harmony with their environment. The Great Spirit had provided them with virtually everything needed for survival. And, just in case one failed to appreciate what the Great Spirit had so graciously provided and sought to infringe upon the land

occupied by neighboring tribes, the great tortoise served as an impediment in their endeavour to cross the range.

The Maidus' reverence for the Buttes is also indicated by their belief that when a Maidu died his spirit went to the Buttes, where it rested, washed its face in one of the many springs, and then set out from its top for the "Heavenly Valley," following the Milky Way, where he would be greeted by the Creator who always had a basket of food awaiting each arrival (Jommen 3).

The Buttes also served practical purposes for the Maidu. At the top of North Butte there is said to be a rock with an "altar" hollowed out and toe and hand holds leading up to it. Here, it is said, the Indians watched for smoke signals in the northern mountains which were indications of the impending spring floods. From this vantage point, it is also said that the Maidu were able to spot the floods themselves in time to warn the other members of the tribe to reach the safety of the sacred hills (Fontana 21).

In addition to serving as a lookout point, the Buttes also provided the Maidu with an abundance of food such as wild oats and acorns which they ground into flour using motars and pestles, as well as an abundance of elk, deer, and waterfowl which they hunted with bow and arrow and spears. The nearby Sacramento River provided a variety of fresh water fish--salmon, striped bass, steelhead, and sturgeon just to name a few. The Buttes and the surrounding area also yielded a variety of medicinal plants such as Curly Dock which the Maidu used as a tonic and stomach remedy, Loco Weed which they chewed to cure sore throats, and watercress which they used for liver and kidney ailments (Hendrix 130-139). Thus, everywhere the Maidu looked, the Great Spirit's generosity was to be seen.

The early California explorers and settlers did not hold the Maidu in very high regard. Known to the early settlers as the Digger Indians due to their habit of digging for edible roots (Hendrix 2), the Maidu of the Buttes soon fell victim to the white man's diseases: small pox and alcoholism, and by the mid-nineteenth century, the Maidu no longer roamed the Buttes, thus giving way to a new period in the Buttes' history.

During the early exploration of California in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, several people sighted the Sutter Buttes. Gabriel Moraga, a Spaniard, is believed to be the first Caucasian to see the Buttes. In 1808, Moraga and an eleven man exploration party in search of mission sites in the Spanish northern settlements spotted the Buttes which he referred to as the "mountain range in the middle of the valley" (Hendrix 33).

In 1817, another young Spaniard, Lieutenant Luis Antonio Arguello, commander of an exploration party which left San Francisco by boat to explore California, came within sight of the Buttes which he called "Picachos" (Lee 3; 95). And in 1828, a party of Hudson Bay Company trappers, headed by Jedediah S. Smith, became the third group of Caucasians to see the Buttes (Jommen 5), and in the following year, Michael La Frambeau, another Hudson Bay Company trapper, named the cluster of peaks "Buttes" (Jommen 5).

The last well known visitor was John C. Fremont, a United States Army General who camped in the Buttes from May 30 - June 8, 1846, prior to the Bear Flag Revolt. Fremont called the Buttes the "Buttes of Sacramento (Brown 5). Fremont's campsite, where he formulated, prepared for, and executed his initial strategic maneuvers, is located northwest of the town of Sutter on the

north side of Pass Road at the base of South Butte, and is now a registered point of historical interest.

In the autumn of 1845, Fremont brought a second expedition to California. Returning to the Buttes in June 1846, Fremont's campsite became a meeting place for the settlers who were concerned about rumored Indian attacks. In his Memoirs, Fremont wrote this about his second stay in the Buttes:

My camp in the Buttes became a rendezvous for the settlers, and a center for information for me and of confidence for them. It was evident from movements of the Indians that the rumored attack on the settlers was certainly intended, and all the signs indicated that the time for it was at hand. The wheat throughout the valley was dry and ready for the harvest or the torch (qtd. in Hendrix 37).

The gold rush of 1849 brought with it a flood of settlers to northern California; many settled in the Buttes and surrounding area. Most of these early Butte settlers were interested in agricultural pursuits, although a few sought mineral wealth. There are reports which indicate that gold nuggets worth up to five dollars were found in the Buttes' streams, but such finds were rare (Fontana 21).

