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VOLUME 27 – No. 4

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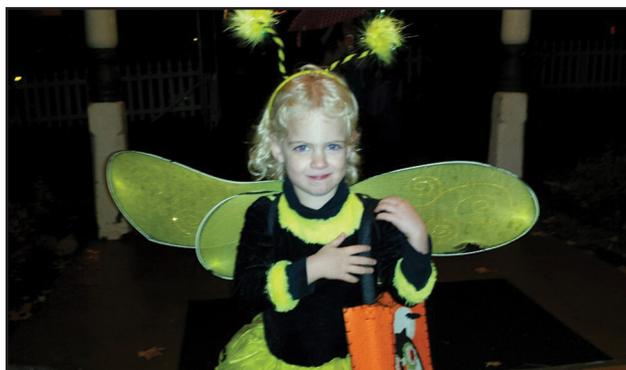
WINTER 2014

## HALLOWEEN AT THE CENTER

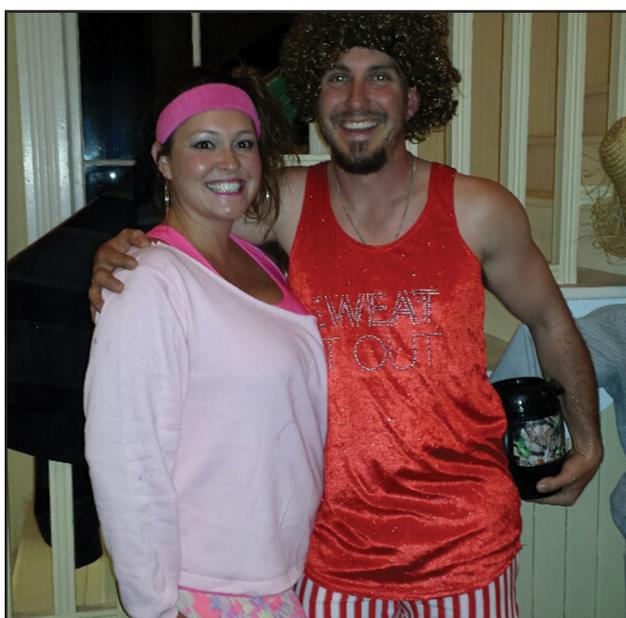
BY DEBBY MCCLATCHY

The rain poured down, the wind blew in the eaves, and the ghosts stayed in their graves, but over two hundred children, teens, and bigger children (parents, grandparents, and friends) enjoyed the thirteenth annual Dutch Flat Community Center Halloween Open House on October 31st. This was an increase of over 50% from past years.

Many decades were represented, from the 1870s Victorian lady, complete with



parasol, to the 1920s flapper, to the poodle-skirted, saddle-shoed rocker from the 50s. There were also bumblebees and beetles, Tara, the temptress from the Nile, Richard Simmons, the exercise guru, Dorothy from Oz complete with ruby slippers, and a fully outfitted fireman. My favorite, and the most practical in the weather, was a man with a tablecloth poncho and large umbrella, who



came as a Picnic Table.

After greetings and candy in the foyer, the younger children were tempted by the game room, where we made sure every kid won a prize. Games included the ever popular “tarantula race” and “mini-pumpkin penny toss”, plus the new “Betty’s bean bag blaster” and “count up the clown”. There was also free hot dogs and hot chocolate for all.



Fourteen special volunteers made it all happen from finding the prizes (thank you Alta thrift shop for your generosity), setting up the games and decorating the rooms, repairing and running the games, running the prize table, giving out candy in the foyer (a popular job), working in the kitchen, and final clean-up. Thank you so much to all of you - you make this happen!!

Afterwards many participants went across the street to the Church, for their popular annual cupcake walk.

And a special last thanks to the Community Center Children’s Fund for making it all happen. Please join us next year for the fourteenth annual party.

## ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL YEAR FOR THE ANNUAL WHITE ELEPHANT SALE

BY SHANA BROWN

I have often joked that there was a White Elephant Season, where a team of dedicated volunteers sets up the DFCC for the perfect hunt. This year, we managed to bag not just one, but two different White Elephant Sale events. Our season began in mid-July, right after our big Independence

Day celebration, with the gathering of all the donations, those that have been hidden throughout the four corners of the building throughout the year, and those that are donated right down to those last frantic hours. From tire chains to old pots and pans, no saleable item is turned away. Actually, we encourage the fun and strange donations, it makes the hunt all the more interesting for our shoppers. Many, many volunteers then donate countless hours to haul, sort, scrub, polish, and arrange all the treasures. A huge thank you to everyone who worked so hard behind the scenes to make the sale the wonderful shopping experience that it is; our team is truly second to none. If you’ve never worked to set up the sale before, consider giving a few hours of your time. It’s so rewarding to see this big jumble of items and this big old building transformed into the hottest shopping spot in Placer County.



Before you know it, though, the hunt is on! This year, George Lucas and his famous blockbuster openings had nothing on us; we had a line around the block with anxious shoppers ready to hunt for a new favorite thing or the deal of the year. When shoppers needed a break, we had a wonderful café open to provide energy to keep the hunt continuing way into the afternoon. We had so much fun on Saturday, we decided to do it all again on Sunday. This day, this year, we truly had the bargains of the century. We worked hard to find new homes for some of the items who had been living at the DFCC for too long.

*WES Continued on Page 3*

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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:

Spring 2015 – February 15

Summer 2015 – May 15

Fall 2015 - August 6

Winter 2015 – November 15

Views expressed in letters and guest opinion pieces and other contributions do not necessarily reflect the views of the editor, the Dutch Flat Community Center or its Board.

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**COMMUNITY CALENDAR OF EVENTS**

**SPECIAL EVENTS**

Alta-Dutch Flat School Student Art Show. Sunday, April 12, 2015. 3:00-6:00 PM. Alta Dutch Flat School Multi-Purpose room, 34050 Alta Bonnybrook Rd., 530-389-8283.

**ONGOING EVENTS**

**Alta Attic** - Thursdays 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 - , Community Center (933 Stockton Street) or contact President Tom McDonnell (530-887-8295 or [tjm@themcdonellfirm.com](mailto:tjm@themcdonellfirm.com))

**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 Methodist Episcopal Church** 2nd Saturdays, 8:00 AM -10:00 AM-pancake breakfast

**Dutch Flat United Methodist Church** Sundays Fellowship Dinner, 5:00 PM and Worship Service, 6:00 PM

**Historical Society Board Meeting** Golden Drift Museum **1st** Mondays - . Contact Doug Ferrier (530-389-2617 or [dferrier@foothill.net](mailto:dferrier@foothill.net))

**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 Mondays**, free community lunch 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 Thursdays Food Pantry**, 10-Noon, 33990 Alta Bonny Nook Rd., Alta. For more, call 530-389-2168

**2014-2015 COUNTY AND STATE OFFICE CLOSURES**

November 27 - Thanksgiving Day  
 Friday, Nov 28 - Thanksgiving Holiday  
 Thursday, December 25 - Christmas Day  
 Thursday, January 1 - New Years Day  
 Monday, January 19 - Martin L. King Day  
 Thursday, February 12 - Lincoln's Birthday  
 Monday, February 16 - Presidents' Day  
 Monday, May 25 - Memorial Day  
 Friday, July 3 - Independence Day  
 Monday, September 7 - Labor Day  
 Monday, October 12 - Columbus Day  
 Wednesday, November 11 - Veterans' Day  
 Thursday, November 26 - Thanksgiving  
 Friday, November 27 - Thanksgiving Holiday  
 Friday, December 25 - Christmas

**PRESIDENTS COLUMN**

BY MARYBETH BLACKINTON



It may seem like the end of the year to most of you but to the members of the Community Center Board of Directors, it is the beginning of a new year. November 1st is the first

of our fiscal year and with that comes the election of new and returning officers. We have two new At-Large officers this year: Cathy Gallardo and Lynette Vrooman. They are replacing outgoing officers, Leland Lyter and Nancy Bullard. Cathy is somewhat a newcomer to the area and spends part of her time in Oregon. Lynette comes from old "Dutch Flat stock", the Bridges family.

The returning officers are Tom McDonnell who will be taking over my duties as Treasurer. Bob Pfister will continue as Vice President, Shana Brown as Recording Secretary and Joanne Blohm as Corresponding Secretary. Roxane Bertell and Jim Sanders continue as At-Large members. In addition, Jim is assuming Building Manager duties from Laura Resendez who has earned a well-deserved retirement from her work at

the Center. And, as always, Eleanor Bridges will remain as Honorary At-Large member. I am assuming the duties of President and am looking forward to the challenges associated with the office.

The County grant project continues, albeit slowly. We feel we are doing the best we can but find our progress somewhat limited by the County requirements for the projects. In the past year, we succeeded in removing the large cedar trees that were threatening the integrity of the wall around the tennis court. The wall was built in the 1930's as W.P.A. project under President Franklin Roosevelt and needs to be preserved. The old playground equipment (deemed unsafe by the County) was removed and the new one is ready to be installed once we get the base and foundation set for it. The largest part of the project so far was the installation of the new fence posts. We had a volunteer work day on September 20th and had about 25 hard-working souls show up to help us. The concrete pumper (and skilled operator) was donated by **D. L. Ellison owner of Auburn Concrete Pumping**. Without his equipment and expertise, the work would still be continuing! The volunteers worked to get the 14 foot poles set in concrete which was done in only a couple of hours. We owe a large debt of thanks to all that helped us that day. With so many volunteers with so many construction skills, the work went smoothly and quickly. We now look forward to having the new fencing installed so we can remove the ugly and deteriorating fencing that has been in place for far too long. Any one up for that challenge?

