



# Community

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FALL 2014

## MARK YOUR CALENDAR

BY MARYBETH BLACKINTON

This issue of Community comes out a little earlier than expected so we can cover the 46th annual White Elephant Sale to be held over Labor Day weekend, August 30 and 31, 2014.

If you've been in the area for awhile, you know this is one of the largest sources of income for the Community Center (other than our annual membership drive) and a great shopping experience for all ages. With so much variety, the reasonably priced selection of everything from glassware to toys to clothes to tools to gardening items to collectables won't let you walk away empty-handed. The Silent Auction takes place Saturday and is comprised of rare and unique items. Also on Saturday, there will be food for sale.

Volunteers started collecting, cleaning, pricing and organizing the donations right after the July 4 celebrations were over. The sale would not be possible if not for the work of the many volunteers who give hours and hours of time to make it an exceptional experience for everyone. We're also looking for volunteers to help pack up and clean unsold items on Saturday, September 13, 2014. If you would like to help, please contact the Sale Coordinator, Shana Brown at 530-389-2153.



Donations are being accepted now. Volunteers will be standing by to take your items on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 9:00 AM to noon. While we do accept many items, we do not accept large appliances or electronics, or items in poor or broken condition.

The sale will start promptly at 9:00 AM on Saturday, August 30 and will close at 2:00 PM. Sale hours on Sunday, August 31, will be 10:00 AM to 1:00 PM

## AND THE WINNER IS....

BY MARYBETH BLACKINTON



Honorary Mayor Ken Weatherwax  
(photo by Roxane Bertell)

run in 3 previous campaigns but was finally successful in his fourth bid for Mayor for the day. The new mayor received the customary beaver-tail hat, Key to the Community, and rode in the parade in style with his closest competitor (and life partner), Roxane Bertell.



Grand Marshal Shelley Willsmore, the last Dutch Flat Post Master  
(Photos by Martha Garcia/Colfax Record)

delicious food donated by residents and visitors), strawberry shortcake, and root beer floats.

The five candidates for July 4th Honorary Mayor this year raised a total of about \$2000 for the Community Center Window Fund. Several weeks of hard, under-handed fund raising resulted in the election of Ken Weatherwax. Ken has

This year's Grand Marshal was Shelley Willsmore who was the last official Post Master of the Dutch Flat Post Office. Shelley transferred to Chicago Park several months ago but is not going to be replaced in Dutch Flat with a permanent Post Master. She also accompanied the Honorary Mayor in the parade.

The other events of the day's celebration included the always popular Salad Lunch (which included so much

All the activities helped make the annual tradition another enjoyable experience in our community.



## THE 4TH OF JULY IN DUTCH FLAT

BY KAJSA BIERLY,  
PLEASANTON CA

Today in Dutch Flat, I saw the 4th of July parade. They sprayed all kinds of water but I only got wet two of the times they were spraying water. They also handed out candy and stuffed animals but not many kids got a stuffed animal. Me and Kamden got stuffed bears. I named mine July and Kamden named his Minecraft.

After the parade, we ate lunch with our cousins and had cake. After that, we all met at the pool to go swimming. The water was pretty cold but I went in for a little bit.

Then, when we got home, we had root beer floats and blueberry smoothies. We also had a little bit of our candy (Kamden had more than me).

After that, we went lizard hunting and I almost caught a lizard! When we got tired of lizard hunting, we went back in the house to eat some dinner and play card games. For dessert we had ice cream on an ice cream cone. It was delicious!

For card games, we played pinochle and the boys won. If I didn't bid up to 30 we probably would've won. To make it better, I crossed out 132 points on the girls side and put 1,000. Then, I crossed out 152 points on the boys side and put 1. After that, I felt much better.

Then it was picture time. This time we didn't take pictures of me, we took pictures of my light paintings. After that, I went inside to play a game of zucchini with my dad. It was really fun!

Finally, it was bedtime so I brushed my teeth, went upstairs, and thought about my wonderful day. And then I decided that I wanted to go to Dutch Flat for The 4th of July all of the years that I live!

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This newspaper is published quarterly and distributed to Dutch Flat Community Center members and to residents of the Center's service area from Gold Run to Emigrant Gap in Placer County, California. We welcome contributions from readers. Submission dates for upcoming issues:  
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Views expressed in letters and guest opinion pieces and other contributions do not necessarily reflect the views of the editor, the Dutch Flat Community Center or its Board.

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**COMMUNITY CALENDAR OF EVENTS**

**SPECIAL EVENTS**

**Sunday, August 31, 8:00-11:00 AM**  
 Odd Fellows Hall pancake breakfast. Adults \$6, children under 12 \$4. Please bring a non-perishable food item.

**Wednesday, August 13: Alta-Dutch Flat School first day**

**Monday, August 18: Colfax High School first day**

**Saturday, October 25: Fall Festival/Haunted House.** Dutch Flat Community Center 6:00 - 10:00 PM

**Friday, October 31: Halloween,** Dutch Flat Community Center 6:00-8:00 PM

**ONGOING EVENTS**

Historical Society Board Meeting  
 Golden Drift Museum **1st Mondays** - . Contact Doug Ferrier (530-389-2617 or [dferrier@foothill.net](mailto:dferrier@foothill.net))  
 Bingo, Alta Community Center, **1st Fridays, 7:00 PM** - proceeds benefit the Alta Volunteer Fire Department.

DFCC Board of Directors meeting  
**2nd Mondays, 6:00 PM** - , Community Center (933 Stockton Street) or contact President Tom McDonnell (530-887-8295 or [tjm@themcdonellfirm.com](mailto:tjm@themcdonellfirm.com))

Dutch Flat Methodist Episcopal Church **2nd Saturdays, 8:00 AM -10:00 AM-** pancake breakfast  
 Dutch Flat Community Center potluck **3rd Thursdays. Sept. - June, 6:00 PM** - . Dutch Flat Community Center, 933 Stockton St. Bring a place setting and a dish to share  
 NFARA board meeting **3rd Tuesdays, 7:00 PM** - , locations vary. For more, call Jim Ricker, 530-389-8344

Alta Attic - **Thursdays 10:00 - 1:00**  
 Sierra First Baptist Church, Alta **Sundays, 11:00 AM** - , worship service  
 Pioneer Union Church, Gold Run **Sundays, 10:00 AM** - , Sunday Service  
 Sierra First Baptist Church **Mondays, 8:30 a.m.**, , 33990 Alta Bonny Nook Rd., Alta. Bible study, For more, call 530.389.2168  
 Sierra First Baptist Church **Mondays, 11:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.**, free community lunch. Sierra First Baptist Church, 33990 Alta Bonny Nook Rd., Alta. For more, call 530-389-2168  
 Dutch Flat United Methodist Church **Sundays Fellowship Dinner, 5:00 PM and Worship Service, 6:00 PM** -

**2014 COUNTY AND STATE OFFICE CLOSURES**

Monday, September 1 - Labor Day  
 Monday, October 13 - Columbus Day (County only, State offices open)  
 Tuesday, November 11 - Veterans Day Thursday, November 27 - Thanksgiving Day  
 Friday, Nov 28 - Thanksgiving Holiday  
 Thursday, December 25 - Christmas Day



**PRESIDENT'S COLUMN**

BY TOM MCDONNELL



This edition of *Community* is the last paper that will go out before our annual membership meeting coming up on October 16 (6 p.m. at the Dutch Flat Community Center.) With our increase in DFCC members (currently 215, an increase of 30 over last year) we must have at least 22 members to make a quorum and elect a board. Please try to come if you can. This month a nominating committee will come up with a proposed slate of directors for next year. That slate will then be proposed at the September potluck. If you have any interest in either being on the nominating committee or on the board next year, please let me or any of our board members know.

Besides electing a board of directors for 2015, at this year's meeting we'll have a brief overview of the past year and the DFCC's finances, current projects and future plans. Our organization is facing some significant challenges; the building is going to need a new roof and a paint job in the next few years or it will start to melt. This work will be expensive. Our finances are in good shape (our current assets are \$79,983) but we are

far short of being able to finance these projects. We should talk about how we want to start planning to deal with these issues. This building has been at the heart of our community and keeping it standing and useable for the generations to come is something we just have to do. Between dues, donations and fundraisers the DFCC is able to cover the usual operating expenses (insurance, utilities, etc.) but not big-ticket projects like these.

September 20 at 8:30 a.m. has been scheduled as the day our new tennis court fence will start to go up. About 36 metal posts will be set with concrete in the holes we've dug around the perimeter of the tennis court. Lifting these posts into place and then keeping them straight until the concrete sets up is going to require a lot of help. The more people that can come and help means we will all be done sooner. As many volunteers as we can get are needed. Please bring work gloves (and a shovel if you have one). We will have plenty of cold water.

Our thanks go out to the many who helped put on a great 4th of July parade this year. Kudos to Marybeth Blackinton for picking up the editor reigns and making the transition of our Community newspaper appear so seamless. From my perspective (which means from a beach chair at the shallow end), the Dutch Flat swimming pool season was as great as ever and our thanks to the pool committee for making this happen. Without their dedication it's unlikely the pool would still be open.

As always, if you have any DFCC-related questions or concerns please do not hesitate to get in touch with anyone on the board or attend one of our monthly board meetings.



## BUSINESS SPOTLIGHT

BY JOANNE BLOHM

*(Editor's Note: For the next several issues, "Community" newspaper will be featuring one of our local businesses. As we all know, it is hard to own and operate a small business in our tri-town area so hopefully these articles will remind people to eat and shop locally.)*

C and J's Cafe, next to the Alta Store at 33945 Alta Bonnybrook Road in Alta, opened on July 1st. It is owned by local Gold Run residents, Jon and Corinna Haurich. Both Jon and Corinna have lived in the area since childhood and have a great understanding of what is needed to cater to the culinary likes of our little communities.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Our thanks to the Dutch Flat Community Board for hosting a very successful and delicious barbecue at the pool August 7th. The corn on the cob, hotdogs and hamburgers with all the fixings were outstanding as well as the salads, deviled egg and watermelon brought by those attending. It was evident it took a lot of planning and work on the part of the Board members, to set up the barbecues, purchase the food and set up all the tables with colorful table clothes. It was good to have an opportunity to catch up with neighbors we do not often have an opportunity to see and is very thoughtful of the Board to start up this old tradition once again. I have attached a photo from the 1986 Pool Barbecue. We can identify Harriett Evans seated at the extreme left. Carol daRosa is closest at the extreme right followed by Jean Hanson.



We look forward to next year's event.

Sincerely,

Julianne and Eric Smith



Corinna has been in the food industry all her life including working at various cafes, bakeries and delis including the Sierra Market bakery and deli where she was the manager. Jon is a heavy equipment operator during the week but on the weekends can flip a mean burger. The restaurant business is also in Jon's blood since his family started Bernie's Hot Dogs in Auburn. As with all hard-working people in the restaurant industry, when the deli in Alta became available, Corinna took the plunge to own her own business and be her own boss.

When asked what makes their place unique, Corinna replied that she makes many of the menu choices from locally grown items. Also, a large selection of the breads, rolls, coffee cakes and pies are homemade. Corinna told me that her favorite item on the menu is the grilled chicken/bacon/avocado sandwich but by far the most popular is the hot pastrami sandwich. They recently had their first health inspection and had ZERO violations which is almost unheard of in the food industry.

Some things in the cafe have not changed from previous owners; there is still the "local" table for coffee and conversation in the mornings, a daily lunch special and the Cook's Choice Friday night dinner (served from 5:00 – 8:00 PM). Something new they are working on is a local menu board and a kids menu board – all suggestions are welcome.