The 1850's saw the beginning of many settlements in the area. In 1852, a number of settlers came to the Buttes, starting ranches in the lowlands and moving into the hills to build homes. Many of these early settlers were involved in sheep and cattle ranching, as well as wheat, rice and bean farming (Hendrix 98). As settlement of the Buttes progressed, many small communities sprang up. Among these was North Butte, which later took the name of

Pennington in honor of Jonh T. Pennington, one of the early land owners. West Butte, which was located at the western end of Pass Road, served as a major stopover for the stage en route from Colusa to Marysville, and South Butte, presently Sutter, which was then merely a loose collection of ranches.

Among the early settlers in the Buttes was Edwin Thurber (South Butte), Aaron Pugh (North Butte), whose land included the area known Peace Valley, and Fredrick Tarke, whose acreage eventually encompassed over 3,000 acres in the South and North Butte areas (Laney 5-15)*

With the help of Chinese laborers who came to California seeking work in the gold mines, the fields in and around the Buttes were cleared of "Butte Rock." The Chinese, for ten to twenty cents a day (Hendrix 98), piled the rocks into fences, or rock walls, many of which are still intact today.

Like the Maidu, the early settlers told many stories about the creation of the Sutter Buttes. The similarities between the Maidu and Caucasian stories lead me to believe that the early settlers listened to the Indian legends and simply adopted them for their own, replacing the Great Spirit of the Maidu with the fakelore hero Paul Bunyan. As one tale tells us, Paul formed the Sutter Buttes when he came along one day carrying a knapsack full of dirt and stumbled while crossing a river and spilled a little of his dirt. This spilled dirt became the Sutter Buttes (Clarke and Washington 17:161).

A variation of this story tells us that the Buttes were formed when Paul, after having piled up the Sierras, started across the

*For more information about the early residents of the Buttes, see Hendrix's Sutter Buttes, and Laney's "Early Settlers of the Buttes."

muddy valley to begin work on his next project, the Coast Range. His blue ox Babe, heavily laden with rock and soil for the next job, became stuck in the mud. Paul had to remove some of her load so Babe could continue, and the Sutter Buttes were formed (Anderson 17). These two tales are quite similar to the Maidu legends, and like the Indian legends, these too reflect the story-tellers' attitudes toward the environment. Instead of the Great Spirit's haphazard dropping of some dirt, we have Paul Bunyan, a proverbial symbol of American aggressiveness, energy and power, shaping the land around him. Paul, a symbol of manifest destiny, followed the pioneers out west and changed the features of the landscape which he encountered.

Another story tells us that the Buttes were formed when Babe took a dump while crossing the valley on her way to help Paul build the Sierras. As a young child I was told that the Buttes were sheared off the top of table mountain by a glacier, and a friend told me that he heard that Paul Bunyan sliced the Buttes off the top of Table Mountain. These tales are interesting in that the Buttes are located parallel to Table Mountain. A tale found in the Chico State Folklore Collection, Volume 3, tells us that the Buttes were formed when Paul and Babe decided to have a picnic one day, and not being able to find a level spot large enough for he and Babe to sit on, he proceeded to scoop up the soil off the top of Table Mountain and deposit it in a pile in the valley, forming the Sutter Buttes (Clarke 3: 141). Here again we have Paul forcefully shaping the landscape.

And finally, my favorite Bunyan tale tell us that

Paul Bunyan had a wife; a big strapping lady near as tall as he. She was a hard working woman except when

she got in a mood. When she got in a mood even Paul wouldn't cross her. Well one day she was in a mood and Paul didn't know it and said something, don't know what, and she got mad, oh, but did she get mad. She stomped out of the house and headed across the valley. After a while she got tired and her mood left her so she looked around and saw a nice little place with a few streams running in it and a nice clear spot to lie down. So she lay down by this spot and went to sleep and she's been there ever since, only now people call her the Sutter Buttes (Clarke and Washington 17: 161).

Although entertaining, and certainly more fun than the actual geological history, these tales do not hold near the charm or evidence of reverence of the Maidu legends. The early settlers who came to the Buttes were fond of the place, but did not consider it a sacred place as the Maidu did.

Today the land in the Buttes is owned by sheep and cattle ranchers and farmers, many of whom are descendants of the early settlers. Unfortunately, many of the current owners' children are choosing to leave the area, seeking careers other than ranching and farming, and someday this land which has been handed down from generation to generation will go to the highest bidder.

Unfortunately, the Buttes already show the scars of the human disregard for natural beauty. In 1960, a Titan Missile base was constructed in, of all places, the area known as Peace Valley. Although the Department of War declared it outdated and abandoned it upon completion in 1964, dismantling it in 1966, the silos remain an eyesore in an otherwise beautiful valley.

