

Sutter County Historical Society News Bulletin

Vol. XXXV No. 4





Yuba City, California



October, 1994



**J. A. WISE MERCHANDISE STORE IN EAST NICOLAUS
FIRST WISE STORE CIRCA 1913**

Left to Right: Gertrude Herring Dorris, John Wise, Ruby Kelly, Claude Reynolds

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Bruce Harter, Vice President	Linda Leone, Treasurer

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The **News Bulletin** is published quarterly by the Society in Yuba City, California. The annual membership dues includes receiving the **News Bulletin** and the Museum's **Muse News**. At the April 1987 Annual Dinner Meeting it was voted to change the By-laws to combine the memberships of the Society and the Museum.

The 1994 dues are payable as of January 1, 1994.

Student (under 18)/Senior Citizen/Library	\$10.00
Individual	\$15.00
Organizations/Clubs	\$25.00
Family	\$30.00
Business/Sponsor	\$100.00
Corporate/Benefactor	\$1,000.00

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I wish to thank everyone who braved the July heat to come to our "Picnic in the Park." It turned out to be a very pleasant evening under the trees with a slight breeze to cool us. The attendance was most impressive and the pot-luck was outstanding both in variety of dishes and taste. Thanks to Loadel Piner for the interesting and informative talk about the history of the park from its beginning up to the present time. Meg Burgin has been very helpful in working with Loadel on improving the park. Meg explained many phases of the care and maintenance of the grounds, shrubs and trees. Both speakers were most interesting and we appreciate their effort in presenting the program.

Our meetings have been well attended lately and all the Historical Society Board officers are in hopes that this trend will continue. We all want to have the Society meetings be informative, interesting, and well attended.

We look forward to seeing a good turn out for our "October Fest" in Nicolaus. Bruce Harter will be chairing the evening and I know there will be a great program and good food for the members to enjoy.

I must close this message on a sadder note. We recently lost one of our long-time Board members, Ron Ross. He will be missed by all who knew him and worked with him in the Historical Society.

Evelyn Quigg
President



THE CALIFORNIANS

The Californians magazine is offering members of our society new trial 1-year subscriptions of the publication for only \$14.95, a \$4.00 discount. *The Californians* is a bi-monthly, 64-page magazine covering California history. To get the discount, write to *The Californians* at 5720 Ross Branch Road, Sebastopol, CA 95472 or call them at (800) 982-1609. Be sure to mention the name of the Sutter County Historical Society to get your discount membership.

DIRECTOR'S REPORT

Just as the weather is turning cool and you are contemplating winter and months of staying home, the Museum has a way for you to stay inside and still enjoy the great outdoors. Come visit us and enjoy our current exhibit The Rice Land Suite by Gerry Tsuruda. The black and white photographs in this exhibit represent life in the rice fields that surround us. Through the camera's lens we see the various stages that the fields go through: from freshly plowed dirt fields, to lushly growing, well-irrigated lines of rice, to dry and smoldering heaps of burning rice hulls. We also get to meet some of the people who make their livelihood from the rice, from farmers to rice co-generation plant employees. Gerry introduces us to a whole world of activity that goes on, often without our awareness, in our own backyard. The Rice Land Suite is an exhibit you will find worthy of your time -- try not to miss it.

Also not to be missed are the Christmas activities coming up at the Museum. From Trees and Traditions on December 10 to Christmas Open House on December 21, we hope that you will make the Museum a part of your holiday activities.

While rice fields abound in the main exhibit hall and Christmas is just around the corner, the Museum staff is hard at work preparing for the 40th anniversary commemoration of the 1955 flood. The 1955 flood project encompasses cooperative exhibits at our Museum and the Mary Aaron Museum. In addition, three round table discussions will be scheduled to take place in Yuba City, Marysville and Rio Oso. A book of history, photographs and radio interviews taken immediately after the flood will be available. As you can see, our interest in creating an exhibit about the 1955 flood has grown into a substantial project, but to make it a success we need your help.

To truly talk about the 1955 flood and its effects on this community, we need the help of everyone who was present during the flood. We are looking for photographs and first hand accounts of your experiences of the flood. Does your family have any film footage of the flood to aid us in compiling a video record of the flood? To help with the exhibit, we need artifacts that came through the flood or items that were of particular use to those who struggled to survive the flood. If you were one of those who evacuated Yuba City at a moment's notice, what did you take with you? Do you have something that survived the flood that has become a particularly cherished item? We want to talk about the strengths that people found within themselves to survive and to help others to survive. The 1955 flood has greatly affected this community and continues to be a presence 40 years later. We hope that you can help us to tell many of the stories of the 1955 flood.

Jackie Lowe
Director

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Ken Engasser's article was excerpted from the interview he gave in March of 1994. He has been most helpful when called upon, including speaking at our April meeting.

When asked, Marian Regli agreed to write a couple pages for this issue. Knowing she had more to share, she was interviewed. The article about her and her teaching at East Nicolaus High School is a combination of her submitted article and various stories that came out in the interview. She has been a pleasure to work with.

The article about the Trowbridge Store which was mentioned in July's "Letter From the Editors" will appear in a later Bulletin. This issue has ended up focusing on the Nicolaus and East Nicolaus area.

The January Bulletin will feature remembrances told by Mrs. Mamie (Charge) Meier to her daughter, Addie Meier.

As always, we are seeking material to print in future issues. The people of this county are its future as well as its past. It is up to the people here now to preserve the past for our enjoyment and knowledge as well as the enjoyment and education of those who will come after us. If you have stories, memories, diaries or letters to share, please contact us. We haven't given up the idea of doing histories of the various communities in the county, we just haven't been brave enough to take on the project yet. We need help. Call us (Linda: 673-2721 or Sharyl: 674-7741) or write to the Historical Society at P. O. Box 1004, Yuba City, CA 95992.

The October meeting in Nicolaus really is something to put on the calendar. The Order of Hermann Sons' Sutter Lodge #36 is comprised of wonderfully warm people who make you feel at home, not to mention their being very good cooks! Good food, good program, good people -- October 18th. Don't forget to make your reservations by October 10th; the ladies need to know the number of people they are cooking for.

Also, don't forget to renew your membership. The membership is for both the Sutter County Historical Society and the Community Memorial Museum. Don't think that by not renewing you will escape us in our quest for information. It doesn't work that way.