We have also completed the installation of the first set of replacement windows. The kitchen now has 3 new working windows! They were custom-made by Rob McKeown from Auburn and professionally installed by Russ Roark and Brent Ostrom of Roark Construction using the funds that have been raised by the Independence Day Mayoral Campaigns of the last eight years.

The Community Center now has wi-fi internet available to the public. It is not super fast nor secure (no password required) but it helps with various tasks that we have been doing including the acceptance of credit cards for payment at the White Elephant Sale in August and Holiday Boutique in November.

It may look like nothing is being done but there is a lot of work going on behind the scenes that we hope will result in some great visible changes very soon in the new year. Thank you for your continued support.

## BUSINESS SPOTLIGHT THE HITCH 'N POST

BY JOANNE BLOHM

*(Editor's note: This is the second of a several articles that will feature our local businesses. As always, we would like to remind people to eat and shop locally to support these hard-working entrepreneurs.)*

In the last couple of months, another new business has opened in our area. The Hitch 'N Post in Gold Run, 30870 Magra Road (at the Gold Run exit off I80). Proprietors Sandee and Guy Graham moved to this area in 2006 because of their love of the mountains. Sandee, who grew up in Foresthill, would settle for nothing less.

Guy and Sandee have both worked in the food and beverage industry at several points in their lives. One day they drove by the location in Gold Run and, seeing the "For Lease" signs, a dream was born. Guy loves to BBQ and cook and Sandee agreed that a change would be exciting. Sandee told me that years ago, the building had been the Gold Run Coffee Cup Cafe, the Post Office and a gift shop.

When asked what makes them unique, her response was that it is outdoor BBQ cooking and also they "absolutely love our locals". The favorite item on the menu is the tri-tip sandwich which, by the way, I tried and it was beyond yummy! The menu consists of several BBQ sandwiches (including chicken), assorted burgers, sausages and don't forget Taco Tuesdays.

They have also started something relatively new to our little area: that being we now have a music venue with live bands on a regular basis and an open mike night with vocalists and musicians both encouraged to perform. Bands will perform on Fridays or Saturdays and open mike nights are on Tuesdays and Sundays. With their new outdoor stage and fire pit, it would certainly make for an enjoyable evening.

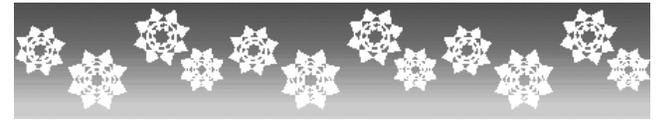
A couple of upcoming events are the "Ugly Christmas Sweater Party" on Saturday December 13 and their "New Years Eve Party" with a live band, snack and champagne.

So if you would like to hear live music, have a great sandwich, listen to a rockin' jukebox, play some darts or pool, this is definitely your local place! Their hours of operation are Sundays through Thursdays 11:00 AM to 11:00 PM, Fridays and Saturdays: 11:00 AM – 2:00 AM. The phone number for to go orders or information on upcoming events is (530) 389-8221.

*WES, continued from Page 1*

Of course this means we will have to work hard to find brand new items for sale in 2015!

We had such a great assortment of holiday items left that we decided to hold another smaller sale in November. For this event, elves worked to fluff and fold, trim and tinsel the winter items. Once again, bargain hunters and vintage lovers converged on the DFCC to find the one thing they couldn't live without. We invited lots of local talented craftspeople to come sell downstairs as well. It was a festive end to our White Elephant Season. This season, with the combined total of both sales, we made over \$13,000 for the Dutch Flat Community Center Building Fund. Whether you worked to set up the sale or came to shop and hunt, thank you for your generous support. We are already looking forward to next season!



## KUDOS TO LOCAL BUSINESSES

### GIBBS ROOFING

A couple of weeks ago, **Chris Gibbs**, a long-time local roofer, patched the sad roof on our Community Center in Dutch Flat. He removed the loose screws in the roof panels and replaced them with new ones to prevent existing leaks and hopefully, halt new ones. All of the labor and materials he offered on a volunteer basis (which means free to us)!

Many, many thanks from the community for his efforts to keep our roof going for another winter or two. Anyone wishing to help financially with this gargantuan project may do so by making a donation to the Dutch Flat Community Center, P. O. Box 14, Dutch Flat CA 95714. (There is a donation form on Page 17 of this paper.)

### UGLY BUG PEST CONTROL

On the warm and lovely Fall days, the upstairs of the Community Center was overrun by wasps sneaking in through open doors and windows. Not just wasps but pregnant female wasps looking to make nests in the ceiling and light fixtures.

For no charge, **Dave Moeller** with Ugly Bug Pest Control in Dutch Flat came on a Saturday afternoon and persuaded the wasps to leave our old building alone.

Our heartfelt gratitude goes out to these two businesses who have donated their time.

## TOWNFUL OF TURKEYS - A TRUCK WRECK STORY

BY MARY HENDERSON

The only stranger in the room the night of the Community Club's monthly potluck dinner was the lieutenant from the California Highway Patrol, the speaker of the evening. As the new chief of the CHP substation in the Alta-Dutch Flat area, he had been invited to address the townspeople on changes in the law, what to expect in the coming snow season, and hopefully whatever insider stuff about life in the highway patrol that he might be willing to divulge. We townsfolk were accustomed to the presence of the CHP station in the community, and knew some of the officers who resided locally, but the station itself, up on the high-

way, seemed more a kind of Valhalla of officialdom, above and beyond our gaze.

The Community Club itself, in spite of its name, was comprised mostly of the town's established families, concerned property owners, and bigwigs retired from their companies, our elders.

This evening's potluck was just the occasion that the new CHP boss had been looking for. Tall, tanned, good-looking into his 60's, he stood with mock bashfulness when introduced after dinner. It didn't take him long to please his listeners. He was clearly an "I've-got-it-covered" kind of guy, a pro. He started by saying that he loved his new job because there were so few accidents in the area relative to his former assignment in Sacramento, and because he could then assist motorists, emphasizing the 'assist.' He was darn glad to be out of the city with its crimes,

he said, its chaotic traffic, and especially the endless paperwork. It had been his career goal to 'end up' at our station, amongst tall pines and quiet, predictable people.

After his introductory remarks, he offered to answer questions, and a few softball questions were offered up before someone known locally for his bravado asked a hardball. In a basso profundo worthy of the Naval Command he once had had, this gentleman asked why the freight trucks which sped through our area never seemed to get stopped and ticketed, whereas we motorists got pulled over all the time. White heads nodded vigorously at this, and the atmosphere tensed expectantly. The man next to me, who didn't like the Commander on general principles anyway, grumbled in a stage whisper that it was downright bad manners to embarrass an invited speaker in public.

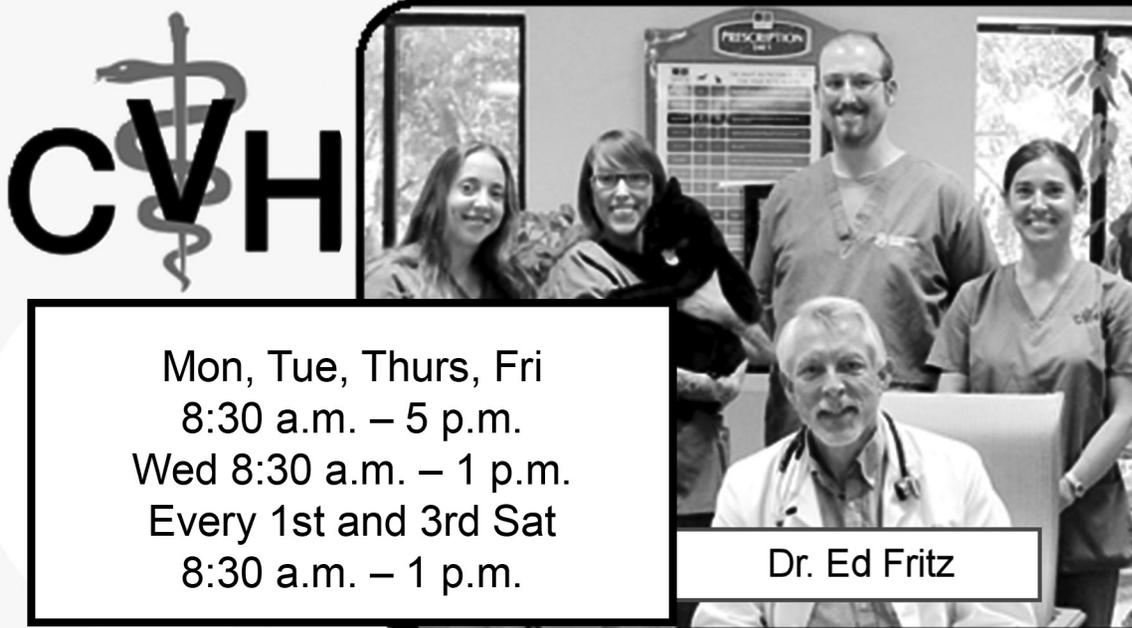
Decorum notwithstanding, the questioner had a point. We all knew that truckers drove by the fiat 'possession is nine-tenths of the law,' and on Interstate 80, they owned the road. Anyone unobservant enough to be driving in a space a truck wanted to occupy was nudged right out of there. Anyone driving under the speed limit was especially targeted for truck body language, such as nothing but radiator grille in the rearview mirror. The perils of loaded eighteen-wheelers sharing the road with motorists in little tin cars had been a long-time concern of the community - a concern that had never got much attention from officials despite a local record of all too frequent and sometimes fatal accidents.

