



Community

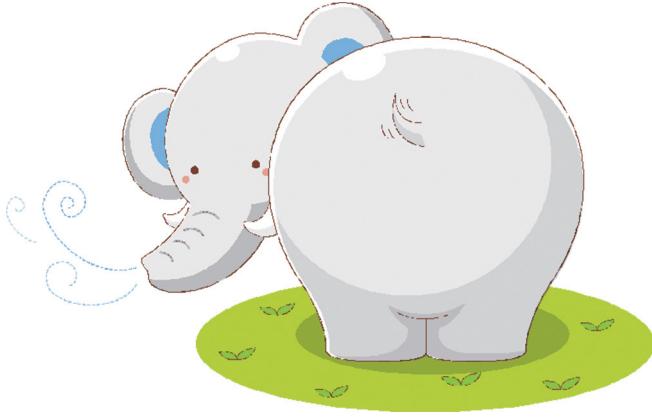
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Fall, 2016



DUTCH FLAT COMMUNITY CENTER'S 48TH ANNUAL WHITE ELEPHANT SALE

LABOR DAY WEEK-
END
SATURDAY AND
SUNDAY
SEPTEMBER 3 AND
4, 2016
9:00 AM-2:00 PM

CAFE (SATURDAY ONLY)
SILENT AUCTION (SATURDAY ONLY)
COLLECTIBLES
HOUSEHOLD ITEMS
DISHES, STATIONERY
BOOKS, CLOTHING
LINENS 'N THINGS
HOLIDAY DECORATIONS
GARDENING
TOOLS, SPORTING GOODS
FURNITURE
TOYS
AND SO MUCH MORE!!

PLANNING FOR THE INEVITABLE BY SUSAN PRINCE

With the flurry of a busy life, it's easy to put off planning for the future ... even if some things are unavoidable. Like dying. A word to the wise - it's worth your time to spend a little time on estate and end-of-life planning.

As you may know, other volunteers and I put on two workshops for local residents to help them create simple wills, and fill out important documents like an Advance Health Care Directive and a Durable Power of Attorney. Our volunteers included local attorney Joel Baoicchi, notaries Dena Saunders and Amanda Smith, and CPA Greg Herrick, who's written many tax-related articles for Community. 15 people came to the workshops and they were grateful for the opportunity to take some of these steps.

I've posted PDF versions of the documents we distributed at the workshops, plus copies of useful articles to help answer questions, and to nudge you to start asking those questions. You can find the page here:

<http://prince-ricker.net/get-it-together/get-it-together-information.htm>

No one else can make decisions on matters like these for you better than you, yourself. Which of your children should get your grandmother's engagement ring? Or the quilt made with scraps from family clothing from the 19th Century? Or that timeshare you bought years ago? Do you want to be buried or cremated? If buried, where would you like to be? If cremated, where would you like your ashes stored or scattered? See? These are things you probably have strong feelings about, even if you've not talked with your family about them. Yet.

These topics matter even if you're now young and healthy. Most of us drive on I-80 regularly, and know what can happen in the blink of an eye. If you have minor children, who would you want to raise them if you weren't around? Will there be money available to help support them?

Then there are the questions about how you'd want to be treated if you're inca-

pacitated in a bad accident, or if you have a serious terminal illness. Would you want to live on if your life depended on, say, a breathing machine, or being fed through a tube? How might that affect your loved ones? And your estate? There are so many things to consider when you start looking at what matters at the end.

Documents like an Advance Health Care Directive or a living will provide instructions for your family and friends and your doctors about what you want in medical care. They make it much easier for your family members to know what you want, without leaving room for argument or relying on someone else's guess.

If you have parents still living, have you discussed their wishes with them? Do you know how they would like to be treated when their health begins to fail, or they have a major accident? What does your brother or sister think? If you suspect there may be differences in what you and your other relatives believe or expect, the best way to deal with it is to ask your parents what they want. Yes, this is tough, but it makes things a whole lot easier down the road.

Your family and friends will thank you for taking the time to plan ahead, and to help them avoid painful decisions made in ignorance of your wishes.

If there's local interest in another workshop or two in the fall or winter, let me know – susan.d.prince@gmail.com or 530-389-8344. I'll start a list



Plan ahead you witches and goblins, you clowns and cowgirls for the Dutch Flat Community Center's 14th annual Halloween Open House, on **Monday, October 31, from 6:30 - 8:30pm**. Everything will be free as usual, including hot dogs and hot chocolate, and games with fabulous prizes for the little kids; a safe, fun place to come with the whole family. Anyone wishing to help please contact Debby at 530-389-2120.

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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:

Winter 2016 – November 15

Spring 2017 - February 15

Summer 2017 - May 15

Fall 2017 - August 15

Views expressed in letters, 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 DATES AND EVENTS

Saturday and Sunday, September 3 and 4, Annual White Elephant Sale 9:00 AM to 2:00 PM both days, Dutch Flat Community Center

Sunday, September 4 - 8:00-11:00 AM IOOF pancake breakfast, 32775 Main Street, Dutch Flat

Monday, October 31 - 6:30-8:30 PM - 14th annual Halloween party, Dutch Flat Community Center

ONGOING EVENTS

Alta Attic - First, third and fourth Thursdays, second Saturdays 10:00 - 1:00

Bingo, Alta Community Center, 1st Fridays, 7:00 PM - proceeds benefit the Alta Volunteer Fire Department.

Dutch Flat Community Center Board of Directors meeting 2nd Mondays, 6:00 PM - location varies (or contact President Marybeth Blackinton, 530-389-8393)

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.

Dutch Flat United Methodist Church - 2nd Saturdays, 8:00 AM -10:00 AM- pancake breakfast

Dutch Flat United Methodist Church Sundays Worship Service: 10:30-11:30 AM followed by a free lunch (new morning worship service hours)

Historical Society Board Meeting Golden Drift Museum 1st Mondays - .

NFARA board meeting 3rd Tuesdays, 7:00 PM - , locations vary. For more, call Jim Ricker, 530-389-8344

Pioneer Union Church, Gold Run Sundays, 10:00 AM - , Sunday Service

Sierra First Baptist Church, Alta Sundays, 11:00 AM - , worship service

Sierra First Baptist Church bible study, Mondays 8:30 a.m., 33990 Alta Bonny Nook Rd., Alta. Bible study, For more, call 530.389.2168

Sierra First Baptist Church, free community lunch Mondays 11:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., 33990 Alta Bonny Nook Rd., Alta.

For more, call 530-389-2168

Sierra First Baptist Church Food Pantry, Thursdays 10-Noon, 33990 Alta Bonny Nook Rd., Alta. For more, call 530-389-2168

ALTA-DUTCH FLAT SCHOOL IMPORTANT DATES

Monday, Sept. 5 - Labor Day holiday

Wednesday, Sept. 14 - Minimum day, noon dismissal

October 3, 4, 5 - Minimum days, Parent-Teacher Conferences

Fall Festival - Date/time to be determined

Rib Dinner - Date/time to be determined

2016 COUNTY AND STATE OFFICE CLOSURES

Monday September 5 - Labor Day

Monday October 10 - Columbus Day

Friday November 11 - Veteran's Day

Thursday Nov. 24 - Thanksgiving Day

Friday Nov. 25 - Thanksgiving Holiday

Monday December 26 - Christmas Day

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

BY MARYBETH BLACKINTON



The summer has been busy at the Community Center. We got a new metal flagpole and installed it in front of the building to replace the deteriorating wooden one that was taken down last year. It should serve us well for many years to come.

In June, we were honored to receive the donation of two large decorative boulders that serve as the base for memorial plaques purchased for Eleanor Bridges and Doug Ferrier. **Chris and Susan Deck** generously donated and placed the special rocks on the Community Center grounds. **Gwen Ridyard and Rick St. Clair** mounted the black granite plaques to the rocks. A dogwood tree was planted by Doug's memorial and the Bridges family donated a wisteria plant which was planted by Eleanor's memorial. The memorials add unique landscaping to the grounds.

June also saw the installation of six new windows upstairs. The contractor, **Russ Roark**, and his crew were able to use a 65' man lift generously donated by **Don Belden with Neil's Controlled Blasting** to help with the second floor installation. The interior of the windows were professionally painted by "Painter John" Polaski. However the

exterior trim has not been painted yet. We will have it completed when we have the rest of the building painted which we hope will be before October of this year.

I've received several comments and inquiries on why the windows that have been replaced so far have not been on the front of the building where they can easily be seen by everyone. The Board of Directors took a vote last year to replace the windows that are not highly visible with aluminum clad exteriors and wood interiors. They require far less maintenance and retain their appearance and functionality for many years. The Board voted to replace the windows on the front of the building with custom-made, all wood and MAYBE the "wavey" glass even though adding the old style of glass could triple the cost. If the wavey glass is not installed in the new custom-made windows, they will still cost quite a bit more than the composite windows we have already purchased and had installed. So, to answer the question as to why the front windows have not yet been replaced, the answer is money - more money than we can currently justify spending with the building paint needing attention.

July 4 was full of fun and tradition - if you missed it this year, you can read about it following this column.

After a few days off, the volunteers started re-arranging furniture on July 8th and getting White Elephant Sale donations ready for the annual sale to be held on Saturday and Sunday of Labor Day weekend (September 3 and 4th). Donations have been accepted on Wednesday and Saturday mornings resulting in a record number of items that will be available for sale. A few changes in how the merchandise will be displayed this year. The garden items will be moved outside by the caboose with the tools and sporting goods section joining the furniture on the tennis court. As a result, **the tennis court will not be available for play August 24 – September 10** (it may be cleared out earlier than September 10th if sales go well!). Volunteers will be needed for the clean up so if you haven't been available to help us before the sale, please consider helping us following the sale. Our goal this year is to have the building ready for use again by September 13th.

We are obtaining bids from painters to paint the building which is in very poor condition. It will be a **HUGE** job (which also translates in to LOTS of money). If you know of a professional commercial painter that would like to submit a bid, we will gladly accept it for consideration.

According to the Center's By Laws, the President of the Board of Directors is

required to appoint a Nominating Committee to recruit potential members of the Board. I have appointed four members of the community who may be reaching out to you. This year we have three vacancies on the Board: President, Treasurer and one At Large. Board members serve for one year with an option of additional years up to five. The terms run from November 1 to October 31. The Nominating Committee will present their recommendations to the membership at the September potluck (September 15, 2016). The members will then vote at the October potluck (October 20, 2016).

Judge Rick Sims, a long-time resident and passionate advocate of Dutch Flat.



THE TRADITIONS CONTINUE

BY MARYBETH BLACKINTON
AND
LAURA GLASSCO

July 4 was full of family activities this year. The day started early:



5K Fun Run/Walk coordinated by **Shana Brown** with help from **Patty Adams, Burdette Sladek, Gary Nielsen, and John Hamilton**. The weather cooperated and provided great conditions for the runners and walkers. (The runners' names and times have been posted on Facebook as well.)