And if this were not enough, a microwave relay station has been erected on the top of South Butte, with access roads cut into the mountainside to reach the towers. And in August 1985, the Sutter County Planning Commission, after great debate, voted to allow the construction of two additional towers. Tor Broadcasting Company has leasing a total of 80 acres on both peaks of South Butte since 1967. Currently there are three block buildings, microwave dishes antennae, and two communication towers on the west peak, and two block vaults and three towers on the east peak. The immediate plans are to construct two additional towers on each peak. However, there is a positive aspect of this plan. Due to the tremendous amount of opposition to the plan, the Commission passed a resolution which states that all existing microwave dishes on the Buttes must be lowered to below the ridge line by January 1, 1988. This condition is intended to allow use of the Buttes without destroying the Buttes' aesthetics (Appeal Democrat, August 10, 1985).

Yet in spite of these blights upon the land, the Buttes remain a source of awe and inspiration for residents and visitors alike. That the Buttes are important to the local residents became more and more apparent as I researched the range. I had only to mention that I was working on a paper concerning the Buttes and people began talking, telling me stories they had heard and relating personal experiences. When asked what the Buttes meant to them, the answer was always the same. They would look at me rather strangely and say, "Well, you know." And yes I do know, but I too cannot find the words. One thing does remain clear: the Buttes mean home; almost everyone I spoke with said something like, "When I see the Buttes I know I'm home."

I have grown up with the Buttes out my backdoor, and although they have always fascinated me, I have come to look upon them with a new eye. The Buttes are ever changing in mood and appearance. In the early spring they are carpeted by green grass and a rainbow of wildflowers, and the roads leading to them are lined with blossoming prune, peach, and almond orchards and mustard fields. As spring wanes, the Buttes begin to brown and mirror themselves in the flooded rice and wheat fields which surround them. In the summer the golden brown barley fields match the fire-dry grasses that march up the slopes of these rocky hills, and in the fall the starkness of the bare trees is accented against the dark slopes. In the winter the Buttes are cold, wet, and frequently enveloped in a thick white blanket of fog which hides all but the tallest peaks. During the foggy season, pilots use the Buttes as guideposts since they are the only visible landmarks in the dense valley fog.

Officially named the Sutter Buttes in 1949 (Hendrix 69), the Buttes have been known by a variety of names. The Maidu called them Histum Yani, and early explorers called them the Butte Mountains, the Sacramento Buttes, Los Tres Picos, and the Marysville Buttes, but no matter what they are called, their appeal remains. The Sutter Buttes, the sacred range of the Maidu, the place where man and woman were created, retain a magic for residents and visitors. In the words of Walt Anderson, they are "the best example of the natural world still left in the valley" (Anderson 2). Let's keep them that way.

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CLARENCE W. JENKINS

Farmer

LIVE OAK, CALIF.

Oct. 10, 1915

My dear Mother,

We have been so busy harvesting since our return from the fair that it has been impossible to write you of our enjoyable visit in dear old San Francisco.

We went down on the electric car to Sacramento and there took the river steamer. That was the 6th and Bruce Talman's birthday and as you know the next day the 7th is Raymond's birthday but we celebrate them together. In the rush and excitement of getting ready very little was said about birthdays. Talman had asked if they were going to have birthday cakes and I told him I would not have time to make them. Raymond said "And no candles neider?"

Bruce Talman said "Never mind, we are going to see lots of bears and bull dogs at the Fair, aren't we mamma?" But I wasn't sure of that either.

It was a happy family that at last got settled on the car and when on the steamer the children's joy knew no bounds. The steward called me aside and told me the two birthday cakes ordered were ready and wanted the candles.

When we went into dinner the boys were so surprised and delighted when the steward conducted us to a very resplendent table with two magnificent cakes prominently placed and brilliantly illuminated. Without any explanation each claimed immediate possession, counted the candles to prove it.

We had a lovely dinner and the children were all so happy-(Dorothy claimed both cakes). All the officers of the boat came in to congratulate the boys and I am sure they will never forget their birthday party on the steamer.

I must tell you that this was Clarence's first trip with his family and he had a hard time getting adjusted. The birthday cakes were a surprise to him also.

When we waked up in the morning we were on San Francisco Bay and so cold, such a change from our hot valley climate, we had to don winter wear.