So treat yourself and have coffee, breakfast or lunch and meet the new owners. You can call your order in at 530-389-2222. They are open to any comments and want their new business to work, not only for themselves but everyone in the community. Currently, the hours of operations are:

Wednesdays and Thursdays 7:00 AM to 5:00 PM

Fridays: 7:00 AM – 8:00 PM

Saturdays: 8:00 AM – 2:00 PM

Sundays: 9:00 AM – 2:00 PM

Closed Mondays and Tuesdays



## THE JEWEL OF THE YEAR

BY ELAINE DALTON

When leaves change color  
When it's harvest time  
And geese fly south,  
Look for Autumn's return.

When squirrels drop pine-cones on your head,  
When the cornstalks shrivel up  
And the air becomes crisp once more,  
Look for Autumn's return.

When school bells ring clearly,  
When jackets are dug out  
And the winds shift,  
Look for Autumn's return.

When the dust of August lazily swirls,  
When the garden is tilled and prepped  
And firewood is gathered in,  
Look for Autumn's return.

Clothed in multi-colored splendor,  
Warm earth tones and natural shades,  
And having a ready smile,  
Will helpful, industrious Autumn return.

Bright eyes shining as the stars,  
Long hair flowing like a river,  
Musical voice as sweet as birds' song;  
Lovely Autumn, the jewel of the year.

*For more of Elaine's poems, you can purchase a copy of her new book, "A Collection of Poetry" at Big Bear Store in Colfax or on Amazon.com.*

## ESCAPE ROUTE II ADVENTURES IN OUR CASITA

BY NANCY BULLARD

This blog is about the Summer 2014 adventures of Dutch Flat residents, Nancy and Ernie Bullard who are traveling around the western US and Canada in their new Casita trailer. These are excerpts taken from their blog, "espaceroute2.blogspot.com"

### GUSHING, STEAMING, BUBBLING AND ROCKY MOUNTAIN GRAN- DEUR

Friday, July 4, 2014

We've had a fantastic two weeks visiting the Grand Teton National Park and touring Yellowstone, our first National Park in the nation. Geographically, they sit right

next to each other, yet they are unexpectedly quite distinct in their geology and their available tourist venues. It was fun mixing up our days, for example, with a Teton hike around Jenny Lake one day, contrasted the next day with a tour of the geyser basin in Yellowstone. Both parks were, quite simply, a feast for the eyes and the senses.

The ultimate reward, during those two weeks was that our daughter, Lisa, son-in-law Eric and their baby Ava joined us for a week of adventure. They camped in their tent and we used the trailer for cooking and to escape the rain, cold and mosquitoes, when needed. We had a wonderful time hiking, exploring, eating Lisa's creative dinners, and kayaking, and our little Ava was delightful the entire time - of course!

The Tetons are magnificent. Their sharp, rugged peaks appear abruptly above

the lush green valley floor. From the meadows, lakes, and guest ranches (at 5000 feet) they rise to nearly 14,000 feet high and are visible everywhere you visit in the park. When it was raining and cloudy, they peaked shyly, around the mist and clouds; when the sun shone through - they were quite simply - spectacular!

The wildflowers were celebrating spring everywhere we toured. with magnificent mixed floral displays of yellow - Balsamroot, pink - Wild Geranium, blue - Lupine, and red - Coral Bells and Indian Paint Brush. Only the very talented can duplicate the artistry of mother nature's bouquets!

When the weather permitted, we hiked - around Jenny Lake to the Cascade Falls, around Jackson Lake to Heron Lake, and we kayaked the Snake River at Oxbow

*Bullard continued on Page 8*

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## ERIC HARMON TEACHING KARATE FOR OVER 30 YEARS IN ALTA

BY RYAN ARASHI



Eric Harmon, Black Belt & Master of Traditional Japanese Shotokan Karate is celebrating his 30th year as head teacher of Alta Shotokan Karate and has been dedicated to consistently conducting and leading Karate

in Alta since the early 1980's. The Karate Dojo is one of the longest lasting martial arts schools in Placer County.

Eric is an extreme enthusiast of Traditional Karate and is one of the very few Great Karate Men teaching in the Sierra Mountains! Our small community is blessed to have such direct roots to Traditional Karate through Eric's leadership. It is rare to find a teacher of his magnitude hidden away in our forest. Even though he never boasts of it, Eric is part of an unbroken direct line of Karate Masters, going back hundreds of years. He has been taught by Ohshima Sensei the Grand Master of Shotokan Karate with roots to Samurai-era Japan.

Eric is a master wood-craftsman & carpenter by trade who devotes all of his spare time to teaching Traditional Style Karate to the children and adults of the area. Eric is also an Eagle Scout; this is most likely the reason he is so dedicated to teaching

children. His philosophy is: "Children are the future of Karate. Most kids will quit because it is very hard but the few with internal strength will become the true 'Diamonds in the Rough'. What better way to protect our children than to teach them to protect their selves".

Karate can be very therapeutic for adults and children, and so Eric has previously given special attention to those with physical problems or mental disorders to help them recover.

As his assistant teacher, I feel Eric is in absolute perfectionist in his technique, and rivals the Karate Masters I have seen in Japan! Eric is a true believer in Karate and the church. I believe his unwavering faith to both is what makes him a seriously dangerous and powerful opponent in Karate! Student, Cecelia Arashi shared her observations: "Eric has a special way of smooth movement to his Karate which I did not see in other Black Belts when I went to the meeting of our national group. He is a great teacher and friend!" Fellow students claim "Our Karate group beat the pants off of all the other groups at the Karate Test last year! Thank you Eric!"

As of July 2014 the group has a total of 20 Karate members, the largest in the history of Alta Shotokan!



## GOLDEN DRIFT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

BY DOUG FERRIER,  
SOCIETY PRESIDENT

I am always surprised by how we find out various interesting historical facts about our area. This past June, a lady from West Sacramento came by the Museum looking for information about some of her ancestors, including one Elise Gregoire. She had some postcards from around 1900 of our area, and wanted to donate them to our museum. Her grandmother was the daughter of Elise Gregoire, but she didn't know much about her. Just last year, Toni Fonseca had asked me about a Madame Gregoire and what did we

know about her. Madame Gregoire had lived just east of where Toni lives on Main Street.

I did a little research and came up with the following: Madame Elise Gregoire and her husband were French Canadians who came to Dutch Flat around 1900. Camille, the husband, was listed as a bricklayer in the census and they had a son living with them. They were in their 50s in the 1900 census. There was no mention of any daughter. Camille would die in 1926 and is buried in the Dutch Flat Cemetery. Madame Gregoire would remain here in town for several more years, going on Placer County welfare aid of \$25 per month. To qualify she had to turn over ownership of her house to Placer County. The last reference we have for her is in 1934 and no idea where she moved to, where she died, or when. We do have a picture of her taken in 1936. In 1943, Placer County sold the old Gregoire place to the highest bidder. It would be interesting to find out more information about the family.



Last week (last week in July), I was standing outside the museum with three people who were visiting our area, two from Wisconsin, that were looking for information on the Central Pacific Railroad for a book they are writing. The third person was a Placer County resident who was acting as their guide. He has an ongoing interest in old bells and kept looking at our fire bell. Finally, he couldn't control himself any longer and got out his binoculars to see if he could see a builders name plate on it and maybe a manufacturing date as well. What he saw surprised him, as the bell and housing around it was built by a famous San Francisco foundry, possibly the largest one west of the Mississippi River at the time. The builder was also the person who made the original golden spike used in the ceremony marking the completion of the Transconti-

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mental Railroad. I will need to do a little more research into this. I will also need to try and see if the bell housing has a manufactured date on it.

How does one find the time to continue to put beans on the table by working, maintain one's house and grounds, do various other projects, and still keep trying to track down these various historical facts. I think I am sinking out of sight.



## THE LASSOED BEAR FROM FANTASTIC FABLES, BY AMBROSE BIERCE

A hunter who had lassoed a bear was trying to disengage himself from the rope, but the slip-knot about his wrist would not yield, for the bear was all the time pulling in the slack with his paws. In the midst of his trouble the hunter saw a showman passing by, and managed to attract his attention.

"What will you give me," he said, "for my bear?"

"It will be some five or ten minutes," said the showman, "before I shall want a fresh bear, and it looks to me as if prices would fall during that time. I think I'll wait and watch the market."

"The price of this animal," the hunter replied, "is down to bed-rock; you can have him for nothing a pound, spot cash, and I'll throw in the next one that I lasso. But the purchaser must remove the goods from the premises forthwith, to make room for three man-eating tigers, a cat-headed gorilla, and an armful of rattlesnakes."

But the showman passed on, in maiden meditation, fancy free, and being joined soon afterward by the bear, who was absently picking his teeth, it was inferred that they were not unacquainted.





## WHY I LOVE THE BIG ISLAND

BY RICK SIMS  
CHAPTER 2

### THE HAMAKUA COAST

We will continue southeast toward Hilo on the Belt Highway. We are now on the Hamakua Coast, and I must tell you a little about the history of this east side of the island.

During the 19th and 20th centuries, the economic foundation of the Big Island was the production of cane sugar. Almost the entire east side of the island—from Hilo to Honokaa—was planted in sugar cane. About every 10 miles, a sugar mill was constructed, and housing camps were built for the cane workers. These encampments spawned little towns, connected by a railroad.

The workers in the cane fields were unionized. In the early 1990's, the cane growers went to the unions and said, "We are experiencing new competition from sugar beets grown on the Mainland and in South America. We can no longer afford to pay you what we have been paying you."

The unions did not believe the growers. They refused to make wage concessions. However, the growers were not bluffing. By 1995, the growers had shut down the entire cane sugar industry on the Big Island. Today, there is no commercial sugar production on the Big Island.

What this has meant for the Hamakua coast is this: Between Hilo and Honokaa, there are still the little towns, spaced about ten miles apart, and the land is still overwhelmingly agrarian. But cane grass has replaced the sugar cane. Eucalyptus trees have been planted for use as paper pulp and fuel for electric power generation. But there are no resorts, no subdivisions, and no sandy beaches. Just an incredibly beautiful coastline, featuring dramatic cliffs and waterfalls. Although the topography is different, the Hamakua Coast closely resembles Big Sur in California.

### LAUPAHOEHOE

Some 17 miles south of Honokaa, and about 25 miles north of Hilo, lies the town of Laupahoehoe. It is in this town that Linda bought her second house on the Big Island some three years ago, at the very bottom of the real estate market. To say that the house was a fixer-upper would be to compliment it beyond its due. It was awful. But the location was spectacular: perched on the edge of a 400-foot bluff above the ocean, with a world-class view of white water at Laupahoehoe Point.

Linda moved in to camp in the house and to start a renovation (her wonderful real estate agent, Joanne Mucha, of Century 21 in Hilo, recommended tearing it down). Although the plumbing worked, the house had no windows, and Linda slept on an air-bed with mosquito netting pulled over her. After two years of Linda's blood, sweat, and many tears, the building department signed off on the final inspection of her remodel in April, 2013. Suffice it to say that it was worth it; that Linda now loves the house; and that I have to drag her kicking and screaming back to Dutch Flat.

The town of Laupahoehoe is the mirror image of Dutch Flat. It has a post office, a police station, a gas station, a small store, a public swimming pool and a restaurant (although the restaurant is no match for the Monte Vista). But Laupahoehoe has one asset that Dutch Flat doesn't: a free public dump, which is open three days a week. I think Hawaii is very smart to have free public dumps: you just don't see garbage and old furniture dumped on rural roads in this beautiful place. The Laupahoehoe dump has containers for all recyclables (except electronic waste, which must be taken to Hilo). And it features a tent under which you can place unwanted household goods that others in the community might want, such as a child's car seat.

People ask about the weather in Laupahoehoe. The town is in a sort of banana belt, so the sun often shines when it does not in Hilo or Honokaa. The temperature is usually between 70 and 80 degrees. If it gets down to 60 degrees, everyone thinks it's really cold. But we get plenty of rain. We do not have to water the garden or heat or air condition the house. I have not come down with bronchitis in the winter in Laupahoehoe. In January, February, and March, Linda watches the whales every day from her deck. In Hawaii, places are rated as to the likelihood that lava will take them. The scale is 1 to 9, with 1 being the greatest likelihood. Laupahoehoe is in lava zone 8.