The lieutenant was thrown, for a bit, by the challenge of the question, and he bent over and slapped his thigh in thought. Still in 'burnout' from his Sacramento work life, he hadn't yet thought much about the hazard of speeding trucks in our mountain downhill terrain from our perspective. He finessed the matter, finally, by saying that independent owner-operators, the 'gypos', were particularly hard to nail because they all used CB radios to warn other drivers who then would know where the CHP units were lying in wait with their radar. And line drivers were even worse, he said, as they usually were members of the Teamsters and officers were seldom able to get them to court to do any good.

The question of rogue trucks and the legal constraints on officers, once handled to the satisfaction of the meeting, led to an active discussion of life in general in the CHP, and the lieutenant warmed up and obliged the gathering with a few inside stories. He mentioned, for instance, that the final report on the 'gambler's special' double-decker bus accident of last winter, which he had just finished, had taken six months to complete and

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had run to 560 pages long. We all remembered that incredible wreck in the snow, since many local residents who were on the volunteer fire department as trained EMTs went out on calls as rescue personnel. The gambler bus accident had been a topic around town for several weeks.

This prompted someone else to ask if the new warning signs in trucker slang language, advising them on how to keep their brakes cool on long downgrades, had done any good. The lieutenant replied that some drivers from the midwest had never even seen downgrades like the 80-90 miles from the Sierra summit to Sacramento, and didn't have any idea of or regard for the limitations of their brakes. He told how an escape ramp that had been installed miles farther up the grade had been used 20 to 30 times by runaway trucks already, and should have been used by more trucks with burning brakes than that, but "they just don't read the signs." People ignore signs to such an extent, he added, that one day one of his officers found a family had carefully driven onto the soft gravel bed of the escape ramp and parked and camped there, and were having a picnic, kids and all. He said ruefully that adding a "No Picnicking on Escape Ramp" warning sign to all the others wasn't likely to do much good either.

But then he told us something that really grabbed our attention. He said that an escape ramp for runaway trucks was in the planning stage for our own Alta hill, where the highway inexplicably made an unbanked dogleg to the left at the bottom of a six-mile grade. This curve had always been one of the highway's most sensitive points, where trucks with unstable loads like lumber or swinging meat could easily meet disaster. That trouble spot was right in our town, and all of us knew its toll in lives and grief. Having to endure calamitous wrecks every year at the bottom of that hill was a very sore point with everyone. Several of us had spoken on occasion with members of the CHP about Alta hill and its predictable accidents, but it seemed our individual voices amidst the onrushing forces of commerce had always gone unheard. The roadbed and railings were repaired while the problem remained.

When there was a bad wreck and a spill - and it could be heard all over town - the people working in the gas stations and cafes usually got there first and distributed the spoils. But most townspeople enjoyed the occasional bounty of free bags of onions or potatoes, or quantities of Pampers and Dixie cups, and one year we all had enough 'pasteurized cheese food product' and Kraft American slices to last the entire winter. One wreck was a 40,000-lb load of candy and

gum, enough to last every kid for a lifetime.

And as the stories flew around the room, the now-besieged lieutenant was serendipitously saved by the proverbial twist of fate - one of his officers came in and whispered in his ear. The lieutenant asked to be excused, was hastily thanked and he quickly left. It turned out, we later learned, that at that moment a big rig full of frozen turkeys was burning up in the nearby Gold Run rest area. This one hadn't crashed, actually, and the driver had managed to get his truck off the road and into the rest stop. Its back brakes were burning so hot that the axles and end plates were incandescent. When the tires blew, the truck bed caught on fire.

By the time the lieutenant got to the site, the local fire department had put the fire out and One-Eyed John was standing on top of the truck jettisoning smoldering boxes and loose frozen turkeys onto the parking lot pavement. Aside from the smoke and smudge and an awful smell from the smoldering truck, the turkeys themselves seemed reasonably intact. There were hundreds of them, plucked and plasticked but still frozen. Word got out fast and almost everyone in town got one sooner or later.

One-Eyed John had the most. Usually, he being a young man of uncertain demeanor or direction, no one ever paid any attention to him, but this time everyone was very friendly and all smiles and he'd never had such a fine time as he did that night giving turkeys away from the back of his pickup.

And the Community Club, for all its clubbiness, had nothing on the solidarity of our town the following day. There was not one place to get away from the aroma of roasting turkey. It permeated the entire out-of-doors, coming from woodstoves, vents and chimneys on every street. Roasting pans became prized items and were borrowed sequentially. The town was so loaded with turkey that if you had an extra one you couldn't even give it away. All the derelicts and river rats and starving artists had turkey. Dogs pulled turkeys off dinner tables in the night and didn't get whipped, and cats even got some to growl over out in the yard. Even the Monte Vista, to which some of us had repaired to de-turkeyfy, was serving turkey soup.

Meantime, the good lieutenant, had gone home to Roseville. It's possible the rules didn't allow him to take any turkey contraband with him, but no doubt he'd seen and smelled enough. And in ensuing years, once the CHP, Caltrans, and other powers that be finally installed that escape ramp on Alta hill and banked that dogleg, we became quite thankful never to be a town full of turkeys again.

## ON THE HOOF

BY MADAME TRUEFIRE

There's a reason my writing name reads: Madam Truefire On the Hoof. I've been writing travel articles for as long I know. Most of them are a mix between practical, and oh-my-God, you didn't do something that stupid? On the road, on the plane, in a foreign country? But I've done them all, including jumping off a moving train in New Delhi, to land on top of a thief who had stolen my passport and round the world ticket. He, of course, had handed my goodies off to someone as he was running. A secret? I had a photocopy of my passport which saved lots of time. I also had a duplicate of my itinerary. However, my stupidity in not paying attention, cost me a week of lost travel time.

Today, however, requires a bit more savvy and a lot less Mission Impossible. I watch what I am doing and, frankly, who is around. Folks with expensive electronics, like the latest greatest iPhone and iPad, need to leave those behind and stick with the old "burner" phone. I'm not saying you can't take them along; just don't brandish them in an airport or on the street. It screams "ROB ME, please!"

I was thinking of how things have changed with the Ebola crisis. If you believe everything on CNN and Fox, well, good luck. I've had 30 years of clinical microbiology, and between you and me, I wouldn't be getting on any planes now to anywhere during this winter. It's just a jumpy time and best to hunker down with a fuzzy blanket, maybe a glass of good red wine and read a book or what the heck, take the train. It's not Ebola, it's the rest of the stuff that goes "bump in the night".

The flu is rampantly spread on planes with shared oxygen. Hey, want to know how to prevent it (besides the wine and book thing)? Take hand wipes and cover your nose with a moist towel. You'll look incredibly ridiculous, but you're not likely to get the flu when you snooze on that plane, with, yes, shared oxygen. I've inquired why they can't fix it? Too much money. Sigh.

Another thing is saline nasal spray. It works. I sat next to an Asian woman with ADD last time home from Indonesia. She wiped everything down with antiseptic towelettes: tray, arm rest, and carried her own water and food. Yo go girl!

Now, for lodging: I've done the 4 and

## WHY I LOVE THE BIG ISLAND

BY RICK SIMS

### PUNA

We leave Hilo and head toward Volcano National Park. But a few miles out of Hilo, we turn south on Highway 130 that goes into the Puna District—a two-lane highway with tons of traffic. The Puna District is famous for dope growing in the 60's and 70's and for hot lava. It is the refuge of aging hippies. It has the most affordable housing on the island. After a while, we come to the site, on the left, of the Maku'u Market—a large flea and vegetable market that opens on Sunday. Very few tourists visit the Maku'u Market, where you can buy pottery, jewelry, old radios, fresh fish, art, local food to eat, local vegetables, and plants of every kind—all dirt cheap. Everyone in Puna shows up at the Maku'u Market, and it is a wonderful testament to the racial and ethnic diversity of the Big Island. Linda has planted a lot of plants from the market in her garden, and she has many beautiful orchids hanging from baskets—orchids that cost her about \$10 a piece.

We continue down route 130 to the town of Pahoa, which seems to dedicate itself to preserving hippie culture of the 60's. Ever been to Bolinas, in Marin County? Pahoa is Bolinas's sister town. There are several good restaurants in Pahoa—Luquin's, which has terrific Mexican food, and Kaleo's which has very good island food of all kinds, and Paolo's Tuscan Bistro.

