



Alta Dutch Flat Gold Run COMMUNITY

Volume 33 – No. 3

PUBLISHED BY THE DUTCH FLAT COMMUNITY CENTER WITH MEMBER SUPPORT

Fall 2022

Dutch Fire



Air Tanker dropping retardant over Frost Hill

Photo by Lori Byer Warwick

By Sarah Fugate

On Tuesday, September 13, 2022 a fire started on Interstate 80 westbound between Alta and Dutch Flat and quickly traveled up Frost Hill threatening numerous homes and, without containment, the historic town of Dutch Flat. The fire's ignition source is still unknown.

Daniel Ellison, a Frost Hill resident for 32 years, noticed smoke emanating from the freeway at 12:55 pm. After searching for the source of the smoke and seeing a "wall of fire", he called 911 at 1 pm. Fire trucks arrived at his home 5-6 minutes later. By 1:02 pm, air support was already overhead with a helicopter inbound for a water drop. By 1:15 pm, two retardant drops had occurred. At 1:27 pm, personnel and air support were diverted from the Mosquito Fire to aid in the fire fight. At 1:30 pm, mandatory evacuations were ordered for Frost Hill residents and those on the South side of Ridge Road. By 1:45 pm, 6 tankers were assigned to fight the fire.

At 3:12 pm, CalFire Incident Commander, Sean Hughes, reported that fire behavior had begun to moderate. Retardant drops across the head were holding and a dozer was working the left flank of the fire and making good progress. By 4:49 pm, CalFire reported that fire activity had greatly diminished. At 5:15 pm, evacuated residents received the okay to return to their homes.

Quick response time and use of multiple air resources to fight the fire are credited with gaining control in a very short time.

Evacuated residents were able to return home less than 41/2 hours after the 911 call was made.



Aerial view of Dutch Fire

CalFire Photo

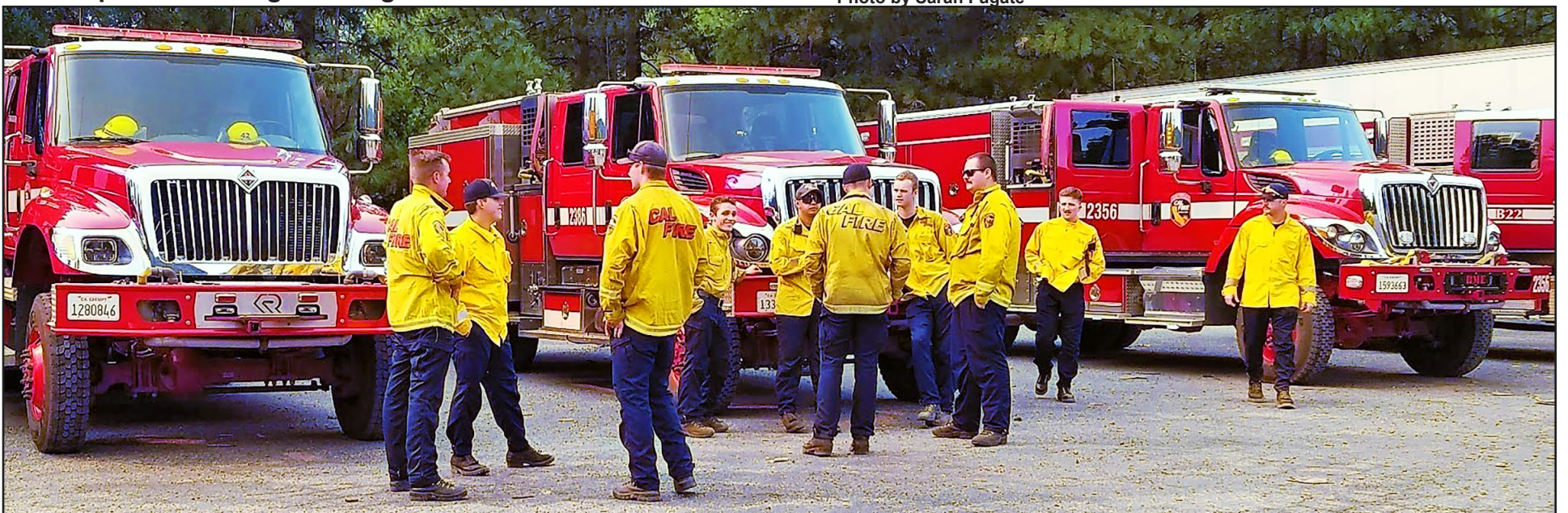


Dutch Fire from I-80

Photo courtesy of kron4.com

CalFire personnel stage at the gas station

Photo by Sarah Fugate



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I-80 Truck Fires



Truck fire in Gold Run

Photo from CBS News

Reprinted from District 5 Newsletter

At the last Weimar/Applegate/Colfax Municipal Advisory Council (WAC/MAC) meeting and later at the Board of Supervisors, Don Belden of the Placer Sierra Fire Safe Council presented the serious concerns about the increasing incidence of truck fires along Interstate 80. We are now working with both Caltrans and California Highway Patrol to address safety concerns including the high speed of the vehicles, and the dense vegetation in the right-of-way along both sides of I-80 between the Summit and Meadow Vista. Our office and Placer County Fire both submitted letters regarding these concerns as well as the previous letter we sent on the deterioration of the I-80 surface which has caused numerous broken windshields and flat tires. Follow-up responses are below.

I-80 ROAD CONDITIONS

"Caltrans uses a robust pavement asset management system. Based on our assessment, the surface layer has degraded, and structural section is in good condition. To address this need we have planned a project for construction in 2023. In the meantime, we have increased our sweeping operation to remove any loose material from the surface." - **Response from Amarjeet Benipal, Caltrans District 3 Director**

SPEEDING OF TRUCKS ON I-80

"...We appreciate you making us aware of the concerns listed in your letter and will be working with our membership on reminding them and their drivers to adhere to the state's 55 MPH speed limit for commercial motor vehicles and to pay close attention to checking their brakes. The timing of your letter couldn't have come at a better time as National Brake Safety Check Week is scheduled for August 21-27. We will make sure to reiterate to our members and their drivers the importance of checking their brakes not only during Brake Check Safety Week but throughout the year." - **Response from Eric Sauer, Senior Vice President of Government Affairs, Calif. Trucking Association**

District 5 Supervisor
Cindy Gustafson
supervisor@placer.ca.gov

COMMUNITY STAFF

Publisher:

Dutch Flat Community Center
P. O. Box 14, Dutch Flat CA 95714
530-389-8310

Editorial Staff:

Sarah Fugate, Editor
Tom Fugate, Photo Editor

Reporters & Contributors:

Marybeth Blackinton
Ernie Bullard
Sarah Fugate
Tom Fugate
Bill Gallaher
Laura Glassco
Connie Gulling
Bob Kims
Debby McClatchy
Mia Monroe
Mike Mutto
Annette Purther
Shelley Willsmore

Special Contributor:

Joan Chlarson - DFCC Watercolor

DFCC Board of Directors:

Bob Kims, President
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Alicia Lampley Gebel, Recording Secretary
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Kris Johnson, At-large
Alan Willsmore, At-large

Email: dfcc.newspaper@gmail.com

Address: 933 Stockton Street, Dutch Flat

Website: www.dutchflatcc.org

Facebook: Dutch Flat Community Center

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.