The duties of announcer and Master of Ceremonies were again handled expertly this year by **Rick Armstrong**.

PRE-PARADE CEREMONIES were led by **Kristen Snyder**, who was the Alta-Dutch Flat School Valedictorian, and flag raising with Pledge of Allegiance led by Girl Scout Troop #424. **Stewart Wells** and his associates provided a great air show.

The **GRAND MARSHALL** this year was



HONORARY MAYORAL CAMPAIGN - The four candidates in the 10th annual Honorary Mayor's race this year were Michael Barham, Mike Jager, Jim Sanders and Krista Voosen. Together they raised almost \$2200 for the building's window fund – **Krista Voosen** won the race having raised more money than the other three candidates.

Following the parade, folks were able to support the Alta Baptist Church buying hamburgers and the Pioneer Union Church in Gold Run made fresh made lemonade and co-ordinated childrens games. The Dutch Flat Methodist Church again sold their delicious strawberry shortcakes.

And what would the 4th of July in Dutch Flat be without an outstanding salad luncheon? Once again the generosity and superb culinary talents of dozens of women and men made this year's event as strong as ever! Record attendance of over 140 people resulted in raising much needed funds for our Community Center.

Many, many thanks to the great group of volunteers: **Cindy Goldman, Shelly Willsmore, Michelle Hancock, Jean Binder, Debby McClatchy, Betty Fetherston, Dehnel Deminew**,

A very special thanks to **Susan Prince and Bill Hart** for their continuing donations of delicious ham and to Bob Pfister for his amazing home made, one-of-a-kind bread contribution!

Thanks to all for a job well done and for all of those that attended this treasured Dutch Flat tradition!



DUTCH FLAT SWIMMING POOL NEWS

BY TONI FONSECA PRESIDENT,
DUTCH FLAT SWIMMING POOL, INC.

As we come to the end of another summer season, I would like to offer heartfelt thanks to our lifeguards who worked so hard to keep the pool open. We experienced more closures this year than in years past and we understand that there was some frustration in the community as a result.

Although the County has made special efforts and concessions to recruit guards for our pool, they can't hire unless there are applicants. Although we have no authority over the hiring process, we realize that we are in a position to be able to help on a local

level with recruitment. Our goal is to recruit enough applicants to allow the County to hire the number of guards needed to assure that the pool will be covered when unforeseen circumstances prevent full coverage.

To this end, we have taken our Lifeguard Certification Scholarship plan further and have formed a Lifeguard Recruitment Committee, chaired by Laura Glassco. The Committee has come up with several ideas, which we hope will attract more applicants and encourage current guards to return. Please see the ad on this page which contains information about lifeguard certification, scholarships to reimburse the certification class fees, County application information and more.

As community members, please continue to encourage any potential applicants to

apply.

In recent years, we have seen a large increase in out of area people using the pool. The number has increased substantially every year since the closure of the public pool in Colfax and has caused a number of problems. Since our pool is maintained with funds from the property taxes of residents in this area, we don't feel it is fair for them to use the pool for free. We are working with the Placer County to come up with a solution which we hope to implement before we open next year. We appreciate everyone who has used the sign-in sheets. This information not only helps us determine the daily use but also helps us identify how many are coming from out of the area. The sign-in sheets provide documentation and justification of our concerns to the County.

On behalf of the Dutch Flat Swimming Pool Board of Directors, I want to thank everyone who has made donations through Friends of the Dutch Flat Pool. Our pool runs largely on volunteered time and we simply could not operate without the work of Jim Saunders, John Hersey and Brent Nyburg who donate their time to maintain our pool. Jim Johnson, our very hands-on Vice President, all but lives at the pool during the summer hours and takes care of countless maintenance issues. Thanks also to Ken Weatherwax who worked tirelessly for the pool over the last several summers but resigned in July.

Our thanks also go out to everyone who came to help get the pool ready for the season on clean up day and those who came to help with special projects throughout the year. The time and effort given by all of these individuals and everyone who volunteers has a major impact on keeping our expenses down and helps us stay within our budget.

DO YOU WANT TO JOIN A GREAT GROUP OF PEOPLE HELPING PEOPLE HAVE FUN NEXT SUMMER????

*BE ONE OF A SELECT GROUP AND BECOME A
LIFEGUARD AT THE DUTCH FLAT POOL FOR THE 2017 SEASON*

WHERE TO APPLY: Jobs@PlacerCounty.com

HOW TO BECOME A CERTIFIED LIFEGUARD: IT'S NOT TOO EARLY TO START THINKING ABOUT BECOMING A CERTIFIED LIFEGUARD. AUBURN RECREATION DISTRICT OFFERS CERTIFICATION CLASSES AS EARLY AS APRIL.

TO SIGN UP FOR ARD CLASS NOTIFICATIONS: <http://www.auburnrec.com>

FOR INFORMATION ABOUT CERTIFICATION REQUIREMENTS AND OTHER CLASS SCHEDULES CONTACT SAFETY TRAINING PROS AT: <https://safetytrainingpros.com>



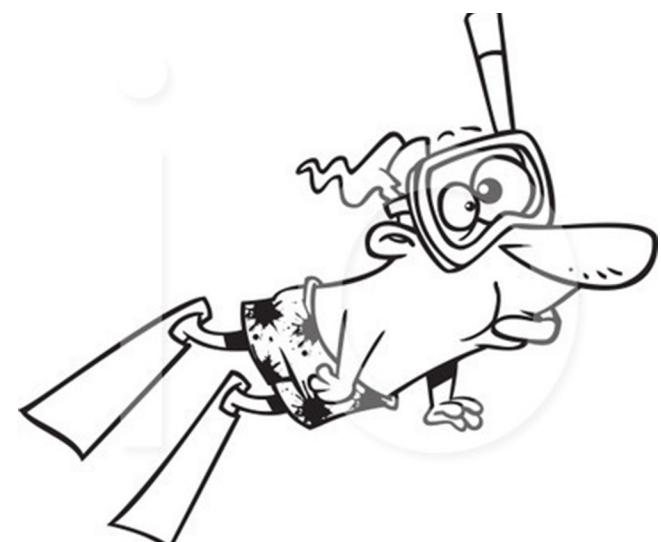
DOUG FERRIER LIFE-

GUARD CERTIFICATION SCHOLARSHIP: AFTER YOU'VE BEEN CERTIFIED AND HIRED BY PLACER COUNTY, YOU MAY BE ELIGIBLE FOR A SCHOLARSHIP THAT WILL REIMBURSE YOU 100% FOR YOUR CERTIFICATION/RECERTIFICATION FEE

FOR INFORMATION ABOUT REIMBURSEMENT FOR CERTIFICATION CLASSES AND TO BE NOTIFIED OF UPCOMING CERTIFICATION CLASSES, CONTACT LAURA GLASSCO, PRESIDENT, FRIENDS OF THE DUTCH FLAT POOL.

EMAIL: friendsofthedfpool@gmail.com

or call 916-778-8308



GOLDEN DRIFT HISTORICAL SOCIETY BY JIM RICKER

Things are going well for the historical society. As of July 31, we had 105 paid memberships (individual and family). This is quite a bit less than last year's total of 130 members. Total dues paid is also lower. However, in mid-July a reminder was sent to our unpaid members and their renewals continue to trickle in. Monetary donations are also slightly lower than last year. A final membership count and financial report will be available later this year. The historical society is well-established and resilient. We have a strong Board of Trustees, a great volunteer base, and a devoted membership.

The museum opened for the season on May 28 with the annual Open House party, 60 people attended. Three hundred and thirteen visitors came to the museum during June and July. Last year, for the same period, there were 214 visitors. Our days open changed this year. Instead of Wednesday, we decided to open on Friday. This has proven to be a much busier day.

We have 22 different docents and, for the most part, have been able to staff two on each day. An air conditioner was purchased last year and all agree it has made the museum more comfortable on hot summer days. The museum is open from noon to 4:00 PM Friday, Saturday, and Sunday through September. Our Annual Meeting will be held Saturday September 10, 4:00 PM at the museum.

The Heritage Trail event was held on August 13 with over 40 people in attendance.

No new exhibits were added this year. Placer County Museum Division did replace the back window and our air conditioner is now well vented. We have plans to change the gallery a bit by rearranging and adding photographs, and create headings and more informative captions for the photos. We also want to create an introduction area to the museum, open up the interior room, and develop a more comprehensive display for the Chinese and railroad. Little was done this year about these plans as the County Museum Division was busy setting up the relocated Gold Rush Museum in Auburn (formerly Gold Country Museum) and creating a new museum dedicated to the Dewitt Military Hospital. We hope to move forward on these projects next year.

NORTH FORK AMERICAN RIVER ALLIANCE - NFARA BY RON GOULD AND JIM RICKER

China Bar Trail Hike – August 27, 9:00 AM – 3:00 PM

Join us for a hike into the North Fork of the North Fork American River on the China Bar Trail. This short but steep trail provides one of the few access points into the very beautiful NFN FAR near Blue Canyon. The trail is about 1 mile and drops 1300 feet in its descent to the river. We will have lunch at the river. Participants are invited to explore downstream to a nice pool or upstream to other pools including the "Pool of Cold Fire" where the more adventurous can brave the swim to see the falls just above. Russell Towle named this pool "cold fire" because it is so cold, it burns when you dive in. People can return back up the trail to the trailhead parking at their own leisure.

If interested, please contact Ron Gould at ron@northforktrails.com (preferred) or (530) 878-9232 for more information and where to meet.

Great Sierra River Cleanup – September 17, 8:30 AM – 12:00 PM

The eighth annual Great Sierra River Cleanup (GSRC) will be held on Saturday September 17. 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. We will concentrate our efforts at the Mineral Bar area. The GSRC is an annual event coordinated by the Sierra Nevada Conservancy and held in conjunction with California Coastal Cleanup Day. Last year, NFARA volunteers removed close to 300 pounds of trash from the area. This year we will meet near the Colfax-Iowa Hill Bridge between 8:30 and 9:00 AM where we will assign volunteers to areas for cleanup. Children accompanied by parents are welcome and encouraged to attend. Bring gloves and water. We will have plastic bags and trash grabbers, but bring your own bags (and grabbers) if you like.

Contact Ron Gould at ron@northforktrails.com (preferred) or (530) 878-9232 if you need more information.



An officer radioed in to the station
“I have an interesting problem here.
An old lady shot her husband for stepping on
the floor she just mopped.”
“Have you arrested the woman?”
“Not yet, the floor’s still wet!”