I just love Laupahoehoe.

Let's continue on the Belt Highway toward Hilo. About 12 miles from Laupahoehoe, turn right into the town of Honomu. Follow signs to Akaka Falls. After you have parked, take the loop trail, which will take you on a jungle trail, past a huge Banyan tree, and by two waterfalls, Kahuna Falls and then the tallest waterfall on the island, Akaka Falls. We return to the Belt Highway and drive another eight miles and then turn left at a sign that says: "Scenic Highway—Onomea Bay." Once again we are on the old Mamalahoa Highway, winding through beautiful jungle. Parking places for Onomea Bay are on the left, and the view is magnificent. Just ahead, on the right, is the Botanical Garden. Many of our friends and family who have visited this garden have said that it's the most beautiful one they have ever seen. We think so. The garden path winds down the hillside and ends at the edge of Onomea Bay.

We finish the scenic loop and head for Hilo once again. Just before Hilo, on the left, is Honolii State Park. This is the premier surfing beach in the Hilo area, and it's fun to park and watch the surfers.

### TOWARD HILO

Let's continue on the Belt Highway toward Hilo. About 12 miles from Laupahoehoe, turn right into the town of Honomu. Follow signs to Akaka Falls. After you have parked, take the loop trail, which will take you on a jungle trail, past a huge Banyan tree, and by two waterfalls, Kahuna Falls and then the tallest waterfall on the island, Akaka Falls. We return to the Belt Highway and drive another eight miles and then turn left at a sign that says: "Scenic Highway—Onomea Bay." Once again we are on the old Mamalahoa Highway, winding through beautiful jungle. Parking places for Onomea Bay are on the left, and the view is magnificent. Just ahead, on the right, is the Botanical Garden. Many of our friends and family who have visited this garden have said that it's the most beautiful one they have ever seen. We think so. The garden path winds down the hillside and ends at the edge of Onomea Bay.

We finish the scenic loop and head for Hilo once again. Just before Hilo, on the left, is Honolii State Park. This is the premier surfing beach in the Hilo area, and it's fun to park and watch the surfers.

### HILO

We arrive in Hilo, with the old business section on the right, featuring classic buildings from the early 20th century.

Linda calls Hilo a town, but I call it a real city, unlike Kona, which is a T-shirt town. Hilo has metal fabricating shops. Hilo is

where a lot of native Hawaiians live, although they work on the Kona side, because they can't afford the Kona housing prices. "Hele-On" public busses leave Hilo starting at 3:30 a.m. to transport workers to the Kohala resorts.

Hilo has a familiar assortment of stores: Safeway and Target and Walmart and Home Depot and Long's Drugs (still Long's; not CVS) and Office Max and Ross. If you want to buy a Hawaiian aloha shirt, or a Hawaiian dress, you can go to Hilo Hatties, but you will find similar clothing cheaper at Ross or at the Farmer's Market (more about that later). But Hilo also has the stores and shops that give any place its distinctive identity. There are good restaurants: Café Pesto and Pond's and the Seaside (for fresh fish). And there is the best value: Ken's House of Pancakes, open 24 hours, with great breakfasts and good food at all meals. My favorite breakfast, which I have once (and only once) on each visit is the spam loco-moco. It is a bowl of white rice, with slabs of spam on top, with two eggs on top of that, all smothered in brown gravy. Don't knock it until you've tried it. Another of our local favorite stores is Hilo Bay Books, a used book store organized meticulously by author. It also sells cheap used CDs, and we have scored a number of jazz classics from their collection.

► Hilo's life-changing event occurred in 1946, when a tsunami wiped out much of the town and killed a lot of people. There is an excellent "Tsunami Museum" in Hilo with film footage of that time. You should remember that event the next time someone wants to sell you ocean-front property on the Big Island.

► You don't want to miss the Hilo Farmers' Market, which goes on Wednesdays and Saturdays right in the middle of town, on the Bayfront. We buy our papayas there: five for \$1.00. Locals display crafts of all kinds, and my favorite Hawaiian artist, Eide Hansamut, shows her stuff there. Indeed, I like her paintings so well that I have become an Eide collector, having bought four of her paintings. I say "I have become an Eide collector," but that is not entirely true, since I have given each painting to Linda, and they hang in her house in Laupahoehoe. You can check out Eide's work at [www.eideartwork.com](http://www.eideartwork.com)

► Hilo has beautiful parks. Near the center of town is Queen Liliuokalani Gardens, influenced by Japanese design and bordering Banyan Drive, with huge banyan trees lining the street. As you drive out of downtown Hilo, bear left on Kalaniana'ole Street, running south along the coast, and

pass an industrial area featuring the unattractive Port of Hilo on the left, where cruise ships dock (more all the time). Then you encounter a two-mile string of beautiful ocean-front public parks, which are excellent for swimming and snorkeling with turtles. These are best mid-week and are crowded on weekends. These parks are favorites of native Hawaiians.

► Speaking of native Hawaiians, let me say a word about them. A number of years ago, I wrote a piece for this newspaper entitled, "My Hawaiian Vacation." It reported on a vacation trip that Linda and I had taken to the island of Maui. I wrote that we had encountered resentment by some native Hawaiians. The phenomenon is called "Stink eye," because of the hard looks given by some Hawaiians toward foreigners ("Haoles," in local parlance). On the road to Hana, we passed a barn with a big message painted on the side: "Stop Stealing Hawaiian Land."

► We have encountered none of this on the Big Island, where the motto is "Live the Aloha life." Hawaiians we have dealt with in stores and during the construction of Linda's house have been unfailingly friendly. A few of them have become friends of ours in Laupahoehoe. The Aloha spirit carries over into the way people drive: people let other people into traffic from store parking lots and are generally very, very courteous drivers. We contrast this attitude with the attitude of drivers in the Bay Area, where gridlock and aggressive driving have caused us to avoid the Bay Area unless absolutely necessary.



## THE UNEXPLORED LIFE

BY GREG HERRICK

Memories are strange things. I have a good friend who is suffering from Alzheimer's and has forgotten so much of his life it is sad. I have not known him for too many years though our paths came close to one another's through the years. I truly wish I had more time in the past with him as he is a kind and wise person. Now all I can do is enjoy the now time with him and hopefully help him along the journey of life.

My daughter has been back from Scotland for a year and a half plus and we have grown back to being friends again. I think most children need to grow apart from their parents and then comeback as adults on more equal footing with their family. For

some it is an easier transition than for others. Ours was probably sort of down the middle, neither "Father knows Best" nor the terrible events that the nightly news likes to lead with. Once her father realized she was an adult, the road smoothed out greatly.

I was talking with a client this morning about family and how our jobs want to absorb every nanosecond of time there is. He seems to have the ability to separate his family time from his work time but I have seen signs of the job/time sponge creeping into his life and cautioned him to watch for it. Fortunately, he has a wife and family that are vigilant and guarded. He has also developed habits which will help them stay focused and unified.

There are lots of words about balancing your life between your job and your real life outside of the job. If you think you need to spend more time at your job, try stepping back and see why you think that way. Yes, a nicer home, boat, car or home theater is great but there is no prize at the end for having the most of anything (except power tools, right Tim Taylor). Joking aside, the efforts you put into your family are much more important than the material things of life. We are driven by all the visual stimulations we receive each day to want more and more. Believe me; it really doesn't matter in the long run.

Talking with my children, I have heard them say time after time the things they remember are the simple events we experienced as a family. The trips to Disney World and Disneyland are seldom mentioned compared to the time we explored the creek or the woods near our home or the visits to the dairy where we saw a calf being born and taking its first wobbly steps. Stops along the road to who remembers where and finding wild berries and cattails are remembered fondly while the monster birthday bash with the magic acts and clowns has faded far away.

I now have several grandchildren and have the time to explore the wonders of new discoveries through their eyes. What an amazing place we live in. The wonder of a young child's excitement and squeal of delight as they see a green frog hop, a brown worm squirm and wiggle or a red and emerald hummingbird dart about is a joy I hope never fades. Thank goodness to have another opportunity at this greatest pleasure around. Hug your grandchildren, your kids and kiss the person who helped bring those joys into your life. Life is a blessing. Share your smile with someone who has none. They don't cost you anything and another will take its place.

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## DUTCH FLAT COMMUNITY SWIMMING POOL

BY DOUG FERRIER, POOL CORP.  
PRESIDENT

It has been a difficult year for the pool this season. We only had two returning life guards, Michelle Walker and Amber Alexander, with Amber already having a full time job during the week that made her only available on weekends to work the pool. Then the Placer County Personnel people waited until April before putting on their internet site that life guards were needed to be hired for our pool and what applicants had to have to qualify for the positions. While we normally shoot for opening the pool on the last day of school (June 5<sup>th</sup> this year), the County didn't hire any new life guard until June 14 (Olivia Alexander). A second new life guard came on board on June 19<sup>th</sup> (Austin Ames). A third started July 7<sup>th</sup> (Alyssa Sellers) and the 4<sup>th</sup> new life guard on July 16<sup>th</sup> (Kailey Wright). By then, Amber had decided to step back from life guarding so she could have at least some time off each week.

This year we were going to try and give swim lessons again at the pool. The best time for this is late June or around the first part of July. But we didn't know until the middle of July who would be working as life guards and if they would be interested in giving lessons. We asked the public if they would be interested in lessons around the first part of August, but the response was that this would be too late in the season.

Our next problem is the early start to the school year that all levels of schools appear to be doing. By the middle of August, we will lose two life guards to collages in Oregon, one to Chico State, and two back to Colfax High School. For August 20-22, and August 25-29, the pool will only be open from about 3:30 PM until 6:30 or 7:00 PM. Normal hours of noon to six will still occur on weekends.

As for the condition of the pool and grounds, we need this fall to replace the

roof over the life guard shack, as it has been leaking for years. It is getting old having to cover everything inside it with plastic sheeting. And then there is our "septic system". We have has some issues with it for the past three years, and we will probably go to bring in seasonal porta-potties (2) for the months the pool is open. At least one of them would be handicapped accessible and they would be located near where the current bathrooms are. The cost of, and ability to, pass a perc and mantel test, get the required permits and build a traditional septic system would be expensive and possibly not even doable, given the rocky mining ground around the pool. Remember, the pool was built in an old hydraulic mining pit in 1936.

We hope we have not impacted to seriously your enjoyment of the pool this season by having to address these various problems. In the long term, they will be taken care of.



### *Bullard continued from Page 4*

Bend and Cattleman's Bridge (where wildlife is abundant, if you are stealthy and quiet). When it hailed, snowed or rained in torrents, we retreated to the truck and drove around to spot wildlife or to explore new sites in Yellowstone where the heat from the mudpots, geysers and caldrons neutralized the cold.

It took several weeks, but we were successful at spotting a variety of wildlife, including: a mother black bear with her cub, a female moose, a grey wolf (Lisa spotted him at Oxbow Bend while kayaking), pronghorn, bison, elk (male and female), muskrat, otter (another Lisa spot), a pika, several bald-headed eagles, a coyote, and tons of deer. We also saw cut-throat trout, a red-tailed hawk, and a barn owl (up close and personal) with the help of animal biologist pro's. Eric is now nicknamed "Hawkeye" because of his excellent "spotting" skills. We have few if any pictures of the animals - just a brief moment then they were gone.

Our hike down the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone to see the upper and lower falls was a bit challenging - not from difficulty, but from fear. The metal see-through steps went straight down and back up the canyon rock face. ("Concentrate now...") It was beautiful and we're happy we did it, but...it was scary. To think that in the 1800's, women in their long dresses climbed down ropes to see these views - now, that's impressive!