After a fine breakfast the boat made its landing near the Ferry Building and we took a car to the Hotel Rand. At the Rand the proprietor took us up to our rooms and asked if it seemed "like home". It certainly did for they were the same I had when down two years ago with the children.

We were all crazy to get out to the Fair and went at once. When we had to transfer I tried to get Clarence to carry Raymond and hold Talman's hand but he said he knew a better way than that and impressively told them that they were to "keep close" to him and if he got on a car they were to too. The boys were not used to going anywhere with anybody but mother and of course in the rush for the car they lost "father" and began to cry. Clarence was to hurry on and get seats and I would follow with Dorothy who wouldn't go with him. After I had put or pushed three screaming children on I was too out of breath to make the high climb myself; the conductor was at the rear, I looked up at the motorman and said "Don't you dare to start before I do". We all laughed and a gentleman got down and helped me and others got up and gave us seats. Father hadn't been able to get a seat after all. We never had any trouble except this once but this certainly was funny. Clarence made great strides in how to take care of a family after this.

Soon the car came to the Fair grounds with its high wall covered with a pretty green vine and a big brass Oriental head stood out prominently, it was one of the attractions in the Zone. Another thing we saw from the outside was a monster steel derrick with a house on top. It would lower the house and people would get in, then raise it high in the air turn it around and let it down again.

Everything looked so beautiful and so unreal. Parts of the grounds especially around the lagoon and the Fine Arts building seemed absolutely transported from fairyland. I tried to find post cards that would do it justice but could not.

This first day we spent mostly on the grounds. We hired a double electric chair with a little seat in front and travelled all over the grounds getting fine views of the different courts and gardens, the beautiful fountains, statuary and lagoons. The electric chairs are easily operated and they advertise that they make them all styles for home and invalid

use. The boys were greatly pleased with this way of travelling until they saw a miniature steam engine pulling a long string of cars loaded with people.

They forgot the bears and bulldogs for a while convincing us it was absolutely necessary to go where that train did, but once on it Talman insisted the only thing to do was to buy it and have it run on the ranch at home; that it could haul the peaches from the orchard to the dry yard and do most of the work, haul boxes, tree props etc. and papa wouldn't have to keep horses so it would be a real economy. Then there would be no engineer and conductor to pay as he would be the engineer and Raymond the conductor. This argument wouldn't get settled as when you thought it was dead and safely buried you had to have it all over again. This train went down thru what is called the Marina where one gets a beautiful view of the bay and Golden Gate. At the end of the line is race track near which are the Live Stock exhibits. We walked back thru the Avenue of States; went into the Kansas building where Clarence looked thru the registers, enjoyed the sweet music for the entertainment of visitors, then hastened on with just a glance into the other state buildings until we came to the Virginia building. Clarence was greatly interested in this and wanted to go all over it but it was just packed with people and we couldn't get about well with the children. He idly wondered why when the other state buildings were practically empty this should be so packed. I told him to wonder again and he'd know. Virginia could not have had a more interesting state building than one modelled after Mount Vernon, and everybody wanted to see it and it must be they did for it was always thronged. There were some fine educational exhibits and splendid panoramic pictures of the schools and colleges of the state in one of the rooms. They did not have their superiors even in the Palace of Education and everybody was so interested in them but Clarence thought William and Mary lost a splendid chance to do some fine advertising, in only sending the modest little framed card it did. He said history told people what William and Mary did in the past, what it wanted to know now was what it could and is doing today. He made me just perfectly furious. I told him William and Mary stood on its record and pointed to the list of its famous men. He said yes, that was all right for a hundred years ago, but the list needed to be brought up to date. I assured him it was only the modesty of its now famous men that prevented it also it had probably lost one brilliant chance of present advertisement in that line by his own attendance at Manhattan and University of Arizona instead of William and

Mary; and he had the nerve to say that if William & mary had advertised it would probably have got his attendance. He was mad because he had to hunt around the room three times before he found that card.

We passed by the other state buildings; New York had a magnificent building and the City of New York also had one equally grand, being the only city represented.

Being near the Canadian building we went into and it was certainly grand. Canada wants settlers you know and they certainly "holler their heads off" as the saying is to get them. They have used this same exhibit in Europe and elsewhere so often that it has proved a veritable bonanza to them in economical advertising in proportion to the number of settlers it has secured for the country. Everyone had to "keep to the left" in this building. There were illuminated panoramas in the background showing hundreds of miles of magnificent Canadian plains, mountains, valleys, cities and these were brought down to reality in front by real trees, earth houses, rivers and etc, so you could not tell where one stopped and the other began.