From Pahoa, we turn off route 130 and head east on Kahakai Blvd. toward a development called Hawaiian Beaches. When we arrive there, we are at the ocean. When we cannot go any farther, we turn right and head south into the most primitive and beautiful parts of the Big Island—Wa'a Wa'a. We follow a gravel road that runs parallel to the ocean in dense jungle. There are houses in Wa'a Wa'a, but you don't see them. They are hidden in the jungle, off the grid. We pass occasional sacred Hawaiian

burial grounds, where signs warn, "Kapu!" (keep out). At points, the road has huge potholes that can swallow a two-wheel-drive car. Like a dangerous woman in a bar, the jungle says: "Come to me; I dare you."

After about 14 miles of the jungle of Wa'a Wa'a, we emerge into clear land, except the land is all lava. We are on the outskirts of the former town of Kapoho, which, in 1960, was taken by lava dispatched by Pele, the goddess of the volcanos. Legend has it that Pele can be kept in good humor only by giving her regular offerings of—gin. Paradoxically, the same can be said of judges on the Mainland.

We are now on the Red Road, which got its name from the fact that it was originally paved with red pavement. The road is commonplace black asphalt now, but it is very narrow—so narrow that, at places, a two-foot track of additional asphalt has been laid on the edges of the road so cars can pass. The red road runs along the ocean and gives you regular spectacular views, a lot like the coast south of Carmel. You can picnic at one of several parks reached by the Red Road. The tourists at the resorts in Kona know nothing of this.

After 45 minutes on the Red Road, we come to a public hot pond on the left. It is surrounded by a chain-link fence which has an entrance to a parking lot. There are clean rest rooms and places to change into swim suits. And showers.

The hot pond itself is a natural pond about 40 feet in diameter that is fed by hot springs. It borders the ocean, and a rock wall has been built between the ocean and the pond, so that cold ocean water cleverly spills over the edge of the rocks into the pond. Thus, a natural temperature control is created. You want cooler water, just move toward the ocean inlet. You want hot, move to the center of the pond. All the while, you can look out at the scenic ocean and palm trees. And it's free! But, like the beachfront parks in Hilo, you want to avoid the hot pond on a weekend.

The Red Road used to join the Chain of Craters Road that came from Volcano National Park. But lava from the Kilauea volcano put stop to that in 1995. The Red Road now dead-ends at a huge lava flow that destroyed the town of Kalapana in 1990. Today, people are building home-made houses right on the lava. They are tempting Pele I'd say. If you want to see red-hot lava flowing into the sea, this area is often the best place to see it. Today, you will not see it in Volcano National Park (which we will visit in a minute). Actually, the best way to see lava flowing into the ocean (and creating land), when the lava is

flowing, is to sign on to a commercial lava-watching boat or helicopter (we have done neither).

We can go no further on the Red Road; our only recourse is to backtrack on route 130, through the Puna District, past Pahoa, past the Maku'u Market, and back to the Belt Highway outside Hilo.

### VOLCANO NATIONAL PARK

We are once again on the Belt Highway (Route 11) and it begins its 20 mile climb to Volcano National Park. The elevation of the park entrance is about 4000 feet, so it can be cold. Bring a coat or sweater.

The best way to experience Volcano Park is not to visit it on the same day that you explore the Puna District. Give the park its own afternoon and evening. Start by having a nice lunch in Hilo and then head for the park, arriving about 2 p.m. Start with the Visitors' Center and watch the 30-minute film. Both are excellent. Visit the adjacent art gallery, which has a comprehensive collection of good Hawaiian art for sale. Then drive down the Chain of Craters Road about five miles until you reach the parking lot for the Kilauea Iki trail (it's marked). This is the best hike in the park and one of my favorite hikes in any National Park. It's about four miles long. You will need boots, a sun hat, and a bottle of water. The trail starts out by running along the perimeter of a quiescent (at the moment) volcano crater through lush vegetation. You look down into the crater as you hike along. When you get to the other side of the crater, the trail drops down and spills you out onto the floor of the crater itself. Then you walk back toward the beginning across the floor of the crater, through fantastic lava formations and next to active steam vents. It's both beautiful and eerie. At the end of the floor of the crater, the trail turns into a series of switchbacks that takes you up and out of the crater. We take it easy on the switchbacks, but you will want to have your bottle of water handy.

The Kilauea Iki trail ends at the parking lot for the Thurston Lava Tube. A lava tube is a sizeable tube in the lava that serves as a sort of pipeline for hot lava. Lava tubes can be long; the Kazumura lava tube, which starts on the slopes of the Kilauea volcano, runs for some 40 miles. The Thurston Lava Tube is large and fun to walk through. Also, there are bathrooms there that you will probably want to use after hiking the Kilauea Iki trail. After exploring the lava tube, walk ¼ mile back to your car at the Kilauea Iki parking lot.

By this time, it is about 5 p.m. and time for a cocktail and dinner at Kilauea Lodge,

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in the town of Volcano, which is adjacent to the park. You should make a reservation for dinner at Kilauea Lodge. It is a stunning old lodge with excellent food—just the place to end the day. But your visit to Volcano Park isn't over.

After dinner, it is dark, and you once again enter the park. You drive about three miles to the overlook of the big Kilauea volcano crater. This is a flagstone patio, and it is dark. If you are lucky, and there is no fog, you will look out at a red glow, like a huge campfire in the night. This is the active Kilauea volcano. But don't try to see this in the daytime. Pele's magic is only visible at night. Now you stay the night in Volcano or head back to Hilo. On that note, the hotel in the park, Volcano House, is open again after a two-year renovation. The rooms are very pretty, but the price is dear.

### TOWARD KONA

The next day, we continue on the Belt Highway away from Hilo and the park and towards Kona. Our travel will take us through the arid southern part of the island and up the west side. It is 100 miles from the park to Kailua Kona. We will be passing through desert, and then macadamia nut and coffee farms. The Kona coffee farms are mostly small and are at higher, 1500 foot, elevation. Kona coffee is prized because it has a delicious flavor and yet is not bitter. It is a mild coffee. It is also expensive. Even at the source, the Kona coffee farms, you will pay at least \$25.00 for a pound of Kona coffee. We buy our Kona coffee at Long's Drugs in Hilo: \$9.95, on sale, for seven ounces.

After about 80 miles, if you drop down from the mountainside, to get near the ocean, there are two sites in this area worth visiting. The first is a National Historical Park—Pu'uhona O Honeunau--formerly called The City of Refuge. In ancient times, the King could impose the death penalty on a person for breaking a kapu (King's law), but if that person could somehow make it to The City of Refuge, he would be spared. There, priests would cleanse his badness, and he could return to normal life. Sort of a get-out-of-death-penalty card. Today, the City of Refuge is a well-preserved multi-acre park where you will almost always see turtles swimming. Indeed, the beach right next to the park is one of the premier snorkeling beaches on the island.

The other site worth a visit in this area is Kealahou Bay, where the English explorer Captain Cook was killed in a battle with native Hawaiians. There is now a monument to him. At the time, the English were bad losers: the day after their Captain was killed they massacred some villages and destroyed

a sacred Hawaiian heiau. Today, Kealahou Bay has the best snorkeling on the Big Island.

### KAILUA KONA

Continuing on the Belt Highway north, we come to Kailua Kona, the main city on the Kona side of the island.

Kailua Kona is the center of the Kona Gold Coast. It has multi-million dollar houses camped on the mountain above the city. It is Bel-Air, La Jolla, Carmel, Belvedere and Incline Village. Judging from its population, it is a suburb of Los Angeles. So far as I am concerned, you can have Kailua Kona. What I like about Kailua Kona is that it has three stores not found in Hilo: Costco, Lowes, and K-Mart.

Before you spend a couple of million dollars for a house in Kailua Kona, there is something you should know—something a real estate agent might not tell you. Kailua has VOG. VOG is sulfuric volcano gas mixed with fog. The wind blows it down from the Kilauea volcano to Kona. When you breathe it, your eyes and throat get sore. Sometimes, if the wind is strong, the VOG blows across the ocean to the other islands. It does not happen every day but it is a real problem. It is Pele breaking wind.

### HONOKOHAU HARBOR

Let's head north out of Kailua Kona towards the airport—our starting point. But we have one last stop. About five miles short of the airport, we turn left into Honokohau Harbor. Honokohau Harbor is a marina and base for ocean fishing boats. In the main building, we find Harbor House Restaurant, located on the water with photo-perfect views of the boats. And good food. It is the perfect place to have lunch if you have an afternoon flight out of the Kona airport (and most flights to the mainland are in the afternoon).

### ALOHA

So here we are, back at the point of beginning. We have circumnavigated the Big Island. In the process, I hope I have explained to you why I love it almost as much as Dutch Flat.