The story of Yellowstone is the story of violence from fire and volcanic eruption, and the recovery and adaptation of the land to that violence. In spite of all this damage,

beauty shone everywhere - in the new green trees and wildflowers that covered the recently fire-ravaged hillsides, in the burnt black tree skeletons that remained standing amidst the cauldrons of heat and mud, and in all the amazing colors and textures displayed by the mud pots and hot pools. Even the animals adapted and indulged in the luxury of these "hot spots."

We are now heading for Flathead Lake and Glacier National Park, Montana. Because of July 4<sup>th</sup> and the craziness that occurs in parks around national holidays, we plan to settle into a small RV site outside of the national park - to do some laundry and errands first, then will head into the park after the holiday.



## THE TRAILS WEST

BY DEBBY MCCLATCHY

### **Sante Fe Trail (1831-1880)**

Missouri River steamboats, bringing goods to Independence, needed a route to Sante Fe, then a Spanish territory. Spain strictly forbade trade with the U.S., and the city was desperate for goods of any kind. In 1821 Mexico won independence, and in 1825, Senator Thomas Hart Benton, author of the concept of "Manifest Destiny", sponsored passage of a bill to survey the trail and buy rights-of-way from the native Americans. It remained mostly a trade trail. It was marked by bending saplings over the route; some of these trees survive and are still bent to the ground. Like all the other trails, it was eventually shut down by the railroads. It was our oldest trail and the first to use wagons.

### **Oregon Trail (early 1830s - mid 1880s)**

In 1803, the Louisiana Purchase doubled the U.S. land area and encouraged westward expansion. The first were mainly fur traders and missionaries, who blazed a trail to the Oregon territories. Early missionaries were Narcissa and Marcus Whitman, married when Narcissa was not allowed to go as a single woman. They were welcomed by the Cayuse Nation, until a measles outbreak was blamed on them, and they were killed by the tribe. Between 1841 and 1866, the busiest years of the trail, an estimated 350,000 travelers used the trail. The ruts were worn down five feet by wheels and animal hooves. Because wagon trains had to time their trip between good foliage for the animals and the arrival of snow, all trains were within two weeks of each other, a huge mob with nothing in front or behind.

**Mormon Trail (1846-69)**

In 1846, 60,000 Mormons resided in Nauvoo, Illinois. The town evicted them in February so they set up camp nearby until Spring. By then there were 13,500 people waiting to go to the Salt Lake Valley, an area already chosen by the elders.

About 150 men were chosen to go first. They took 72 wagons, 93 horses, 52 mules, 66 oxen, 19 cows, 17 dogs, 2 wives, and 3 children. The rest soon followed, using wagons and push-carts. The first three hundred miles were relatively easy with lots of game and water. Reaching Nebraska they followed the Platte River. Without this river, westward expansion would have been almost impossible. Saleratus, a natural baking soda, formed beds along the river and came to be known as Mormon Tea for its herbal qualities.

Sam Brannan, a Mormon merchant from San Francisco, rode out to meet the party on the Green River, with hopes of diverting them to California. But Brigham Young wanted his own country, and continued to Salt Lake. Close to their goal, the party came down with Rocky Mountain fever and spent the winter there, before finally arriving at their destination the following July. They had irrigation and crops planted within two days.

A separate Mormon Trail, which ran from Pipe Spring, Arizona to St. George, Utah, was nicknamed the "Honeymoon Trail", as it was mostly used by newlyweds going to the Temple for sanctification by the elders.

**California Trail (1841-69)**

This was the same trail as the Oregon Trail until it reached Fort Hall, Idaho or South Pass, Wyoming, where it branched off towards California, a route found by trial and error and the searching for shortcuts. 165,000 people crossed before the Gold Rush in 1849 with heavy tolls taken on people, animals, and wagons. The first group to cross it was the Bartleson-Bidwell party of 1841. They barely made it; their last animal eaten, no shoes left, and nearly dead, the thirty-one men, one woman, and her daughter arrived at the San Joaquin Valley on October 30th.

This trail was split in two parts, northern and southern routes. The southern leg followed the twisty Humboldt River, then faded into the Forty-Mile Desert, before crossing the Sierras at Kit Carsen or Emigrant's Pass. Trading Posts along this route were known to be highly unscrupulous. One group tried to trade a mule for twenty-five pounds of flour, and when only offered six,

decided to eat the mule instead.

The northern leg follows the Truckee River and is mostly known as the route taken by the Donner Party. It was first taken by the Stevens-Murphy-Townsend party two years before. That party also was trapped for the winter in the same area, but all survived until Spring due to a less harsh winter, better provisions, and men used to mountain ways. The Donners had been mostly merchants and farmers.

The Pony Express roughly paralleled the California Trail. Advertisements for riders asked for small and wirey riders, good with horses, eighteen years and under, and not afraid of death; and orphans preferred.

**The Gila Trail (historic - 1861)**

This trail started both in Sante Fe and in El Paso, then joined in Apache territory, following rivers and mountain passes near the U.S./Mexico border to what is now known as San Diego and Los Angeles. Named for the Gila River, and translated from the Spanish as "salty", the trail had been used for at least 20,000 years, as evidenced by skeletons and artifacts found nearby. The Spanish used it to search for gold and to establish missions. Emigrants eschewed the trail because of its heat and hostile natives.

Beaver trappers and a stagecoach mail service, "The Butterfield Overland Mail" moved in, the latter rivaling the Pony Express, covering 2800 miles in twenty-five days. Subsidized by the government, it arrived late only three times in three years.

During the Gold Rush, cattle ranchers from Texas used it to get their valuable meat to California and later to the oil fields. In 1861, succession rumblings from the upcoming Civil War all but shut down the trail, moving users to a St. Louis-Salt Lake City-Sacramento route.

**Boseman Trail (1864-68)**

This was an emigrant trail used by Montana families from the North Platte River to Virginia City, Idaho. It was named for John Boseman, a young gold-seeker from Georgia, who found guiding emigrants and selling them real estate eminently more fulfilling than digging for gold in cold water. It provided plenty of water and grazing grass, and was protected by three forts, C.F. Smith, Kearney, and Reno. Lasting only four years, when the railroad proved faster, it never saw large numbers of travelers. But it is very important to the Native Americans. Along its length are found the pivotal battle sites where they lost most of their homelands and cultural/religious locations.

**ALTA DUTCH FLAT SCHOOL NEWS**

BY LISA GRAHAM, PRINCIPAL

Pencils are sharpened, bulletin boards are bright and cheerful, and teachers are anxiously awaiting the return of our much-loved students. Yes, it is the start of the school year and there is a positive buzz in the air! Part of our excitement is the addition to our staff, Mrs. Shana Brown, who will be teaching our 7th and 8th grade students in Language Arts and History. Mrs. Brown, a familiar face around the DFCC, brings a wealth of knowledge, creative thinking, and years of experience both in and out of the classroom to our faculty. Along with Mrs. Sibley, Mrs. Fejes, Mrs. D'Elia, Mrs. Zentner, Ms. Reed and myself - welcome!

Other important news for our school is the growth we have planned to our internet service. As you move around town or near the school, you may see AT&T crews working to expand our network and speed, both of which are critical for the state's new online testing system. The next phase will include greater wireless capacity in our classrooms. We welcome any community members who need internet access or computer access to come by the school and take advantage of our computer lab. It is open at different times of the day so give Tracy a call in the office and we will set you up. This is a great option for families without internet at home to come in and take care of any web-based business or communications!

Finally, our school would like to reach out to the community and see if any members have a hobby or skill they would like to teach our students before or after school for a few weeks. We have a goal to grow our clubs and activities and you can help us! Interests such as gardening, cribbage, chess, knitting, etc. that would be student friendly are encouraged. Please give us a call if you think you are a good fit.

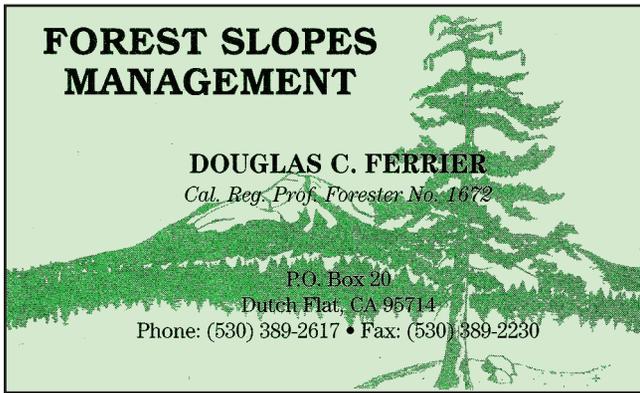
Here is to an amazing 2014-2015 school year full of growth and joy.



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**DISTRICT 5 SATELLITE OFFICE  
OPENS IN TAHOE CITY**  
JULY 25, 2014

An office suite in a building owned by Placer County in Tahoe City was recently retrofitted and now provides shared office space for Fifth District Supervisor Jennifer Montgomery, County Executive Officer David Boesch, the Tahoe Manager for the County Executive Office, Jennifer Merchant, and Tahoe Field Representative, Steve Kastan, among others. The meeting room will be the ongoing site for the monthly “Coffee with the Supervisor” held the 4th Thursday of every month at 9 AM.

The building is located in the heart of Tahoe City at 775 North Lake Blvd. and has been utilized for several years by the Placer County Community Development Resource Agency, Planning Services, Building Department, the Assessor, and Environmental Health who have all maintained offices in the two story building. When a tenant on the up-

per floor did not renew their lease, the County took the opportunity to further consolidate and enhance County functions in one location.

“I’m looking forward to being able to meet with constituents in a County facility that is centrally located and affords privacy, has a meeting room and is adjacent to other County departments,” said Montgomery. “I’ve held innumerable meetings in coffee shops and restaurants in the eastern end of the county. And while I will continue to patronize local businesses, this gives us a venue that recognizes the importance of eastern Placer County to the larger county generally.”

CEO Boesch, who travels regularly to the Lake for County business will also have an office to meet with residents, stakeholders, County staff and myriad others who are involved in County business.

“The County acquired this building several years ago, providing a one-stop shop for locals to conduct their business with the County,” said Boesch. “Easy access to all County development functions including Planning Services, the Building Department and the County ombudsman will continue on the first floor. The opening of the satellite Board of Supervisors/CEO office upstairs alongside the Environmental Health Department and the Assessor’s Office, will enhance the one-stop shop with easy accessibility to the District Supervisor and key County staff. These offices say “Placer County is here for you”.”

The County also has several other locations on the North Shore where County offices are located, including the Sheriff’s substation on Burton Creek Drive in Tahoe City, the Department of Public Works offices in Tahoe Vista and Health and Human Services offices and clinics in Kings Beach and Carnelian Bay.



**BARBARA LANE CROWELL  
(1962-2014)**

BY LYNETTE VROOMAN

Barbara Lane Crowell, devoted mother and number one fan of Jared and Adele Putnam, loving partner to Dave Liberti, accomplished architect, avid cyclist, and life enthusiast, passed on July 3, 2014 after being struck by a drunk driver while riding her bicycle on Foresthill Road.



Though words don’t adequately describe such profound loss, and through tears, family and friends celebrated her life at a gathering in Meadow Vista Park on July 9th. While her absence is heart-rending to those of us who knew her, we know her presence had a positive impact on so many people’s lives. As evidenced by those who spoke at the service, words easily describe Barbara’s life of intent, her playfulness, and her effervescent spirit.