Linda Leone
Sharyl Simmons



MEMORIALS

In Memory of **Thelma Anderson**
The Robert Schmidl Family

In Memory of **Joyce Benzel**
Robert & Marilyn Smith
Wilbur & Georgia Green

In Memory of **Adah Borchert**
Wendell & Audrey Way

In Memory of **Elizabeth Brooke**
Burwell & Loretta Ullrey
Betty Brown Arnett

In Memory of **Darlene Canada**
James & Frances Gentry
The Robert Schmidl Family

In Memory of **Robert Carnes**
Robert & Betty Coats
M/M LeeRoy Rehana

In Memory of **Brooks Cassidy**
Norman & Loadel Piner

In Memory of **Howard Cull**
Richard & Elaine Tarke

In Memory of **Howard Dalton**
Burwell & Loretta Ullrey

In Memory of **Clifton Davis**
Newell Burtis
Ray & Lena Frye

In Memory of **Pauline DeValentine**
Joe Benatar & Staff of Fidelity
National Title Insurance
Company

In Memory of **Frank Dodge**
James & Frances Gentry

In Memory of **Jane Ellis**
Mary C. Gillis

In Memory of **Arthur W. Field**
Georgia & Wilbur Green

In Memory of **Arthur R. Fisher**
James & Frances Gentry

In Memory of **Edgar R. Fisher**
James & Frances Gentry

In Memory of **Arthur Gilstrap**
M/M Raymond Crane
James & Frances Gentry
Georgia & Wilbur Green
Helen Heenan & Family
Bob & Jean Heilmann
Betty Seymour

In Memory of **Jack Gross**
Judith V. Barr

In Memory of **Bernice Gruening**
M/M Dick Brandt
Connie Cary
The Crew of the USS LSM 217
M/M Robert Eldred
Dorothy Ettl
Feather River State Bank
James & Frances Gentry
Dewey Gruening
Durand & Karen Gruening
Howard & Raona Hall
Helen Heenan
M/M Lars P. Jappe
Linda Leone

M/M Robert W. Miller
Angles Forms & More
Norman & Loadel Piner
Harold & Evelyn Quigg
Wanda Rankin
Caroline Ringler
M/M R. A. Schnabel
Sharyl Simmons
M/M Gordon Smiley
Edgar & Virginia Stanton
James & Gene Taresh

In Memory of **Hazel Haan**
Burwell & Loretta Ullrey

In Memory of **Margie Harrison**
Hap & Marie Campbell

In Memory of **Jack Heenan**
George & Louise Akins
Stella M. Anderson
Roger & Kate Bowley
Gary, Michael, &
Christopher Brackbill
M/M Dick Brandt
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M/M Ronald Harrington
Virginia D. Hartman
Dr. Carlene Hawksley &
Nancy McNally
Bob & Jean Heilmann
Ed & Eloise Heilmann
Kay & Ernie Hodges
Frank Howard &
Virginia Filter & Family
Ralph & Annette Howitt
M/M Graydon Hughes
M/M Robert Kells & Family
Ed & Donna Kilby
Bert Y Shirley King
Marian C. McElroy
Eugene & Janet Lonon
Jeanette P. McNally
Sarah Madsen
William Madsen, Jr.
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Chuck & Winnie Owen
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Ethel, David & Mary Powell
& Family
Evelyn & Harold Quigg
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M/M LeeRoy Rehana
Eleanor Reichers
Caroline Ringler
Joseph & Kathleen Ruzich
Pat & Gail Sanguinetti
Joe & Katherine Schmidl
Louie & Betty Schmidl
M/M Randolph Schnabel
Ronald A. Schuler
M/M Joe Serger
Betty Seymour

In Memory of **Jack Heenan**

Abner Sneed
Edgar & Virginia Stanton
Gilbert & Barbara Stresser
M/M Virgil C. Swift
M/M A.J. Symonds &
HUW Symonds & Iris Symonds
George & Betty Taylor
Tri Valley Growers
Walter & Jane Ullrey
Betty Wylie

In Memory of **Randy E. Herber**

Mary Gillis

In Memory of **Joseph Herboth**

Robert & Betty Coats

In Memory of **Eileen Kuster**

Joe Benatar & Staff of Fidelity
National Title Insurance Co.
Richard & Elaine Tarke

In Memory of **Pete Licari**

Norman & Loadel Piner

In Memory of **Marjorie Mattoon**

Eleanor Holmes

In Memory of **Althea & Dr. Rocco
Montano & son Kim Montano**

Mary Gillis

In Memory of **Roger T. Mosley**

Loretta M. McClurg

In Memory of **Tom Pederson**

Connie Cary

In Memory of **Stella Rose Price**

Michael & Patricia Whitmer

In Memory of **Jeannette Reische**

M/M Richard Scriven, Sr.

In Memory of **Ron Ross**

Roy & Betty Anderson
M/M Dick Brandt
John & Audrey Breeding
Connie Cary
Dorothy Ettl
James & Frances Gentry
Dewey Gruening
Howard & Raona Hall
Linda Leone
M/M Vincent Marafino
Louie Marsili
Marge Muck
Rosemary, John & Tom Nichols
Norman & Loadel Piner
Harold & Evelyn Quigg
Wanda Rankin
Larry Rudd/Chipman & Renfrow
Caroline Ringler
James J. Ryan
The Robert Schmidl Family
M/M R. A. Schnabel
Charles I. Schneider
Rick & June Seim
Sharyl Simmons
Edgar & Ginger Stanton
Stephen J. Stern

In Memory of **Sally Stanek**

Robert & Betty Coats

In Memory of **Edward Tamagni**

Mary Gillis &
Libby Haraughty

In Memory of **Winnie Summy Weis**

Anita Holloway Coward

Outright Gift

J. Ward Greene

HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

OCTOBER MEETING

The October meeting of the Sutter County Historical Society will be held on Tuesday, October 18th at Hermann Sons' Hall in Nicolaus. A smoked pork roast dinner which will include coffee and their wonderful Black Forest cake will be served by the Lodge members. Bruce Harter, chairman of this meeting, is putting together an enjoyable program for the evening. There will be a door prize as well as a raffle. Carpooling from the Museum parking lot will leave at approximately 6:15 p.m. There is a \$10.00 charge for dinner and reservations are necessary by October 10th. Please plan to join us for what will be a very enjoyable evening. Reservations may be made by calling Linda (673-2721) or the Museum (741-7141) by Monday, October 10.



HALL OF RECORDS CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS

As of this writing, there are approximately one dozen ornaments remaining to be sold. The ornament commemorates the Sutter County Hall of Records which was built in 1891 and closed its doors in February of this year. The ornament sells for \$7.00; the proceeds are being used to partially finance the printing and mailing of one News Bulletin. To view or obtain an ornament, please call Linda (673-2721).