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 deadline for the next issue is December 10, 2022.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

The Attic: Thursdays, 10 am - 1 pm.

Auburn Interfaith Food Closet: Monday-Friday, 10 am-2 pm, Wednesdays, 4-7 pm, last Saturday of each month, 10 am-2 pm. 1788 Auburn Ravine Rd, Auburn. 530-885-1921. Delivery available.

Dutch Flat Community Center Board of Directors Meeting: 2nd Mondays, 6:00 pm. Location varies. Contact Bob Kims, 530-389-8684.

Dutch Flat Community Center Potluck: 3rd Thursdays. 6:00 pm. Bring a place setting, your own drink, and a dish to share.

Dutch Flat United Methodist Church Pancake Breakfast: 2nd Saturdays, 8:00 am -10:00 am.

Dutch Flat United Methodist Church Arts & Crafts: Thursdays, 9:30 am - 4:30 pm. All are welcome. Learn something new!

Dutch Flat United Methodist Church: Sundays. Fellowship Dinner, 5:00 pm. Worship Service, 6:00 pm.

Golden Drift Historical Society Board Meeting: 1st Monday of February, April, June, August, October and December, 7 pm. Golden Drift Museum, Main Street. Contact Sarah Fugate, 530-210-5085.

Pioneer Union Church, Gold Run: Worship Service, Sundays, 10 am.

Placer County Library Mobile Service: Alta Store, 10/6, 11/3, 12/1, 11 am-12 pm. Dutch Flat Community Center, 10/11, 11/8, 12/6, 10 am -12 pm.

Sierra First Baptist Church, Alta: Worship Service, Sundays, 11 am. 33990 Alta Bonny Nook Rd., Alta. Contact 530-389-2168.

Sierra First Baptist Church Bible Study: Mondays, 8:30 am,

Sierra First Baptist Church Community Lunch: Mondays, 11:30 am - 12:30 pm. Free.

Sierra First Baptist Church Food Pantry: Thursdays, 10 am - 12 pm.

A message from the Dutch Flat Community Center Board President

By Bob Kims

Hello Friends and Neighbors,
My time on the Board of Directors is almost over. As I think about the past few years the thing I remember and enjoyed the most is the people of our wonderful communities. We have had a lot of fun at the many potlucks and other events. I have made so many new friends over these years. Serving on the Board has been a great way to meet and get involved with the Community.
The Dutch Flat Community Center is well over 100 years old yet it still serves the community well. The building has and still does require upkeep, maintenance and sometimes updating. During the past few years, we have made some repairs and improvements at the Center. We had to remove some trees that were damaging the foundation with their roots. Then a landscaping plan was developed and the work done to beautify the front of the building. Most of the planting is complete, we are still waiting for a few plants and trees to become available.

The kitchen was also worked on recently. The old configuration was small and hard to work in. We enlarged the kitchen, replaced appliances with updated units, painted the walls, added cabinets and increased the counter space. One of the most interesting parts of the work was finding the original wood floor under multiple layers of linoleum flooring. That wood floor adds character and a nice warm feeling to the kitchen. We also discovered the brick chimney that was hidden behind paneling in the kitchen. The goal was to make the kitchen functional and appealing to anyone that wants to rent the building while still honoring the age, character and style of the building. The brick chimney and the wood floor help us remember the origins of this fine building.
Kathy and I have also been heavily involved in the Center’s largest fundraiser over the past number of years, the White Elephant and Estate Treasures Sale. The Center needs money to keep it going and this sale has been very successful raising cash. The sale would not work except for the generous donations that you, the community members, have donated year after year. We have done our best to present and price those donations so that the sale raises as much money as possible. This work has kept us very busy each summer as we prepared



Kathy and Bob Kims

Photo by Sarah Fugate

for and participated in the sale. Volunteers have stepped forward each year to help in the various departments and to run the sale. The latest sale ended just this past weekend and it was another success. Kathy and I have now “retired” from the sale as we hope to spend more time traveling. We enjoyed the work and the fun of opening the many boxes of donations to find what new or unusual item was inside. Some donations have been unique and some have been antique. I have often said that you just don’t know what you will find at the White Elephant and Estate Treasures Sale. I am sure that what we will miss most about leaving the sale is the people. The volunteers have been great and so very supportive. In the middle of all the work, we have had a lot of fun. We hope the sale continues to be successful for the Center.

It has been my honor to serve the community on the Board. I will no longer be part of the Board of Directors, nor will I be involved in the big sale, but I hope we do not lose contact with all of you. Community is less a collection of buildings and more a collection of people. This area has a very nice group of people and we hope to stay connected with you. Thank you all for your friendship and your support.

Thank you,
Bob Kims

Placer RCD Develops Community Prescribed Burn Program

By Cordi Craig

Earlier this year, Placer County Resource Conservation District (Placer RCD), with funding and support from CAL FIRE, developed the Placer Prescribed Burn Association (Placer PBA) to equip private landowners in the county with the skills, knowledge, and confidence necessary to use prescribed fire. Placer RCD recently received another \$75,000 grant from Coalitions and Collaboratives, Inc., a Colorado-based organization that supports place-based natural conservation work, to expand staff capacity, increase technical assistance and workshops for landowners, and create a burn permit subsidy program.

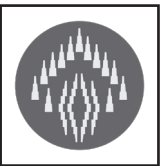
Dutch Flat community members may benefit from attending workshops and learning how to implement low-intensity prescribed burns to improve community wildfire resilience.

Placer RCD will offer at least five workshops throughout the winter months that cover a spectrum of important prescribed fire topics with the focused intention of creating safe burn practitioners and transitioning knowledge into on-the-ground implementation. Workshop topics include prescribed fire liability, permitting, fire effects on native plants, hazard mitigation, and heat management, among others. In addition, Placer RCD grant funds may support eligible workshop participants for subsidized air quality burn permits to support safe implementation. Community members may also request technical assistance site visits to learn how to prepare a unit to burn, permit requirements, and hazard mitigation. Members of the Placer PBA will have access to an equipment cache with tools including bladder bags, drip torches, weather meters, and more. The workshop series and associated demonstration burns have been made possible through

strong multi-agency partnerships between Placer RCD, CAL FIRE, the University of California Cooperative Extension, Todd’s Valley Miwok Maidu Cultural Foundation, United Auburn Indian Community, Natural Resource Conservation Service (NRCS), and Placer Air Quality Pollution Control District.

Placer RCD is dedicated to assisting the community by reducing barriers and improving access to resources and tools for fire-resilient communities, forests, and working lands. When conducted in a manner that generates low-severity impacts, prescribed burning offers a myriad of benefits including fuels reduction, increased soil water infiltration, native plant stewardship, invasive species management, improvements in wildlife habitat, and soil carbon sequestration.

To join, ask questions, or learn more about Placer PBA and other educational opportunities, please contact Cordi Craig (cordi@placerrcd.org).



Welcome Home - *A personal story*

By Bill Gallaher

OK all you knuckleheads that haven't sent me stories, you must hear one of mine--again. Remember, this is for those who go after us.