LAW OFFICE OF JOEL C. BAIOCCHI

JOEL C. BAIOCCHI
ATTORNEY AT LAW

POST OFFICE BOX 67 · DUTCH FLAT, CA 95714
530-389-9175 · 530-389-9176 FAX

DUTCH FLAT HOTEL NEWS

BY: SUSSY FLANIGAN

For those of you wondering what's happening with the hotel, here is "the scoop". I am sure most everyone has seen the 'For Sale' signs off and on in front of the hotel for several years. It has been a very long road since March 28, 2003 and many beautiful memories have been made at this incredible place however, it is time for new energy and ideas.

I am currently listing the property myself until October when it will again be listed on the Multiple Listing Service (MLS) with Keller Williams in Roseville.

The hotel and property are zoned Commercial however it can be utilized as a residence. There are tremendous opportunities for the right buyer(s): events, weddings, concerts, wine bar, gastro pub, retreat facility, family getaway and more. Significant resources both physical and financial have been invested to resurrect and maintain this National Historic Landmark, including a NEW Full Commercial Kitchen. Walk in the door and live your dream.

Although the hotel will be on the market, I will maintain my business license to do private events. I can be reached via email at: sussyflanigan@gmail.com.

I have the hotel listed for \$950,000 but....make me an offer I can't refuse.



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NOTES FROM THE ALTA ATTIC BY CAROL GILLIES

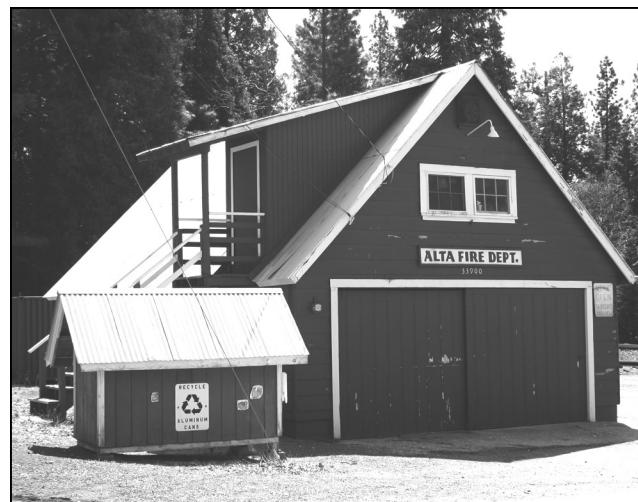
In an attempt to accommodate more customers and perhaps let more people know we are here, we have decided to open one Saturday a month. Starting September 10, we will be open the second Saturday of the month but we will be closed on that Thursday. Our hours will remain the same, 10 am until 1 pm. We are hoping to attract new customers.

For anyone who doesn't know about us, we support the Alta Volunteer Fire Department and Community Center. We also provide help to any local families who need to replace clothing and household goods because of fires or hard times.

The Attic has been running since the 1940's and while we intend to do our very best to keep it going our expenses have increased and our profits have gone down. Part of that is because some of our community thinks it is a good place to dump unwanted goods such as stoves, large televisions and couches. We cannot store large items and most times they are old and don't work so we must pay to have them taken to the dumps. Please help us by only donating clean, work-

ing items we can sell. It is best to drop off donations during the hours we are open because if they are left at the door when we are closed some people tend to tear open the bags and help themselves. We feel they are stealing from the fire department and hurting the entire community.

We have a dedicated group of about 8 ladies who give up one day a week to volunteer at the "Attic" (also known as the Alta Mall) and we are trying to spread the word and make it more convenient for our shoppers, so mark your calendar for the second Saturday of the month and come see what we have to offer. You would be surprised at how many local people don't even know we exist. Thank you for your support.



ALTA COMMUNITY EMERGENCY RESPONSE TEAM (CERT)

CERT training begins Saturday, Sept. 24 and basic fire fighter training is scheduled to begin in October. Classes are free. Contact **Assistant Fire Chief Birkman 530-613-0920** for details.



C AND J CAFE CLOSES

We're sorry to hear that C and J Cafe in Alta has closed its doors at the end of August. Corinna and John Haubrich have run the business for several years and tried to make a success with the wonderful food they prepared. However, due to a number of unfortunate circumstances, they were just not able to make enough of a profit to keep the restaurant open.

It is a loss for the community and we will all miss the quality breakfasts, lunches and Friday night dinners we could get there as well as a welcoming place for informal meetings and get togethers.

We wish them both success in their next endeavor.

PLACER SUPERVISORS VOTE TO LIMIT MEDICAL MARIJUANA CULTIVATION FROM PLACER COUNTY WEBSITE

June 21, 2016

Commercial medical marijuana cultivation and sale will not be allowed in unincorporated Placer County after the board of supervisors voted 3-2 to limit cultivation to small, indoor grows by medical marijuana patients only. The Board directed County staff to return with an ordinance codifying the approach they approved for their consideration in the coming weeks.

The individual right under California state law to marijuana for personal medical use is unaffected by the vote.

The Board voted in January 2016 to approve a placeholder ordinance asserting the County's authority to regulate. With the placeholder ordinance in January, the Board directed County staff to seek broad public input in developing recommendations for an approach to regulation for their consideration, and adopted the following goals for any potential regulation:

Promoting public health and safety
Reducing the size of the illicit market for cultivation and retail sale
Preventing non-medical access and use by youth
Reducing environmental harm to water, habitat and wildlife
Providing clear criteria for responsible businesses and patients who wish to operate within the law
Developing a fair system of regulation and taxation that supports public purposes
Providing flexibility and authority for modification or adoption of additional measures into the regulatory process to ensure effective implementation

As staff explained in previous presentations to the Board and community members, a sizable and mostly-unregulated medical marijuana industry already exists in Placer County resulting from the absence of a clear County ordinance. Drug trafficking, crime, environmental damage and neighborhood nuisances are among the impacts following from the unregulated market in Placer County, all of which the county proposed to reduce through a clear regulatory framework.

Since January, County staff have conducted or presented at more than 25 public meetings, including town hall meetings in Auburn and Rocklin, to solicit input on the direction of a potential regulation. Placer's incorporated cities of Lincoln, Rocklin, Roseville sent letters to the Board indicating opposition to allowing commercial medical marijuana

cultivation and sales in the county's unincorporated areas; the Placer County Sheriff's Office and District Attorney Scott Owens also expressed opposition. The law enforcement community and the cities spoke during public comment at the meeting, reiterating their opposition to commercial cultivation.

In a presentation to the Board in June on their findings, staff outlined the feedback they received from community members on a regulatory direction and presented, for the Board's consideration, five regulation model alternatives ranging from allowing limited personal cultivation to a comprehensive regulatory program that would allow for commercial medical marijuana cultivation and sale. For any of them, staff recommended a slow, conservative approach, allowing for frequent review and adjustment. Staff also recommended convening an advisory council comprised of city representatives, concerned citizens, law enforcement and other stakeholders to continually evaluate and make recommendations on the County's regulatory approach.

The Board heard nearly two hours of public comment at the meeting. Board members thanked the community and partner agencies for their input throughout the past few months in shaping the recommendations to the board.

"There's no one I've spoken to in any part of this last 12-month period that didn't share the concern that we need to regulate in a way that dramatically minimizes access of this drug illegally, but particularly to the adolescent population," said Board Chairman Robert Weygandt.



PLAN TO FUND TRANSPORTATION IMPROVEMENTS PLACED ON NOVEMBER BALLOT FROM PLACER COUNTY WEBSITE

July 12, 2016

A ballot measure to increase retail sales tax by a half percent to raise funds for transportation improvements in Placer County was placed on the Nov. 8, 2016 Presidential General Election ballot by the Placer County Board of Supervisors. The proposed measure, if approved by two-thirds of county voters, would be in effect for 30 years and would raise about \$1.6 billion to fund highway projects, public transit expansion, local street maintenance and improvements and other projects in both suburban and rural areas of

the county.

The Board's action was requested by Placer County Transportation Planning Agency and supports plans to improve area roadways to relieve both existing and future traffic and congestion and to improve public transportation. District 4 Supervisor Kirk Uhler, who sits on the Transportation Planning Agency Board, explained his recent change of position to support the measure.

"The vast majority of the money raised from this tax will go to fix state and federal highways which they simply are no longer paying for. It has been over a decade since we have received any money from the state or feds for any improvements to their roadways in Placer County," said Uhler. "We are on our own." Uhler added, "Just saying 'no' is not an option anymore. To those who would oppose this, I offer this challenge: If not this, then what? I've spent the last four years looking for a solution other than this and I can't find one."

Currently, PCTPA uses gasoline tax and federal and State funding for transportation infrastructure. Developer-paid traffic impact fees also contribute to future infrastructure needs. PCTPA estimates that over the next three decades, \$3.5 billion will be needed to fund priority transportation projects. Existing funding mechanisms will only provide about \$1.4 billion.

"If you're for economic development, you do things that spur economic development," said District 1 Supervisor Jack Duran.

The ballot item is supported by each of the incorporated city and town councils in Placer County. In addition, the Board approved the measure's draft expenditure plan and the agency in June, acting as the Placer County Local Transportation Authority, approved the ordinance that allowed the measure to be presented to the board for inclusion on the November ballot.

The PCTPA estimates that over the next 30 years, the county will add 70,000 new homes, 180,000 additional residents and 32 million additional square feet of commercial and office space. The proposal would include highway and interstate improvements, with a significant amount of revenue going to local road improvements in unincorporated areas of the county. A full 3 percent of the tax revenues would be earmarked for improvements in the North Lake Tahoe area. Funding for improvements to bicycle and pedestrian trails would also be included.

For information on the plan and its proposed projects go to www.keepplacermoving.com

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WATERSHED HEALTH

PLACER COUNTY WATER AGENCY

PRESS RELEASE

AUBURN, Calif. August 19, 2016

At its August 18 meeting, the Placer County Water Agency (PCWA) Board of Directors received a presentation from Jim Branham, Executive Director of the Sierra Nevada Conservancy, on the Sierra Nevada Watershed Improvement Program. The program aims to restore the health of the watershed through increased investment in infrastructure and restoration projects, and changes in public policy.

"More than 60 percent of California's water originates from the Sierra Nevada watershed, including facilities owned and operated by PCWA," General Manager Einar Maisch said. "Recent increases in the size and severity of wildfires have put the watershed at risk, and PCWA is actively engaged in efforts to protect our investments. We appreciate the partnership the Agency has with the Sierra Nevada Conservancy to advance active watershed management."

Since the year 2000, nearly 40 percent of PCWA's watershed has burned. PCWA continues to deal with the adverse effects the King Fire from 2014, which burned more 97,000 acres in total. Adding to the wildfire risk is a spate of tree mortality in the Sierra Nevada. 66 million trees have died in the Sierra Nevada in the last three years due to the combination of drought, over-stocked forests, and bark beetle infestation.