There was beautiful forest country with all its animal life and vegetation; there were real bears climbing trees, "mamma & papa bears and baby bears" as Talman said, weasels, foxes, hares, mountain lions and everything. Most of the animals were stuffed but some were not, the beavers were real and paddling in real water. You couldn't tell except by close watching; then they had exhibits of its minerals and panoramic views showing the thousands of miles of wheat fields and new homes being built; hundreds of miles of wheat being harvested; little trains, real little trains running on real little tracks stopping at the warehouses to unload and going on again, crossing beautiful rivers loading up again and going on to another warehouse and beautiful scenery; than the fruit--. Apple orchards, miles of them and real apples in the foreground under the trees, upturned hampers of them and smelling. No wonder they had an iron rail to keep you off. The man there told us, "Here in California you have your "Sunkist Oranges" you advertise, we have "Frost kist Apples" we advertise.

Yes, they advertised-not just their apples but everything; in the day pictures the sun shone and they had the sun, and in the night pictures

it did not shine but the aurora borealis did, and they had it, with its beautiful wavering light of many colors and advertised it. It was certainly beautiful. The whole exhibit was wonderful. The children had to be carried out forcibly.

The only unpleasant thing about this exhibit was the knowledge that it would take thousands of our sturdy American farmers from the U.S.; but if the United States and the states individually calmly sit by and allow these desirable citizens to go and more calmly fill the vacancies by importing undesirable ones--'nuff said!

I must say Massachusetts did not sit calmly by! She advertised she had the cheapest farm land in the Union with markets at her door, not thousands of miles away. "Young man, come east to Massachusetts" was her slogan.

But just think how Virginia could have shoved Canada to the wall in an exhibit of the same extent scope and excellence. Virginia has splendid mineral resources, her animal life is much more varied and interesting; her vegetation--her mountains, bays and rivers, valleys, apple orchards, her coal industry, her oyster industry,--her equable climate; how vastly superior and more varied are her resources but she does not advertise them tho' she too would like the moneyed settlers, she does not like it well enough to go after them.

Australia too makes every inducement to get our farmers; but they are especially after California farmers who understand fruit-growing and irrigation; but I don't have to worry about California. She does pretty well for herself and planning to do better, but that's another story.

We went into the Horticultural building. Under the glass dome where the beautiful tropical garden was it was very moist and wet and we went on rapidly to more apples--United States ones this time. Hood River had a fine exhibit of a great red apple. You looked in the front at a lovely panoramic illuminated view of Mt. Hood showing the beautiful valleys and surrounding country and in front baskets of apples.

Then Walla Walla had one on the same order but not near so good--no panoramic, only apples.

The exhibits were all very fine. We were of course especially interested in the fruit of all our colonies and Australia and New Zealand, and

in peaches to notice their quality, method of packing, display etc. The fruit of Australia compared favorably with that of California, to our surprise--indeed Canada and Australia were both there with the goods, the quality and always and ever the literature setting forth inducements and advantages to prospective settlers. Indeed the two most attractive roads to Heaven itself lay thru these two countries, one warm and balmy, thru Australia, the other cool and bracing, thru Canada; pay your money and take your choice.

In the palace of Manufactures we were especially taken with the Utility Gas Exhibit with a machine for making and storing gas for heating and lighting country estates. The initial cost is considerable but very inexpensive to maintain afterward much less than city gas. A Utility Gas Kitchen was part of their exhibit outside where one could get lovely meals cooked to perfection. The system is simplicity itself; we decided they could cut their price in two and still make a handsome profit, so we hope they will do this by the time we are ready to build our bungalow.

In the Palace of Education Dr. Montessori held classes in the afternoon for the instruction of teachers and mothers and when we were there a Montessori school was being conducted. Many teachers and educators were looking on and taking notes. This was what I "went to see" and wished to spend lots of time here. A number of the teachers were greatly interested in what I told them of the virtues and defects of the kindergarten system as compared with the Montessori, especially how we had had to adapt it in the Indian Service and why. A restive family finally managed to get me away and took care after that to keep me a long way off from the Palace of Education.

When out on the grounds the beautiful Tower of Jewels commanded attention. This and the colonnades of the Palace of Fine Arts especially when reflected in the lagoon, were the most beautiful architectural features. Beside the electric chairs and the tiny steam train there were auto trains which carried visitors to various parts of the grounds.