This is my personal military experience prior to Viet Nam.

1967. Summer of Love. Vietnam War raging. Draft notices in the mail. Enlistment in the Air Force to beat the draft. Graduation from Cal State University Long Beach. As a college graduate and qualified for air crew training, I was accepted into Officer Training School, or OTS, at Lackland AFB in San Antonio, TX. (At that time, the Air Force was only accepting officer candidates that qualified for air crew training).

After OTS, I was assigned to Navigator School at Mather AFB in Sacramento. A year later, my graduation from navigation school led to an assignment as a Radar Intercept Officer, (RIO), flying the back seat of the F-101 Voodoo. F-101s were nuclear armed, supersonic interceptors designed to get up high and go fast to defend the USA against enemy aircraft. At one time the F-101 held not only the world speed record of 1207.6 MPH (MACH 1.8), but also the record for time to climb from sea level to 30,000 feet. At a climb rate of 36,500 feet per minute, it was exhilarating to watch earth disappear over my back shoulder as we climbed into the "wild blue yonder".

Flying in an F-101 had been a boyhood dream of mine ever since my 10-year-old self built a plastic model of an F-101. I flew that jet many hours around my room, dreaming, but never dreaming that one day I would actually fly in one of these cool jets.

Following 6 months of RIO training at Tyndall AFB in Panama City Florida, I moved to my new duty station with the 59th Fighter Interceptor Squadron at Kingsley Field Oregon. The three-plane formation in this column are from the 59th, and flying over Crater Lake, Oregon.

The 59th FIS was a part of the USAF Air Defense Command. Our mission was to intercept, identify and if necessary shoot down Russian Bombers that posed a threat to the USA.

The intercept was a team effort between the F-101 aircrew and an operator in one of the ground or airborne radar sites throughout the world.

My job, as RIO, (or jokingly called the GIB, or Guy in Back,) was to coordinate with the radar operators to find an incoming airborne target on my radar scope and direct the pilot on an intercept course. Ironically for unsuspecting American citizens, in 1968-70, we were protecting our butts with a mid-1950s jet. This in the age of Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles, (ICBM's), and bombers that were very secretive, very fast, and flew very high. The USA had top secret planes like the Mach 3+, SR-71 Blackbird, and we figured the Ruskies had them too. These high-altitude planes were very difficult targets for our older interceptors. A couple of stories illustrate my point:

The F-101 was very fast up to its ceiling of about 57,000 feet. At one time an F-101 pilot tried to race against an SR-71 and actually

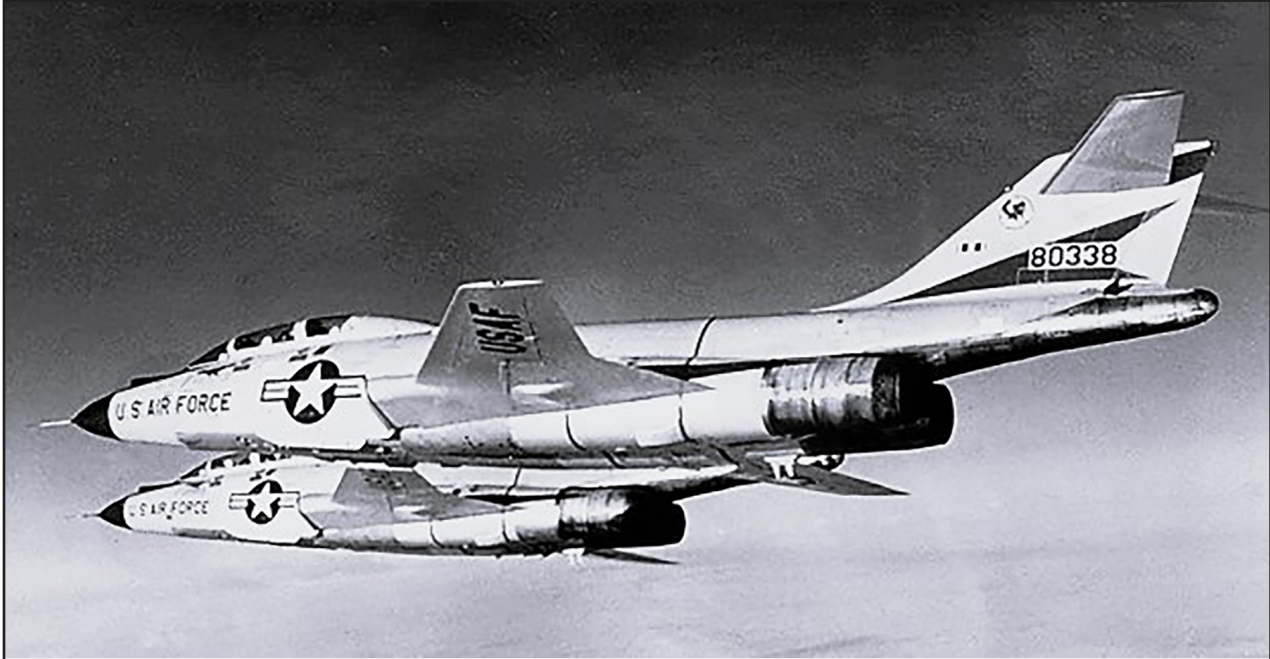


Photo by Bill Gallaher

F-101's from the 18th FIS, Grand Forks AFB

was faster up to a point. He gave up when the Blackbird's pilot asked him how fast his Voodoo could climb above 80,000 feet. (The reported maximums for the SR-71 are Mach 3.2 and 85,000 feet).

Another example happened during an exercise where I was pulling "alert". As part of the USAF Air Defense Command, our squadron kept dedicated F-101s on 24/7/365 "alert" to defend US territory and air bases. The crews were sequestered together to be ready to intercept a potential enemy aircraft when the alert horn sounded. Sometimes the loud, obnoxious horn sounded in the middle of the night. (Ugh, please let me sleep. The Russians wouldn't attack in middle of night would they?). Fortunately, most of the times the klaxon horn scrambled us were practice exercises, flying against a "friendly target". Sometimes we knew what the target was, like another F-101, (sometimes we flew as the interceptor and sometimes as the target), but other times we had no idea about the target. At one time, we were paired against a very high and fast target. I spotted the target on the radar at the radar's maximum range of 60 miles but was only able to watch the radar blip go so fast off the radar scope that if it had been an enemy Kaboom! OK all you math whizzes. If a blackbird is flying at a modest 1000 MPH, and my F-101 speed is 500 MPH and we just happen to be flying directly at each other, with only a blip on my scope how long do I have to shoot this guy down? See my point? In those few seconds, I have to determine the target's altitude, heading, and speed so I can direct the pilot on an intercept course to get close enough for the fire control system to "lock on" to the target. Kind of like leading a receiver with a football, except we're the football... If the system acquired and locked onto the target, we had the choice of using Sidewinder heat seeking missiles, or radar guided nuclear tipped rockets. However, because of dangers of an accident, we never flew practice exercises with nuclear rockets.

The F-101 was not known for its maneuverability. We jokingly said it took 3 states to turn around. It was fast, but not maneuverable, and, during certain maneuvers, had a nasty habit of "pitching up", also called a flat spin that could require 15,000 feet to recover.