MEMBERSHIP DUES

The joint Membership Committee of the Museum and Society have met and discussed the dues for 1995. It was decided to leave things as they are for another year, although our costs have risen. See the inside cover of the Bulletin for the schedule of dues. Memberships are due and payable in January, however, membership in the Museum and Historical Society would make good Christmas gifts for your family and friends.

BECKWOURTH DAYS

James Pierson Beckwourth is described by author Elinor Wilson as a "Black Mountain Man, War Chief of the Crows, Trader, Trapper, Explorer, Frontiersman, Guide, Scout, Interpreter, Adventurer, and Gaudy Liar." Jim Beckwourth was born a slave around 1800 in Frederick County, Virginia, the son of Sir Jennings Beckwith and a slave girl. The family moved to the wilderness of St. Louis, Missouri in 1810. It is there that Jim was educated and eventually apprenticed to a blacksmith. His father recorded a Deed of Emancipation in Jim's name on three occasions and sent Jim out into the world with his blessings.

Marysville's annual living history festival, Beckwourth Frontier Days, will be held Saturday and Sunday, October 1 and 2 in Riverfront Park. The festival's purpose is "to provide family oriented entertainment, education and historical authenticity in a historical setting of the mid 1800s in order to promote appreciation of multiculturalism in the Yuba-Sutter community."

Jim Beckwourth and a raucous band of Mountain Men, Native Americans, Buffalo Soldiers, Gold Miners, Cowboy poets, and a wagon train filled with tired but unswerving travelers will reenact scenes from 1830 to 1880 throughout the weekend.

Children's arts and crafts projects will represent the period. A petting zoo will be provided by a local 4-H group. Several area church choirs will add the feeling of an old fashioned Southern Camp Meeting. There will be a frog jumping contest (bring your own or rent one there) and horseshoe pitching.

There's a strong probability one might bump into local historical residents such as Mary Covillaud, Stephen J. Fields, Mark Twain, Ina Coolbirth, James Beckwourth and a host of other storytellers strolling the grounds sharing their stories of early Marysville and Yuba City. There will also be a Feather River barge ride with rivermen telling stories of their contribution to local history -- one never knows when there may be a surprise attack of the barge by a band of "backwoodsmen" looking for cargo or passengers.

There will be several entertainment venues such as the Medicine Man Show, a reenactment of Beckwourth suing the City of Marysville, the Ballad of Gopher Gap melodrama, cowboy poets and strolling artists.

Members of the wagon train, Mountain Men and Buffalo Soldiers encourage you to join them around a campfire and ask questions of their journey West. The "Mining Camp" demonstrates how labor-intensive gold panning was with a hands-on panning experience under the direction of Carl, a codgety old miner.

Admission to Beckwourth Frontier Days is \$2.00 for adults and \$1.00 for children under 12 and seniors. The event opens at 10:00 a.m. both days. Visitors are encouraged to take a name from our local past, dress in clothing from the period and become a part of the party.

If you have any questions, you can contact Leela Rai, Event Coordinator of Beckwourth Frontier Days at 671-1106.

GROWING UP IN NICOLAUS

by
KEN ENGASSER

I was born in my parents' home in Nicolaus on September 14, 1920. My parents were Emil "Babe" and Edna (Strong) Engasser. I have an older brother, Marion Engasser.

I was raised on a small dairy. My dad had chickens, pigs and about 30 cows that had to be hand-milked before and after school. I milked my share of cows. We had two horses. I was never into horses much. I had one old cow named "Spot" that I could ride. We would put the cows in pasture on the north side of the place and usually I would ride the cow back. She was a gentle old cow.

As a child, I played baseball [see the April 1994 issue of the Sutter County Historical Society News Bulletin], basketball, a little football, speedball, and a little tennis. Speedball is a game something like soccer only in speedball, you can pack the ball about one or two steps and in soccer, you can't. You can also pass the ball from one person to another. The ball is round like a soccer or basketball. In high school, we didn't have a football team; we played speedball. We played in the star thistles in football shoes. The field was about the same size as a football field with a goalpost.

When we were kids, we used to live in the river; swim almost every day. It's a wonder we never drowned, but we all got to be expert swimmers. Swam in the river and thought nothing of it. There's a lot of quicksand in the river. You'd walk along and it'd be a

good walk and you'd go back the next day to the same spot and all of a sudden you'd go down in the water. It's a very treacherous river.

I attended Nicolaus Grammar School. My dad went to Nicolaus Grammar School at the same site, but that school burned about a hundred years ago and was rebuilt. There was an outhouse out back. When I started school we had just a one-holer for the boys, but eventually bathrooms with flush toilets were built. The school had a bell and the teacher's pet always rang the bell and you lined up to go inside. I suppose I rang the bell, but not very often. I wasn't the teacher's pet, but I never got in trouble either. The old school house was vacant for many years and the church members had a meeting and decided to buy it. A lot of work was done on the building and bingo games were held there. It's a nice building that seats one hundred people.

I had all good teachers. I guess the best teacher I ever had was named Hilda Vandenberg. Her husband worked at PG&E in Marysville. She was our teacher and the principal. The school had two teachers and two rooms; each teacher taught four grades. There were some kids who thought they were tough. It took her about a month to straighten them out with a foot long strap about 1/4 inch thick and 3 inches wide. She wasn't afraid to use it. I'd say she was about 5'8" or 5'9" tall and weighed about 150-160 pounds. A wonderful woman. She

was the boss and loved by everybody. My first teacher was Norma Howsley from Pleasant Grove.

I graduated from East Nicolaus High School. My favorite class, other than PE, was mathematics. I also liked public speaking. I took four years of mathematics and five years of public speaking and English. I took what I had to take and I took shop. I never liked shop class. I guess I was an average student. I belonged to the Future Farmers of America.

I had a lot of good teachers. I had some bad ones too. I think my favorite high school teacher was old Stanley Hawthorne. Our first ag teacher was Virgil Lance. He was here my freshman year. My sophomore year, Stanley Hawthorne came down from Susanville. A friend of mine said, "You know what old Hawthorne's nickname is?" and I said "No." His nickname was "Cobby". We had three old buses that transported the kids and I was going to be smart one day so I went up to him and said, "Gee, how ya doin' Cobby?" I never said it again. He got on the bus and got me by the collar and gave me a few shakes and I won't say what he said, but I understood. I still call him "Mr. Hawthorne" most of the time. He still lives around here; he isn't still teaching.

I played a little football when I went to Yuba College. I hadn't played football before and didn't know how to put on the uniform, but I learned the hard way. I met Beach Howard and Jim Schnabel, Dave Nason, Gavin Mandry, Lex Daoust up there. They were all nice. I played guard and was pretty fast, but I always raised up too high. I learned fast that you don't raise

up because you get hit and you get knocked back about twenty feet. I did make second team. We had a good team. When somebody would get tired, I'd go in but I never was a starter.