He started it

DOLLARS AND SENSE INVESTING IN A CHILDS FUTURE

BY KEVIN HARBACK

Children are among our most important assets. One of the best investments we can make is in their education. It seems that today a college education is a prerequisite for having a resume get more than a quick glance. Employers have many job applicants to choose from, so only the top candidates make it to an interview. Applicants who cannot show a college degree on a resume are often at a competitive disadvantage. The high cost of attaining a college education means young adults exiting high school have to either be at the top of their class to obtain scholarships, apply for grants, or figure out some other method of paying tuition. This often leads down the road to student loans where a college graduate can be saddled with an overwhelming amount of debt before their budding careers even start.

Those fortunate enough to have parents and grandparents who saw the writing on the wall early and planned a dedicated investment strategy are giving their children a big head start. The following is an example of planning for college with a hypothetical couple, Brian and Tammy. They are expecting their first child soon and are seeking advice on how to start investing in their baby's future.

Their goal is to save enough to cover 75% of the cost for a 4 year California State University and try for grants and scholarships to cover the rest. They are concerned about the possibility of their child deciding not to go to college. They want to make sure the child doesn't have control of the funds as an adult, where it may be squandered on things other than what the original intent is. They don't have a large sum to start off with and want to contribute small amounts every month. They also plan to have more children and want some flexibility of who the account benefits.

Given the goals and features Brian and Tammy are looking for, we determined they look into a 529 College Savings Plan. As soon as the child is born and has been issued a Social Security number, a 529 account can be established. Brian or Tammy (only one) can become the owner of the account and the child will be the beneficiary. All contributions are after-tax dollars, but the real benefit is all withdrawals, as long as they pay for qualified education expenses, are tax free. This means growth in the investments are tax free; always a good thing. Should the child

decide college is just not for them, the beneficiary can be changed to another family member, or even themselves to use for higher education purposes. The investment sponsor we looked at for the 529 allows for as little as \$25/mo. automatic investing.

In this hypothetical scenario we are able to meet all of Brian and Tammy's goals and concerns. Now they are confident and excited to give their new baby a big head start by investing in his/her future. Should you have similar desires for your child or grandchild, contact Ostrofe Financial Consultants, Inc. at (530) 273-4425.

Kevin Harback is a Dutch Flat resident, an Investment Advisor Representative, and Insurance Agent with Ostrofe Financial Consultants, Inc. managing \$185 million in assets, with clients in 24 states. Securities and Advisory Services offered through National Planning Corporation (NPC), member FINRA/SIPC, a Registered Investment Advisor. Ostrofe Financial and NPC are separate and unrelated companies. For questions or suggestions, visit ostrofefinancial.com. (530) 273-4425. 565 Brunswick Road, Ste. 15, Grass Valley.



MR. JUDAH AND THE BIG FOUR PART FOUR - MARK HOPKINS AND COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON

BY DEBBY MCCLATCHY

In Parts 1-3, we visited Theodore Judah, the determined catalyst, Leland Stanford, the cagey politician, and Charles Crocker, the indefatigable construction boss. The final two of the Big Four, Mark Hopkins and Collis Huntington, quietly stayed behind the scenes, mostly out of the public's and future historians' gaze. They were less complicated men and left fewer personal legacies other than their shared extensive correspondence.

Mark Hopkins was the accountant - the man who pushed all those numbers around - so they would come out to benefit the Big Four. "Uncle Mark", older than the other three by ten years, and better liked by the public, was called "the stubbornist man alive" and the first use of "hell on wheels" by Crocker. Hopkins considered it a compliment.

Hopkins differed from the other three in more than age. The others were corpulent men, lovers of alcohol and food, verbose and

profane, farm boys reveling in new found riches. Hopkins was tall, but thin, weighing half of Crocker's three hundred pound heft. He neither smoked nor drank alcohol, and was a vegetarian, who grew his own food. He was thrifty and a city boy, gaining physical strength from exercise. Until urged on by his romantic, younger wife, he lived spartanly in a small cabin and took no vacations. This was more a dislike against waste than a problem with wealth.

Hopkins was born in New York on the eastern shore of Lake Ontario on September 3, 1814. He studied law but never practiced it. He started a mercantile store in 1830 and then was briefly a bookkeeper in New York City before sailing around the Horn to California in January, 1849.

Hopkins built a store in Sacramento next to Collis Huntington. The two men soon became partners. Their employees were forbidden to drink, gamble, or visit brothels. In exchange they received bed and board, fair wages, and a lending library.

When the Central Pacific was formed, Hopkins became the treasurer and office manager. His goal was that construction should be "the cheapest possible" as the commissioners "will accept as poor a road as we can wish to offer." To help keep the accounts private he used a special code. Suspect files were often lost or burned "by mistake".

In 1854, Hopkins married his cousin, May, a woman half his age. He worked late and often, leaving her alone. There were no children. She gradually became secluded until Stanford showed the couple his plans to build on Nob Hill in San Francisco. She nudged Mark into doing the same and ended her years in a turreted castle built just a little higher on the Hill than Stanford. Both burned in 1906. The site now holds the Mark Hopkins Hotel.

Mark spent his last years championing the California wine industry, publishing many pamphlets to that end. In 1877, he took a train trip to Arizona for a rheumatism cure and died in his sleep en route.

The San Francisco Examiner called Collis P. Huntington "a hard and cheery man, with no more soul than a shark". Judah said, "there is something tigerish and irrational in his ravenous pursuit.... If the great Wall of China was in his path, he would attack it with his fingernails". He was also found to be "ruthless as a crocodile" and "scrupulously dishonest".

Huntington was the procurer of supplies and goods, the one who dealt with middle men and contractors, minor politicians and loan officers. At one time he controlled

enough railroad track to reach from Pole to Pole. At another time he had thirty ships at sea to bring in the supplies. He hired the first paid lobbyist in Congress, Richard H. Franchot, to champion the railroad. He was known to brag that he didn't care if he was honest or not.

Collis Potter Huntington was born in Poverty Hollow, Connecticut in 1821, the only one of the Big Four not from New York. An ancestor had signed the Declaration of Independence. He left school at thirteen to work as a hired hand, and then, in Indiana, as an itinerant peddler, an occupation that made him shrewd and ruthless.

He sailed from Panama to San Francisco in 1849. He brought along many goods to sell, and paid his way with medicines, socks, rifles, and whiskey. San Francisco being too expensive, he set up a store in Sacramento, directly across from the St. Charles Hotel, where Judah later held his initial meeting. Huntington at first only invested in the wagon road, but became a full partner in the Central Pacific in 1861. He never got along with Judah, and was probably the main catalyst in removing him from the Board.

Huntington missed the ceremonies at Promontory as he was doing business in New York. However, he stayed with the railroad until his death, taking over every other railroad in California, then expanding nationally as the Southern Pacific. He ran the railroad as his kingdom, treated labor as serfs, dressed like a dandy, and was universally disliked. In 1883, after the death of his first wife, Elizabeth, he married his long-time mistress, Belle, and embarked upon an even more opulent life. In 1893 he was worth about two to twenty billion dollars in today's currency. Part of this was from investments in shipyards, particularly those served by the railroad. Huntington Beach, near Los Angeles, is named after him.

Huntington was the longest lived of the Big Four, but died suddenly in 1900. Less than twenty people went to his funeral. Ambrose Pierce wrote in his Devil's Dictionary:

"Here Huntington's ashes long have lain
Whose loss is our own eternal gain.
For while he exercised all his powers
Whatever he gained, the loss is ours."

The Big Four were successful primarily because they were so different, yet supremely excellent in the execution of their individual responsibilities. California and The Gold Rush can also be blamed for bringing together men and women from all over the world, unified by larger expectations of life, and a lust for experiences to be bigger, better, and richer.

This article was researched in the Golden Drift Museum of Dutch Flat, a place of many wonders and much information. Please come visit!



EXCERPT FROM DUTCH FLAT CHRONICLES

COMPILED BY RUSSELL TOWLE

June 11, 1863
TOWN ORDINANCES
ORDINANCE NO. 5

An Ordinance to collect a tax on dogs running at large in the town of Dutch Flat

The Board of Trustees of the town of Dutch Flat do ordain as follows:

Section 1. A tax of three dollars per annum is hereby levied on each dog found running at large within the limits of the town of Dutch Flat after July 1st, 1863.

Section 2. Annually on the first Monday of June the Clerk shall deliver to the Treasurer as many metallic tags as may be necessary and said tags shall be numbered from one to the highest number and they shall be altered in shape annually so as to be easily designated from the tags issued the preceding year.

Section 3. On or before the first Monday in July of each year, the Treasurer shall expose for sale tags as above described and shall deliver them to any person on the pay-

ment of three dollars for each tag delivered.

Section 4. Every dog that shall be found running at large in the town limits after the first Monday of July, a.d. 1863, and not having one of the tags furnished by the Treasurer, according to Section 3 of this ordinance, attached to a collar upon its neck, shall be liable to be taken possession of by any person, and it is hereby made the duty of the Marshal to take possession of such dog or dogs at large without said tags, and shall keep it or them in a secure enclosure until it or they be released to disposed of as herein-after provided.

Section 5. Any person may obtain the release of any dog or dogs impounded as aforesaid by the payment of three dollars for each dog, which sum said Marshal may retain as his fees, but if such dog or dogs are not so released within forty eight hours after being impounded, then it shall be lawful, and is hereby made the duty of the Marshal to kill said dog or dogs.

Section 6. This ordinance shall take effect from and after its passage.

