

The Historic Duncan Family of Yolo County



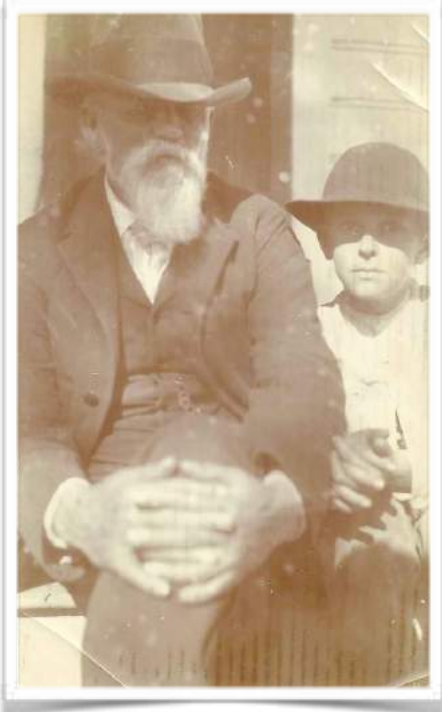
**DUNCAN CLAN OF
CAPAY VALLEY**



**THE HISTORIC
ROBBINS FAMILY OF
GUINDA**



**FOCUS ON GUINDA:
THE TOWN AND THE
PEOPLE**



At left is Wyatt Godfrey “Doc” Duncan with his son Wyatt, Jr., in about 1900. Twenty year old “Doc” came to California with his 12 year old *kid brother Bill* in 1850 on a cattle drive from southwest Missouri, indentured to Doc E.C. Lane. They came for the lure of gold, but finding little in Mud Springs (now named El Dorado), they ventured out to find land to farm and ranch, ending up in the Capay Valley and Hungry Hollow farmland north of the town of Capay in about 1853. Eventually, they were joined by 4 other siblings, all of whom settled in Yolo County, and through intermarriage with other early pioneers and their descendants, created a tangled web of *cousins*, mostly west of Woodland. The Duncan families of the Capay area would eventually own about 10,000 acres between them in and around the historic town of Capay, help build the schools and the railroad depots and make their way into the various histories written about this historic county. Doc Duncan’s daughter, Elvira Grey, would marry another pioneer descendant: James William Monroe of Buckeye near Winters, who would go on to be sheriff of the county for 28 years, followed by their eldest son, Forrest Duncan Monroe, between them serving 60 consecutive years as sheriff. The county jail is named *Monroe Detention Center* in their honor.

But just to make things more interesting, *Grey*, as everyone called her, was marrying into the Stephens family that I wrote about in the last issue. John D. and his brother George D. Stephens came even earlier to this area, and were descended from Joseph Stephens in Cooper County, Missouri. Joseph would have 24 children, and one of his daughters was married to their neighbor James D. Campbell. Their son William Campbell would come to California and settle in the Buckeye area with a son and 2-year-old daughter in tow. Daughter Sarah Ellen Campbell would be about 17 when an old family friend of Cooper County came to call and a boy she had not seen since she was 2 would now be a strapping 19 year old, John Tooley Monroe. Though the families knew each other in Missouri, the James Stuart Munros [as it was then spelled] took the Oregon Trail and first settled near today’s Eugene, OR, while the Campbells took the California Trail, settling near Putah Creek in Buckeye. Sarah Ellen and John Tooley Monroe would have five children in Buckeye, only one growing to adulthood: James William Monroe, future sheriff. But the tangled webs do not stop there. James and Grey would have seven children and one of their granddaughters would marry a Stephens—great grandson of George D. Stephens. And so it goes...I make this point to show how so many of the genealogy lines in this area crossed. As I did this research, I also found that several people on the same cattle drive in 1850 knew each other in southern Missouri or met on the crossing and remained friends—even intermarried—once here. Case in point: Doc Duncan either knew or became friends with a young man named Benjamin Franklin on that trip across the plains. They remained friends once settled in Yolo County, and in 1879, Ben’s daughter Mary Elizabeth Franklin would marry Doc Duncan—30 years his junior. She was born west of the county seat of Woodland, so was one of the first native Californians among the Euro-pioneers. Doc had ranched and farmed and built out his estate until he and his brother Bill had about 8000 acres and a new house and barns featured in the *Yolo County Atlas of 1879*. But he was fifty and had never married. Bill had married and already had several children living in this new large house they shared, so it was time for Doc to marry. He would have known Mary her whole life. They would have two children, both delivered by Capay Valley doctor Thornton Craig, in that home that stills stands on County Road 85—somewhat worse for wear, but still there.