When I was growing up, Nicolaus had four saloons. Engassers had a saloon in Nicolaus for over 100 years. In the post office was a little chicken wire partition where they sold off-sale wine for \$1.00 a gallon. One guy broke into the post office to steal a dollar gallon of wine and ended up in San Quinten because he broke into a post office which is a Federal offense. There was a doctor, a barbershop and a couple stores. There were a lot of people. My uncle, Lewis Engasser, had a bar and he had a small bank called the Blue Jay Inn which he ran out of his bar. This was when they built the old bridge at Nicolaus and he made sure he had money on hand to cash paychecks for the workers. On payday he had around \$8,000 to \$10,000 and never got held up. Nobody even attempted to hold him up.

There used to be a lot of laborers around here. There were no milking machines and mostly the cows were milked by hand. I remember Morris Scheiber would employ maybe fifty people to milk cows and put hay up by wagon. There was a big cookhouse with good cooks, good food, and a lot of wine. They used to make, maybe 10,000 gallons of wine a year. The workers were mostly Swiss who came from Switzerland. They would have a glass of wine with breakfast, a couple glasses of wine plus their good food for lunch and a great big glass of wine for supper.

They got \$1.00 a day plus good food and wine.

We went to my Aunt Mim Tyler's in Nicolaus for Christmas dinner. Dollars were hard to come by. I remember one Christmas my uncle, Arthur Tyler, bought me a bicycle. I think that was probably the nicest Christmas present I ever got in my life before I got married. He was a pretty well-to-do man. He and his brothers had the largest honey bee aviary business in Nevada. Aunt Mim lived to be 101 years old. She was quite a woman; sharp as a tack until she died.

Halloween was something else. We stole watermelons and pumpkins and scattered them all over. There was an old guy named Bill Phippin. His mind wasn't too good so we went down one night to steal a bunch of pumpkins and he took a shotgun and aimed a little high to scare us. We never went back. In Pleasant Grove there was an old horse doctor named Charley Jay. He had an old Model-T Ford. About 20 of us guys got his car up on top of his house by ropes. We got up on the roof and pushed and pulled and finally got the car up on the roof and it stayed there for a long time. The car probably didn't weigh 500 pounds and it was a steep roof.

I went into the service in 1942 and was gone forty-one months before I came home. They shipped me to Fort Ord for a week and then I went to Wright Patterson Field in Ohio, then to New Orleans Army Air Force Base. From there we rode a train to New York and got on the Queen Elizabeth. We went to England, Scotland. They fed us twice a day and people got sea sick, but I never did. I was lucky

because I was in the children's playroom and we had a toilet and a shower. The playroom wasn't very large and we had forty-something people in there. We landed in Scotland and went to a field about fifty miles north of London. There were sixty men in my platoon including four or five from California. We stayed together the whole time. Bob Close from Sutter City was one of the guys in my outfit. We had bunk beds and I was the top bunk and he was under me. He said, "Engasser, if you go out, don't get sick because remember I'm down here." I still see Bob occasionally. He was a scholar. I would go to London or Cambridge to go to the dances. Bob would go to Cambridge University on a two day pass and go to the library and study. He was a scholar; a smart son-of-a-gun.

I had a girlfriend when I went in the service. She was a friend of mine I went to high school with; we were in the same class. She lived in Pleasant Grove. Our mothers were good friends. I took her out quite a few times. When I got back to Nicolaus after the war, I'd go to the Bridge House, another bar in Nicolaus. Everybody in Nicolaus used to go there to play pinochle or pool or cribbage or just gather and talk. One day I was going to the post office to get the mail and this gal got out and I said "Who's that?" Somebody said, "That's Celie Michel." She'd grown up while I was gone. I took her out a couple nights later and that led up to us getting married in St. Martha's Catholic Church in Nicolaus on July 26, 1947. The thing I'm most proud of or feel the best about is getting married to Celie.

TEACHING IN A RURAL SCHOOL

by
MARIAN REGLI

I was born and grew up in Stockton, California. My parents are A. Franklin Ferguson who was born in Nevada and Mildred Beattie Ferguson who was born in New Hampshire. I have a younger brother, Gordon.

I always wanted to be a teacher. Both of my parents were teachers, my brother became a teacher and my nephew is a teacher.

My favorite class in grammar school was English. I think it was because of my fourth grade teacher, Miss Summerville. I had scarlet fever and was out of school for about six weeks. When I came back, my teacher was so patient and kind. She drilled us in grammar and I was very grateful for that and I've never forgotten her.

There was another teacher I never forgot. She molded my philosophy for teaching. I was in the fourth grade and there was an art supervisor who would come ever so often. I can still see this woman; she looked like a tall string bean. She asked us to look out the window, we were on the second story of the school, and look at the house across the street. We were to draw this house. We all went back to our desks and she kept walking up and down the aisles. Finally, she stopped at my desk and picked up my drawing. She took it to the front of the room and showed it to the class and said, "This is the worst example of drawing I have ever seen in my life." I was very sensitive; it's a wonder I didn't burst out in tears, but I didn't. I cried all the way home. My

mother, having been a teacher, knew how to handle it. It made me very aware that you do not criticize students in front of their peers. If they need to be reprimanded, you don't single them out; do this on a one-on-one basis. I felt so strongly about this that I could never have done what she did to me. It's a wonder I didn't give up wanting to be a teacher then and there.

I graduated from Stockton High School. There were 3,000 students there and 800 in my graduating class. There were three tracks. If you were going on to college, you stayed in the academic track; if you were going into business, you were in the commercial track; if you were going to do shop work, you were in the vocational track. You did get one semester when you could get out of your track and take something else. I chose to take typing and I think that was as beneficial as anything else I ever took because I could type all my term papers in college and all my other papers; I didn't have to pay someone to type them for me.

My favorite classes in high school were English and History. I had a wonderful history teacher by the name of Miss Hoerl. She just made history come alive.

When it came time for graduation, the high school didn't have caps and gowns. The fellows were to wear slacks, a shirt and tie. The girls were to wear dresses. On Pacific Avenue there was a little shop that sold women's clothes and I went by it on my

way home. I saw this dress, I can still see it. It was navy blue with a pleated skirt, a tan leather belt and a matching tan flower on the bodice. That's when they put dresses in the windows and put the prices so you could see them. The dress cost \$7.50. At dinner that night, I told my folks that I found the dress I'd like to wear for graduation and described it. My mother asked if I'd noticed the price and I said yes, \$7.50. She said that was a lot of money and she and my father would have to discuss it. The next day I didn't hear anything and the next night they asked how much use I would get out of this dress. I said, "Well, I could wear it to church and I can wear it when I go to Grandma and Grandpa's house." They said to give them another day. I thought by this time I wasn't going to get it, but I did. Seven dollars was a lot of money. My mother would send me to the grocery store and I'd have a nickel for a loaf of bread and a dime for a quart of milk.