Approved, May 19, 1863
J. H. WILLITS, President
Attest. C. B. Plummer, Clerk



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THE SALAD LUNCH LADIES
L-R: AVON FOLEY, JEANNIE NYBERG, PEGGY POTTER, KATHY SMITH, LAURA GLASSCO, DIANE DUNN-BUCKERT
Photograph by Susan Prince



KRISTA VOOSSEN WINS
HONORARY MAYOR AND IS
“CROWNED” BY 2015 MAYOR,
BOB PFISTER

SCENES FROM ANOTHER PERFECT DUTCH FLAT INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION



GIRL SCOUT TROOP 424
BEFORE THE PARADE
Photograph by Susan Prince



SHAWN RAWLINS WAITS FOR
THE PARADE TO START
Photograph provided by Emily Rawlins



CASA LOMA VOLUNTEER
FIRE DEPARTMENT
Photograph by Susan Prince



LITTLE MISS FIRECRACKER
Photograph by Susan Prince



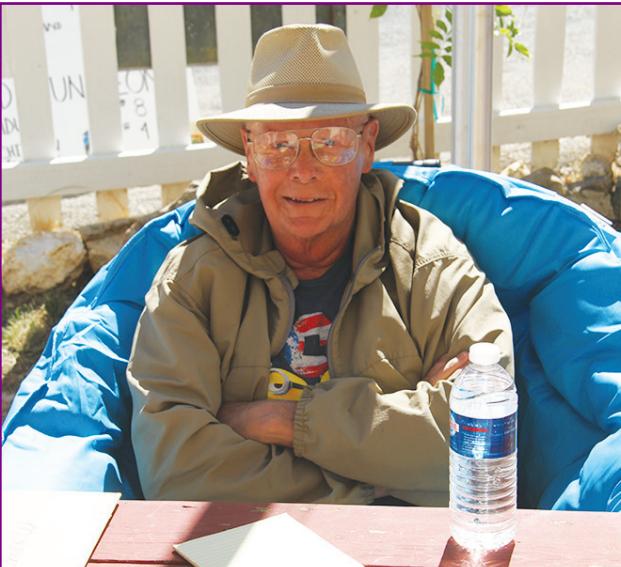
STEWART WELLS IN A
WWII PLANE



ONE OF MANY WATERFIGHTS
Photograph provided by Jim Evans



2015 MAYOR BOB PFISTER,
KEN WEATHERWAX, JIM
JOHNSON, CLANCY GLAZE
Photograph by Susan Prince



LELAND LYTER SIGNING
IN VENDORS
Photograph by Susan Prince



KRISTA VOOSSEN, MARYBETH
BLACKINTON, RICK SIMS,
LINDA WALLIHAN, PETER SIMS
Photograph by Susan Prince



DISTRICT 5 SUPERVISOR
JENNIFER MONTGOMERY
WITH CHP COMMANDER,
LT DAVE JENKINS
Photograph by Susan Prince



PLACER COUNTY SHERIFF'S
SEARCH AND RESCUE
PERSONNEL VEHICLE
Photograph by Susan Prince



LYNN MILLER
Photograph by Susan Prince

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Peggy Roberts, DVM

MONEY

BY RICK SIMS

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About 15 years ago, I joined a group of 10 other guys from Auburn who had season tickets to the Cal home football games.

The games started at 1 p.m. We would park and tailgate at the playground of the Emerson Elementary School; parking fees went to their P.T.A. Our tailgates were excellent—brats and beer and good red wine. Other people from Auburn who learned of our tailgates would “show up” uninvited and would always be rewarded with a brat and a beer.

Around 12:30 p.m. we would walk down fraternity row to Memorial Stadium. In the fall, the trees would be bursting with color; the fraternities bursting with young people in blue and gold. The pretty girls would paint little bear paws on their cheeks.

Once in the stadium, each of our guys would bet a buck on whether the Cal drum major would catch his baton when, just before the game, he led the band down the field and tossed his baton high in the air. Guys would call out “catch” or “drop” as they waved their dollar bills toward cashier Russ Baldo. (Three years ago, I bet “drop” for the entire season, and the drum major caught every one.)

The games themselves were a mixed bag. We endured the Coach-Tom-Holmoe era, when the bears lost every game by 40 points. On the other hand, we got to watch a kid from Chico named Aaron Rogers sling that pigskin into the record books.

After the game we would return to Emerson School, although no booze now. We would laugh some more, smoke cigars, and then set out for home. We would get home around 7 p.m. and make nice with our wives.

It was a wonderful way to spend a Saturday afternoon in the fall.

Starting two or three years ago, Cal began to change the start time of the games. Instead of 1 p.m., a lot of the games began to start at 7:00 p.m. or 7:30 p.m. This was to accommodate television. The late start time changed the entire dynamic of the experience. The tailgate had to resemble a dinner; the walk to the stadium was in the dark and the fall colors were dimmed at best. Worst of all, now we would get home after midnight after a long drive from Berkeley on I-80 at night.

So last year, after some 15 years of season ticket ownership, we turned in our tickets. We watched a few games on TV. There was no betting on the toss of the drum

major.

I am very sad about this change in my life. Of course, life always changes: some are good and some are bad. This is a bad change.

I have been reflecting on why this change occurred. It seems pretty obvious that Cal decided to start the games at 7:00 p.m. to make money from TV. And then it occurred to me that money had ruined professional sports for me (except for baseball, where I still root for the Oakland A's, with their third lowest payroll in baseball). I have grown sick and tired of having to deal with disputes between millionaire players and their millionaire owners, in a setting where the composition of a team changes dramatically from one season to the next as free agent players bounce around the league.

There are signs that money is about to ruin college sports, if it has not done so already. Most schools, like Cal, have traded in their fan base for TV revenue. And the amount of money now spent on college football is astounding. I recently watched a TV program that featured the new football training facility at the University of Oregon. It resembled a hotel in Dubai—marble and glass and fountains everywhere. And you just know that other colleges will think they have to match that opulence in order to compete with Oregon in recruiting players. In fact, I thought of that Dubai training center recently, when the Auburn Journal reported that a Placer High School lineman, who was ranked in the top ten in the country at his position, had decided to go to Oregon. “Go Bears”! Yeah, but how?

Money has also begun to change the ethos of college football. During the first full week of NCAA football last year, three or four teams won their games by scores of 70 or more points to zero. The winning teams run up the score with the hope of achieving higher rankings and, ultimately, appearance in a bowl game which will bring more money to the school. The losing teams agree to compete against these monsters because the schools get paid a healthy sum of money for being shamed and disgraced. But what does this scenario do for the kids who are on the losing end of a 72-0 score? Is this something they can tell their children about? I suspect that these lopsided scores do real psychological damage to the losing kids. It happens because those schools that win and those that lose both want to make more money.

As I continued to ruminante on the way that money has changed college football, I began to think about the role that money plays generally in our culture. There may have been a time in The Gilded Age of the

1920's when money was as important as it is now—I don't know—but there is no doubt that money is king in America right now. We see it in the huge mansions that people have constructed—usually when the kids have left home so that the seven or eight bedrooms are unused. We see it in pop culture, where TV and magazines celebrate the material opulence of music and movie stars. We see it in the prevalence of cheating and breaking the law to get money: from baseball stars on steroids to J.P. Morgan-Chase rigging the California market for electricity. By the way, want to know why there are so many violent gang encounters? You should start by finding out what gangs control what drug markets, and what the territory of these markets is.

But why this fixation with money? For one thing, it buys you power. It is simply a fact that if you don't have a lot of money—and put it in play—you have no voice in state or national politics. This is true of both major political parties. The Democrats may be the party of the little people in theory, but it is not the little people who are paying \$38,000 per ticket to have dinner with Hillary Clinton at Matt Damon's home. Money—and money alone-- buys you access and influence. This situation will doubtless become more exacerbated when the awful United States Supreme Court—which gave us Citizens United-- strikes down laws enacted by the Congress restricting the total amount of money that an individual can contribute to national political candidates.

Money also buys you nice things: a car that drives like a dream or a dream trip to Italy. This has always been so and will always be so.

But it seems to me that what is different about having money now is that it is the paramount sign of success and personal worth. The Mercedes may be fun to drive, but, more importantly, it says, “I have made it. I am a successful and worthy person.” Money buys status like nothing else. In a society where the vast, vast majority of people will never be rich, this is not a healthy state of affairs.

Can it be changed? It's doubtful: it took a stock market collapse and a depression to change the last Gilded Age. Bernie Sanders lost. But if we want to restore some basic, bedrock American values in our culture, we have to start with our children. We have to teach them that there are things more important than money, such as honor and compassion and honesty. We have to try to get our pop culture stars to let kids know that making money is not the most important thing and that a lot of money often does not buy happiness. We have to encourage our kids

to find work that they enjoy doing eight hours a day. Sure, some kids will be doctors and entrepreneurs, but we have to let kids know that it is equally OK to be a good mechanic or to be skilled at repairing furniture. What is important is the doing of enjoyable, productive work, and the personal sense of self-worth that is generated by doing that work very well. The money will take care of itself. And we have to teach our kids to look out for others who are not so lucky so that caring about others becomes more important than impressing them with the things that money can buy.

Maybe some bright young person will start a chain of private schools that de-emphasize the importance of money in our lives. I think that there is a vast audience of parents who would invest in sending their children to such schools. And—get this—whoever started the schools would stand to make a lot of money! It's the American way.

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HIKING WITH PEGGY

BY PEGGY EWING
UPPER AND LOWER LOLA
MONTEZ LAKES

(Editor's note: Several months ago during a casual conversation with Peggy Ewing, I learned she had kept a journal describing all the hikes she has taken over the years. I thought it would be interesting for her to share her observations during those hikes so she agreed to write about some of her hikes. Hopefully this will be the first of many articles Peggy writes.)

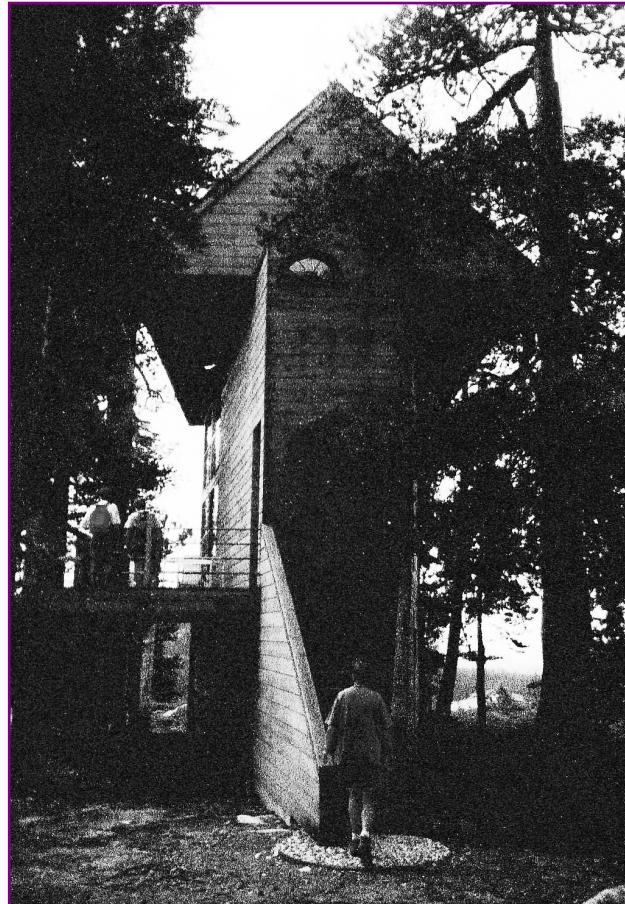
In July 1991, I attended a potluck at the Dutch Flat Community Club (it was called "Club" then – it has since been renamed "Center") when Sally Towle & Virginia Wolfe asked me if I was interested in joining the Alta Hiking Group. I jumped at the chance and my first hike was to Lower Lola Montez Lake. The distance is about 3 miles one way for 6 miles total. That day, we were joined by a group from Grass Valley, so we had a large group of about 20.

Florence Legg was our group leader. She was the wife of an ex-Forest Ranger Ken Legg, so she knew all the trails. The Alta Hikers that day were Evah Edwards, Dick & Sally Towle, Clarence Weger (the Cowboy Preacher from Dutch Flat Methodist Church), and Ken & Virginia Wolfe.