There were two "no-nos" for the F-101.

One, because of the pitch-up danger, no loops. The second regarded supersonic speeds. Many of us have experienced a sonic boom on the ground when a jet breaks the sound barrier. So, it should be no surprise to know that all pilots were directed to not go supersonic below 15,000 feet.

One day I broke both rules. (Not me, sir, it was the pilot) It was just before Thanksgiving in North Dakota. Many turkey farms. Coming back from a mission, the pilot, says to me "Ever done a loop?" I said "yes, but not in an F-101. It's your butt, I won't say anything." All would have been good except coming around the bottom part of the loop at 13,000 feet, and pointed directly at a turkey farm, we went supersonic. Inside the plane, we felt only a slight "burble". I can't say the same for the turkeys. I knew when the sound wave hit the ground, because turkeys went running and flying like, well, like a sonic boom hit them. It was comical, but probably didn't make a friend of the farmer.

I was at the 59th FIS for 18 months. When the squadron was decommissioned and the airplanes went to National Guard and USAF reserve squadrons, I was transferred to the 18th FIS that flew F-101s out of Grand Forks AFB in N Dakota. (The F-101 in the picture at the beginning of this column has the 18th FIS patch on the tail.)

It gets cold in N Dakota. One morning when we came in to fly, the windchill was -95-degree F.

A lot of heating torches were used to unfreeze plane tires that were frozen to the ground. We didn't fly that day, because if the aircrew had to bailout in those conditions, we would have died.

I flew F-101s for 3 1/2 years. During that time, I was blessed to fly with the best pilots and navigators in the world. They had flown everything from jet and prop driven bombers, to smaller prop and jet fighters and observation planes. Most had flown combat in either or both Viet Nam and Korea. One pilot had been shot down in an F-4 and spent time as a POW in the Hoa Lo Prison in Hanoi, referred to by the Americans as "The Hanoi Hilton".

Some pilots had flown the A-1 Skyraider, in Nam. These A-1s, call sign "Sandy", had an extremely dangerous mission. Their mission was to rescue downed pilots, many of which were in northern Laos, during the "secret war". Secret because "we were not in Laos". More on these brave crew members in a later column.

After serving in the states and flying in F-101s, my next assignment was to Vietnam and navigating in EC-47. Quite a difference to go from a supersonic jet fighter to a cargo type aircraft that cruised at 160 MPH. But Vietnam is another story. Stay tuned.

I'm asking all vets and families to join with me in sharing our stories. Email your stories to hiddnlakes@aol.com to share your pain and joys with our community.

LAW OFFICE OF JOEL C. BAIOCCHI

JOEL C. BAIOCCHI
ATTORNEY AT LAW

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Turning the Page

By Marybeth Blackinton



Kathy and Bob Kims

Photo by Sarah Fugate

About six years ago in late 2016, friends of the Community Center met Kathy and Bob Kims at the Monte Vista while they were dining. The Kims expressed an interest in getting involved with the Center and being on the Board of Directors. Bob agreed to assume the President’s position that I was leaving after serving for five years. With his background in management, he was a great fit from the beginning. Unofficial duties of the President include being the M.C. at the monthly potlucks. It was during the winter months of 2016-17 that our community got to know Bob and Kathy and realize how lucky we were to have them participating in events.



Kathy Kims rings the bell to start the White Elephant & Estate Treasures Sale

Photo by Marybeth Blackinton

The first White Elephant Sale they were involved in was in 2017. It was immediately apparent that Kathy’s interest in decorating and detail would raise the bar for previous sales. With her sister, Kay Griffith, the Center was always expertly decorated and displays set out to draw the eye. Every year the time and personal money they spent on the decorations seemed to out-do the previous year. In 2018, the Sale celebrated its 50th consecutive year. Kathy, Kay and Bob decorated the Center expertly for the special occasion.

Under the Kims, the name of the annual sale was changed from the “White Elephant Sale” to “White Elephant and Estate Treasures Sale” in order to communicate the high quality of donations we were receiving and to elevate the level of interest for potential customers. It has continued to draw interest from far and wide – we’re always amazed to hear from customers attending the sale that they’ve come from Paradise or Redding or the Bay area. And everyone who enters the building comments on how lovely it looks. Under the Kims, the Sale also has set records for the profits raised which all go to the repair and maintenance of the old building.

Bob’s vision of a beautifully landscaped exterior is starting to take shape. After repairs to the winter runoff and drainage on the property – which always ended up in the basement – trees were removed and new non-invasive plants installed along with irrigation. Let’s hope the less-than-perfect Dutch Flat soils will allow the plants to succeed and create a pleasant exterior.

The Kims also felt the Center would have more potential for rental if the kitchen were upgraded. It had been a mish-mash of partial upgrades over the decades and needed continuity. During the pandemic, they were able to obtain grants for improvements which included removing the wall between old library and kitchen and install cabinets and counters (something that had been desperately lacking). A new propane stove

and oven were purchased and installed as well as improved lighting, a new refrigerator and commercial sink. We are hoping these improvements will provide the necessary incentives for weddings, receptions, reunions, birthday parties and more.

But, as we know, all good things eventually come to an end. The term limit for any member of the Board of Directors is five years. Bob reached five years in 2021 however since we all had to modify normal after the 2020 pandemic, he graciously agreed to stay another year. The management of the Sale is not related to the Board of Directors terms but the Kims have also decided to step down as coordinators; 2022 was the last sale they will organize. It has taken away 3 months of their summers for five years and it’s time to pass the baton to someone else. We’re all hoping there is someone who will take over as the main coordinator for the Sale. Of course, there is no end of help that will be afforded a new volunteer.

Please take a moment to reach out to the Kims to express your appreciation for their hard work and dedication to the community. We all hope any new volunteers can reach the level they have shown.



Kay Griffith

Photo by Sarah Fugate

North Fork American River Alliance NFARA

By Jim Ricker

Life for all of us has been a challenge over the last two and a half years due to the pandemic, wildfires, and the very destructive snow storm that hit in December. It all added up to a very chaotic time. NFARA did not escape the disruption. During this period, we didn’t hold any meetings, several active board members moved away, and our outings program lay dormant until June 2021.

Due to the small number of remaining board members and our limited amount of energy, we decided to make some changes on how we conduct business. We hope this is temporary. The plan is to cut back on the more labor intensive tasks, specifically our annual membership drive. Of course, we still accept donations. Our main emphasis will now be on outing activities, although NFARA will continue to maintain a presence in several important matters like protecting public access to our trails, maintaining our local trails, and supporting the effort to get the entire North Fork designated as a Wild and Scenic River. We will also keep a close eye on the State’s efforts to maintain water quality by regulating suction dredge mining in our rivers. We are currently looking for additional board members as well.