From high school I went to the College of the Pacific in Stockton where I had a double major, English and History. I didn't like math and at that time, you didn't have to take it if you were going to teach high school, unless you were teaching math. It probably wouldn't have hurt me to take math classes. I also didn't like science. In high school, I had a science teacher who knew my father and I just know she was extra kind to me and gave me extra help so that I ended up with a B+ that I don't think I deserved. In college I had to take science. I took a botany course which I didn't enjoy. I also took a conservation course where we went out and looked at soil erosion and

discussed what could be done to preserve the trees and such things as that. I liked that class. I spent all my time studying; I wanted good grades and I had to study to get them.

Our education professor said there was a shortage of teachers and if we'd go all summer and all the fall semester, we'd have an easier chance of getting a job. A bunch of us did that, but there didn't seem to be any jobs available.

Having graduated from the College of the Pacific, and upon completing my fifth year requirement for high school teaching, I was ready, or thought I was ready, to face a high school classroom. Having completed my fifth year in March of 1944, I began applying for a job -- not as easy as I thought: was I able to teach Spanish or algebra or physics? Well, no, since my majors were in English and History and the market was glutted with teachers who taught these subjects. My dad took a carload of us down to C.T.A. in Berkeley. They said there were three openings for my majors in Northern California -- San Francisco, but they had had three teachers already that year and I certainly didn't intend to be number four, Yreka, which sounded like the end of the world to me, or East Nicolaus in Sutter County. I'd never heard of East Nicolaus. When we got home, I took out the map. We found Nicolaus, but we couldn't find East Nicolaus.

My father drove me to my interview in East Nicolaus. We followed the Garden Highway and although I was impressed with the farms I saw (little knowing that I would marry a farmer from one of these farms), I

assured my father that if I got the position at the high school, I would look elsewhere for my next teaching position.

When I arrived I was interviewed by the District Superintendent, Mr. Cherry, the principal, Mrs. Decater, and the East Nicolaus area School Board member, Mrs. Evelyn Smith. The remaining four Board members came from the Sutter-Meridian area and included Fred Tarke and Mr. Ettl. During the interview, I was told that all the women teachers (three) had to take turns teaching P.E. That almost threw me because I was far from being athletic, but I figured if we all had to take turns, it couldn't be too bad. The Board hired me for the six remaining weeks of the school year. The woman whose place I took left to have a baby.

The Board told me that all the single teachers roomed and boarded at the Wise Hotel. What an interesting old hotel -- each of the six upstairs rooms were furnished with a bed, dresser, desk, and chair plus a closet. When I first came, there were three women teachers living there. One of them had graduated from Pacific a year ahead of me. One of the teachers didn't socialize, but the remaining three of us had a great time. John and Anna Wise were wonderful to all of us.

There was a tennis court and I used to play tennis, sometimes with some of the girls. Every Sunday, the Wises would take us, eventually it was just me, to dinner in Marysville and they'd insist on paying for it. I remember going to the Uriz. I don't think we went to other places. After dinner, we'd go to the State Theater for a show. I'd always been a quiet person

and I adjusted quite readily to living in the country after living in the city all my life. I'd had two or three close friends, but I didn't date, I didn't dance, I didn't drive. I was perfectly happy.

Right across the street from the Wise Hotel was the Northern Electric Depot. The tracks had a third rail which carried the electricity. I was warned by Mrs. Wise to be very careful when I walked so that I would not step on that rail.

Next door to the hotel was John Wise's store, where one could buy almost anything from yardage to baby clothes, work boots to hardware supplies, dishes to Revere Ware. Also in one corner was the U.S. Post Office run by Mrs. Evelyn Smith. This was the most interesting store that I had ever been in. Even though the store and the hotel burned down in the 1960's, I can still see every detail of the inside and outside of these buildings.

East Nicolaus High School was great even though the principal and I didn't always agree. My students and classes were most enjoyable. Some of the boys tried to trick me my first week by unscrewing the doorknob so that part of the knob fell into my hand, and the other part fell onto the floor inside the room. They also put a little frog in my desk drawer so that when I opened the drawer, the frog jumped out. Fortunately, I didn't scream so this ended the teasing.

I still remember how kind and gracious my students' parents were to me. I would never have thought of asking my mother to have a teacher home for dinner. Of course, there was a great difference in size of the schools. I was invited to many

enjoyable dinners. Through our conversations I learned how supportive to the teachers the parents were and how they expected their children to behave and to learn in school.

Even though I was only four years older than some of my seniors, we got along fine. I demanded respect from them, and I, in turn, respected them. What happy times these were. With students who wanted to learn and supportive parents, what more could a teacher ask for?

In my early teaching years there are two occurrences among the many that stand out in my mind. One was when I took my journalism class of nine students to Berkeley. We had a most interesting tour of the campus before crossing the bridge to The City. Since I didn't own a car or drive, two of my senior boys drove their family cars. Just remember these students hadn't been to San Francisco before so when one driver turned down a one-way street going the wrong way, the other driver followed. This might have been fine except for the fact that a fire engine was coming our way. I am sure I closed my eyes, but when there was no crash, I knew we had made it. I'm not quite sure how.

The other incident involved all girls. The school had been invited to send four girls to an "Older Girls Conference" at Richardson Springs near Chico. As I have said before, I had no car and could not drive, but my new principal, Mr. Gordon Reische said, "No problem. You can have our car, and Janet Boley can drive." This was the beginning of many enjoyable conferences at the Springs.

By the end of school I had

decided to sign a contract for the coming year. I have never regretted this decision. I taught at a small school, making it possible for me to know my students' parents. At that time simple activities pleased the students -- school dances where parents were encouraged to come, and they did. The students performed three-act plays that we thought were most professional. We even borrowed furnishings for the sets wherever we could, including furniture stores in town. One parent even gave me permission to dye her son's hair red to fit the character in the play. There was a tradition that one wall in the girls' gym - yes, we had two gyms - was the Senior Wall where seniors sat to eat their lunches. Senior Sneak Day was very special and truly kept a secret. "Pa" Hawthorne and "Ma" Regli were senior class advisors for years, and we enjoyed these trips as much as the students.