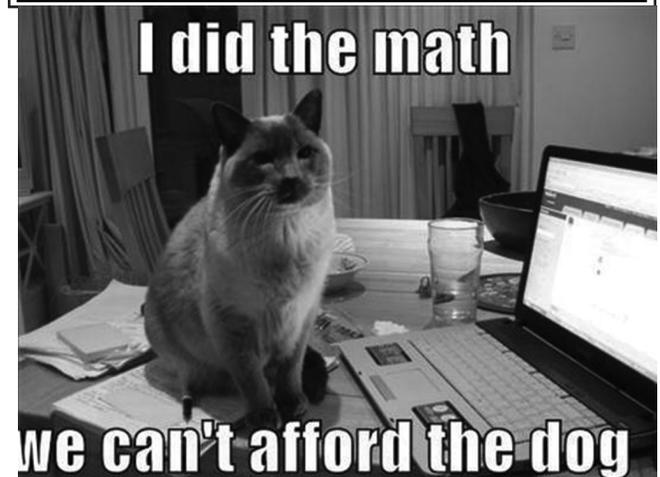


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## HOW TO WASH A CAT

BY THE DOG

**(EDITOR'S COMMENT: Please note the author and don't try this at home)**

1. Put both lids of the toilet up and add 1/8 cup of pet shampoo in the water in the bowl
2. Pick up the cat and soothe him while you carry him in to the bathroom
3. In one smooth movement, put the cat in the toilet and close the lid. You may need to sand on the lid.
4. At the point, the cat will self-agitate and make ample suds. Nevermind the noises that come from the toilet. The cat is actually enjoying this.
5. Flush the toilet three or four times. This provides a "power wash" and "rinse".
6. Have someone open the front door of your home. Be sure that there is no one between the bathroom and the front door
7. Stand well back...behind the toilet as far as you can...and quickly lift the lid.
8. The cat will rocket out of the toilet, streak through the bathroom and run outside where he will dry himself off.

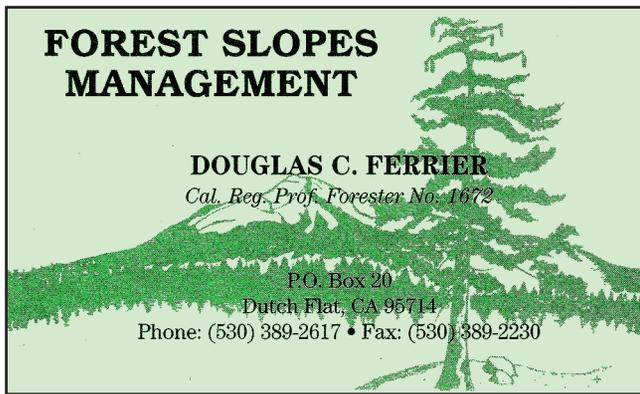
Both the toilet and cat will be sparkling clean.



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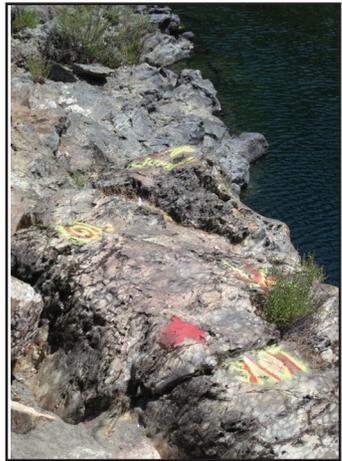


## NORTH FORK AMERICAN RIVER ALLIANCE

BY JIM RICKER

### Cleaning up the North Fork

NFARA joined with several other organizations and government agencies for a very productive season in cleaning up



trash and removing graffiti in the North Fork Canyon.

According to Eric Peach of Protect American River Canyons (PARC), at least 30 miles of the North and Middle Forks of the American River were cleaned during September.

The month started out with a helicopter assisted clean-up of Green Valley. NFARA, PARC, BLM (Bureau of Land Management) joined with a CHP helicopter crew to remove about 800



pounds of trash from the canyon. Most of the trash was left by illegal campers. The trash had been gathered and piled above the flood line on previous NFARA cleanup trips.

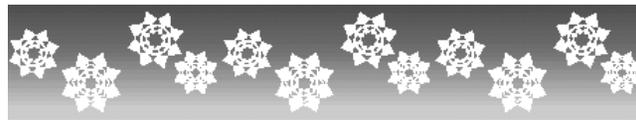
On September 19, the BLM removed the cable that dare-devil Mike Wilson left in the canyon in February 2012. Wilson had strung the cable from Lovers Leap to the south wall of Giant Gap for the purposes of

parachuting directly into the canyon; he was convicted and fined for his actions. BLM hired a contractor with lots of cable experience to do the removal. The helicopter hooked onto cable and pulled it straight up with no problems.

The Great Sierra River Clean-up was held on September 20. Even with heavy smoke from the King Fire, about 80 volunteers showed up to work in the Auburn State Recreation Area. Several thousand pounds of trash were removed. NFARA helped organize the effort at the Colfax Iowa Hill Bridge area. 25 volunteers met at Hills Flat Lumber in Colfax and divided into four groups. One group went to Windy Point Trailhead where they removed truck tires, batteries, and other roadside trash. Another group cleaned up an illegal camp site on the Stevens Trail. Mineral Bar Campground and surrounding area was cleaned up by the third group. The fourth group, which included BLM staff, hiked up the Penny Weight Trail to pick up trash and scrub graffiti off rocks at a popular swimming hole. NFARA joined this effort with PARC, Upper American River Foundation, Canyon Keepers, State Parks, and the BLM.

September ended with the removal of a large boiler from the North Fork near the Colfax Iowa Hill Bridge. Auburn State Recreation Area staff winched a 10 foot long 24 inch diameter, several thousand pound metal boiler out of the river channel and up onto a cobble beach area. The plan is to move the historic boiler from the Pennyweight river bar to Mineral Bar Campground. The CHP helicopter used previously in Green Valley is not large enough to do this. The search is now on for a helicopter powerful enough for this job.

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



## GOLDEN DRIFT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

BY DOUG FERRIER,  
SOCIETY PRESIDENT

If I could ask for anything this holiday season to expand our historical understanding of the history of this area, what would that be? I wish that a time machine existed where one could go back in time and see what was going on during various periods.

We don't have a lot of documentation

of what went on around here during the decade of the 1850s. How was today's Gold Run originally established as Cold Springs, then changed to Mountain Springs due to another Cold Springs located in El Dorado County, and finally moved to its present location in 1861?

How did the gold miners finally realize that the gold in our area was imbedded in ancient riverbeds, not so much in the modern river/stream system in this area? Did any of our area's early day miners really strike it rich and returned home with large fortunes? Or did they return home with only minor amounts, or maybe no gold at all? By 1860, there were very few people in this area that had been here since 1850 or 1851. Did they die off, return home, or move on to other mining diggings?

Based on the few newspaper references in the Sacramento Union and various Auburn newspapers, the 1850s appear to have been more violent, with a number of shootings and murders. Native Latin American miners were more numerous during that period, but were mostly gone around here by 1860. Did they move out on the own, or pushed out by discrimination? If it was the latter, then why weren't the Chinese also pushed out?

When the Central Pacific Railroad got built through this area in 1865 & 1866, how badly did it cut up the water ditch systems the miners used, and how much did the miners have to move their ditches?

If I had a time machine available to me, I would take a camera along with me and take pictures of early day Cold Springs/ Mountain Springs; the moving of the town to today's site; close up pictures of Chinatown in Dutch Flat, and of the breweries that were once here (there have been three of them). I would take pictures of John C. Fremont coming down the divide between the North Fork American River and the Bear River in the 1840's, before any of the future disturbance occurred in the area. Do I want to go back 40 million years ago and take pictures of the old river channel and the gold flakes being washed down it? Exactly where were the volcanoes in today's state of Nevada that vented the gold that would eventually erode down to our area?

Although none of this will ever happen, it is fun to think about it. Have a bountiful Thanksgiving, a merry Christmas season and a happy New Year.



## DUTCH FLAT COMMUNITY SWIMMING POOL NEWS

BY DOUG FERRIER

It has been a busy fall season. The pool closed on September 1st, Labor Day, for the season. It was open 76 days, and had approximately 8,000 visitor days to it.

Normally, we drain the pool immediately after Labor Day, but this year, because of the extreme fire danger in our area, we kept the 197,000 gallons of water in the pool for the entire month of September. It was available for CAL-Fire and our local Volunteer Fire people to draft out of it, if needed. Luckily, it was not needed and we went ahead and finally drained it in October.

We had one major reconstruction project this Fall that we have now completed. For many years, the roof over the Life Guard shack has leaked, requiring everything in it to be covered over with plastic for Winter and Spring. In addition, the bottom of two of the building's walls (the eastern and southern walls) were rotting away. This would have eventually impacted the structural strength of the roof.

With Jim Johnson in charge, a group of volunteers replaced the metal roof and, in the process, put down new underlayment. The bottoms of the rotting walls were cut out, a new cement foundation poured and the wall and foundation tied back together.

Bill MacLean of Dutch Flat, a retired roofing company owner, advised us on what might be needed for the roof, and got his son, who had taken over family roofing business (Quality Roofing in Tahoe City) to donate the new metal roofing material. The Placer County Parks & Grounds Division provided most of the lumber and hardware needed (using our tax-generated Pool fund money) and the Dutch Flat Community Swimming Pool Corporation provided additional needed material and bought refreshments for the volunteers, through donated pool funds.