The trail head is in Soda Springs near

the Donner Summit Public Utility District (PUD) and the former Donner Summit Fire Station (now part of Truckee Fire Protection District). The July weather was hot and the trail steep in some sections, but it was worth it.

We passed an odd looking cabin that some said looked like a ship; others said it looked like an arrow pointing to the sky. As we continued on, we came upon a beautiful meadow with wild flowers. Since this was my first hike to this area, I wasn't sure what they all were but I have learned to identify many of



their names by now.

We were pleased when we finally reached the lake to see such a serene Alpine Lake. We rested and ate our lunch there.

When we returned to our cars, the Grass Valley group had brought an ice cold watermelon to share with us. What a great way to end the day! It was so refreshing and just what we all needed after a hot and strenuous hike.

We took this same hike many times over the years. Hikers on a different hike were Anna Ewing, Mary Ann Marker, Nancy Harvey, Lucinda Ingram, Julie Tannehill, Jackie Luning, Barbara Menton, Margie Dolezal, Dick & Sally Towle, Ken & Virginia Wolfe (hikers come and go, some stay). We passed the same odd looking cabin but this time we went up on the deck and peeked in the window. There was a bowl of fruit on the table in the kitchen and a small Weber BBQ was on the deck so we thought it was used recently and had better get out of there.

During this hike, we discovered a couple of new things. At another cabin, it had a driveway lined with carved animal heads like Totem poles and a bench that we could rest on. The next time we went, they were gone. You never know what you will run across.

When we reached the Lower Lola Montez Lake, we found a metal chaise lounge there, so Ken stretched out on it and got a suntan. We didn't know how it got there. Again, we had a leisurely lunch near the lake. We watched some clouds gather, disperse and gather again for some time. Mary Ann suggested that we call this hike "Cloud Hike". So be it!

The last time I hiked to Lola Montez was Sept 14, 2004. Some of us decided to hike to Upper Lola Montez Lake from the lower one. It was quite difficult, scrambling over granite rocks and going through brush. It was helpful that they had "ducks" marking the trail, or we would never have found our way. We were thinking about turning around and going back, but Nancy had gone ahead and could see the lake, so she called for us to come. It was a beautiful lake shaped like a horseshoe. We could see a road on the other side meaning that you could drive to it. It took us 45 minutes to hike from one lake to the other. If you ever want to hike to Upper Lola Montez Lake, be prepared for the challenge.

On the way down, I injured my right leg so we put an ice pack on it and tied it with Nancy's kerchief. It's important to always be prepared for such a problem and remember the first rule of hiking: don't hike alone!

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FROM "RECIPES AND REMEMBRANCES"

PUBLISHED FOR THE DUTCH FLAT COMMUNITY CENTER IN 2002
STILL AVAILABLE FOR SALE AT THE CENTER FOR \$5

GREEN CHILI CASSEROLE
KATIE HALL
(PAGE 27)

4 beaten eggs
1 C milk
2 (7 oz) cans chopped green chili peppers
1/2 lb (2 C) grated cheddar cheese
2 T flour

Mix all ingredients together. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour. Serves 4.



MURDER BY CLICHE

BY DEBBY MCCLATCHY

CHAPTER 13

Detective Sergeant Ray Thorpe was on the phone with Inspector Babbitt. None of the "evidence" the Exeter police had brought home to their superior facility had generated any information or clues to either murder. Babbitt was short of patience and finding it hard to contain his disdain for rural ineffectuals. Ray had had it with arrogant dandies from outlying districts, and the conversation was not going well. Carole looked up in sympathy and got up to put on the kettle. Its piercing whistle gave Ray the excuse to get off the phone, "Well, yes, we WILL let you know if something materializes, and we are currently giving this our FULL attention." He added, "Sir", and hung up. The phone rang immediately. It was Madge.

"I'm sorry to ring you so close on your other call, Ray, but I didn't want to interrupt such an important conversation, or, I mean, what I assumed was important, but you are needed out at the Manor right away. They've found Lord Commander - looks like a heart attack." She paused to get her breath and Ray answered, "Why call me, then?"

"Well, Dr. McKnight is out there with him. Asked for me to call you and for you to come right out. I'm not sure why; Doc wouldn't say."

Ray shook his head at Carole's proffered tea mug, grabbed his hat and jacket, and went out the door to the Rover. He usually felt it an unnecessary extravagance, but today was glad of the quick ride. He was knocking on the Manor's door in five minutes.

It was opened by a teary, white-faced maid, who led him in silently to the ornate study, situated under the double curved staircase, which reached out on either side of the foyer like a giant nutcracker. The study was lined with massive bookshelves, all the books bound in matching expensive plum-coloured leather, tooled by expert craftsmen, worth a fortune, and never read. Current periodicals and flashy novelettes spilled across an effeminate table, whose legs looked so wispy, they hid the remarkable strength and fluidity of the cabinetmaker's craftsmanship. Cornelius would have swooned.

Lord Calvin Commander was sprawled before the double french windows,

kitty-corner across a deep armchair. One leg was trapped beneath him, and his large round face held a look of incredibility. He was definitely dead. Dr. McKnight was sitting across from him in a matching chair, nursing a large tumbler of the Lord's excellent single cask malt whiskey. The doctor had been a fixture for so long in town that Ray sat down in another chair, unasked, and started without polite preliminaries.

"So, what do we have here, Arthur? Looks like sudden and quick death."

McKnight nodded and sipped his scotch. No reason to hurry. "I'm not too sure. Looks very much like a heart attack but he was not an old man, in decent health, and something is just not ringing true. However, I can't find anything out of the ordinary. I'd do an autopsy, but Lady Commander is adamant that she doesn't want that, and I'm inclined to go with her wishes. Disrespectful to the family and all that." He sipped more scotch and slid down further into the enveloping chair.

Ray listened in frustration. He could order the procedure, but without the doctor to back him up, it would just be a lot of grief and paperwork. He prodded a little to make sure, "I'll go with what you say, but only if you are completely fine with your diagnosis. I'm sensing some hesitancy."

Dr. McKnight was getting sleepy and losing the impetus to continue. He reiterated crossly, "Yes, on further thought, I can't see how it could be anything but natural. The man is here alone in the room; there's no evidence of foul play; his wife and daughters were on a shopping trip in town, and we certainly can't suspect the servants. Besides, a third murder in six months is very suspect in such a small town. Just not done. I'm sorry you were called out here, but I had some doubts at first."

"Where's Lady Commander and the girls?" Ray asked.

"I gave them all a sedative and they are lying down. It was really Lady Casey who showed me how silly it was to think it could be other than his heart. She said he had complained lately of pressure and pain, but thought it was just heart burn." The doctor was wanting to leave.

Ray pushed on, "One more question, Doc. Had he consulted you about this trouble?"

"No, but I assume, like most men, he just put it off to rich food and drink, and ignored the symptoms. I've seen it happen too many times." He rose slowly out of the chair and began to shakily gather up his bag and equipment. Ray watched in dismay, then helped him out to his carriage, still horse-drawn in these days. As he passed him up

to the forward seat, the doctor explained that the funeral home was on the way and they would take care of everything. Ray thoughtfully watched him canter off, then turned and went back into the building.

He spent the next hour checking through the study and observing the body, before the funeral van arrived. Everything looked normal, no signs of struggle or foul play. The windows were locked and there was no disarray. Lord Calvin had been enjoying a fine merlot and a small Egyptian cigarillo, held daintily in a etched silver holder and balanced upon a large gold and crystal ashtray. Both the wine and tobacco could be tested for poison. There was no scent of almonds or other obvious give-away. Ray was almost glad the Doc was ruling for a heart attack; he hated to call on Exeter again. When it rained, it poured!

Lord Commander was lavishly buried with great pomp and expense. The reception table was loaded with funeral meats and whiskey, fueling maudlin recitations from people caught up in the moment. Simple tests had yielded no poisons or noxious substances, so natural death had won out, to everyone's relief. The memorial was held in the Royal Devon, with Hugh donating space and time. Molly had outdone herself with roasted venison, pork, baron of beef, fowl, and quail, served with sweetmeats and honey biscuits, assorted compotes and relishes, and a five-tiered fruitcake with marzipan glaze. Most of the town and many outlying farm folks attended, all in their Sunday best, with black armbands for respect. The Evans cousins got tipsy and had to be helped home to their settee. Carrie tried to relax but, stressed out from the upcoming flower show at the Fair, almost had a down and out with Cornelius, grabbing his arm and generally acting very unladylike. Gradually it was also noted that both Valerie Givens and Carstairs were not in attendance. In fact, both had not been seen around town for days. The forge lay cold, with unfinished projects, and delivered milk was turning sour on Valerie's doorstep. Hugh pointed this out to Charlie.

"I'm just that worried. We were going to have dinner together last Wednesday. Not a date, just getting to know each other, like, and she didn't show up. And nothing since. It is not like her. What is happening to this town? We're in a crazy time warp, or fairy tale, or nightmare, even." He turned away to pull a pint.

Charlie scowled at his likeness in the mirror behind the bar. He agreed; it was all becoming a bit much. Tomorrow Lord Commander's solicitor had invited Charlie, Ray, and many of the town's more important

residents to a post will-reading meeting. The Lord had left a will to be read mostly to family and staff plus there was a letter to be opened and read to his peers. After that meeting Charlie planned to check out both Carstairs and Valerie's homes, hopefully for information to their whereabouts.

Sir Mathew Broadstairs once again had an audience across from him in his ornate office. The Mayor, both policemen, and two dozen more prominent citizens were scattered around the room, talking in hushed reverence, sipping second-best sherry, and glancing nervously at Sir Mathew. Their wives were also mostly there. Strict attention had been made when dressing that morning, and all gleamed with brushed hair and dark colored frocks, subtly trimmed with minimal lace, in deference to the occasion. Casey and her two daughters, accompanied by Denton and her ladiesmaid, were seated to his right, all magnificently shrouded in unrelenting black, with only discreet jet jewelry at ears and throat. They were worn out with grief and duty, and looked forward to this all ending and a peaceful family evening.

Sir Mathew cleared his throat, indicated that all should take a seat, and began, "Thank you all for coming on such short notice. I have here a letter from Lord George Commander, who was our present Lord's grandfather, to be opened when there is no male heir. My great grandfather received it over sixty years ago, and it is now to be read to you, our primary citizens and law-enforcers. I have no idea as to its content. I'm as much in the dark as all of you."

He glanced around at the familiar room. The dark wainscoting, hunting prints, and over-large chandelier all gave him a sense of permanence, a cocoon of tradition. The waiting audience was bathed in the glow from the faceted window panes, and Sir Mathew felt totally in control. It was one of the few times he really enjoyed his profession.

He began to read, "It is June of 1873, and I feel I must soon pass on to what I'm told is a better place. I certainly desire it so and wish that this letter will appease my Maker for a past injustice, and speed me into Celestial Peace.