While I was teaching, I was "courted" by one of the farmers who lived along the Feather River. Anna Wise was trying to be a match-maker. She told me she was inviting Mrs. Regli and Melvin to one of the three-act plays the high school put on. I said fine; I didn't know who they were. When the play was over, I went over and thanked them for coming and said, "Please to meet you. I must go now because we're having a cast party." The year before I'd had one of the students get donuts in town and I got Pepsi or Coke from Ted Barker's store and we sat around and talked after the play. We were doing that again this year. When I got home, Anna was still up. She said, "I made coffee cake and I had

coffee and I invited Melvin and his mother to stay and you didn't come." I said I didn't know she'd planned this. I wouldn't have been there anyway because I'd already planned this party for the cast.

A couple weeks later, this pickup drove up in front of the hotel and I looked out the window and recognized Melvin. I was at my desk which was in front of the window. He went over to the store. Pretty soon, Anna called for me to come down because there was someone to see me. I went downstairs and Melvin asked if I'd like to go to the show in Sacramento Saturday night; his sister would go along so it would be okay. I said yes. I always kid Alice and say she sat in the middle and I sat by the door, but I think I did sit in the middle. The next week he invited me out again and his sister went along. She tells me she said to him, "Look, I'm not continuing to go on all these dates when you take Marian out. Either make up your mind you're going by yourself or there won't be any more."

I may have dated one other person when I was in college. I can't think of what his name is. I think it was only one date so I don't think he was too taken with me. I wasn't excited about him either.

Melvin and I dated about a year and a half. When we were married on June 8, 1947, the Wises, Mrs. Smith, and several of my students attended our wedding at the Morris Chapel on the College of Pacific campus in Stockton.

Alice didn't go on our honeymoon, but we did borrow her car. When Melvin asked me where I wanted to go on our honeymoon, I said Victoria, British Columbia. I don't know why I said that, but he said okay. He didn't know any more about it than I did. On our way back home, we stopped at Shasta Retreat where the Reglis own property.

Later we built a ranch home with Melvin's parents, Louis and Josephine (Scheiber) Regli between Nicolaus and East Nicholas on the family ranch. There were two barns and a couple sheds on the property, but no house. Grandma Regli found house plans she liked in the Farm Journal or some magazine. The plans had a front and back porch. Porches are rather useless in the country unless they're tightly screened so we made them into rooms. The back porch became a fourth bedroom and the front porch became the sun porch with a huge window that looked out on the alfalfa field. The house had 3,000 square feet so we weren't in each other's hair all the time. It was a wonderful place to rear our two children, Susan and Mel.

After having taught 28 years, two of which were in the Nicolaus Grammar School, I retired. As I look back over those years, I realize that it was a most satisfying and enjoyable time to teach. I was very fortunate to have taught in East Nicolaus.

LOUIS REGLI

Among the extensive and successful dairy farmers of the Sacramento valley, none has a higher reputation for the purity of product or the cleanliness of property than has Louis Regli, whose well improved farm lies about four miles south of Nicolaus, Sutter county. Mr. Regli was born in Canton Uri, Switzerland, on the 24th of October, 1879, and is a son of Casper and Agatha Regli. His parents were lifelong residents of Switzerland, the father dying at the age of seventy-five years and the mother when ninety years old. They were the parents of five children: four sons and a daughter, of whom Louis is the only one in California. The father who was a carpenter by trade, was a capable and successful builder, doing work in both France and Switzerland.

Louis Regli attended the public schools of his home neighborhood, after which he learned the trade of cabinetmaking. Later he completed the military service required by the government, and in 1904, at the age of twenty-five years, sailed for the United States, determined to take advantage of the opportunities afforded here for individual advancement. He arrived at Sacramento, California, with a cash capital of fifteen dollars, but happened to meet Morris Scheiber, who had gone to Sacramento looking for young men to work on the dairy farm of his brother Albin Scheiber, with whom he remained for three and a half years. Mr. Scheiber was at that time operating the old Valley place, immediately south of Nicolaus. From that time to the present [1931] Mr. Regli has always

been busy and has confined his efforts to dairy farming with the exception of one year spent as a car builder in the Southern Pacific Railroad shops at Sacramento and about three months in the pottery works of Gladding, McBean & Company at Lincoln, California.

In 1909, in partnership with his brother-in-law, Oswald Scheiber, Mr. Regli rented a dairy farm, on which they started operations with very limited capital. They worked extremely hard, milked seventy-five cows twice a day, and by unfaltering effort and careful management attained success in this venture. The business was continued under the firm name of Scheiber & Regli for three years, when it was dissolved. Mr. Regli then rented land and worked in close cooperation with Morris Scheiber in the dairy business. In 1925 Mr. Regli bought his present farm of one hundred and twenty-five acres, known as the old McNamara place. Through persistent effort, backed by keen judgment, he has achieved pronounced success in the operation of this place. He has made many permanent and substantial improvements on his ranch, including the remodeling of the residence, and the erection of a dairy barn which has a capacity of two hundred and fifty tons of hay and will accommodate ninety milch cows. The milking is done by two improved Empire milking machines, and he employs two men, who, with himself and his son, do all of the work on the place, including the milking and the refrigerating of the milk in the splendid milk house which he has erected. He has spared no

expense in the erection and equipping of the various buildings on the ranch, the barn and milk house being built on concrete foundations. An abundant water supply is obtained from a well one hundred feet deep, while he also has other wells, the water from which is used for irrigating his alfalfa fields. The greatest care is given to sanitation, the barn and milk houses being kept scrupulously clean, to a degree that warranted the California dairy inspector in giving him credit for having the cleanest and most sanitary dairy farm in the Sacramento valley. Long and varied experience in the dairy business has taught him every angle of the game and he takes justifiable pride in what he has accomplished. He is strong and active and is most ably assisted by his son, a husky young man who takes a genuine interest in the work of the farm and is very capable and dependable. Mr. Regli sells to the Crystal Dairy of Sacramento, which sends its trucks daily and collects the milk. Mr. Regli has altogether one hundred and seventy-five high grade Holsteins, large and small, of which there are ninety milch cows. His bulls also are high grade Holsteins and he has an excellent herd of cattle.

On June 3, 1909, in Sacramento, California, Mr. Regli was united in

marriage to Miss Josephine Scheiber, a daughter of Ambrose and Barbara (Bear) Scheiber, and they are the parents of two children, Melvin A., who is a student in the Sutter Union high school in East Nicolaus, and is proving an able assistant to his father on the farm, and Alice E., who is a sophomore in the State Teachers' College, where she is majoring in music, being a very proficient pianist. Mr. Regli is a member of the Order of Hermann Sons, of which he is a past president, while Mrs. Regli belongs to the Companion Ladies' Order. Mr. Regli takes a keen interest in athletics and is the president of the Swiss Sports Club of Sacramento. He received his naturalization papers in January, 1914. He is a strong republican in his political views and has shown a deep interest in matters affecting the general welfare and progress of his locality. He and his family are members of the Roman Catholic Church and give liberally in support of worthy benevolent objectives. Mr. Regli deserves great credit for what he has accomplished since coming to this state and is worthy of the high respect which is accorded him by his fellowmen.