As it was now evening of our first day we went back to the Rand and took dinner at Boos Bros. cafeteria, enjoying the sweet music as well as

the good things to eat, also it was fine to see such lots of people after living on a ranch .

Market street was a blaze of glory and it looked very tempting with its gay throngs but we were too tired to go farther. A band of masked riders halted the crowd at Jones; they were dressed as Klu Klux Klan and announced that "The Clansman" by Thomas Dixon was to play that night at the theater on the next block and crowds went up there.

The next day we took the children to Golden Gate Park and the beach. In the park they saw bears and more bears. The little baby bears of two years ago were now grown. There were ostriches, buffalo, elk, wildcats and nearly everything and bears galore.

We had a lovely day with dinner at the beach.

The next day was to be a big day at the Fair celebrating California's admission to the Union. They always celebrate it elaborately every year as Admission Day. Nearly two hundred thousands of people were admitted to the grounds that day and there were magnificent fire works at night. That will have to be for another letter.

One striking thing about the exposition was the independence of the Great American People, and I have an idea that all the thrift there is is not confined to Germany and other European countries.

Everywhere on the grounds were throngs eating a lunch from a shoe box or a snack wrapped in newspaper out of a coat pocket. We enjoyed watching the crowds, there were always some who went about like sleep walkers, dazed by seeing too much; then the tragically serious ones who went to learn, note book and pencil in hand; the gay and giddy always headed for the Zone; the capitalistic grain farmers from the middle west, carefully inspecting all agricultural exhibits to prove his own states exhibit was unequalled, the thoughtful professional ones now in a new school of Universal Knowledge; there were numbers of afflicted people and some invalids who were being taken thru in wheel chairs. This way of going thru the buildings was not popular with others as if you wanted to go into an exhibit and ask questions of the one in charge you had to get out anyhow.

You know I have only a blurred impression of the exhibits of some of the buildings. I can only give general impressions. In my next letter will tell you of the rest of our stay.

Your loving child

Minnie

Clarence W. Jenkins

Farmer

Live Oak, California

Oct 14, 1915

Dear Mother,

The next day of our visit to the Exposition was Admission Day. When we went down to the Cafeteria to breakfast, gorgeously decorated automobiles were already hurrying down to the Ferry Building where the parade was to start, also numbers of floats.

After breakfast we strolled down Market St. and saw lots of them; numbers of autos had a steel curved pole at the back with long orange colored feathery streamers which were however then tied back.

We took an auto bus (as big as a house) to the Fair grounds-sat up on top and the children thought it was great, never saw such big ones. We got a nice seat up on a terrace by one of the buildings facing the Marina and the parade certainly was immense.

The children you know had never seen any soldiers and the California people are the greatest people on earth for celebrations, parades and pleasure. All the cities and most of the counties of the state were represented, well represented, and then represented again. The bear, the emblem of the state was there in full force, live bears, stuffed bears, cages of bears, toy bears and candy bears, there was one bull dog.

The floats were beautiful with their goddesses, fruit and flowers and many were very original and unique and generally the chief note was advertising its particular town county or locality.

Eldorado County advertised its pears and threw thousands into the crowds. Printed on the side of the float was "Besides pears we have Lake Tahoe . See it". I never could remember what county it was in, but I'll never forget again.

The autos with the high long streamers were all from Stockton and there were dozens, and dozens and dozens, all just like dropped from fairyland itself and when we craned our necks to see the still more beautiful ones that followed them we found they were the women of Stockton. Everybody cheered and there were just dozens and dozens and dozens of them each one with its own individuality and beauty but all from Stockton. I told Clarence they did their part like southern people. He suggested what I really meant was that they did it like real thorough-breds; but that was only saying the same thing in a different way. We watched the parade pass for three hours and a half and finally had to leave to get something for Dorothy to eat.

There had been one bull dog in the parade and a company of Boy Scouts who had walked 200 miles to see the exposition.

The gate receipts showed an attendance of nearly two hundred thousand but there were really many more than this. It was too crowded to see much except where the program of the day which was very elaborate kept the most people centered around certain points, we kept to the other places. In the palace of food products the children enjoyed seeing the fish especially. The Sauer exhibit from Richmond, Va. was very good. I hoped to see Mr. or Mrs. Sauer but they had returned to Virginia about a week before so they told me. Left my card.