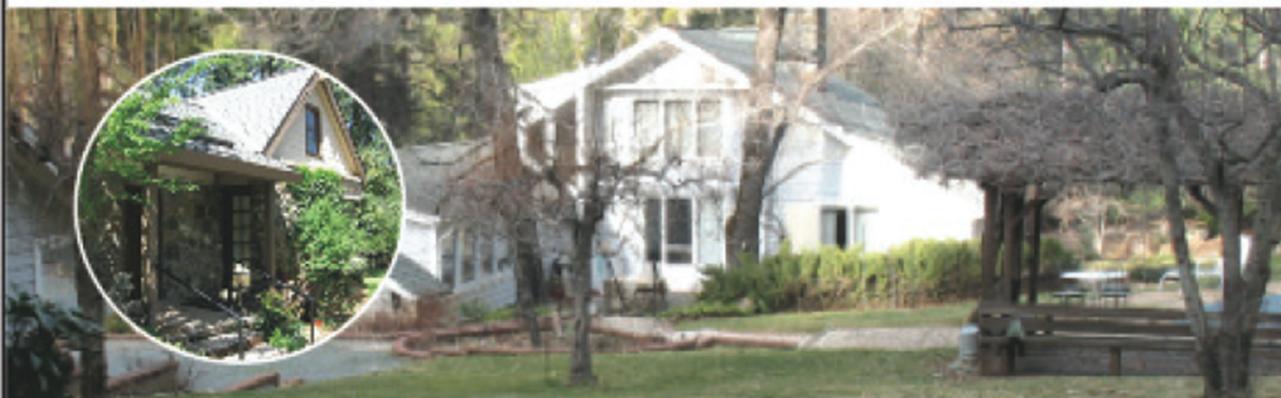
Barbara was born in Pennsylvania, where she grew up in a close knit Philadelphia suburb with her parents, brother, sisters, and many close family friends. She studied and excelled in architecture at both Syracuse University and UC Berkeley and worked most recently at Jordan Knighton Architects. She lived in Dutch Flat for 25 years (a fact of which I think she was proud) in the home her partner Dave called her “little slice of heaven.”

As one would expect of an architect, Barbara constructed her life like a house, with care and intellect. Her family and many friends attested to the size of her “house” and the room she provided everyone. All those who spoke at Barbara’s service commented on her love of life, her love of family, her positive attitude, and her willingness to support others. Barbara lived for her children and for Dave. Jared said of his mom’s praise that her excitement and pride were too much to contain in her small body. Tanya Joy com-

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mented on how Barbara made Tanya feel welcome when she first came to Dutch Flat, how she and Barbara enjoyed days watching each other's children and spending time at the Dutch Flat pool. One of Barbara's coworkers shared how Barbara had taken care of her in a time of need. As one might expect of an avid cyclist, Barbara conducted her life like a wheel; she had perfect balance. Her sister Wendy stated, "Barbara was a naturally caffeinated person," living life to the fullest each day. Though she lived her life with speed, Barbara knew how to balance, as another coworker stated, her family, her center, with work and exercise, her driving force. Though her life was much too short, Barbara made space and time for everyone around her.

My children have been blessed by growing up with Barbara. My husband and I have been blessed with her friendship for years—how many, I can't recall. For my kids, Barbara has always been there. I don't think they recollect a time when she wasn't. She has always been another loving parent they could count on. For me, I don't remember when our friendship started, but it had to occur somewhere between the Little Bear Preschool days, when our kids were toddlers, and Kindergarten. But when do friendships begin? They don't begin; they become. We were fortunate in that Barbara made space and time for us in her busy life; she provided us with beautiful moments—moments on which I can't help but reflect. Aptly, her sister Wendy said her absence "leaves a hole in our hearts." The memory of her presence leaves a smile.

When I think of Barbara, I have a series of vignettes in my mind—these images and moments that mean so much and speak to who she was: a red-headed pumpkin with a happy smile (her own costume) bringing her children to my door for Trick-or-Treats, squeals of delight while she coached U6 and U8 boys soccer (and her loud whisper that the boys were playing well), the care with which she packed a bag for the day when her children stayed at my house, coercion into taking a spin class, glasses of wine and carefully prepared meals, convincing me to read Carlos Castaneda, a camping trip to Yosemite, family pets and carriers of crickets to feed the lizards, trips to the frog pond, a smiling face in the soccer stands, a "Jared-made-a-goal" dance - much to Adele's embarrassment - a twilight stroll across Sundial Bridge, a creative and scary drive through L.A. traffic on our "family" road trip to San Diego, a hug for my tears when I left my oldest child at college, looking at both boys' art at a high school art show, moments of being



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on an afternoon at Silver Lake, and my most favorite—occasional, unexpected, multi-bubble evening texts about her kids—how they are growing up—how much she loves them and how she is so proud of them.

And, there are so many more. One does not ponder the gift of everyday things when they are happening, though one might recognize their value on some level. One of the most devastating parts of losing Barbara is knowing that our series of moments together have concluded. She was our dear friend, our family, and we will miss her so much. Barbara graced us and others with her presence; she gifted us with her beautiful life.



### GREAT SIERRA RIVER CLEANUP

BY JIM RICKER

Saturday September 20 is the sixth annual Great Sierra River Cleanup (GSRC). NFARA will once again join this effort by organizing a clean-up event along the Wild and Scenic North Fork American River near the Colfax-Iowa Hill Bridge. The area, which includes Mineral Bar and the Penny Weight Trail, is a favorite with locals, families, recreational miners, swimmers, and hikers. The heavy use results in lots of trash and other resource damage. One popular swimming site has recently been tagged with graffiti.

This outing will consist of an easy walk along the river picking up and bagging trash and hauling bags back to the trailhead. If we

can get Bureau of Land Management approval, we will attempt to remove the graffiti. The event is suitable for everyone including families. We are joined in this effort by State Parks, Upper American River Foundation, Canyon Keepers, and Protect American River Canyons.

The Great Sierra River Clean-up is coordinated by the Sierra Nevada Conservancy in partnership with the California Coastal Cleanup Day and serves to promote good stewardship on all our waterways. Last year over 18,000 volunteers turned out to remove approximately 580 tons of garbage and recyclables from sites up and down the Sierra Nevada. In 2013, NFARA cleaned up

*NFARA continued on Page 15*



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## HOW'D YA GET HERE CHARLIE BRIDGES?

BY SHELLEY WILLSMORE

When I thought of interviewing Charlie it was because knowing he has lived in Dutch Flat all his life, my first thought was that he was born here, but of course, that is not accurate. Charlie was born in Auburn at Highland General Hospital. Being a newcomer to Placer County, I did not know about Highland Hospital but it was still in existence until at least the mid-sixties because Charlie's oldest daughter Linda was born there. Charlie came home to Dutch Flat where his parents lived and it has always been "home" to him.

Eleanor and CL Bridges aka Red, met in Montana where he worked in the copper mines. Red's brother was living on Clark Street in Dutch Flat working in the mines here, so they followed and Red got work in the mines as well. The Bridges family rented several houses in Dutch Flat until they acquired the lot where the Catholic Church used to stand, and together they built their home, Eleanor working right alongside her husband. It was fun hearing Charlie talk of the different houses they lived in and the people who lived in other houses. They are often referred to by the family who used to own them, but they are the same houses that stand in town today, some of them still being rented out, others owned and loved by fortunate families.

Charlie recalls moving into their permanent home prior to the "big winter" when the train got stranded on the summit. He remembers that first winter as a boy of about 10 without their father for two weeks because Red was then working for PG & E and was needed on the summit. As the oldest son with two younger sisters, I imagine Charlie remembers having to shoulder a load himself that year.

Charlie attended Dutch Flat Elementary school from first to eighth grade. There was one teacher—just like Little House on the Prairie. Though there were only about twenty to thirty students at a time, it must have been difficult to manage to teach the various age groups. Charlie liked to look out the window a lot, preferring to be outdoors. He had the same teacher for 7 years—imagine what that would have been like if she didn't like you. The room on the left at what is now the Community Center, was the classroom and on the right was where they had recess. I recall hearing a story about some of



the local kids who used to break in and play basketball after hours. I cannot remember who they were, but they know, and it is one of those happy memories for them, being the bad boys of Dutch Flat.

I have had a glimpse of life in the 40's 50's and 60's in Dutch Flat from the Golden Drift Museum, but Charlie lived it. He says growing up here seemed ideal to him. The kids here didn't know they were missing anything. It was a good, simple life where folks pulled together—not always agreeing 100%, but that is to be expected. The townspeople had to take things upon themselves to get things done. For instance, a military fire truck was purchased by Kirby Quinn, the storekeeper and the beginnings of a fire department took shape, run by the townspeople. I'm sure there were differences of opinion and it was not regulated by the county as it is now, which has advantages as well as disadvantages. There are now rigorous trainings and requirements to meet, which is a good thing, having volunteers that are trained properly, but some of the bureaucracy and paperwork is frustrating.

Charlie is Captain of Placer County Fire Company 32 and volunteers hours of his time keeping things in shape while keeping in line with these regulations. We have had to make a couple of 911 calls, and what I always thought was the Dutch Flat VFD, was the first on the scene both times. How comforting it was to see Charlie Bridges and Keith Peterson there in my emergency. The Bridges family did a lot for Dutch Flat. Eleanor championed several causes including the early fire department and securing the old school building and starting the Community Club. She is still esteemed by the board and remains an honorary At Large Board Member. Charlie's dad got together with other community members to unite the Dutch Flat Pool, which was basically dirt until then. As is well known, there were fundraiser barbecues that were a lot of work and required a lot of participation from the locals. Besides raising money to keep the pool going, the food was memorable and there was even an aquacade. This was a successful annual event for many years during Charlie's boyhood and the Bridges family, along with other families contributed their time and culinary talents.

Charlie remembers the first time he saw his future wife, Dorothy. He was working at the service station at Nyack and she was riding the high school bus. It was not exactly a "love at first sight" memorable moment, but they both remember seeing each other that day. They met officially at a Sadie Hawkins dance. Most of us know that is when the

girl gets to ask the guy to go to the dance. However, it wasn't Dorothy who asked Charlie to the dance; in fact she was there with someone else and so was he. As fate would have it, there was one couple who enjoyed themselves and went on to get married, and another couple who might not have thought it was so fun.

If you were affiliated with Alta Dutch Flat School thirty years ago, you knew or knew of Dorothy Bridges. Her reputation preceded her and I remember my oldest son being afraid of her even before he started school. It was Dorothy who was the originator of tough love. She could be tough, but she was also absolute love and Charlie says to this day, there are students who tell him it was Dorothy who made a difference in their lives. She was tough, but they knew she loved them.

As mentioned before, Red worked for PG & E in General Construction traveling around the state, then he worked at Drum then in Alta. After high school Charlie found out PG & E was hiring and he was able to get a temporary assignment cleaning canals. He then pretty much followed in his dad's footsteps, accepting a permanent job, but it required him to travel a lot. For 18 years he had to travel for work and one summer the family rented a place in Sonora so they could spend it together, but they still technically lived in Dutch Flat.

When Dorothy became ill, Charlie was able to work locally then decided to retire so they could spend more time together. Charlie is still grateful to this community for supporting them during Dorothy's illness, having fundraisers and being there for them. Though Charlie and his family have been givers on every occasion, being on the receiving end was not easy for him, but he will forever appreciate it.

Though Charlie is retired from PG & E, he continues to work at what he knows best, heavy construction. PG & E is not just about electricity, as some may think. Hydro, or water, is a dominate part of the operation in this area. Charlie continues to work for three domestic water systems including our own Dutch Flat Mutual Water Company, another grass roots endeavor started by Matt Bailey, Sterling Boynton and Paul Cassady, that now serves the town's domestic water supply.

Charlie did not want me to talk about the things he has done, but I have to mention that he used to open up a spot for me to park with his backhoe whenever it snowed hard; I was so grateful. He would make his way

*Bridges continued on Page 16*



## MURDER BY CLICHE

BY DEBBY  
MCCLATCHY

### CHAPTER FIVE

A month passed. The award-winning gardens of Lindenmouth, the crisp lawns bordered by whimsical topiary, the children on the play area along the river, the arthritic older folks playing bowls; they all reveled in the warming sun, thanking nature for the easing of motion, the putting forth of buds, the leaving off of mittens and caps.