Genealogy research can be confusing—to say the least! For instance, at one point in the Capay area, there were four men named **Wyatt Godfrey Duncan**. Doc and his son shared this name, but then his son would name one of his own two sons the same—so everyone just called that one *Junior*. But then another of Doc’s later-arriving younger brothers, Ben Franklin Duncan, would name a son after his elder brother, too. But because of the age difference and Doc’s late marriage-age, he and three younger Wyatts would fill the census sheets during several decades for this genealogist to sort through. And if that wasn’t enough, there was another Duncan family in Capay—that claimed not to be related at all. And while that may be true to their knowledge, when you research back to their native Scotland, you find that the various Duncan lines all like to claim they are tied to the first king of Scotland, of course—King Duncan of *Macbeth* fame. But the five siblings of the 11 born to their father in Barry County, Missouri, are the focus of this article. Who were they? And why did they come here?

To help answer this, I have a quote from another descendent of these early pioneers—of course, also married into the Duncan line of Capay. One of his Hambleton ancestors, who settled in the Rumsey area, was on the same cattle drive and would marry one of the Duncan sisters in California: Elizabeth E. "Eliza" Duncan, married Franklin Pierce Hambleton, who had been on this cattle drive with her brothers Doc and Bill in 1850. Their descendant did his own research, and upon finding we were related, he shared what he knew about this cattle drive that brought so many of our early Euro-pioneers to Yolo County. He shared: *“The trail I was thinking of was the Cherokee Trail. The first wagon train was a combined Cherokee Indian and a group of whites coming out of Arkansas. It started in southeast Oklahoma near Stillwell. By 1852 it was very heavily used by people coming out of Arkansas and Missouri and Kansas. People coming out of southwest Missouri (where Barry County is located), essentially headed nearly due west before picking up the Cherokee Trail in northeast Oklahoma. The trail took them northwest into central Kansas where it joined the Santa Fe trail to about Pueblo, Colorado. The trail then turned north running along the Rockies to Wyoming, then headed west across the mountains (lots of branches and spurs here, but basically running along what is today the Wyoming/Colorado border) before joining the California Trail at Fort Bridger. They may have then gone down into Salt Lake taking the Hastings Cutoff south of the lake. Even though this is a big chunk of desert to travel across, it was the most direct route to the gold fields. This was of the most widely used routes for people headed directly for the gold fields and central valley. It was used a lot to bring cattle to the miners.”* Check out: http://www.cherokeetrail.org/Pioneering_the_Trail.htm

[NOTE: *The following claims the father of Doc and Bill was John Iverson Duncan, whose his father Wiatt [Scottish spelling?] came from Scotland, BUT research shows me that it was Wiatt’s father John D. Duncan who arrived from Scotland in 1774—more on this mistake on page 15. At any rate, we are all immigrants and refugees of some kind, here: John’s father fought for *Bonnie Prince Charlie* of Scotland and died in Scotland in 1746; his two adult children coming to the Colonies as orphans in 1774—in time for the *American Revolution*.]

According to the 1913 History of Yolo Co. by Tom Gregory, John Iverson Duncan was born in 1807 in Amherst County, Virginia, son to Wiatt Duncan and Polly Goodrich, natives of Scotland.* Judge John Iverson would marry Margaret Toler of Callaway County, Missouri, and eventually “buy a large tract of land in Barry County, Missouri.” The eldest of their 9 children was Wyatt Godfrey, born while they still lived in Amherst County, VA, October 1, 1828. His mother of 9 would die in 1849, leading to the eldest son Wyatt and one of his younger brothers, William, to head out for California’s gold fields on a cattle drive on April 24, 1850, arriving on September 1, 1850 in Mud Springs—now called El Dorado. The brother-miners would take turns working their mine and working for Doc E. C. Lane and scouting for land and cattle of their own to farm and ranch. In 1871, younger brother Ben Franklin Duncan, born in Vigo Co. IN, February 2, 1840, would join his brothers in Yolo County, where on October 30, 1869, he was married to Sally A. Brattin; and when she passed, he married Atlanta—or *Lant*, as she was known. Many of their children would marry and fill the area west of Capay and leave many descendants to this day. *Capay Organic Farms* is on much of their prior farms.

Another history of Yolo County, the 1879 Illustrated Atlas and History of Yolo Co. CA 1825-1880 (Yolo Co. Public Library, Woodland, CA) adds this information: *William H. was born in Millersburg, Callaway Co. MO, January 30th, 1838. At twelve years of age, he crossed the plains, and was married to Helen M. Reed, of Folsom, Sacramento Co. CA, August 2d, 1863. Their children’s names are Lizzie L., Mary L., John W., Frank W., Lewis M., Walter G., and Clarence H. [many would settle in and around the town of Capay]*

And the 1850 Yolo Co. CA, Census, Cache Creek Twp (pg.188, #86): *Wm. R. Lane 26 IN, Sarah W. 18 AR, E.C. (m) 32 IN, J.W. (m) 23 IN; Wm. Duncan 15 [no relation] IN herder. While the 1850 El Dorado Co. CA Census, Mathenia Creek (pg.354, #11) shows: Wyat G. Duncan 22 VA miner... [which is showing Doc EC Lane and Wyatt Godfrey Duncan in 1850 in Capay Township and in El Dorado in 1850]*

The Duncans, among the earliest Euro-settlers and largest landowners in the Capay Valley.