We saw where they were advertising Steero Buillion cubes they were also demonstrating. Oysters made in Hampton Virginia, went right there of course, gave them an order and the lady insisted on my trying a cup of the Steero-did to please her, never could endure the stuff and found it lovely, splendidly flavored with celery and salt just right. The children wanted a taste and just as soon as they got it they all began to cry. "Want some more- want some! They have always been so good you know and we were so unprepared for the way they proceeded to behave. People crowded around and wanted to know what was the matter and they just howled until the lady would get a cup fixed and they would drink that and then howl for more. The people all had to find out what it was they were howling for, and poor Father and I trying to quiet them. It certainly was an exhibition and you know they had just had their dinner. People on the outskirts fought to get to the excitement and the lady had to get an assistant to help her serve the crowd. She made me take a paper bag full to give the children at the hotel. We decided the Co. owed us about \$25. for free advertising it got from our family. Every time we would try to take them away they would just kick and scream for more, behaved just as they did at the Canadian building, and the lady insisted they should have all they wanted and everybody in the crowd sang out "We want some too!" They said they knew it must be good. We finally got out of the building and sat down to get cool and watch air ships.

We visited the French building and the Belgian exhibit ~~was~~ certainly very fine- many people in there had tears in their eyes; the rare old tapestries and beautiful laces were wonderful but the exquisite art treasures brought no joy; we all felt so oppressed and sad as if we were treading in the tomb of a nation.

We also visited the Italian buildings and exhibits and glanced at art that it would take a month to see. The laces were beautiful and hard to pass by but when four pairs of hands take hold and pull, some thing has to move.

The Australian building was very fine. The range of manufactured and agricultural products was amazing, while their mineral and gem display was superb. and lots of literature telling of the glorious advantages for settlers.

The Argentine building interested us especially and it was fine, on the order of the Canadian, but not nearly so good though they have many resources and advantages that the Canadians do not, still it was splendid and we enjoyed it very much.

The Hawaiian exhibit was very good and they had some of the native singers there with their string instruments - the sweetest music I have ever heard. The children enjoyed seeing the beautiful and odd fish of the islands. The early missionaries sent there grabbed everything in sight. It is claimed that where they could not get what they wanted legally for nothing they did not hesitate to use any old method. Their descendants own about everything and are fabulously rich. The Socialists claim that it is owing to the fact that they practically made slaves of the natives and Japanese there and it was this that first incensed Japan against us, and that they use their wealth in Congress to uphold their power.

We managed to get down to the Live Stock at last; saw the hens in the International laying contest. The children were disgusted - they had plenty of hens at home. At last we came to a department "The Dogs of all Nations" and the children went wild, for there were dogs and dogs and especially bull dogs- we were here for a long time.

We saw the contented cows of the Carnation Milk herd; a sign read "Please do not swear in the building. The ears of these contented cows are not accustomed to it." They had a splendid exhibit at the other end of the grounds, a condensery where the milk was evaporated and canned.

The salmon industries of the northwest had fine exhibits and it was wonderful the different ways they prepared canned salmon.

We were so sorry the Porto Rico Pavilion was closed. Clarence had desired to drink some of their coffee to compare it with the Guatemaula and other kinds but we looked at their hats and other exhibits.

The phonographs were all creditably exhibited and advertised and giving beautiful concerts all the time. We had always wanted one especially in the shut-in days of the rainy season. C.W. could never want anything but a diamond point Edison. I was willing to take anything I could get but he never did anything about getting one.

In the Turkish building was a fine exhibit of Oriental rugs and other treasures ; also perfumes, the famous "atter of roses" etc. in vials which placed in trunk or chest would perfume them exquisitely without opening. I did want one so much. The lady said "to advertise her country" they were selling them at 75 cents a vial instead of whatever it was. When she said "advertise" that was enough; they might better stop murdering the Armenians and missionaries. They were posing for sympathy; they even had a grand sachem (whatever that may be) Turk there embroidered and covered with medals and Clarence said he was a Mason! Now what do you think about that? They were just perfectly lovely to everybody that came. They got no sympathy from us or 75 cents either.

The Japanese gardens and buildings were entirely ignored by us. We did not want to see either them or anything they had.

The Transportation palace was a wonderland; here you could get a ticket and take a panoramic trip across the U.S. and all kinds of engines were displayed, autos etc. The big trans-Atlantic steamship lines had sections of their steamships. You could go in and see the staterooms etc. It was all very interesting, as was also the palace of machinery. Thousands of people went through these buildings without seeing anything except what hit them squarely between the eyes as it were.