"In the spring of 1857, I was a sergeant in the British garrison at Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny. My lieutenant was Lord George Commander, fourteenth Earl of Lindenmouth, a just and fair man. I had worked in service to him as a footman before the conflict. We had been in siege at Lucknow for four months, and it was a horrible, hard fight. On a hot day in August, Lord Commander took a bullet in the neck, and,

despite all I could do, died in my arms that evening. While I was trying to revive him, a second bullet caught me on the shoulder and knocked me over. I must have passed out from loss of blood as I next woke up in hospital days later. I drifted in and out of consciousness for what seemed ages, then finally was well enough to notice my surroundings.

"I was in a two-bed room with plenty of nurses and a big window looking out over a lawn of recovering wounded. Everyone was addressing me as "My Lord", and I finally realized that there had been a mix-up at the garrison. Lord George and I were of the same build, coloring, and age, plus the restrictions of the siege had turned us both into walking skeletons, almost unrecognizable.

"It was there and then that I made my pact with the Devil. I knew Lord George had little living family to call me out, and the servants had been a small crew no longer in employment at the Manor. Many years of being in service there myself had acquainted me with its layout, and I knew the town. I could speak with the right inflection after years working "upstairs", and the rest I could bluff. A new beard, glasses, more weight would do the trick. And it worked. I married, had children, and then grandchildren. I was successful at managing the estate and have had a contented life.

"But I am about to meet my Maker. If it ever comes to be that a present Lord passes without a male heir, this letter is to be opened so that all the important people in town will know."



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At this point Sir Mathew stopped reading to wipe his glasses. The temperature in the room had gone up considerably, and they had begun to fog over. He looked up at the assemblage to find them all in shock, looking from one pale face to the other. Lady Casey was clutching the arms of her chair so hard the little veins on the back of her hands rose up like B roads on the A-Z. Juliet looked confused and Corrine scared.

The solicitor continued, "My Lord George had a second cousin who would have succeeded him if I hadn't stepped in. His male heirs, first in line, would now be the present Earls. His name was Tadbourne, Justin T. Tadbourne."

A gasp was heard and all heads swiveled over towards John and Mary, who were seated in the far right corner. "He was my great grandfather," John exhaled softly. "What does this mean?"

Sir Mathew looked up from the letter. "If this is correct, it means you are the rightful Earl of Lindenmouth. I'm not sure how it can be proved or disproved, but the letter has all the right stamps and seals and has been in our safe for over sixty years."

Lady Casey jumped up, spilling her wine all over a startled Art Friendly. She hardly noticed. "No, no, this is rubbish. Pure rubbish. I didn't mortgage my family's home to bail out a fake Lord! There must be some law to cover this."

Sir Mathew leaned towards her, trying to temper her tantrum. "I assure you,

Murder continued on Page 17



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WHAT'S IN YOUR TRAVEL KIT? BY RICK SIMS

I started to travel late in life. In fact, my travels began in 2004, when I married Linda Wallihan, who had traveled a lot and who knew how to do it. Before 2004, I was always working to make money for one thing or another: college, law school, buy a house, save to send kids to college, etc.

But, since 2004, Linda and I have traveled a lot—from California road trips to three weeks in Argentina. And the one item that has been a constant on ALL our trips has been my travel kit—which you may call your toilet kit, or, if you are a guy, your Dopp Kit, named after an early maker of same. Here are some useful items that I have collected over my years of travel that I recommend to you:

1. The Travel Kit Itself

My travel kit consists of two containers: a men's toilet kit and a small L.L. Bean nylon duffle bag (about 18" long) that holds my toilet kit plus other stuff that I will tell you about in a moment. Watch out for spending a lot of money on a toilet kit. I just received a catalog from J.W. Hulme Company advertising a leather toilet kit for \$338.00. The problem with leather toilet kits is that, although they look great when first taken out of their packaging, they almost always get wet with first use, and the result is ugly water stains on the leather. Instead, you want to get a kit made of tough ballistic nylon, with two zippered compartments: one for shaving stuff and one for meds. These abound on amazon.com for around twenty bucks. I got my toilet kit in a rush at K-Mart in Auburn about 20 years ago. It was made in China out of ballistic black nylon, cost less than \$10, and has served me well without complaint since then (no broken zippers). Ladies: I know you want something prettier: just get something

with sturdy zippers that is waterproof.

But back to the L.L. Bean bag. It is the perfect size for an airplane carry-on. It will hold your toilet kit (with your meds) plus other stuff (below) plus a book and a magazine. It stores easily in the luggage bin above your seat, next to the 150 pound suitcase that some 5'2" woman has recruited a Marine to lift to the luggage bin for her. Actually, I am amazed to see that airplane travelers are still hoisting huge carry-ons above their seats. On virtually every flight I have been on in the past several years, there has been a plea from the gate crew for anyone to bring their bag up to the counter, where it will be checked for free. So why pay to check your bag?

2. Soap

In modern hotels, a bar of soap is becoming obsolete, replaced by dispensers of body wash. However, scientific studies have shown that, given the mechanical construction of the human wrist and arm, it is impossible to convey a handful of body wash from a dispenser to the human armpit without spilling 95% of the body wash. Moreover, if there IS real soap in the bathroom, it was likely of a size made in an M and M's factory. My answer: I bring a full-sized bar of soap in a plastic container (cost: 89 cents). It goes in my L.L. Bean bag. Being a man, I like Dial soap, but Linda hates it. So Ladies, try this: the Vermont Country Store [www.VermontCountryStore.com] sells a sampler of six of their triple milled scented soaps for \$28.95 (item No. 54103). They're great. Pick your favorite and put it in your travel kit.

3. Clock

Thinking of the Vermont Store reminds me of another of their products that is a staple in my travel kit. How many of you have arrived late in your motel room to discover that the time on the digital clock is wrong? EVERYONE, right? Because the time is wrong on at least one-half of the digital clocks in all motel rooms. Have you ever tried to set the time of one of those digital clocks? It can't be done. I swear to God that I have spent hours trying to set wayward motel clocks, and I am here to tell you that it can't be done. How to tell the time? With another product from the Vermont Country Store: the Folding Bulova Travel Alarm Clock that winds up. Made in Japan, I have had mine for at least 10 years. Item No. 24200; \$34.95. Now, when I discover that

my digital motel clock is wrong, I put it in a drawer (still running) and set my trusty Bulova. It goes in my L.L. Bean bag.

4. Toothbrush

There's nothing worse than trying to brush your teeth with the stub of a tiny travel toothbrush. I take my Braun electric toothbrush wrapped in a plastic bag (probably outlawed by now). You would be amazed at how little room it takes up. It goes in my L.L. Bean bag.

5. Flashlight

This has proved to be a real lifesaver on many a trip when the lights went out. I recommend a small Mini-Maglite (brand name). They are small, bright, and tough, and they take AA batteries that are available EVERYWHERE. About \$12. It goes in my L.L. Bean bag.

6. Nail Clippers

Of course you should have nail clippers that can clip both fingernails AND toenails. There are few things more painful than going on a hike with toenails that are too long and dig into your toes. Ouch! The problem is that most nail clippers—and especially those made for travel—are too small. Get a pair of large toenail clippers that have the leverage to work on toes. They will do fine on your fingers.

7. First Aid

I can tell you're getting tired, but I have to say a word about First Aid before we part ways (we probably parted ways right after the Dopp Kit). Get a band-aid sampler kit. Target sells a great one for about \$2.00. Take a tube of anti-biotic ointment that contains bacitracin. Take six Imodium AD pills. Take six heartburn pills, if you need them. Take a small container of whatever allergy pills work for you. And, by all means, take a small bottle of the world's foremost wonder drug: aspirin.

8. Laundry Bag

Now, for the last item to go in your L.L. Bean bag: a laundry bag. How many of you have grabbed the complimentary laundry bag off the hanger only to find that it is too small, or that, when it gets full, the top tears off and spills your dirty clothes all over the rug? Of course, that has happened to you. But it no longer happens to me, because I carry one of America's best products: the Household Essentials Extra Large Natural Cotton Laundry Bag. It is a wonderful product because, first of all, it is made of heavy

no-balony cotton with a tough nylon draw-string at the top. Second, it is big enough to hold a week's worth of dirty clothes: 36" X 28", to be exact. Third, the price is definitely right for the quality of the product: \$7.79 at amazon.com

I have already ordered my share for stocking-stuffers for Christmas. After all, who can't use a great laundry bag, or a great travel kit, for that matter?



Murder continued from Page 15

Lady Commander, I know the law. I am the law and we will resolve this matter with cool heads and English decorum. Now, may I please finish the reading."

Casey returned to her seat. She did not notice the joy on Juliet's face as she clutched Mike Tadbourne's hand, or the growing awareness on his father's. Mary still seemed confused, turning from son to husband, back and forth, as if at a tennis match.

Sir Mathew continued once again. "If Tadbourne's heirs still live locally, they should be restored to the Manor or, at least, compensated in a fair way. I sincerely profess my complete and heartfelt apology to Tadbourne and his family. I hope not too much time has expired to make the transition practical. I then petition my Lord and Master to forgive my past sins and grant me entrance to the most hallowed ground of Heaven. Yours in retribution, Bernie B. Rollins (Lord George Commander)"

You could've heard the proverbial pin drop. Everyone seemed to be holding their breath. They certainly were briefly immobilized. Casey, for once, was speechless, as the growing knowledge of her perilous position became more and more clear. All her life she had been coddled and provided for by wealth and privilege. All of her family inheritance was tied up in the Manor and the estate property, improvements over the years, and shoring up her husband's enthusiastic, but ineffectual, stewardship of their lands. And now it might go to that farmer and his family. She covertly looked over at Mary and shuddered. She could not let it happen.

John and Mary were torn between joy and despair. Would friends be happy for them and treat them the same or would they be like recent lottery winners, ripe for a touch? Was it all real? Could it be proved? Did they actually want this change?

Mike stood up and everyone took a breath. They all began to talk at once, so Mike pulled Juliet up beside him, and waved

and motioned all to listen. He burst out "Listen, listen, please. There is a simple solution." He glanced over at the trembling girl. "I think Juliet agrees, we want to be married. Then all six of us can live together at the Manor. It certainly is big enough!" John tried to interrupt, but his son just kept on talking, words tumbling out in a rush. "Mom and Dad and Lady Commander can share the title. Corrine can stay too. It will work out fine." He looked at his audience expectantly.

John shook his head at his son's youthful naivete and walked over to the couple. "Let's discuss this at home. Has anyone thought that I may not want all this, the extra responsibility and trouble? That I may prefer to stay on the farm and work it, as my father and grandad did?" He smiled down at at Mary, who nodded.

"But you must take the responsibility if it's your heritage! For all of our sakes!" Mike was very upset.