History of the Sacramento Valley
Volume III Published in 1931.
Major J. W. Wooldbridge.

MY IN-LAWS, LOUIS AND JOSEPHINE REGLI

by
MARIAN REGLI

My father-in-law was a wonderful man. He was gentle, kind and an extremely hard worker. He always had a smile on his face. He believed that when you shook hands with a neighbor, you didn't have to have a lawyer write up a paper because he knew his neighbor was honest and so was he. He was very faithful. When he retired, he had arthritis and it got to the point where he couldn't work any more, he'd lie in his chaise lounge under the weeping willow tree in the yard. He didn't go to church, but every day he would read in his prayer book. He was good to Grandma; he would do anything he could to please her. Both Melvin and Alice have told the story about when they lived in Verona and Grandpa would go to Sacramento. Sometimes he'd bring home bananas. The first couple of times he did this, Melvin and Alice ate all the bananas in one day. He'd bought quite a few. One trip he bought Grandma a beautiful shawl. She said, you know, Louis, we really can't afford to be spending that kind of money and he said "Well, I wanted you to have it."

He had come here from Switzerland. Other than two nephews who worked for him for a while and finally settled in Hollister, Grandpa was the only member of his family to come to the United States. He kept in touch with his family in Switzerland by letter.

He was a cabinetmaker. When we built our home, that was the only time I saw him angry. He always used a level on everything and he could see

the man working wasn't using a level and he wasn't very happy about it. He did build, I think three houses, at Shasta Retreat with another man.

Both Grandpa and Grandma spoke German or Swiss, as they called it. When I first married Melvin, if Swiss people would come they would speak Swiss. One day Grandma said to Grandpa, "This isn't fair to Marian. She doesn't understand Swiss and I don't want her to think we're saying anything about her so we'll speak English in front of her." They rarely spoke Swiss after that when I was present. They were very considerate.

Josephine Scheiber was born in Louisville, Kentucky. Her father, Ambrose, had been married prior to marrying Barbara Bear. His first wife had died, leaving him with one or two sons. Ambrose and Barbara came to the United States before his brothers and settled in Kentucky. The two older sons were left with their uncles who were to bring them to where Ambrose settled. When the uncles came to the United States from Switzerland, they settled in the Sacramento area.

Josephine's father and mother relocated to Sacramento. Her father became ill and her mother went to work. The children were divided up among family members. Josephine was raised by Morris and Emma Scheiber. She would have liked to have gone to school every day, but she had chores to do. I guess she got to school maybe two days out of the week. She was a very hard worker.

ORDER OF THE HERMANN SONS

by
MARY CARLIN MULVANY

The Hermann Sons, Von Moltke Lodge No. 24 and Sutter Lodge No. 36, Women's auxiliary of the Hermann Sons, are active in Nicolaus at the present time [1972] and hold their meetings in the Hermann Sons Hall.

Von Moltke Lodge No. 24 was organized in Nicolaus, June 24, 1897. Among the first officers were Julius Erich, John R. Rickets and V. C. Peterson. Early meetings were held in a building owned by Ernest Rudin. (This building is now "The Bridge House") Later the meetings were moved to the brick building owned by T. J. Mulvany where the Masons formerly met.

The present Hermann Sons Hall was purchased by the lodge in 1924. This hall previously had been used as a skating rink. In 1930 a dance hall was added to the rear of the original building.

For many years, the Hermann Sons sponsored a picnic which was held in the oak grove on the "Nicolaus Ranch" also known as Garwood Grove. The first was held May 13, 1898. Included in this event through the years were ball games, races, a dance which featured a prize waltz, and the singing of the Schnitzelbank Song led by Nathan D. Wise. Music was furnished by the Marysville Band directed by Wilson McRae. These picnics were discontinued in the early 1940's. Many residents of Nicolaus and of nearby and far away communities remember the good times at the Hermann Sons picnics.

Sutter Lodge No. 36 was organized November 3, 1924 and President Otto Niedermuller came from Santa Barbara to officiate at the inaugural ceremony. The first officers were: President, Maria Peter; Vice-President, Margaret Jesch; Secretary, Maria Neidhart; Treasurer, Maria Teresa Rolufs; Conductor, Mrs. Louis Ludwig. There were twenty-six charter members.

Sutter County Historical Society News Bulletin - April 1972

THE ORDER OF HERMANN SONS UPDATE

At our October 1993 meeting held at Hermann Sons' Hall in Nicolaus, Udo Huefner gave a brief history of the Lodge. The Order of Hermann Sons was founded in New York in 1840 with the first Lodge in California being formed in 1878. The Lodge was formed by German-speaking Americans to preserve their German heritage. Due to a decrease in membership, Von Moltke Lodge No. 24 combined with Sutter Lodge No. 36 which is celebrating its 65th anniversary this year. There are 16 Hermann Sons lodges left in California; the Nicolaus based Lodge is one of two which still has their own hall. German is spoken at their meetings and they enjoy German food, German beer, and "harmony, coziness and fellowship."

NICOLAUS SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

NICOLAUS, Aug 9, 1860 ---
EDITOR APPEAL --- Were you ever in our "snug" little town? If not, you, as one who are supposed to know everything, should immediately pay our place a visit. But fearful lest "pressing duties" should prevent you from coming at once, permit me to say, that we are not a "sleepy" people -- not withstanding the eminent Bayard Taylor, in one of his letters of travel, said that "Nicolaus was a sleepy little place." In proof let me give you a few substantial facts.

Our town has two hotels -- the American and the Bell House -- as quiet and respectable as are to be found in any town in the State. Three stores, doing a fair and prosperous trade. One drug store, which in style and finish would be a feature of pride even in a much larger place. Three saloons which will rank with the first in the State. Two blacksmith and wagon shops, doing a driving trade and giving employment to from six to eight men. Two boot and shoe shops, and three physicians. The latter are not doing a thriving business owing to the distressingly healthy condition of the people, and perhaps also to the profusion and low price of beef.

We have a flourishing school, numbering thirty scholars, which we are fostering with pride and hope.

The young men of our place have organized a band, to be known as the Nicolaus Brass Band, composed of nine instruments, and will, under the instruction of Professor Waseburg, of Sacramento, soon commence practicing. The officers are James

McGregor, President; John Boden, Treasurer; and J. F. Taylor, Secretary.