One of these was the display of the Keen Kutter cutlery and tools. They had a fine moving scene of river and falls. A gunboat was crossing the river continually also a train over a trestle. The moving water, the sky, the sun and everything was made of tools and implements and it was brilliant. The whole display was one of perpetual motion. The giant scissors opened and shut, the giant pocket knife also, and even the "sun did move". It pleased the children.

Well I must tell you of the evening when they had the fireworks. At dusk we went on the Zone and saw it light up. It was a brilliant sight and the "barkers" out in front of each attraction singing out the praises of the shows. They were very amusing but soon the Balboa Guards began to megaphone that the fireworks would start on the Marina and thousands flocked that way. We kept out of the crush as we wished to take the children home as soon as possible. When they threw on the lights from the scintillator it looked just like the aurora borealis as shown in the Canadian building but of course magnified, covering the heavens as the real aurora borealis does during the long northern nights. We had never imagined anything so beautiful. As the lights would fade they would set off the monster fireworks which were wonderful, and as they faded those beautiful inspiring lights would again shine above us, over and on us, living lights radiating in their soft colors a living message to all humanity, of truth and faith and courage.

There were to be brilliant air ship feats later but we hurried the little ones home for their teeth were chattering.

There was a nursery and kindergarten in the grounds run by the Y.W.C.A. but we could not get the children to stay. Bruce Talman could outwalk me and when Raymond got tired his papa would carry him a while while Dorothy had her little wheeled chair, of course. It was astonishing how much of it Dorothy seemed to take in and understand. Her very intelligent comments were a constant source of pleasure to us and she seemed to see every thing.

On the Zone we took in the Panama Canal which was just as good as seeing the real canal, and Creation, a photoplay of the first chapter of Genesis showing the creation of the earth and Adam and Eve. It was very impressive and much better than a thousand sermons, while the creation of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden was beautiful.

Papa and the boys would have gone up in the house on the steel derrick but I wouldn 't hear of it and we rode up and down the Zone in the autotrains to see the sights.

It gave us much pleasure to view the "one farm exhibit" from Virginia. It certainly is grand and something to be proud of. Everything in it was as good or the best or a little better than the products from anywhere else, but oh that real Virginia corn meal in a glass jar- how I did want it to make some batter bread! The exhibit was perfect and could not be surpassed - thoroughbred written all over it. It was full of people all the time and it just filled them with amazement. Now the man who did this should be publicly honored by the state of Virginia as a benefactor of mankind; he should be honored by his college; it is such patriots as he that the state now needs to come to its aid to advance its prosperity and power. It needs to be advanced agriculturally.

Now you know we could only get a little wee glimpse of the Fair in one week but we did enjoy it all so much.

The last day before our return we went to the stores. Clarence was over in Richmond to persuade the newspaper people to make their payment deferred so long.

In one of the stores there was a big display of Victrolas and it occurred to me that if ever we were to have one I'd have to buy it so I counted my money over to the man and ordered it shipped to Live Oak. When I had bought some records I was about broke but happy. When we got to the hotel we packed our luggage and dressed for dinner. Clarence came, told me he lacked ten dollars of having enough to pay the hotel bill and he would have to borrow from me. He seemed quite surprised that I was dead broke but he had his last cream check so it was all right.

After dinner we went down to steamer for trip home; after we were well settled he told me he had some good news that although the Record Herald could not make all its last payment as money was tight, that if we would take an automobile as part payment they could raise the rest. Of course that just suited him. When we had recovered from the news I told him I also had a surprise for him but would not tell him until the steamer started. When it did I told him we were the proud possessors of a good Victrola.

He was surprised and was afraid it was some cheap affair that was no good but he is very proud of it now and it is a great pleasure to us all. We would never do without one again.

The newspaper people wrote us a day or so ago they had our automobile so now I guess we will soon have it, then we can attend the dear little Episcopal Church in Marysville. The state highway of solid concrete runs thru our county almost by our very door so even in bad weather we can use it just the same. So our trip that began with a double birthday celebration and two gorgeous birthday cakes for a surprise ended in two surprises of a Victrola and an automobile which is going some.

An organ grinder with a monkey was in front of the hotel one day and the little ones had a fine time throwing pennies down to it from our window. Our comfortable rooms with the private bath added not a little to our convenience and pleasure.

I wished many times for my friends and relatives in Virginia and that you and your dear Marion were there to see for yourselves what I could only blunderingly describe, so I must close now with much love to you all.

Your loving child

Minnie