Stevens Trail Gang

Photo courtesy of NFARA

In June 2021, we restarted our outings program with a hike into the remote North Fork of the North Fork on the China Bar Trail (near Blue Canyon) that attracted 21 eager participants. In September 2021, in conjunction with of the Great Sierra River Cleanup, 12 volunteers joined us for a cleanup at Mineral Bar (Colfax Iowa Hill Bridge). In celebration of Earth Day in April, 2022, we organized a cleanup of the Pennyweight Trail, located just above Mineral Bar Campground. In June, for National Trails Day, 10 of us participated in a trail maintenance outing on the southern portion (Iowa Hill side) of the Stevens Trail to clear up all the trees and debris that came down in December’s storm. Last month, 9 participants joined us as we returned to the NFNF with a hike down the China Bar Trail. Currently, we have an event planned for the Great Sierra River Cleanup scheduled for September 17.

Alerts and outing announcements are sent to everyone on our email list. If you have any questions, want to be added to our email list, or are interested in serving on the Board, please contact me at: jvricker@prince-ricker.net, or 530-389-8344.

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Specializing in Northern CA Sierra mountains and foothills. I have over 35 years’ experience as a real estate professional with experience in home renovation, design and new construction. Before engaging in sales, I worked in a real estate appraisal office and had a career as a veterinary technician. I have also worked simultaneously for a FEMA disaster inspection subcontractor. I am the former Owner/Broker of Dutch Flat Realty. It is good to be home in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. I am ready to get to work for you.

Clarence E. “Bud” Anderson

By Michael Jager with Kim and Laura Glassco

A few years ago, Kim and Laura Glassco introduced my wife, Margie and me to Colonel Bud Anderson, who was a near neighbor of theirs in Auburn. Bud celebrated his 100th year this past January. We have had the pleasure of meeting him at this home and for several breakfasts at Wings Restaurant located at the Auburn Airport. Many of you may know that there is an exceptional bronze statue of Bud at the Airport, sculpted by internationally known artist, Doug Van Howd, also of Auburn. Each time we visit Bud, it has been an honor and a privilege to be around him. Listening to his stories of his flying and other topics one realizes how special this man and his life are. I was a pilot with the USAF but never could have achieved Bud’s extraordinary achievements. He is a triple ace who fought combat missions in three wars: WWII, Korea and Vietnam. Very few airmen can compare to his long and varied flying career

Bud grew up on his family’s farm in Newcastle. He graduated from Placer High School before WWII. Bud was always fascinated with airplanes and had a very deep desire to become a pilot.

Bud joined the Army Air Corps, learned to fly and was sent to England where he flew throughout Europe until just before the war ended on VE Day. His job was to fight the Huns in the air which he did with high distinction. He became a great fighter pilot and ranks right up there with the best America would ever produce.

Bud’s airplane of choice was the North American P-51, Mustang, and Bud named each one he flew “Old Crow”. Over breakfast one day, Margie asked him, “Did you name it the bird or for the whiskey?” Bud replied, “I told my Mother it was for the bird but it was really for the rot gut whiskey; it’s all we could afford.

To become an Ace, you must have shot down five enemy aircraft. Bud has the very rare distinction to be a certified Triple Ace and is the only living American Triple Ace as well. In fact, he has a total of 16 1/4 planes shot down. Not only is that a most extraordinary feat but Bud also was never shot down and his aircraft was hit only once by one bullet on the wing! His excellent skills as a pilot allow for this amazing accomplishment.

Bud returned to the States in February 1945. Just a short 22 days later he married Eleanor Cosby Stack. The Army Air Corps was changed to the United States Air Force in 1948. One of Bud’s close friends and fellow squadron members was Chuck Yeager. Both men went on to further distinguish themselves as airmen in the USAF.

Bud was then transferred to Ohio to train new pilots; both ground and flying. He was very unhappy with this duty for the next 2 ½ years coming from combat flying in Europe to recruiting new pilots and flying a desk. Chuck Yeager was in Ohio in the USAF test program and while there was keeping Bud’s spirits up. Bud wrote many requests to be transferred into the Test program. With Yeager recommending him he finally received orders to report to Wright AFB in 1948. He went to Alaska in 1948-49 for cold weather testing. Coming back to Wright AFB Bud was assigned to testing coupled aircraft flying together using B-29’s and F-84’s. The F-84 was one of the planes I flew in the Air Force. There was to be a demonstration of this for General Curtis LeMay at his headquarters. After seeing it, LeMay said one thing, “It won’t work, it is too complicated but keep trying”. I bring this up because General LeMay lived three houses from me in Newport Beach, California after he ran for Vice President and where he died. He was one true character, but that’s a story for another time.

Bud’s participation at Edwards AFB was very diverse and can be found in the book he wrote, “To Fly and Flight.” His stay at Wright Paterson and Edwards AFB’s was for five years. He tried to stay there but was assigned to the Pentagon. A short time thereafter he was back in the flight program serving at both jobs. After 18 months, in which he was miserable, he was assigned to the Air Force Command and Staff School and while there his thoughts were to get back to a flying unit.

Bud then went to the Fifth Air Force in Japan with his family able to come along. But one week later new orders came in to go to South Korea for a one year posting without his family. While in Korea he flew the F-86F which he called his joy while participating in the Korean War.

In 1955, after Korea Bud was back in the USAF test program at Wright Field and Edwards AFB. As an aside Edwards AFB was named after Glen Edwards, a test pilot from Lincoln California, thus three famous pilots, Anderson, Edwards and Dean “Diz” Laird all grew up just 10 miles from each



Bud Anderson and Mike Jager

other. Dean Laird was in the US Navy and an ace who shot down enemy planes in both the Pacific War and the European War and the only American to accomplish this.

There is a lot more in Bud’s book on the F-86, F-4H1, F-4C and the F-111 which he flew while in Korea and before the Vietnam War which makes interesting reading, especially Bud’s comments about the 69th squadron of the Fifth Air Force.

In 1956 He was assigned to Edwards AFB where his job was the testing of aircraft and various devices such as parachutes. As an example, he tested the following list of aircraft including the F-100, which I flew, F-101, F-102, F-104, F-106, T-38, B-47, B-58, C-130, C-133, helicopters, the U-2 spy plane and many others. Quite an accomplishment! His favorite of these was the F-104, which is displayed at the entry to the Grass Valley, Air- port.

While at Edwards, Bud became Chief of Flight Testing with forty to fifty pilots under his command and to “worry” about. His reflections in his book about this job make fascinating reading. While there he lived a few doors from Chuck Yeager with whom he shared a lot of time and adventures. Yeager was another of the great pilots. While he was at Edwards he became the Commandant of the Test Pilot School there.

In 1966 Bud was delivering aircraft to Vietnam and while doing this actually flew in combat with Yeager in B-57’s and F- 105’s. This is something very few pilots do, fly in combat in three wars. There is a lot of interesting reading about his time in Vietnam.

Coming home to retirement which was at McClelland AFB, in Sacramento he was 50 years old and had spent 30 years and 30 days in the USAF. In the Epilogue of “To Fly and Fight” he talks about people who wanted to keep the P-51’s that were left to continue to fly so there was a group that was formed to display them all over the USA in air-shows and on the ground.

After not flying for 15 years, Bud went out of retirement to work for McDonald Aircraft Co. at Edwards AFB staying for 6 years testing the F-15 Eagle. While the testing did not include piloting, he did get to fly it in 1990 spending more than an hour at the controls.

There is a wonderful finish in his book of his last flight at the controls of a P-51. I deeply encourage you to get his book “To Fly and Fight” the story of an incredible man who is still vibrant at 100 years old.