Frantic movements up and down the High Street and out to the Manor heralded the coming Fair. Christened "Lark Cottage" at one time, the Manor now had eight bedrooms, three lounges, and a full downstairs quarters for a staff of ten. Massive lawns with herbaceous borders and a lovely rose garden made it a perfect location for the Fair.

Celeste had begged, borrowed, and frankly stolen a vast mismatch of clothing, tools, kitchenalia (always popular), worthy books (never bought), "collectables (not quite antique, quite possibly fake), jewelry long forgotten in the bottom of keepsake boxes and recently found, stringless violins, and the ubiquitous bric-a-brac. It was amazing what people would donate, buy, and donate again.

Sarah was experimenting with Continental fillings for her sandwiches. She hoped brie and grapes would tempt, but prudently included egg and cress, as a popular option. Primarily, she was mothering her roses, with hopes of a medal at the Fair. She had not competed last year, so this year was even more important. She watered and pruned, and when no one was watching, conversed with her plants as if they were spoiled children.

Marcy and Flo were excited about doing the jumble. They felt then they could have first dibs, if only old horrid Manning would not interfere. Some of Lady Commander's clothes were pure class. They sorted and folded, waiting for Manning to take a break. The murder of Tom Clark had produced no clues, no serious suspects, no relatives. Brad Feeny had never been found. The body had been quietly buried by the

Tadbournes, who felt an employer's responsibility. The Exeter police had contributed to the investigation, looking for Brad further away, and checking local contacts, but without success. Alibis were offered and checked. John and Mary had been together

all afternoon, checking accounts. Celeste had Sharon as a shadow all day. Manning could be heard working in the kitchen and Hugh was behind his bar. The rest were mostly alone at home, working in the gardens and fields, and the shops had been closed all afternoon.

Memories of murder did not taint the day of the Fair, but the weather certainly was not cooperating. The air hung heavy with humidity as thunder clouds banked up against the horizon. It was already getting warm by nine a.m., as the committee members hurried to put finishing touches on the tables of jumble, the tea and biscuits, the already-wilting sandwiches. Men cursed as recalcitrant hogs and lambs stumbled off carts and into straw-lined pens. Fussy gardeners had been up all night, clipping and arranging blooms, nervously skirting around the competition, like cats eying mice at the cheese. Sarah and Art smiled stiffly at each other, then greeted with a little frosty peck on the cheek. Carole and Manning were counting out change for the jumble, as Flo and Marcy got them tea.

Celeste seemed to be everywhere, under everyone's feet, rearranging items on tables, giving orders, mostly ignored. She was dressed in a stiff, heavily embroidered robe resplendent with gold braid and raised crewel, and a matching turban. The turban was a bit too large and constantly had to be caught before it fell over her right eye. Long, ethnic earrings and dark eyeliner completed the effect. Unfortunately, as glamorous as Celeste felt she looked, the enveloping costume was heavy and hot, and she already knew it had been a mistake. Of course, she would never admit it.

She lumbered over to Carole. She interrupted her conversation with Manning (so tiresome she had to be here) with a sharp observation, "I see you have dressed up your costume somewhat." Carole had added some scarves to her curtains and a satin headband. "Very nice." (Who said she couldn't be magnanimous.) "I've worked out a schedule for the fortune booth. Here is a copy. You can start this morning while it is quieter, then I will take over, as the crowds arrive. If you would check during lunch to give me a break, it will all work perfectly." Carole looked at the schedule. It was all so much easier just to say "yes", but down deep she was disappointed and hurt. She fantasized that Celeste had been on the Titanic, pulled down into the freezing waters by her silly, heavy costume. She felt better.

Carole agreed semi-graciously. "Fine, just fine. I'll go over now to the booth and set up." She saw Flo and Marcy walk into the jumble tent, arms around waists, gossiping

easily, balancing a tray of teacups. "You have plenty of help now." Celeste pointedly turned her back on the girls and walked out into the grounds. It was hot, but not as hot as inside the tent. She found a shady area with some chairs and sat down carefully, taking out an ornate slotted fan and waving it around elegantly.

The gardens were really beautiful, with tiered colorful banks of flowers against the multi-hued greens of the lawns and shrubbery. There was still a low fog along the river, easing out its tendrils like spilled milk. So many people were waiting to enter, the committee opened the gates early. It looked like the whole town had come, complete with grandparents, toddlers and picnic baskets. There were also a lot of early season visitors. Most felt it would be best to arrive early, before the weather turned. The looming clouds didn't look like there would be a soft spring rain but a pre-summer torrent, possibly even hail.

Carole immediately had a line of people waiting for fortunes, and all the other tents and halls were filling with excited crowds. The morning progressed well. Vicar Constanton, whose crumbling bell tower was the official recipient of all the Fair's profit, contentedly sipped his tea and then drifted off to sleep. Luckily, Gloria Evans was right next to him and caught the cup before it hit the table.

Celeste arrived early at the fortune booth. She swept in while Carole was telling little Betty MacKay that she would soon find true love with a wealthy man. Celeste looked purposely down at the girl and snapped crossly, "That's enough time; you can go." Betty shyly placed two pennies on the table and quickly left. The two waiting farmhands looked at each other in dismay and followed. Carole stood up, but was ungracious with her replacement. She protested, "You're early. What about your schedule? This is all becoming a bit much and you are not being fair."

Celeste seemed to not hear or understand. "It's just that so many people came early, I had to change the timing. Just make sure you come back in two hours, so I can go to lunch." She waited impatiently while Carole stood up, arranged her curtains, and tried to walk out with dignity. On the way, she caught her heel in the rug, stumbled, and fell through the opening into Cornelius. The man quickly divested himself of this obstruction, checked his jumper for any transfer of debris, and hurried on in consternation. Carole called out, "So sorry, Cornelius," but he was long gone.

Charlie looked everywhere for Molly. The Royal Devon was closed, as well as

*Murder continued on Page 15*

## THE TIME I GOT ARRESTED

BY RICK SIMS

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As some of you know, my mother was a serious alcoholic for much of her adult life. At age 50, she went to Alcoholics Anonymous and was sober for the next 15 years. But the earlier years were very hard on our family. As a consequence, when I left home in Marin County in 1961 to attend Amherst College in Massachusetts, I wanted nothing to do with alcohol. In fact, I did not drink alcohol in college.

This story really starts in April, 1962, when, early on a Friday evening, I was in my fraternity, which was on the edge of the town common of Amherst, Massachusetts. My good friend, Jack Levine, stopped by my room and asked if I wanted to go have dinner. At that time, all students of the college took their meals in a single dining hall—Valentine Hall—which was located on the other side of campus. In April, it is spring in California. But in Massachusetts, it is still winter, and Jack and I were wearing our coats. Jack was captain of the tennis team and was “in training,” which meant that he was not drinking alcohol, either.

As Jack and I approached the street running between my fraternity and the town common, it was pretty dark. Cars had their headlights on. Jack and I decided it would be fun to take off our coats and bullfight the cars coming down the street. I took the first car. It was a small, foreign car—not much of a challenge, really. Not a really close pass. Jack took the next car, which was a standard sized sedan. He did a beautiful pass and twirled in a complete circle at the end of it. It was my turn. As the car approached, I could tell it was standard size, and I held my coat in a position where it would graze the left front headlight.

As it turned out, the car was a Town of Amherst police car. Out of the corner of my eye, I glimpsed Jack running like a jack rabbit down into the common. But I was the proverbial deer in the headlights. I just froze, and was promptly escorted to the back of the police car by the two offic-

ers who had jumped out of the car instantly. They drove me to the police station/jail, which was located a block away on the other side of the common. They presented me to the booking sergeant, who asked the officers what the charge was. They replied, “Section 647 (c).”

I asked the sergeant what the charge was.

He said, “Drunk in public.”

I said, “I’m not drunk. In fact, I haven’t had anything to drink. I will plead guilty to disturbing the peace, or some such thing. But not public drunkenness. I don’t drink. I demand that you give me an alcohol test.” The sergeant looked at the officers and said, “Put him in number 3. He should be sober in the morning.”

And so the officers, who were at all times very nice, opened the door to cell number 3, in which there were two metal bunks and a toilet with no seat. The door clanged behind me.

For the next hour, I contemplated my situation. It was not all that good. I wondered whether the event would keep me out of English graduate school. I rationalized that many very good writers were, in fact, drunks. But then I remembered that there was a difference between being a writer and being a college professor.

After about an hour of this unproductive introspection, I heard loud voices coming from the area of the booking desk. I recognized Jack’s voice.

“You can’t hold him for being drunk. I was with him, and I know he had nothing to drink. Everyone knows he doesn’t drink.”

This colloquy with the booking sergeant went on loudly for about two minutes, at which point the door to the booking room opened, and the same nice two officers escorted Jack to my cell. The door clanged behind him.

“Hi Jack,” I said.

Jack’s face was red; he was really angry.

“They can’t do this!” he protested.

“Except that they have,” I said.

We could hear the officers in the booking area explaining to other officers what had transpired. They had nicknames for Jack and me. I was “the bullfighter,” and Jack was “the attorney.” We laughed at all this.

Pretty soon, we heard a loud commotion coming from the commons. Even through the thick walls of the jail, we could hear the chant, “Free the prisoners!” We learned later that word of our arrests had quickly spread among the fraternities, which were in a raucous mood on this Friday night. A crowd of maybe 500 Amherst students had gathered

on the common outside the jail. Kegs of beer had been transported there. The inebriated had gathered to free the tea-totalers.

Jack and I thought that this was really funny. We were laughing when the door opened and in walked Dean Swartzbaugh, the Dean of the college.

We stopped laughing.

The Dean was really P.O.’ed. He said, “I just don’t understand how the two of you could have ended up in here. A member of the Student Council and the captain of the tennis team!”

The Attorney (Jack) said, “They say he was drunk, but he wasn’t drunk. In fact, he didn’t have anything at all to drink.”

The Dean: “They say you were bullfighting cars in the street.”

“There is that,” I said.

“Well,” said the Dean, “I guess you guys can think about it here tonight. I want you to come to my office Monday morning at 9 a.m.”

Naturally, we agreed.

Our fraternity brothers took up a collection and bailed us out the next morning. We walked across the common to the fraternity house, where all the brothers had gathered in the basement bar and had tapped a keg. I still didn’t have anything to drink. After that, as long as we were in school, we were known in the fraternity as “the bullfighter” and “the attorney.”

About noon, I called my father, who was a California state court judge. “Dad, do you think I should get an attorney?” “Ask the court to appoint you one,” he said. I didn’t feel a lot of support on the home front. We met with the Dean on Monday. He was much calmer and said that maybe the college could do something.

The following Friday, Jack and I appeared for our arraignment in District Court in Northampton. The judge read us the charges, which were drunk in public (me) and interfering with an officer (Jack). We pled “not guilty.”

I asked the judge if he would appoint me an attorney.

“Not on a misdemeanor,” he said. My heart sank. The judge set a date for trial about two months away.

▶ About three weeks later, Dean Swartzbaugh called Jack and me into his office.

▶ “I have good news for you,” he said. “Apparently Professor Ziegler is friends with the Chief of Police, and they are willing to drop the charges if you will meet with the Chief and apologize.”

We thought that sounded great. A meeting

*Arrested continued on Page 18*

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**Murder, continued from Page 13**

the pubs, to give support to the Fair, and to let their employees have a fun and well-deserved afternoon off. He finally found her helping Sarah with the sandwiches. Those with brie and grapes stood, drying out, like dominoes stacked in their waxed paper. But the egg and cress was popular, and Molly was in the back, washing out tiny leaves and cutting large slices of crusty bread. Charlie joined her and started to peel the eggs. They were fresh, and the peels stuck like little pieces of confetti to his fingers. Each piece had to be carefully picked off, and Charlie exclaimed with frustration, "I just can't get the hang of this." Molly passed him the bread knife and smiled. She playfully tossed a few bits of shell in his hair.