The following graciously donated their time and expertise to do all of the required work: Jim Johnson, Jim Sanders, Kenny Weatherwax, Jerry Reioux, Mike Martin, Aaron Smith, Burdette Siladek, Bob Ford, Lee Lyter, Dean Steinoff, John Paratore, Rick Armstrong, Bob Salmoria, Gary Nilsen and Doug Ferrier. Heidi Johnson and Rochelle Baiocchi helped out with the refreshments. 132 hours of volunteer time went into the roof part of the project and 84



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hours into the foundation/wall portion. All of the volunteer's efforts are greatly appreciated. We now have a Life Guard shack that does not leak and can withstand snow loads easily again.

We have a number of other projects we will need to do next Spring, but at least for now we can close down the pool and grounds fully for winter. We will be working with the County to get them to streamline their Life Guard hiring process so that we don't have a repeat of the problems we had this season.



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## MURDER BY CLICHE

BY DEBBY MCCLATCHY

### CHAPTER 6

Here's a re-cap of the cast of story characters:

**Constable Charlie Cummins** - new on the force; young but keen

**Emily and Walter Cummins** - his parents

**Mr. Clarence Warrington** - the town curmudgeon

**Carole Thorpe** - police station receptionist; a motherly type

**Detective Sergeant Ray Thorpe** - her son, the police chief

**Hugh Shallows** - Welshman, recently bought local hotel

**Molly Shallows** - his daughter, the hotel's chef, and Charlie's secret love

**Tom Clark and Brad Feeny** - local farm-hands and pranksters

**Gloria and Lareen Evans** - spinster cousins and gossips

**Lord Calvin Commander** - Lord of the Manor

**Lady Casey** - his American wife

**Corrine Commander** - his eldest daughter

**Juliet Commander** - his youngest daughter

**Lord George Commander** - his grandfather

**Denton** - his butler

**Alan deLay** - the butcher with extracurricular activities

**Lara deLay** - his wife, also with sidelines

**Carstairs** - the blacksmith and motor mechanic

**John and Mary Tadbourne** - farmers

**Mike Tadbourne** - their son, loves Juliet

**Valerie Givens** - artist who rents cottage for the season

**Connie** - barmaid at the Endeavor

**Madge** - Lindenmouth's telephone operator

**Celeste Woodward** - town's premier literary recluse

**Manning** - her live-in staff

**Roger Smith-Robbins** - Celeste's ineffectual nephew

**Sharon Woodward** - Celeste's ward

**Marcy Wallace** - millinery clerk, loves Roger

**Sir Mathew Broadstairs** - town barrister

**Dr. McKnight** - town physician

**Vicar Constanton** - elderly clergy

**Cornelius Spanner** - owns antique shop

**Art Friendly** - hardware shop

**Sarah Daley** - lace and notions shop

**Tom's Friend and the Older Couple** - seaside visitors?

**Horace Green and Carrie Thompson** - victim of pranks

**Detective Babbitt** - Exeter police

\*\*\*\*\*

The rain started slowly, then became persistent and pressing. Most attendees had left earlier, and the remaining were flowing out the gate to waiting vehicles and carts. Charlie had gone home to his Mum's steaming shepherd's pie and treacle sponge, and was listening now to the radio with his nodding Dad. His perplexed Mum was picking out the bits of eggshell from Charlie's hair. "How in the world, did you do this, Charlie Boy? You been rolling around in the henhouse?"

She turned apple-red when she realized the implication of what she had just said. "I mean, I would think it was snow, but this is early May."

Charlie replied, defensively, "I was just helping out, Mum, with the catering at the Fair, and the pesky peels got into everything." He blushed and she noticed; she was his Mum. She wisely decided to let it lay until another day.

The afternoon's thunderstorms moved cell by cell north and east across Devon, and finally broke into wispy clouds about the time the sun went down. The sunset happened on an angle to the west, so towns like Corpus Saltacre down the beach looked to be across the Channel. The hint of a fine evening brought out the courting couples, the bored teenagers, the lonely widows, and the dark-seeking strangers.

Roger and Sharon were reluctantly walking back up to their home, arguing sharply. Roger was tired and hungry, and personally put out by a situation that was clearly not his fault. Sharon was terrified and thrilled by a taste of temporary independence as Celeste had not yet returned from the Fair. Manning was unsure what to do or whom to call. The

whole house was in chaos; phoning the Manor brought no answer, so the two walked back there in person. It was starting to get dark; Sharon was the most worried.

"Where could she be? She was only going to do the fortunes til afternoon tea. She can't still be there; everyone has to have gone home."

Roger nodded crossly, "Yes, but it could be so many reasons; she could be at the Royal Devon with a friend, having a post-fair libation."

Sharon was uncertain, "Doesn't sound like Celeste, to go somewhere and not tell us. Besides, she would need to change out of her costume; would want me to help her."

They arrived at Lark Cottage. Georgian, made of a lovely creamy Bath stone, it set back from the lane with a welcoming front path through a colorful bits and pieces garden. Different sea grasses mixed with pots of yellow, lavender, and pink blooms. A somewhat pretentious birdbath-fountain with cavorting cupids on the top had been added by Casey, and it unfortunately put the whole aspect out of balance. The front door, a massive ancient oak masterpiece, had been given an American touch and painted red. In front a large tulle mat shouted "Welcome".

Sharon grimaced and Roger looked amused. They rang the bell. It was a long time before anyone answered. Lord Commander threw open the door, exclaimed in dismay, took them each by the arm, and brought them into the paneled foyer. Disapproving ancestors glared down from the gloom. Dark oak staircases curved upwards into the heights and a magnificent carpet of reds and golds in an intricate pattern muted their steps.

"Denton is down at the stream with your aunt." The Lord was obviously distracted and not sure how to proceed. "Please would both of you come in here to the study and have a seat."

He led them through a side door into the book-lined room. Much larger than anticipated, it had been cobbled together from two smaller withdrawing rooms and a coat closet, and was one of Casey's few successes at redecorating. It was masculine, but comfy, with walnut wainscoating, dark leather upholstery, hunting prints on the wall, and a huge fire going. It was obviously used often.

Roger and Sharon sat down, accepted glasses of brandy, and looked up at Lord Commander in reluctant anticipation.

"I'm terribly sorry to have to tell you this, but your Aunt Celeste is dead. Denton

and McVittie, the gardener, found her just now, drowned in the creek. She must've fallen and her costume was so heavy, it dragged her down. It's not deep, but she must have been knocked out by the fall. We've called Ray Thorpe. Again, please accept my condolences." There, he thought. That's over with, thank God. What an inconvenience that horrible woman had to die on his turf!

Roger and Sharon sat frozen in disbelief. Neither doubted Calvin's word, but it was still a shock. Roger was trying to feel some sadness, and decided there was none. In fact he was having a hard time containing his relief. The money was now his; he could marry Marcy, or, wait a bit, anyone he wanted. The house would be his, the automobile, all of it. Of course, looking over at Sharon, there would be small legacies for faithful servants and companions. His head was awl; plans had to be made.

Sharon hardly heard a word past "your aunt is dead". An immense weight of responsibility and dependency was suddenly lifted from her body, and she stood up suddenly, she felt so light. Looking around guiltily, she quickly sat down again, but couldn't shake her feeling of euphoria. Neither of them grieved one inch for Celeste. The Lord was watching each with sorrow, assuming great suffering was making them silent. He called for tea and sat down reluctantly to commiserate.

Insistent knocking at the Cummins' front door woke everyone from the evening's lethargy. Emily wiped her hands and bits of shell onto her apron and opened the door. Ray Thorpe was there, pale and standing very straight. He asked, "Good evening, Em. Would Charlie be home? We've had another death. It is Celeste Woodward this time. On the grounds of the Manor. Could be an accident, or maybe another murder. Could I come in and sit a bit, please? I'm done in by all of this."

Emily swallowed hard and nodded, pulling the door back to let him pass. He followed her into the sitting room and let himself down heavily onto a flowered settee next to Charlie. Many such sittings had compressed the pillows, so it felt like he was falling into a soft hole. He adjusted his position and turned to Charlie,

"I guess you heard me; it is Celeste this time. Not sure how or why, but she's in the creek with a nasty wound on her head. But in the back; not a place you would hit falling forward, which is what looks like what happened. I hate to call in the Exeter lads again, but we're out of our league here. It's that detective they have, Mr. Babbitt. He's a

one to run things, must be total boss, gives not an inch. I worked with him on that case two years ago when that kid went missing. Never did find her and Babbitt was a real pain in the..." Ray remembered Emily was just out of his field of vision. "Well, in the you-know-what."

Walter turned off the radio and gave Ray his full attention. "Do you think, if this proves to be murder, that it will be the same person which done in young Tom Clark? I can't see any similarities in the two people, except no one liked either of them."

"Walter Cummins, you shouldn't speak so ill of the dead." Emily was embarrassed. Walter was not. He was a man who spoke his mind. "Sorry, my love, but you know it is true. The whole town disliked them both; Tom, for being a full-of-himself prankster, and Celeste, a penny-pinching, controlling, old haridan. The way she ran the lives of Roger and Sharon was criminal." He gulped his lukewarm tea. A man usually of little words, he had exhausted his verbal capacity. He turned the radio back on.