My wife Margie, myself and Laura and Kim Glassco all feel quite honored to know him.

Happy Reading.

A limited quantity of Bud Anderson’s signed book, “To Fly and Fight”, are available at a special rate of \$10.00 each at the Golden Drift Museum.

Whispering Pines

By Mia Monroe

Look up! Full moon, Saturn bright and even meteor showers! Natural wonders around us yet often we need a prompt to appreciate. Like the lovely Dutch Flat sunset that is always toast-worthy, it may take a guest to help appreciate what showstoppers they can be, even if the sun is not setting over an ocean or mountain pass.

Look around! That’s kind of how I felt when, during a recent visit to Washoe Lake, Nevada prompted me to look twice at the west’s most common pine, the Ponderosa and its close relative Jeffrey but, lo and behold, there’s another! We had just learned about the rare Washoe Pine and it had us looking closely at each tree to see if we could find good examples of all three closely related tall conifers! All are stately and have three needles. I recalled some aphorisms to help distinguish one related to its cones: “prickly but lightweight Ponderosa “ vs the similar but hefty “gentle Jeffrey” and jig saw puzzle plated bark but it is the Jeffrey that you put your nose right up to the trunk to take in the vanilla/butterscotch scent. The Washoe kind of has the best of all: cones you



can pick up and not say ouch, fragrant bark and traits that allow it to be fire resistant, plus grows in fun places to explore!

But that made me realize I knew little about the Ponderosa, one of the most common trees around Dutch Flat. It is widely distributed from Canada to Mexico in the 3-7,000 elevation belt. It associates here with sugar pine, black oak, incense cedar and white fir. Often the forest is clear beneath them for easy walking and appreciation. Many are refreshed by the “incense” of their groves. And it is “valuable”: the wood is fine, straight grained, and thus supplies a lot of CA produced lumber (and has for 150 years!).

I found it amusing that the common names apply to the pine’s different life stages!

Ponderosa was the name explorer David Douglas gave it after its heavy ponderous wood. Blackjack is the nickname of youth, and you’ll often hear it called yellow pine for the distinctive yellow-brown bark of maturity.

But I do feel John Muir knew it well, when out seeing it in silhouette at dusk or early morning, he proclaimed “of all pines, this one gives forth the finest music to the winds!” Maybe that’s why our cabin was called “Whispering Pines” when built nearly 100 years ago!

May we all walk in wonder at our natural treasures, so many right around us!



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Fraternal Orders Cemetery Fence Project

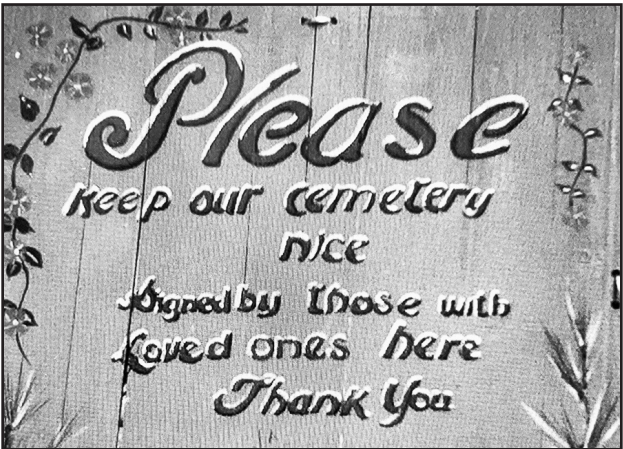
By Caroline Harrod

While talking with the Golden Drift Historical Society some time ago, I learned about the ornamental Double Loop fencing in the Dutch Flat Public Cemetery. Further research revealed that Double Loop fencing was the standard for rural cemeteries dating back over a hundred years. Unfortunately, only part of the Dutch Flat Cemetery has Double Loop fencing - the Mason's and Odd Fellow's Fraternal Order sections do not. Both Fraternal Orders have kindly and without complaint maintained and watched over the Cemetery for years. We believe a new fence would be an enduring way to honor them and the cemetery. In other words, it's a way to give back for all they have given and continue to give.

The goal of the project is to inform people and raise money to build a fence that will be an enduring enhancement to the historical authenticity and appearance of the Fraternal Orders cemetery using the same historic double-loop fenced that is in the Public cemetery and surrounds many homes in Dutch Flat.

The Fraternal organizations have graciously given permission for the historical fence to be installed. The Golden Drift Historical Society agrees that the fence is consistent with the historic look and provides continuity to the appearance of the cemetery. Given their affirmations, the Dutch Flat Cemetery Restoration Project fundraiser was started to primarily reach those who have loved ones in the cemeteries, but also to include other family members and friends. The trusted online fundraising platform, GoFundMe, was chosen as a safe and convenient method to raise money. Checks are also being accepted.

My connection with Dutch Flat began in



Sign painted and installed by Caroline Harrod in 2010

the 1940's when my uncle Andrew Maccoun bought a cabin that eventually became my grandparents' retirement home. My sister, Maggi Airola, celebrated her first birthday on the back porch under the cherry trees with grandparents, uncles, and my older brother Virgil. Next we add my twin sisters twins, Corinne and Cathy, and then me. We would ride horses in the 4th of July parade, around Dutch Flat, Alta and Moody Ridge. My sister's donkey would heehaw so loud that the Bailey's donkey would soon join in. (The entire town was aware!) Our family loved going to the Lady's Aide Society summer tea, the annual pool BBQ, Pancake breakfast at the Odd Fellows Hall, Jeeping over the hills and mountains, swimming in cool places, and playing cards in the evenings.

I remember Mrs. Bailey teaching Sunday School at the Methodist Church, Margarette playing the hymns, and if we got there early, one of us was selected to ring the church bell, and that was exciting for a nine-year-old! I have fond memories of my mom and our neighbor Audrey Forbes taking us for a walk up to the cemetery. It was more like a park to everyone - a wonderful place to run around, see native flowers blooming, such as Tiger lilies, catch a lizards on rocks, and remember familiar family names on the

headstones. Fast forward in time: my mom, Caroline Lemon, now single, moved back to Dutch Flat to put down roots and sell real estate in the area. She became a member of the Rebecca's, went to the Sierra Baptist church, renewed old friendships, and loved the mountain air and climate. Cancer took her all too quickly. After her memorial service at the Methodist church, we placed her near our relatives in the cemetery. She loved the Dogwood trees and wanted to be near them and their beautiful blooms in the spring. Other family members have joined my mom up in the cemetery and it remains a beloved sacred, peaceful, park-like place for my family and friends to visit.

Since the Dutch Flat Hotel was renovated and reopened, we've been steady visitors - celebrating reunions, weddings, passings, and just visiting throughout the years. We thrive during these visits with the serenity of the mountains and the comfort of the familiar. Back in 2010, out of respect for the cemetery, I painted a wooden sign to replace a worn, battered plywood sign, and although we would varnish it a couple of times a year, it became worn-out and almost invisible on the old fence. This sign project stirred my heart to do more to help the Dutch Flat cemetery, and thus began the fence project. There are many other restoration and maintenance projects needing to be done in a community as old as Dutch Flat. We hope with your support of this project, we may inspire many more.