"No, son, but I do need to give it serious thought. Plus I'm sure Sir Broadstairs would agree with me; that this is still not proof. The letter needs to be authenticated and the right people need to be consulted." He turned to the solicitor, "Who would be the final authority on this, Mathew?"

"I believe the County Magistrate in Exeter. As representing both parties I can submit the pertinent forms and papers and we should know in due time. In the meantime, I suggest we all relax and continue our lives as heretofor normalcy dictates."

Hugh stood up and offered all his hospitality. The shaken dignitaries filed out of the office into the gloom of dusk, and down the side street to the seafront. The warm glow of the Royal Devon's pristine white painted front welcomed like a cozy parlour fire. Much whiskey was consumed that night.

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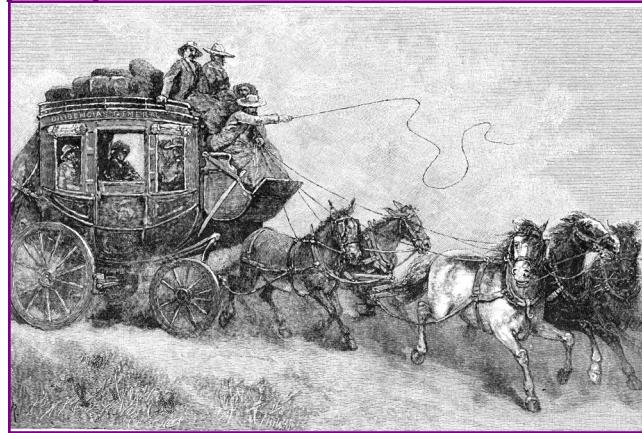
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AUTHOR UNKNOWN

SUBMITTED BY BETH PATRICK

TRUCKEE, Calif. — Western stagecoach companies were big business in the latter half of the 19th century. In addition to passengers and freight, stages hauled gold and silver bullion as well as mining company payrolls. Stage robbery was a constant danger and bandits employed many strategies to ambush a stagecoach. Thieves rarely met with much resistance from stage drivers, since they had passenger safety foremost in mind. The gang was usually after the Wells Fargo money box with its valuable contents. Passengers were seldom hurt, but they were certainly relieved of their cash, watches and jewelry.



Before the completion of the transcontinental railroad over Donner Pass in 1868, the only transportation through the Sierra was by stage. Rugged teamsters held rein over six wild-eyed horses as they tore along the precipitous mountain trails. The stagecoach drivers were driven by skilled and fearless men who pushed themselves and their spirited horses to the limit.

One of the most famous drivers was Charles Darkey Parkhurst, who had come west from New England in 1852 seeking his fortune in the Gold Rush. He spent 15 years running stages, sometimes partnering with Hank Monk, the celebrated driver from Carson City. Over the years, Parkhurst's reputation as an expert whip grew. From 20 feet away he could slice open the end of an

envelope or cut a cigar out of a man's mouth. Parkhurst smoked cigars, chewed wads of tobacco, drank with the best of them, and exuded supreme confidence behind the reins. His judgment was sound and pleasant manners won him many friends.

One afternoon, as Charley drove down from Carson Pass, the lead horses veered off the road and a wrenching jolt threw him from the rig. He hung on to the reins as the horses dragged him along on his stomach. Amazingly, Parkhurst managed to steer the frightened horses back onto the road and save all his grateful passengers.

During the 1850s, bands of surly highwaymen stalked the roads. These outlaws would level their shotguns at stage drivers and shout, "Throw down the gold box!" Charley Parkhurst had no patience for the crooks despite their demands and threatening gestures.

The most notorious road agent was nicknamed "Sugarfoot." When he and his gang accosted Charley's stage, it was the last robbery the thief ever attempted. Charley cracked his whip defiantly, and when his horses bolted, he turned around and fired his revolver at the crooks. Sugarfoot was later found dead with a fatal bullet wound in his stomach.

In appreciation of his bravery, Wells Fargo presented Parkhurst with a large watch and chain made of solid gold. In 1865, Parkhurst grew tired of the demanding job of driving and he opened his own stage station. He later sold the business and retired to a ranch near Soquel, Calif. The years slipped by and Charley died on Dec. 29, 1879, at the age of 67. A few days later, the Sacramento Daily Bee published his obituary. It read:

"On Sunday last, there died a person known as Charley Parkhurst, aged 67, who was well-known to old residents as a stage driver. He was in early days accounted one of the most expert manipulators of the reins who ever sat on the box of a coach. It was discovered when friendly hands were preparing him for his final rest, that Charley Parkhurst was unmistakably a well-developed woman!"

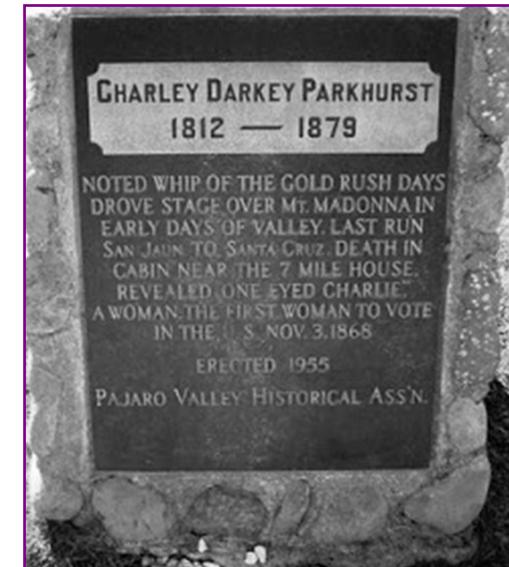
"Once it was discovered that Charley was a woman, there were plenty of people to say they had always thought he wasn't like other men. Even though he wore leather gloves summer and winter, many noticed that his hands were small and smooth. He slept in the stables with his beloved horses and was never known to have had a girlfriend."

"Charley never volunteered clues to her past. Loose fitting clothing hid her

femininity and after a horse kicked her, an eye patch over one eye helped conceal her face. She weighed 175 pounds, could handle herself in a fistfight and drank whiskey like one of the boys.

"It turns out that Charley's real name was Charlotte Parkhurst. Abandoned as a child, she was raised in a New Hampshire orphanage, unloved and surrounded by poverty. Charlotte ran away when she was 15 years old and soon discovered that life in the working world was easier for men. So she decided to masquerade as one for the rest of her life."

The rest is history. Well, almost. There is one last thing. On November 3, 1868, Charlotte Parkhurst cast her vote in the national election, dressed as a man. She became the first woman to vote in the United States, 52 years before Congress passed the 19th amendment giving American women the right to vote!

**AN OLD INDIAN TALE**

SUBMITTED BY A LOCAL STORYTELLER

As Summer is well underway, we need to try and be more observant of our surroundings, especially in mountainous areas such as the ones we live in. I was headed towards Placerville the other day when I saw a roadside sign which reminded me that I, personally, need to pay more attention to my environment. Actually, I think we all need to.

The road sign reminded me of a story which has long been circulated throughout this great country of ours. At least two centuries ago, when the American Indians roamed the plains, the great chief, Geronimo, had a beautiful daughter named White Deer. The chief loved her dearly and sought nothing but the best for her. Being a chief, Geronimo

also felt that any young brace seeking to make White Deer his mate had to be a brace of outstanding courage, bravery beyond all expectations and, especially, loyalty to the bride.

Therefore, the chief mandated any individual brave who felt worthy enough to meet the challenges as set forth and, furthermore, any brave that did fulfill these requirements would be considered eligible to marry his daughter. The prestige of potentially being the next leader of the tribe was inherent in the deal.

Well, this set off concern among all the young braves of the tribe. Who among them would be willing to meet these challenges? Additionally, who would be successful? Obviously, the winner would be rewarded with a most beautiful young Indian girl, Chief Geronimo's daughter.

But realities were held in high regard. Only the bravest of the brave, the most courageous of individuals and the most loyal tribesman should even think of going forward. Rumors abounded as to who would be the most likely prospect. The most prominent individual was a young man named Crazy Horse.

When Crazy Horse set forth to offer his intention for the hand of White Deer in marriage she was upset. She felt her father could do better than this young man. He didn't have a beard but he did have facial disruptions. His acne was extreme because he didn't have good, clean habits. He stayed near horses too long, hence the name Crazy Horse. She had her eye on another, lesser-known brave.

The chief was in a conundrum. He wanted his daughter to be happy but he also wanted the tribe to prosper under the next leader. Crazy Horse may not be the most effervescent of individuals but he sure had charisma. All the rest of the braves tended to follow him around as he knew how to tame horses and ride bareback.

So, Geronimo thought, I shall make my objectives strong; strong enough so that is there is another brave even one of whom I have not heard about, the bravest and most courageous will surface and we will make him the most loyal by allowing him to marry White Deer. She will just have to bend to his ultimatum.

The chief began to think about his requests for the upcoming competition. He wanted someone who was physically strong but sensitive to life. The taking of an animal in order to survive is reasonable while slaughtering for sport is senseless. The chief felt that his brave should seek the White

Buffalo and bring back its hide as a sign of bravery.

It takes courage to stand up to your enemy and fight for what you think is right. Geronimo wanted his brave to have that sort of courage but not the stupidity to get oneself killed in the process. Therefore, the candidate who successfully went to a neighboring tribe, one of conflict, and extracted a memento worthy of his courage was the type of man Geronimo wanted for his daughter.

He set forth his mandates for all the eligible males in the tribe. He asked who among them would be willing to go forth on their own without the help and assistance of another – neither man nor beast – and successfully return with the required dowry.

There was a hub-bub of news and a buzz of excitement throughout the braves. They all knew Crazy Horse was going to make a show of it but all were surprised when another young brave strode forward and announced his intentions to seek the hand of White Deer in marriage. This was news to all except White Deer herself. No one knew this young man for he as neither the most popular

nor the most prominent of all the braves but he did throw his feather in the ring. White Deer was a little excited too. She felt he would not stand a chance but...

You see, Geronimo and his tribe were Apaches and lived in the plains environment. And we all know that Crazy Horse eventually came back with the hide of the White Buffalo to show is bravery. He also returned with the necklace worn by Sitting Bull to show his courage. White Deer was miserable for the rest of her life. She had to marry Crazy Horse and live with the smell of horse manure in her teepee but she never gave up hope. She felt sure her young Indian brave would eventually return and rescue her. He was just around the corner, somewhere.

I fast forward to today's environment that I spoke of earlier. It took me a while to associate this story to our mountains. Today, as we drive around our beautiful mountains, we are reminded of White Deer's lament for her lost brave. Signs are posted everywhere...WATCH FOR FALLING ROCK.



DUTCH FLAT COMMUNITY CENTER
933 STOCKTON STREET, P. O. BOX 14
DUTCH FLAT CA 95714
MEMBERSHIP FORM

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Phone _____ (optional)

E-mail _____ (optional - We'll send you updates on events, activities and volunteer requests)

Donation amount

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Check _____ Credit Card _____ exp date _____

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

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