In political affairs our citizens are "sleepy;" but will undoubtedly wake up in time to deposit several votes in November, for somebody.

In proof that we are open to conviction and are desirous of light upon the dark subject of Political rights and duties, as citizens of a "great and glorious country," we shall have erected on tomorrow a speaker's stand, to which we invite all of whatever political faith, promising respectful audiences and the services of the band.

Daily Appeal - 11 August 1860

IMPROVEMENTS AT NICOLAUS.

A correspondent, whose letter we are compelled to condense, writes as follows from Nicolaus under the date of the 6th:

Among the new structures in process of construction at this time, I will mention a brick store of Mr. Geo. R. Frye, 25 by 6 feet; also a brick addition to Mr. Burrichter's block, which is designed for a foot and shoe store.

Our townsman, Dr. B.W. Mitchell, county physician, having just completed a brick building for a hospital, formally threw it open to the public on last evening, simply announcing to his friends that he would be happy to submit his building to an examination, and his Pharmacopia to the test of a discerning public. A general response was given to the invitation. After passing through the different rooms, all were pleased, and

satisfied that the demands of Sutter county were fully met, in so far as to a Hospital building was required.

And now came the more interesting and important task of testing the medicine, which, permit me to say to you in confidence, was prepared in my opinion, expressly for the occasion; as I have no idea that patients proper will get potatoes prepared with a view to the palate. The doctor, with the dignity for which the disciples of Glen, are proverbial, did not ask what his friends preferred, or how they liked this or that, but simply directed his attendants to dispense as he ordered, and Mr. Editor, it was done. The decoction, for such it was, was prepared upon a scale of quantum sufficient to satisfy the most exacting, and being dipped from a vessel the size of a Dutch churn, without any apparent regard for drams or ounces, betrayed a nice perception, or a careless regard for consequences. The decoction, so I was informed, in vulgar parlance is called egg-nog, and if any person showed any signs of nausea, or disrelish to the medicine, your informant did not notice it, and he ought to know for he was thar. The Nicolaus brass band was in attendance, and drew from all commendations and applause, for the manner with which they acquitted themselves on their first appearance before the public.

But few patients were assigned wards last night and to-day all are able to be out. Yours, L
Daily Appeal - 8 Dec 1860

SUTTER COUNTY SUPERVISORS

The Queer Features of an Election Held in Their Levee District No. 2

The Board of Supervisors of Sutter county met in regular session at 10:00 o'clock yesterday morning.

Recently an election was held in Levee District No. 2 of Sutter county for the purpose of choosing a director, assessor and collector for the district. The polling place was in Nicolaus and the legality of the ballots cast on that occasion was the one thing over which the supervisors wracked their brains yesterday forenoon.

M. E. Sanborn appeared before the board and said that 2,200 ballots were cast. He explained that the election was not held on the day appointed and in two cases men were allowed to vote for their mothers.

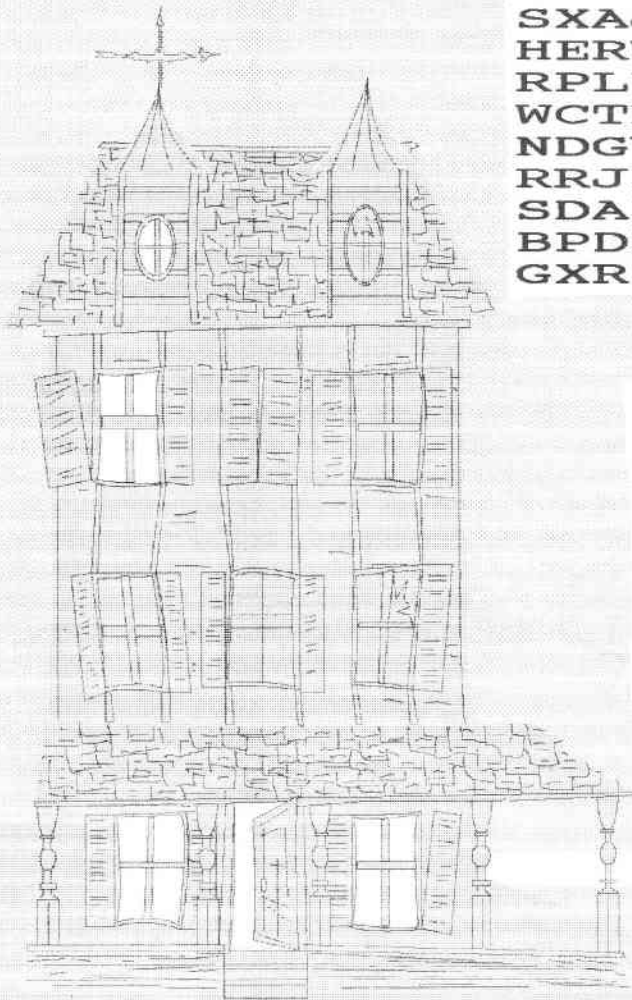
The judges allowed men to vote on the property basis instead of the personal basis and in many cases the vote of a qualified elector was refused because his name did not appear on the assessment roll. Mr. Sanborn for these reasons holds that the election was illegal.

On hearing these statements the board refused to canvass the returns.

The afternoon session of yesterday was given to road matters.
Marysville Daily Democrat - 6 Feb 1894

Kid's Page

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VERONA
WISE



Are you interested in history
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Do you like to meet interesting people?

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

Please call 741-7141
or stop by

1333 Butte House Road, Yuba City



COMING EVENTS

October

- 1-2 Beckwourth Frontier Days - River Front Park
Sutter Yuba Highland Games - Sutter-Yuba Fair Grounds
- 18 **Historical Society Dinner/Meeting - Nicolaus**
Hermann Son's Hall - 6:30 p.m. - \$10.00
- 19 Christmas Ornament Workshop - Museum - 10:00 a.m.-noon
- 29 Artists/Writers/Photographers Workshop - Museum - 9-2

November

- 9 Christmas Ornament Workshop - Museum - 10:00 a.m.-noon
- 16 Rice Symposium - Martin Yan - 6:30-9:00
The Refuge - Tickets may be purchased at Museum

December

- 2 Yuba City Stroll - Plumas Street
- 3 Mary Aaron Museum - Christmas Open House
- 4 Rice Land Suite exhibit closes
- 8 Museum Decoration Day - 9:00-3:00
- 10 Trees & Traditions - Museum - 5:00-8:00 p.m.
Tickets available at Museum - \$20.00
- 21 Christmas Open House - Museum - 10:00-4:00
Children's Story Time - 1:00-3:00

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