Ray turned to Charlie and said, "There wasn't much outcry at Tom's death, but Celeste was a wealthy, influential woman. There's going to have to be an inquest, and there will be more pressure from the higher-ups to solve this one. If it is murder. Another wait and see." He pushed himself up from the settee. It took three tries before he could completely stand up and move away. He wished the Cummins good evening, nodded at Charlie, who grabbed his cap and jacket, and the two went out to their bicycles, pedaling up the hill to the station. Emily called out that she would send some sandwiches and a flask of tea up later with Walter. Ray didn't point out that his Mum would do the same. He had learned to let mothers do their mothering.



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### *On the Hoof, continued from Page 5*

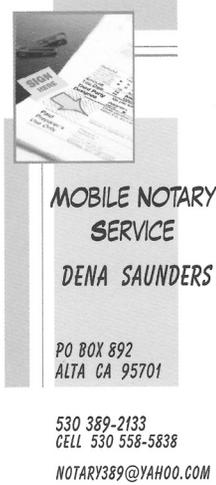
5 stars when on an expense account, but overseas, I've stayed in convents, hostels and once in a jail in Nicaragua, not to mention lots of intriguing local hotels. Sure, I check for bugs. But don't kid yourself, the 5 stars have them as well.

My best find of all time, however, is a wonderful group called the Affordable Travel Club ([affordabletravelclub.net](http://affordabletravelclub.net)). It was founded by a cool couple in Washington state some years ago. Basically, it's a hospitality exchange club for people over 40 to join costing \$65/year. You become a member and receive a directory of other members worldwide. You can also add special requests to your listing like house trading, pet sitting and house sitting. It is \$20 per night per couple, or \$15 for a single - this is a gratuity to stay with a member. At the moment, there are 2400 host locations in 49 states and 50 countries. To use the services, all you do is email or call and say you are a member and ask if you can stay on particular dates. The member has the option to say no, I'm busy or gone, or whatever, but if they say yes, you have a bedroom, in their home, and a full breakfast. Often they volunteer to take you to the airport. I know it sounds a bit sketchy to folks who have to stay in hotels but I love my ATC membership. I've met some incredibly wonderful people and everyone of them is kind and fun. I've NEVER had a bad experience. To me, it is what travel needs to be about: friendly folks worldwide and ATC is close to worldwide.

I once was offered an opportunity to cat sit in Scotland. I would have jumped at it but it didn't match my timing. You can stay for up to 3 days, but I've had so much fun with some folks, that they let me stay for a week. And it's cozy. Your choice: madding crowds or personal care. The tradition is to be referred, so if at all interested, I'll refer. Give me a call and I'll give you all the details.

After over 50 years on the hoof, so to speak, I am certainly not trading in my frequent flyer miles for magazines. I am highly skilled at the airline offerings. With a kid in Australia, I can't afford not to build miles. Most of us use credit cards, and the airline incentives are very tasty indeed.

So there you have it, Ebola? Flu? Bed bugs? .....oh heck, let's go to Bali and have an umbrella drink on the North Shore.....or dig ourselves out of lots of snow. Your call.



## HOW'D YA GET HERE JEAN FANNING? BY SHELLEY WILLSMORE

Jean Fanning was born in Surrey, England in the town of Mitcham, and during those early years, enjoyed her childhood as the only daughter of May and Sidney Cardew. This was during the 1930's and like most children of that age, she was not keenly aware of what was brewing across the English Channel. On September 3rd, 1939, the day before her 9th birthday, England declared war on Germany and life, as she knew it, was never the same.

By this time the family had moved north to Norbury. Her father was already in the English Army and Jean's mother stayed at home with her. Norbury Manor, the school Jean was attending, was evacuated and Jean spent her birthday that year on a train headed for the coast. In the cities that were thought to be targeted for attack, the children were separated from their families and taken to areas where it appeared to be safer for them. I cannot imagine having to send my children away or having to put them through that. I know of a man in Alta, who was put on a boat to America. But the bombing proved to be fierce and it was thought that this was the right decision.

Jean was taken to a center where local families came and chose children that they agreed to house. They were given some form of compensation for their efforts. Jean felt fortunate that she was chosen with one of her girlfriends and did not have to feel completely alone, but it was still a sad and traumatic event for all of those children. When they arrived at the home of this couple, there were already two other children there, so four children, three girls and one boy, shared the same room. After a short while, it was found that there was some kind of infestation so Jean and her friend were sent to another family. Jean remembers that

the woman there made a wonderful chocolate cake.

Jean's uncle had a bungalow on the coast so she was eventually able to be reunited with her mother. During her schooling Jean attended four different schools in different counties. After graduating from high school, she was able to attend college and had ambitions of becoming a journalist. Her father was out of the army by then and was working for a newspaper, the Daily Telegraph, and felt that journalism was not the career he wanted for her, so she became a secretary. Everything happens for a reason, and she eventually ended up working as a secretary at the US Embassy in Grosvenor Square in London. Bill Fanning was in the US Navy, also working at Grosvenor Square in the medical clinic next to where Jean was working, and that is how they met. Bill was a medic in the Navy but the Marines do not have a medical division so Navy medics would be assigned to the Marine Corps to serve and Bill was often assigned to USMC bases. After they married, Jean became a wife and mother, traveling to wherever Bill was stationed, eventually ending up at the US Naval Hospital in Oakland.

They were living in San Lorenzo when Bill finished his career in the Navy and began his civilian life. They had a friend whose grandparents lived in the home now owned by Brad and Alice Harris. He would describe this special Gold Rush town in the Sierra foothills where he used to visit. A few other acquaintances also had connections to Dutch Flat and so Bill and Jean decided to check it out. They were searching for a spot away from the city and rented a house on Sacramento Street for the summer. Jean would stay in Dutch Flat with their sons, Paul and Neil, while Bill worked in the city and came on weekends until he was able to work locally. When the house across the street became available, they were able to purchase it. They named it Runnymede, where she still resides with her son Neil. Neil has been helping her for many years now and she could not continue living here were it not for him.

I was curious about the name Runnymede and she shared with me that Runnymede (she changed the spelling for personal reasons) is the place in England where King John was forced to sign the Magna Carta. This was where Bill chose to propose to her and so it has a special meaning for them. Runnymede means "a stream running through a meadow" and there is a seasonal stream behind the house.

After she and Bill married, Jean did not return to secretarial work but shortly after moving to Dutch Flat, she was asked to take

over the Dutch Flat newspaper column, the "Dutch Flat Diggings" from Betty Baily. For six and a half years she was able to fulfill that desire to write. Though it was not exactly the type of journalism career she envisioned in her youth, it was a paying job, so technically she was somewhat of a professional journalist.

Though Bill is well known for many of his accomplishments, including operating the very first Bookmobile in Placer County, Jean was always beside him. After his retirement they both spent their time volunteering for a number of organizations. They were very active with the Boy Scouts for many years and volunteered for the Placer County food bank to name a few. One of the most notable roles the Fannings played was Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus at Christmas time. Bill was great at playing Santa, but it is not difficult to pull that one off; grab a red suit and a beard. The first time my kids saw Jean, they were enchanted. Her outfit, down to the bonnet and wire rimmed glasses was just how you pictured the Mrs. to look. Her smile and the English accent left little doubt. Then there were the candy canes; it was delightful.

Another of Jean's desires was to have an antique shop. She has an eye and good taste for fine things and she has enjoyed being the proprietor of Runnymede



Antiques for 28 years. Every Gold Rush town needs an antique store and we have Jean's shop where she also carries collectibles and such. In recent years she has been dealing with various health issues and so the store

does not operate as it once used to. It was a place where she had frequent visitors, and folks would stop in just to visit with her. She misses that. The store now operates on weekends from April through October from 12 to 4 PM and otherwise by appointment.

Jean does not get out much anymore, but loves to see people from the community when she is occasionally able to make a pot luck dinner. I enjoyed spending a few afternoons with her, getting caught up and hearing her stories. I was reminded again, what a special community we have, made up of such interesting people from all walks of life and how fortunate I am to know them.

## HOLIDAY BOUTIQUE AND CRAFT FAIR

BY MARYBETH BLACKINTON

Saturday, November 8th dawned crisp and bright. As the sun shone on the beautiful Fall day, twenty one vendors set up their wares both inside and outside of the Community Center. There was a large variety of merchandise available from handcrafted jewelry to home-made goods to candles to honey to cards to wreaths. Each vendor donated one item that will be available at either the November 20 or December 18 potluck raffle. The money raised at the raffles will go in to our Childrens Fund.

A number of shoppers stopped by after having a pancake breakfast at the Dutch Flat Methodist Church. Everyone was so pleased to see the community turn out and support the local crafters. Volunteers with the Community Center sold holiday decorations and winter clothing upstairs as well as some special and unique furniture that had been donated by the Bailey family.

We had put out a call to the community in the middle of October for donations of decorations and winter clothes and were rewarded with some great things. Although a lot sold at the event we still have a lot more available. We are extending the sale to the Community Potluck Thursdays (November 20 and December 18) for folks to browse for holiday gifts, special event clothes or something else.

Between the money received from the vendor table rental and the sale of some of the Bailey furniture, holiday decorations and clothing, the Center raised about \$1500. It wouldn't have been possible without the help of our tireless volunteers. A big thank you goes to our elves Heidi Johnson and Alicia Lampley Gebel who served hot chocolate, warm cider and coffee to the shoppers. Betty Fetherston, Cathy Gallardo, Laura Glassco, Debra Smith and Heidi Johnson set up the beautiful holiday displays, Laura Resendez and Marilyn Gregory sold the furniture and Roxane Bertell and Yvonne Lewis were the cashiers.