She felt he really was a nice boy, fumbling and stumbling through his life. He was growing on her. Her father had bluntly told her she could do no worse, and that she would end up an old spinster at this rate, but she just wasn't ready to settle on anyone in particular. How could she stay a chef while contemplating marriage and children? How could she exchange the complexities of a perfect sauce, the challenge of "maison plus", and the thrill of a new taste for the continuous repetition of cooking for a small family, cleaning a home, and being an adjunct to a man. Although, if that man were to be Charlie, she admitted to herself, life might not be so bad. She smiled at him, and he felt faint.

He knew it was now or never. He started casually, "Ah, do you know about the new store in Honiton? They bring in some pretty exotic foods from the continent, oil of olives and this hard cheese called parmy-something. You grate it and add it to noodles. Only, their noodles are long and thin, with strange names. I thought, you know, I could borrow the Rover some day and go up there. You could come if you wanted, so you could see it." Charlie's voice trailed off, uncertainly. Maybe he had said too much?

Molly was watching him, bemused. She was being courted. It was a new feeling, and she wasn't sure how to respond. Well, it was about food, wasn't it? How could it hurt to go with him? She had Tuesdays off. "All right," she replied, flatly. "We'll go some Tuesday when this weather clears. I could do with a break, and maybe I could work up new recipes for the restaurant."

Charlie, at first speechless, hid his embarrassment behind small talk about the hotel. He was already planning the trip; how could he even think he could borrow the Rover? What would they talk about all the way up there and back? He regretted the in-

itation immediately and then forgot his regret because he was so happy.

Celeste waited impatiently in the hot booth for customers. The Evans cousins had come in, but they were no challenge and no fun. She was waiting for someone whose fortune she could really sink her teeth into. Thank goodness those farm boys had left; she didn't even want to touch their hands. As she sat in discomfort, she thought, what was I thinking? Running the jumble brought her in contact with so many people she could patronize and instruct. And now the horrid Marcy and Manning were sorting through Her Items, were selling and making Her Decisions.

Where was that Carole? She was ten minutes late. The air in the fortune tent pressed down on her forehead like a full sponge and she removed the turban. Her hair was damp and matted to her head and the dark eyeliner had started to melt down her cheeks. The heavy robes stuck to her underslip, and she silently cursed the missing Carole.

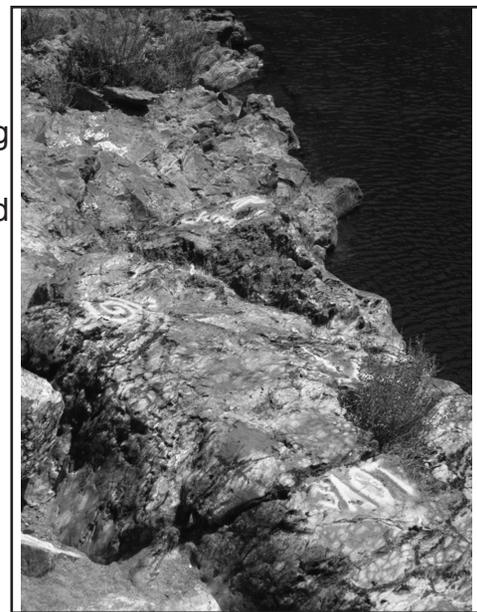
It wasn't her fault if others couldn't follow a schedule! She abruptly decided to leave. She clamped the turban back on her head, wiped a sleeve across her face, pushed up from her chair, and stormed out of the tent. The few people in the area stood back to let her pass, quickly leaping out of her way. She looked excited and mad, and not to be reckoned with.

Celeste stumbled down the lawn to a small wood clustered around a tributary creek that wound down to the Linden River. She entered the cool canopy of trees gratefully, taking off the turban again, and carefully slipping down the slight embankment to the water. Bending down in the confining costume, she scooped up the refreshing liquid and drank as if it was her last sip. She scooped and drank, scooped and drank, then finally stood back up, peeling off her damp gloves. She never heard or felt the heavy blow to the back of her head, which sent her hurtling down into the creek and to a final dark cold place. Her last thought was surprise that something like this was happening to someone as special as she.

**NFARA continued from Page 11**

three sites in Green Valley. Approximately 500 pounds of trash was collected and piled in one spot above the flood line to be hauled out later.

If you are interested in participating on this outing or would like more information about NFARA, contact Jim Ricker at 530-389-8344 or email: [jvricker@prince-ricker.net](mailto:jvricker@prince-ricker.net).

**SPRING THING 2014**

NFARA's annual spring event held Saturday, May 31 was a grand success. We expanded the event this year to include several walking tours of the area as well as an evening presentation. On Saturday afternoon Eric Peach led a walking tour out to Casa Loma Springs and Iron Point. Approximately 45 people accompanied him. Later that afternoon Jim Ricker led 50 people on a tour of historic Dutch Flat. Many of those on the first tour joined the later tour. The turnout was very surprising and very welcome.

The evening program, held at the Dutch Flat Community Center, attracted over 65 people. Eric Peach of Protect American River Canyons gave a wonderful slide presentation on the recently released third edition of *The American River Insider's Guide*. Paula Peach provided music on the hammered dulcimer and flute. In addition to the book presentation, the audience was treated to special showing of the video *Wild & Scenic North Fork American River*.

Due to the interest shown in the walking tours, NFARA will plan to include them in next year's Spring Thing. We are also contemplating organizing these types of tours throughout the year as well as longer hikes into the NF canyon. NFARA is a 501(c)3 public benefit corporation and contributions are tax deductible. Our mission is to preserve the wild, scenic and cultural heritage within the watershed of the North Fork American River.

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**Bridges, continued from Page 12**

through the streets of Dutch Flat when the county couldn't get here because he cares about this town. I know that many others have received help from Charlie.

It is not what Charlie does that impresses me, it is who he is. Realizing that Charlie approved of me being Postmaster was like getting the Dutch Flat Seal of Approval. He is the quiet strength of the town, like an unseen force with a love and respect for this place that only he understands. He has lived here his whole life, never really moving away. He has a perspective of Dutch Flat from before and through the war, through the Golden years, through raising a family here, burying a wife, being a Grampa.



He still serves in the Bridges tradition, yet not letting anyone know all that he does, never wanting to call attention to himself. You wear many hats, Charlie, our hats off to you and thank you.



**HALLOWEEN OPEN HOUSE**

The Dutch Flat Community Center will be hosting a safe Halloween open house for young and old on Friday, October 31, from 6:00 – 8:00 PM. The evening will include free hot dogs, hot chocolate, and fun games with prizes for everyone. Anyone wishing to volunteer to help, please call Debby McClatchy at 530-389-2120. The event will be held rain or shine

**EXCERPTS FROM "DUTCH  
FLAT CHRONICLES"**

AS COMPILED BY RUSSELLE TOWLE

October 17, 1874  
**SUMMIT SODA SPRINGS**

It is a well established fact that the elevated mountain region of the upper portion of Placer County, with its pure air, cool temperature, magnificent scenery and excellent water, is one of the best summer resorts for those debilitated by labor, or suffering from disease. As a pleasant resort during the heats of summer, this region has yearly been growing in favor until now it is visited every summer by large numbers, from all parts of the state and the East. Last week we gave a somewhat extended account of Caldwell's celebrated mountain hotels at the summit and Lake Tahoe. This week we wish to call the attention of tourists, pleasure seekers and invalids to a place less known but, by many, thought to be quite as attractive.

Summit Soda Springs are situated in a romantic glen on one of the numerous forks of the American River. Tall mountains surround the spot on all sides: Tinkers Knob, Crater Mountain, Anderson Peak and Eagle Cliff, varying from eight thousand to nine thousand feet in height, all being visible from the hotel. A clear sparkling stream winds through the gorge and a few rods from the house, tumbles over some bold cliffs making a series of beautiful cascades. The entire distance that the water falls is not less than seventy five feet. In the early part of the season, quite a volume of water flows over the falls and, even now, when the stream is shrunk to its smallest proportions, there is enough water to make a very pretty cascade.

The view from the surrounding mountains is grand. Tinkers Knob is accessible on horseback and from its summit a wide panorama of mountain, forest and lake can be seen. Lake Tahoe is in plain view, only a few miles distant. Castle Peak stands boldly out against the sky and numerous small lakes and inferior peaks fill up the foreground.

A very comfortable hotel has been built here but the number of visitors has increased so rapidly that a new building is being erected. Next year the proprietor, William Jones, will be able to entertain comfortably all who come.

The Springs, or rather spring, is situated near the door of the dining room. Although I am not able to give the exact temperature of the water, still it may be

classed among the cold springs as its taste is most agreeable. The Springs adjoin the headwaters of the North Fork of the American River in one of the most wild and beautiful locations in



the whole Sierra Nevada range. Everywhere there is a grandeur of mountains and forests and beauty and variety of river, foliage and flowers. The Springs are easily reached, being only twelve miles from Summit Valley station on the Central Pacific. A good hotel, also managed by Mr. Jones, will be found at the station from which a short ride, through beautiful scenery, over an excellent mountain road, brings one to the Springs. Summit Valley is nearly 7,000 feet above sea level. Soda Springs is some lower, its altitude being 6,009 feet. Horses are furnished to the guests and delightful excursions can be made.

At present, there are no buildings at the Springs but Mark Hopkins (one of the Central Pacific magnates) is building a rustic cabin in which his family will pass their time when at the Springs which are a favorite resort with them. It is built in regular pioneer style, of huge pine logs, with a wide stone fireplace and all the accessories of frontier life. In time, no doubt, others will follow his example and a cluster of cottages will gather around to be occupied by visitors who desire a more extended use of the waters than a brief visit will afford.



**March 26, 1853  
Illinoistown and Dutch Flat**

We are pleased to know that Mr. Brigham has commenced running his stage between this place and Illinoistown again. We were very much interested in a trip we made to this section of the county on Saturday last.

There is no section of Placer County that is improving more permanently than the section along this road. We counted, in the course of erection or in successful operation, no less than seven saw mills - some of them cost \$25,000. Besides this, the beautiful valleys are being located upon and handsomely improved. For the distance, we consider the Illinoistown road the best mountain road in the country. The town itself is the center of considerable trade, being the outlet for the

dividing ridge between Bear River and the North Fork of the American.

Some twelve miles higher up in the mountains stands the little town of Cold Springs. In the neighborhood of this place there is a very good mining region and some of the claims in the vicinity have paid remarkably high wages. Further up the ridge is situated Dutch Flat and other mining localities which will be well worked during the coming season, and we hope, successfully by the enterprising miners



**Nevada State Journal  
August 30, 1891**

**The Dutch Flat Girls Strike**

A correspondent of the Placer Republican, writing from the classic precinct of Dutch Flat, discourses as follows: "During the Summer the young ladies of Sacramento who are spending their vacation here have attended the many dances and social events and their city ways have made them favorites with the young men, much to the disgust of our country belles.

At last Saturday [August 22d] night's dance our town girls treated the boys to a genuine surprise, as when invited to dance they positively refused and gave the young men to understand that they did not play 'second fiddle.' This move put things at a standstill, but after talking the matter over and with a promise from the boys that they would pay more attention to home, the hatchet was buried, the cigarette of peace was smoked, and all went merry for the balance of the evening."

*From the New York Times,  
September 20, 1896*

**A WOMEN'S DISCOVERY,**  
In the Mining Department at the World's Fair was a nugget of pure gold found in Alpine County by a young woman. Its discovery was a unique episode in mining. Harry E. Ellis and his wife came to California from Philadelphia in 1874 because of the former's health. They went to the mountains of Alpine County, remote from civilization, and several miles from any neighbor. They lived by hunting and cultivating a few acres of land about their lonely cabin.

Grizzled old gold miners, with their burros laden with grimy camp outfits and blankets came by the Ellis cabin frequently. One of the men lay ill there for several weeks, and he was nursed by its inmates. He told them they might find recreation

and profit in hunting through the canons and foothills for "pay dirt." He showed them where he believed there were indications of gold-bearing gravel, saying he would work it if he had not better prospects further up the coast.