For more information visit <https://gofund.me/18082371>. Donations made payable to Caroline Harrod can be mailed to: DFCRP, 9465 Tropico Dr., La Mesa, CA 91941.

Leslie Edward Dawes 9/1/1940 - 8/1/2021



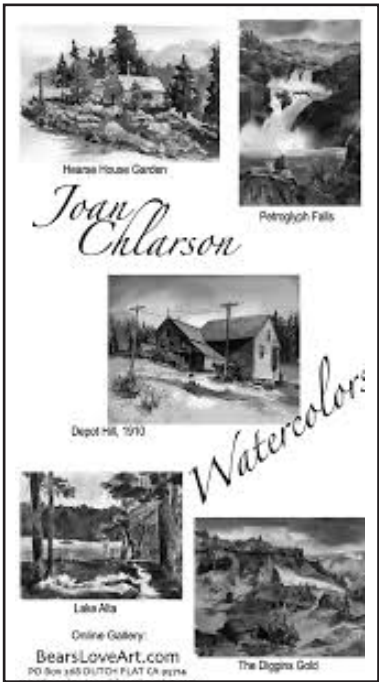
It is with great sadness we announce that our beloved Dad passed away on 8/01/2021. Survived by his wife of 60 years, Nancy, daughters, Lynn Hershey (Tim) and Christina Culley (Steve), as well as his grandchildren, Keith (Leslie), Danae, Sydney (Grant), and great granddaughter, Amelia.

Husband, father, grandfather, brother, and friend. Les will be remembered affectionately by many. Whether deer hunting, fishing, working on walking sticks, or antiquing Les fully immersed himself in his passions.

Born in Payne County, Oklahoma he moved to Weimar, California as a small boy. He loved this area and never considered living anywhere else.

He retired with more than 40 years as a heavy equipment operator and became a full-time antique hunter. He loved all things cast iron and became known as "Iron Man".

Les, Dad, Papa, YiYa--Rest in peace.



Fred Gilchrist August 1922-January 2020



Fred Gilchrist was born in August 1922 in Piedmont, California and died in January 2020 in Sequim, Washington. He would have turned 100 years old this summer. Fred's parents, Adeline and Guy Gilchrist, bought property and built a home in Dutch Flat in 1931. Fred and his older brother Guy, Jr. had many fond memories and told stories of their childhoods in Dutch Flat. He remembered working for Kirby Quinn at the Dutch Flat general store and relayed stories of his father helping after a fire at Buster's Saloon. The Gilchrist property was sold about 1980 but the memories stayed.

Fred spent a 30-year career in management at John Deere. His work with Deere took him and his family all over the world. Summers in the US always involved a trip to Dutch Flat. He retired to Sequim in 1978 and pursued his lifelong hobbies of antique cars and model airplanes.

The Gilchrist family's love of Dutch Flat was passed on to the next generation, who had magical summers running in the woods and playing in the pool.

Fred is survived by his three children Pam Meyer (Charlie), Betsy (John Clarkson), and Guy (Miriam). Also surviving him are 6 grandchildren, 7 great-grandchildren, and 2 nieces. We all miss him greatly, but he and the memories of Dutch Flat will live on!



Russell John Longnecker 1/23/1960 - 6/19/2022



On behalf of Nancy Longnecker of Fairbanks, Alaska and family, we are regrettably announcing the loss of her husband, Russell John Longnecker, age 62. Russell passed away on June 19, 2022, at Fairbanks Memorial Hospital due to heart complications.

Russ Longnecker was born Jan. 23, 1960, in Auburn, California to Hensel George Longnecker and Nancy Joy Longnecker. Russell was the fourth of five siblings. The Longnecker children grew up in the home that his parents built in 1946, in which his mother still lives today.

Shortly after graduating from Colfax High School in 1978, Russ moved to Anchorage, Alaska. He met his first wife Tracey Steele in 1979. They were married in 1982 and had two children, Stephen Longnecker and Angela Longnecker.

After many experiences and life changing events, Russ met Nancy Longnecker (Chambers) in 2002. They married in 2004. Not only did Russ gain a lovely Canadian bride and the partner he would spend the rest of his days with, but he also gained two bonus children, Gary and Gregg Chambers.

Russ was the funniest, most quick witted, kind, and compassionate man you could ever meet. He lit up any room and his personality was contagious. He stood up for what he believed in, tried to be his best. Always had a smile on his face. He worked harder than most, while also pushing for others to succeed. He loved his grandkids endlessly and showed them that no matter how old you are, you are never too old to play. He was a man who was proud of his accomplishments, his faith, his family, and his country. He will be missed and can never be replaced.

More Gold Rush Trivia

By Debby McClatchy

The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo ended the Mexican-American War of 1846-1848. Spain was paid \$15,000,000 for lands won by the U.S. In the next few years, \$275,000,000 worth of gold was found in these lands. Luckily, news of Marshall’s discovery at Coloma, nine days before the treaty, did not reach Spain in time. Hydraulic mining accounted for only one/ third of all the gold found in California. The gold extracted in this way is mostly dust and tiny nuggets, yielding less per ton than either placer or deep rock mining.

Gold was actually discovered in California by men of the Golden Hind, Sir Francis Drake’s ship, in 1579. Their chaplain, Francis Fletcher, observed, “There is no part of Earth here to be taken wherein there is not a reasonable quantity of gold or silver.”

There are nine rivers that cross the Blue Lead and Mother Lode areas and were rich in gold: The Merced, Tuolumne, Stanislaus, Mokelumne, Consumnes, American, Bear, Yuba, and Feather.

Imaginative names for gold rush towns included Bed Bug, Pinch ‘em Tight, Delirium Tremors, Timbuctoo, Slumgullion, Growlersburg, Freeze Out, Mud Springs, Mule Town, Frogtown, Cat Town, and many Dog Towns.

Our own Dutch Flat was once possibly to be changed to German Level, Teutonville, Beanville, or Last Chance, but banker, Phillip Nichols, fought to keep it Dutch Flat, and so we remain.

One of John Sutter’s Mexican workers at Hock Farm found signs of gold in the Bear River in 1844. Sutter’s manager, John Bidwell, failed to follow up. Later, in 1848, the discovery of gold then had as much to do with a woman as it did with Sutter’s carpenter, James Marshall. Sutter had hired Jennie Wimmer to cook for the workers building his sawmill on the American River. Her time spent in Georgia during the gold rush there had taught her the difference between real and fool’s gold. When other workers were skeptical about Marshall’s nugget, Jeannie tossed it into a kettle of soap she was making. When the mixture cooled, the nugget lay shiny and uncorroded at the bottom. Proof enough to now contact Sutter, who immediately swore all the workers to silence. But not Jennie. She and her sons took the news down the hill, and effectively started the California Gold Rush.

At first there was disbelief. One of two San Francisco newspapers, the California Star, owned by Sam Brannan, a local entrepreneur, strongly downplayed the news. Mr. Brannan had come west with the Mormon Battalion to fight in the Mexican-American War, stayed around for the Rush, and became rich from his mercantile business, a main competitor to John Sutter. The interesting part is how. As Brigham Young’s representative in California, he collected tithes from all the resident Mormons. The money never reached Utah. Brannan used the money first to buy the newspaper, then, while pooh-poohing the gold discovery, he quietly began buying up land in the foothills, then constructing stores and other commercial



properties. Everything set up, Brannan then returned to San Francisco, and yelled, “gold, gold!!” on prominent street corners, brandishing a large vial of dust. It took only one month to empty the city.