It was a great event that helped the community as well as the Center. We hope to establish this as an annual tradition to start off the holiday season in the foothills.

## HEARSE-SAY

BY LYNETTE VROOMAN

For those of us who live here or visit often, it's not hard to imagine Dutch Flat in the summer twilight, the sun having slowly set, dipping below the horizon in the west and creating the red glow on the pines. Imagine then, in that twilight evening, two couples (one older and one younger) sitting on a slanted covered porch, the vista to the north-east revealing the earth's movement toward night as the cemetery hill turns from vermilion to rose to violet to darkness, crickets sounding in the background. On that porch, on an old car seat and rickety wooden chairs, the couples share stories in the coming summer night, one man holding a Lucky Lager beer can in his hand while he tells stories of his childhood in the booming days of the town.

"And her name was Velvet Ass Rose," he said smiling, twinkling, "or, at least, that's what they called her." Thus began my grandfather's, Red Bridges, retelling of Ralphie Bowen's tales that he heard so many years before. He told some of those stories to me and my husband Mike on a similar early autumn evening nearly twenty-five years ago. The evening was cool but warm enough to leave the doors open. The leaves had just begun to turn; everything was golden. The Community Center was holding its annual Oktoberfest dance on the tennis court, and we could hear the oom-pa-pa of the band echoing across town.

"You know—having a hearse was a big deal then. The Oddfellows and Masons and the townspeople worked together to raise the money to get it," he said. "Have you seen those places on the front and back? Those spots that look like urns?" I say, "Yes, Poppie," even though I hadn't ever paid attention. Mike listened in delight. "That is where the ostrich plumes go," he said. "The town didn't have enough money to buy the plumes, and it was a big deal to have them. So, the ladies of the evening [I am sure he used another term] held dollar nights. Velvet Ass Rose was the madam, and she donated a dollar for every visit that night to buy the ostrich plumes. And so the town had a hearse with the plumes, and it was quite the thing."

My grandfather loved to tell stories, and Mike and I loved to hear them. And it was so natural, the story telling of our town's heritage from one generation to the next, from Ralphie to my grandfather to me and Mike. Like all folktales, the details change from one teller to another and from one

telling to the next, but the greater meaning remains. Like all folktales, the story says something about the people who tell it and about humanity as a whole. The story has meaning, not only for me because it is part of my personal heritage, memories of my grandfather's storytelling, but it also holds greater meaning for this community--the town's history of coming together in a common cause, in building a community and preserving it for future generations.

The hearse is still here today, having been restored in the 1980s, housed with the hose cart in the Dutch Flat Community Center's Hearse House building. One might often see visitors viewing it through the Plexiglas window or hear them remarking on its uniqueness. Unfortunately, visitors will not have the ability to look through the large window as the walkway will be closed off for the winter. Like the Community Center building, the Hearse House is in dire need of repair. The Community Center is faced with many challenges in maintaining and repairing the remnants of our past, our cultural heritage that has been passed from one generation to the next. Not only do the roof and the windows of the Community Center need to be fixed, but also the walkway to the Hearse House needs work and will be closed until repaired. While we no longer have Velvet Ass Rose and her bevy of helpful prostitutes to hold dollar nights, we, like the townspeople who bought the hearse in the first place, have the power of community and the ability to come together in a common cause, regardless of any differences we might have, to help out in any way we can. We can be proud of our past, our folklore and our artifacts, because as I heard my grandfather say, they are quite the thing.



**Photo taken by Jim Morley on July 4th, 1953, during the parade. Kirby Quinn is pulling the hearse; Fred Hudson is on it; Charley Rogers (in white) and Pat Murphy follow behind. Photo provided courtesy of Eleanor Bridges.**





## REMEMBERING

### JIM BOLTMAN 1928-2014

BY GERI LENNON

In mid October, when the leaves were turning, I lost one of my very dear friends. I know he was a friend of many in the Dutch Flat- Alta region. Jim Boltman passed quietly on October 14, 2014.

I had gone the day before to go leaf peeping with him. Many of you know he was a world class photographer and took breathtaking shots of many cultures as well as the beauty that surrounds us.

Jim had an eye for the uncommon moment and knew just when to snap the picture. As usual, he received me at his wonderful care facility, Outlook, in Auburn. He was always a gentleman to the very last moment when I kissed him on the cheek. I wasn't to know he wouldn't return. A fall had taken him by surprise but none of us thought it was serious. It was.

I look back to the many years with Jim and Edna and their numerous pups. The fabulous dinner parties, the laughter, the creative moments and those sad ones when we lost his sweetheart, Edna. Now, it is my fondest hope they are dancing in the great hall together and watching the leaves turn from afar.

I miss my gentle friend. His ashes will join Edna's up on the hill. Yes, I miss my gentle friend.

### BETTY BAILEY 1924-2014



Betty Bailey left this life October 23, 2014 after sustaining injuries in a fall three weeks earlier. Helen Elizabeth (Betty) was born in 1924 to Otto and Mary Behrens in St. Ignatius Montana. She spent her first 10 years on the Behrens

ranch in the Mission Valley and the remainder of her childhood on the Behrens farm in the Lehigh Valley near Bethlehem PA. Following graduation from Liberty High School, she worked in fashion retail and at Bethlehem Steel prior to enrolling at Edgewood Park College at Briarcliff Manor NY. She graduated in 1947 with a degree in merchandising and returned to the employ of Bethlehem Steel. While attending Edgewood, she met Matthew Bailey, mid-shipman at the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point.

Betty and Matt married in April 1952. After residing in Pennsylvania, at Lake Spaulding and then Drum Powerhouse, they settled in Dutch Flat CA in 1958 with their three daughters.

Betty's life revolved primarily around her family, home and community. She served as Sunday school superintendent for the Dutch Flat Community Church, wrote the "Dutch Flat Diggins" news column that appeared in local newspapers and, for many years, managed the Osborn-Woods store

in Nevada City. She was known for her bountiful energy and her passion for artistic pursuits, traveling, good food, good books, parties and yard sales.

Betty is survived by her husband of 61 years, Matt Bailey; her sister and best friend, Katherin Cole and brother-in-law, Dick; daughters and sons-in-law Heidi and Clif Youmans, Gretchen and Richard Dyson and Lisa and Doug Balmain; grandchildren Peter and Liz Dyson and Amy and Doug Balmain; and beloved nieces and nephews.

A celebration of Betty's life will take place at a later date.



### SNOWFLAKES

BY ELAINE DALTON

A breath of wind,  
Cool and silent,  
Blows in from the North;  
Creeping through the trees  
And under the eaves,  
It leaves behind a gift.

Born from air and light,  
Frozen in the stillness before dawn  
And carried on the back of the wind;  
Soft, sparkling crystals –  
The diamonds of Winter  
Set in a fragile pattern.

Sprinkled lightly over the world,  
Blanketing the landscape  
With the faintest sigh,  
Transforming the world overnight  
And freezing in place,  
Leaving only glistening white.

Each flake a microscopic realm  
Of infinite delight;  
There for hours, yet melted in an instant;  
Pure and crisp and silent,  
A small part building a whole,  
Each holding their own.

Like the diamonds of Winter's crown  
And the stars of the sky,  
These precious treasures  
Are eagerly anticipated, enjoyed,  
And mourned when gone  
Till the season's return.

Snowmen rise up from their ranks,  
Forts are constructed from them,  
Paths are shoveled free  
And homes are covered in them;

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Children catch them on their tongues  
And watch them soar away.

Silently powerful,  
Forming and vanishing overnight;  
Moving mountains and filling rivers,  
Enchanting and charming,  
Powerfully dangerous  
While yet so fragile and elusive.

When they come early,  
And when they come late,  
There's always a hush –  
A sigh of delight –  
Especially at Christmastime,  
To take in the sight  
Of fresh snowflakes  
Glistening in the moonlight.



### CLASSIFIED ADS

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

\*\*\*

The Dutch Flat Community Center is in the process of establishing a list of licensed contractors that we can use for various projects we need help with. If you are a licensed contractor, or know of one, that would like to be considered for projects at the Center, please send an email to “[dfcc.newspaper@gmail.com](mailto:dfcc.newspaper@gmail.com)” or leave a message at 530-389-8310.

We are currently soliciting bids for the repair of the deck surrounding the historic Hearse House at the corner of Sacramento and Main Streets. We would like this project completed by the end of the year, if possible.

\*\*\*

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### INTERNET WI-FI AVAILABLE AT THE COMMUNITY CENTER

It's not fast but the internet is now available at the Community Center. Access is shown as “DFCC” with no password required so be careful how you use it. We're hoping it provides another level of service to the public as well as the Center.



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Chlarson

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

Donation amount

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

Check \_\_\_\_\_ Credit Card \_\_\_\_\_ exp date \_\_\_\_\_

Billing zip code \_\_\_\_\_ CID \_\_\_\_\_

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

Childrens Fund \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE MAIL YOUR DONATION TO THE DUTCH FLAT COMMUNITY CENTER,  
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**Shelley Willsmore and Connie Gulling getting their hands dirty**



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