For a long time the young husband and wife tramped up and down the gulches in Alpine County unsuccessfully looking for gold. Finally they abandoned the search and confined their attention to their little ranch. One afternoon, as Mrs. Ellis was driving home the family cow, she was seeking stones to throw for the amusement of a dog. She saw in the gravel a dark, dull yellow stone and picked it up.

"I knew from the moment I picked it up" she said "that I had found gold because it was so heavy. But as I had never seen a real nugget, I was afraid my husband would laugh at me."

The nugget has never been utilized and is still kept for exhibition purposes. It is phenomenally clear. The chunk was the size of a croquet ball, but very rough and battered by rolling and tumbling in water for ages. Mrs. Ellis received \$2250 for it. She and her husband feverishly searched for more gold in Alpine, but such luck seldom comes oftener than once.

In Eldorado County, in 1853, a nugget of gold weighing 105 ounces was discovered

It was valued at \$1800. Another was found near Kelsey, in the same county, which sold for \$4700. In 1867, at Pilot Hill, a boulder of gold quartz was found which yielded \$8000. This, with several smaller nuggets, was taken from the boulder gravel claim near the Pilot Hill Post Office. Several large and valuable gold nuggets were discovered in Tuolumne County. In 1853 a mass of gold weighing 380 ounces was found at Columbia. This was valued at \$5625. At Gold Hill, in the same county, a Mr. Virgin found one weighing 380 ounces and valued at \$6500.

A Frenchman in Spring Gulch, near Columbia in the same county, found one of almost pure gold which was worth \$5,000. The sudden good fortune made the miner insane on the following day, and he was sent to the Stockton Asylum. The nugget was sold and the money it brought was sent to his family in France.

Near the Knapp Ranch, 1/2 a mile east of Columbia, a Mr. Strain discovered a large gold quartz nugget which weighed fifty pounds. After the quartz was crushed and the gold melted, the amount obtained was \$8500. On Sullivan's Creek, in the same county, in 1849, a twenty-eight pound nugget was picked up by one of the pioneers. It sold for \$7168.

# SAVE YOUR MONEY!

Don't buy home health care equipment until  
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**The Dutch Flat Community Center  
will gladly loan/donate supplies!**

**Walkers - Wheelchairs - Canes  
Crutches - Commodes**

**Bedside Equipment - First Aid  
Bedding and more!**



**Arrested continued from Page 16**

was set up with the Chief, Anthony Morelli. Now, when you think of a Chief of Police, you probably have in your mind the image of a middle-aged man, incredibly fit, wearing a starched uniform.

But we were in Massachusetts, where members of the State Highway Commission manage to maintain mansions on the shores of Quabbin Reservoir—all on a salary of \$72,000 per year. Thus, Chief Morelli was driven around the town of Amherst in a black Lincoln town car. He weighed about 300 pounds and wore a suit, a grey overcoat, and a black Borsolino hat. He was sitting (all of him) behind his desk (which did not have a scrap of paper on it). He looked at us grimly. I was terrified.

“I don’t understand your generation,” he said, shaking his head. I prepared myself to listen to a long rant about the virtues of American citizenship and patriotism, and how Jack and I had abandoned them.

The Chief looked directly at me.

“How come you don’t know how to run? In my day, we knew how to run!” We laughed and then we apologized over and over, about fifty times.

The charges were, in fact, dismissed. But that is not the end of the story.

When I applied to law school, a form asked me, “Have you ever been arrested?” And I had to explain the story.

When I applied for admission to the State Bar of California, to be a lawyer, a form asked me, “Have you ever been arrested?” and I had to explain again.

When I was being considered for a judgeship in Placer County, the application asked, “Have you ever been arrested? If so, please explain the circumstances in detail.” Which I did.

I guess the explanation was sufficient, because I did become a judge and served for 30 years.

When I got to the Court of Appeal, in Sacramento, I told the story of my arrest to my colleague, Justice Keith Sparks. “You know Sims,” he said. “It would have been better if you had been drunk.”

## DUTCH FLAT POST OFFICE CHANGES

BY CONNIE GULLING

On Tuesday, July 15, 2014, a community meeting was held at the Dutch Flat Community Center concerning the retail operation hours of the Dutch Flat Post office and to discuss the results of the survey that had been mailed to all Dutch Flat box holders.

Alfred Valdivia, Group 2 Manager from the U. S. Post Office, officiated the POST Plan meeting regarding the realignment of weekday window service hours. Twenty two people were in attendance, seven of which were postal employees.

248 customer surveys were mailed out (the number of post office boxes in use in Dutch Flat) but only 77 were returned. The results of the survey are:

Total	Percent	Desired Option
71	92	Realignment of hours
1	1	Delivery option
1	1	Village post office option
0	0	Nearby post office option
4	5	No selection

On July 21st, the POST Plan Implementation Dutch Flat Post Office Result Notice by Sandra Forney, District Coordinator, was posted in the lobby of the post office. It states:

“Customer survey responses, input from the community meeting and the operational needs of the Postal Service were considered in reaching the implementation decision.

“It has been determined that, effective September 6, 2014, the Dutch Flat Post Office will provide four hours of window service each weekday. The facility retail hours will be from 8:00 AM to 12:00 PM Mondays through Fridays. Customers will have access to their mail receptacles 24 hours a day and the Post Office box mail will be available daily for pick up by 11:00 AM Mondays through Fridays and at 11:00 AM on Saturdays.”

Starting September 6, 2104, the Gold Run Post Office retail hours will be 12:30 PM to 4:30 PM and the Alta Post Office will maintain their current retail operating hours of 8:30 AM – 12:00 PM and 1:00 – 5:00 PM. Mr. Valdivia believes the operation hours of these three offices will give postal customers in our area the most effective service.

The U.S.P.S. has 2, 4, 6 and 8-hour offices. The determining factor for these hours is the total revenue of each office. The Dutch Flat Post Office qualified for 4 hours. The revenue will be evaluated on a yearly basis and hours will change accordingly.

The Village Post Office managed by Abe Khamis and located in the Dutch Flat Trading Post will be open during store hours. All purchases made at the Trading Post will increase the revenue of the Dutch Flat Post Office. Abe and his employees will be selling stamps and have available various sizes of Priority Flat Rate boxes and envelopes. They accept mail up to 4:00 PM Mondays through Fridays and 10:00 PM Saturdays for pickup that day; anything accepted after that will be picked up the next day.

If you purchase products online and use the 95714 Dutch Flat zip code as your return address or “shipped from” address, all revenue will also be credited to the Dutch Flat Post Office.

There are nine postal lockers in the lobby now and more may be added, space permitting. If you find a numbered key in your post office box, there is a package in the corresponding numbered locker.

Jessica Campbell, the current acting Post Master, is looking forward to the birth of their first child. Her last full day is August 14, 2014. She has enjoyed her time in Dutch Flat and I am sure all of you join me in wishing her the best and thank her for the great service we have received.

Trudy Davey will be the Post Master Replacement for Dutch Flat and will be assisted by Terry Formo and Karen Calvert.

All of the employees of the Dutch Flat Post Office and the Village Post Office are eager to ehlp with your postal needs and to answer any questions you may have.



## LEAVES OF GRASS

BY WALT WHITMAN

Come, said my soul,  
Such verses for my Body let us write, (for  
we are one,)

That should I after return,  
Or, long, long hence, in other spheres,  
There to some group of mates the chants  
resuming,

(Tallying Earth's soil, trees, winds, tumultuous waves,)

Ever with pleas'd smile I may keep on,  
Ever and ever yet the verses owning--as,  
first, I here and now

Signing for Soul and Body, set to them my  
name,

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## GARBAGE & RECYCLING SERVICES AND WILDLIFE SURVEY

Placer County invites you to take two surveys to better meet your recycling and disposal needs, and to better understand concerns regarding wildlife and garbage. The results will be shared in garbage bills, on our website, and at Municipal Advisory Council meetings.

The County has received periodic inquiries about expanding solid waste and recycling services. In response, we designed the Garbage & Recycling Services Survey to explore options for new or expanded programs. We would like your feedback on which services and improvements are most important to you.

We have also been contacted regarding wildlife and garbage interactions. In response to these inquiries we created the wildlife survey. Your responses to this survey will help us identify the keys issues, so that problems can be addressed.

We look forward to hearing from you. Please provide your feedback in one of the following ways

Online at [www.placer.ca.gov/recycle](http://www.placer.ca.gov/recycle)  
Phone - by calling 530.889.6846. Be sure to speak with a staff member to accurately capture your responses.

Mail - Pick up a survey at the Material Recovery Facility (MRF) Scale House at 900 Cabin Creek Road and return your response to: Placer County Facility Services, 11476 C Avenue, Auburn CA 95603

Placer County owns and operates the Materials Recovery Facility (MRF pronounced "Murf") located on Cabin Creek Road between Truckee and Squaw Valley. In Placer County, garbage collected by Tahoe Truckee Sierra Disposal (TTSD) is taken to the MRF, where recyclables are separated from the garbage and kept out of the landfill. For more information on the surveys or other programs, please call (530) 889-6846 or e-mail "recycle@placer.ca.gov" ..



## CLASSIFIED ADS

Send your submissions to [dfcc.newspaper@gmail.com](mailto:dfcc.newspaper@gmail.com) and be sure to include your contact information (phone number and/or e-mail).

FOR SALE: computerized Nordic Trac exercise bike, hardly used. Cost \$450 new, asking \$120. 530-389-2120.

LOST at the Dutch Flat July 4th parade: Sterling Silver Tiffany & Co. link bracelet with heart charm engraved with initials K.M.W. Call 530-389-8314



2014 White Elephant Sale volunteers: Shana Brown, Debra Smith, Marybeth Blackinton, Betty Fetherston, Roxie Fagan



Hearse House Garden



Petroglyph Falls

*Joan Charlson*



Depot Hill, 1910



Lake Alta

*Watercolors*



The Diggins Gold

Online Gallery:  
**BearsLoveArt.com**  
PO Box 268 DUTCH FLAT CA 95714  
530.389.2769 Joan@BearsLoveArt.com

### DUTCH FLAT COMMUNITY CENTER 933 STOCKTON STREET, DUTCH FLAT CA 95714 MEMBERSHIP FORM

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ (optional)

E-mail \_\_\_\_\_ (optional - We'll

send you updates on events, activities and volunteer requests)

Check donation amount

\$15 \_\_\_\_\_ \$25 \_\_\_\_\_ Other \_\_\_\_\_

Check if you would like any or all of your donation dedicated to Pool Fund \_\_\_\_\_

Building Fund \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE MAIL YOUR DONATION TO THE DUTCH FLAT COMMUNITY CENTER,  
P. O. BOX 14, DUTCH FLAT CA 95714

The Dutch Flat Community Center is a registered 501(c)(3) charitable organization and all donations are tax deductible.

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Thinking of selling? Don't pin your hopes to an unrealistic figure and waste your time. Contact me for a no-nonsense valuation.

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## AUGUST POTLUCK AT THE POOL

AUGUST 7, 2014

PHOTOS BY MARYBETH BLACKINTON



## SCENES FROM JULY 4TH



Bob Pfister (photo by Susan Prince)



Honorary Mayor candidates awaiting the results of the election. From L-R Roxane Bertell, Ken Weatherwax, Kathy Mutto, Grand Marshall Shelley Willsmore, Scott Saunders (rear), Cece Arashi. (photo by Martha Garcia, Colfax Record)



Rod Hoover's "Johnny Cash One Piece at a Time" Special (photo by Annette Olsen)



Grand Marshall Shelley Willsmore and Honorary Mayor Ken Weatherwax (photo by Roxane Bertell)

Susan Winje  
(530) 389-8000

Lynn Oliver  
(530) 389-8168

Karen Calvert  
(530) 906-2336



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