Soon Brannan was a millionaire. However, later he abandoned the Church (or vise-versa) and was ruined financially by a divorce from his second wife. The polygamist had forgotten to tell her he was still married to his first back in Utah. He eventually died of alcoholism.

The Australian gold rush of 1851 was circuitously the result of the California event. A man from near Sydney sought his fortunes here. He quickly recognized similarities in rock formations and color in his homeland. He returned there, found gold on the Macquarie River, and became a national hero.

The first courier dispatched by the U.S. military to bring news of the gold rush to the Eastern states was Kit Carson, brought to California by John Fremont. He left in May 1848, arrived in August, but was not at first believed by President Polk. A second courier, carrying a tea caddy full of nuggets, was more successful. Polk saw that he could use the gold as a verification for the unpopular Mexican war. His political cache increased and the Rush was on. By February of 1849 over 800 ships and 124 companies had left for California.

The trip around the Horn, the best route in winter, took between 144 and 196 days. Ships charged between \$300 and \$1000 for the journey. Men signed bylaws, stipulating that they would “act like gentlemen” and never give in to drinking, gambling, or loose women. This was mainly to reassure wives and sweethearts back home and was rarely enforced. Sometimes, unruly passengers were set ashore by Captains. One woman, Eliza Forman, complained so much about

her fellow travelers, the Captain took off without her. She had formed a company, the California Association of American Women, to bring ‘intelligent and virtuous” women to the gold fields. Seeking 130 members, she only attracted three.

Another popular route was to take a steamer from New York or New Orleans to the eastern shore of Panama, then cross the Isthmus by mule and canoe. The trip was cheaper and faster than the Horn, but feverish diseases were rampant. Also, the wait on the west coast saw two thousand languishing in Panama City. At least the city was relatively safe; it was an old Spanish town with lots of atmosphere and boarding houses. Unfortunately, half the ships that arrived to take them north sank on the journey.

The trip north to San Francisco was difficult. Prevailing winds pushed ships almost to Hawaii, before letting them turn towards California. The original price of \$250 for a shared cabin soon climbed to \$1000. Ships meant to hold eighty passengers crammed in four hundred. The few women on board shared a tent on deck, surrounded by sleeping men, their spaces designated by chalk lines. One woman who traveled this way was Jessie Benton Fremont, daughter to a prominent Senator and wife of John Fremont, then a famous explorer and champion of western expansion.

The main source of death among the miners was Asiatic Cholera, the worst infectious disease at the time in America. Rising up in the slums of eastern cities, it traveled west on every route. It was deadly and quick, killing within twenty-four hours by dehydration. Hundreds of wooden crosses marked the paths of wagon trains.

The accepted cure for scurvy, especially for men arriving in San Francisco by ship, was to bury them up to the neck in sand! It did not work. It seems strange now, as vitamin C as a cure had been known then for over fifty years.

Many ships that arrived in San Francisco still had stores of salted provisions. Never palatable to begin with, they were deemed inedible and used to fill gaps in road building.

Forest fires were numerous during the rush. It was sometimes impossible to get up the rivers to Sacramento because of thick smoke.

In January of 1850, a winter of heavy snows, followed by days of rain, produced the first of many floods in Sacramento. Many residents sought refuge in abandoned ships and barges on the river. These close quarters spread disease among an already weakened populace. A local doctor used his blow-up Indian rubber bed to float over to the afflicted. Another man tried to swim over in a barrel, tipped over, but was rescued by a friend.

Our community property law in California goes back to the Gold Rush. The Constitutional Convention of 1849 included an act that awarded a woman all her properties owned before marriage, and all assets gained during the union were to be joint property. Before this, a woman’s properties all belonged to her husband. The only exception was New York state.

At any given time, in their heyday, the Towle Brothers Lumber Company had in excess of five million feet of lumber on hand to sell. One year they made as much profit as the Transcontinental railroad, but they did it legally and honestly.

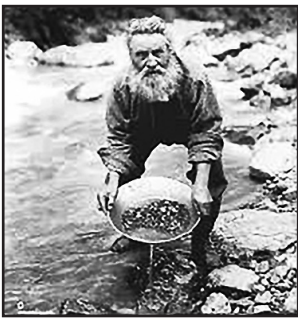
A method was needed to transport ore over a deep gorge. This was accomplished by a cable system using large buckets. The engineer, Andrew Halladay, later, in 1873, designed the cable car system in San Francisco.

Due to our rush, the world’s supply of gold increased sevenfold. Because people in California had to order and pay for most goods from outside the state, the world’s economy grew substantially. A three-decade recession was reversed, and the silver standard for the world’s currency was replaced by gold.

I am indebted to the following for this article:

The Gold Rush Letters of Dr. J.D.B. Stillman

Ghosts of the Gold Rush by George Koenig
The California Gold Rush and the Coming of the Civil War by Leonard L. Richards



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DFCC Honors First Responders

By Sarah Fugate



CalFire Incident Commander, Sean Hughes, and other first responders at the DFCC potluck

The Dutch Flat Community Center honored fire and law enforcement personnel that responded to the Dutch Fire at its monthly potluck on September 15, two days after the Dutch Fire started. The potluck was transformed into a lavish buffet honoring first responders who saved our town. More than 150 community members attended and brought delicious dishes to share with the dozen or so first responders that could leave their busy posts and enjoy some much-needed time off.

Following presentations by Cal Fire incident commander, Sean Hughes, and

local resident and volunteer water tender operator, Don Belden, there were multiple standing ovations in recognition of the first responders’ great efforts. A special thanks was shown to DL Ellison, a Frost Hill resident, who was the first to spot the fire and make the 911 call.

This was a multi-agency response. Cal Fire managed the fire, CHP took control of the roadways, and PCSO went door-to-door in the evacuation zone to make sure everyone made it out. The fire was finalized in just 13 days. It burned 48 acres and no structures were lost.

4th of July Grand Marshalls

By Laura Glassco



Margie and Mike Jager

Photo by Tom Fugate

Margie and Mike Jager were our 2022 4th of July Parade Grand Marshalls.

Margie came to Dutch Flat in 1938 with her parents, the Hahns, who purchased their home on Main Street where Margie has spent every summer, but one, since. Mike and Margie’s children and their families also enjoy the home and community throughout

the year.

When asked, “Why do you come to Dutch Flat every summer?” Margie replied, “Because it’s home. Not home in the residence sense, but home in the heart sense. That’s why I love it.”

Dutch Flat Pool BBQ

Photos by Jennifer Longnecker and Sarah Fugate



2022 Dutch Flat Pool BBQ Fundraiser



Kathy Mutto, Volunteer Extraordinaire



Meat donated by the Stetler Family from Poppi’s Bar-B-Que and expertly prepared by Gary Dashiell



Bartenders Natalie Mutto and Aaron Patton



Music provided by The Steve Menconi Band

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