As I wrote in the last issue, John Dickson Stephens and his brother George Dickson Stephens were among the very earliest Euro-pioneers to settle in today’s Yolo County. Between them, they would have 15

children and divide portions of the Stephens brothers’ 8000+ acres between them. The parcel where the iconic Stephens Tobacco/Sheep barn sat—primarily known in the 1900s for its sugar beets and sheep—had a view west of a 4-mile stretch of Capay Hills (seen below) that was the 8000-acre hill-range of the neighboring Duncan Ranch—amassed in the 1850s by 2 other brothers, Wyatt and William Duncan, known locally as *Doc* and *Bill*. In the late 1800s, pioneers like the Stephens and Duncans began buying up parcels of the old Mexican land grants that became available—in this area, mostly the *Rancho Canada de Capay*.



Duncan Clan photo: Standing L-R: Ben Franklin, Margaret, Bill, Sally (Brattin; Ben’s 1st wife?), and “Doc” Wyatt Godfrey. Seated: Jane (McGlothlin), Mary (Goosetree), Harriet (Strong), and Eliza (Hambleton).

Note: Spouses Strong and Hambleton were on the same cattle drive as Doc and Bill, later marrying Duncan sisters. Medical Doctor Strong, who married Harriet, went on to be a long-time doctor in Woodland; their 2 great-grandsons later lived in Capay, where one of them, Frank Strong, still lives today, in 2020.

Seen in photo below is the Granite Construction mining site where the Stephens Barn once stood from 1914 to 2020. In the distance, at left you see the blue ridge on the far side of Capay Valley; and in the center and to the right, you see the 4-mile run of the Hungry Hollow Hills owned by the Duncan brothers. [more on Duncans on page 15]



So, that old tin barn was a sort of symbol of early Euro-pioneer farmers to Yolo County. And while we were not able to save it, we will commemorate it with a historical sign, under the shade provided by materials salvaged from the barn—over-a-century-old. It will be accessible on a public-access path between the Capay Open Space Park and the Esparto site—on what is currently referred to as the Granite Esparto Trail, along the north of Cache Creek, north of the town of Esparto; the sign to be situated near the barn’s old location and with the view you see above.

For more on the **Stephens** family, see pages 51-53 in *The History and Stories of the Capay Valley*, by Elizabeth Monroe; or Journal vol 3, pages 11-13 on greatercapayvalley.org under **Journals**; & for **Duncans** pages 387-391 in the book and vol 18, pages 3-7

I am interested in the Capay Open Space Park because my own Duncan-Monroe family owned that parcel before selling it to *Cache Creek Aggregates*, who later sold to Granite Construction Co. [see *Capay Historical Resource Study, Granite Construction Co, 2001*]. — The Duncans began mining the gravel from the creek north of Capay in the later 1800s. And I am also very much interested in the long tribal history for many reasons, not the least of which is I find a lot of it involved the lands that later became the Duncan - Monroe Ranch. For instance, the historic **Patwin** village of **Moso** was located behind the house that still stands on the Ranch on CR 85. I use the term *Patwin*, but note:

In 2009, the Tribe legally changed its name from the **Rumsey Band of Wintun Indians**, as originally labeled by the federal government, to **Yocha Dehe Wintun Nation**, “named for our homeland in our ancestral Patwin Language. It connects our Tribe to our heritage and expresses our sense of pride and hope for the future. Yocha Dehe means ‘Home by the Spring Water’” — This is taken from the site at <http://yochadehe.org/cultural>

1925 WILL BE A GOOD YEAR FOR YOLO CO.

As the General Contractor for the Magnificent New Home of the "Democrat", We Take Pride in the Fact That Once Again Have We Been Honored As the Builders of Another Yolo County Institution.

To Architects Dean and Dean and to those sub-contractors whose co-operation has done much to complete this edifice, we extend our appreciation.

Skill, Integrity and Responsibility

Many of our clients have entrusted several large jobs with us after our first building relations were established. If you are contemplating building or remodeling we are confident that a confidence will prove mutually advantageous.

Our record of past construction is before you. It is impossible to enumerate all of the building jobs for which we have been responsible and so we will mention only a few of the outstanding ones. For instance:

<p>Porter Building Experts Grammar School Stephens Agricultural and Livestock Bldg, and several of Large Sheep Barns, near Sparks.</p> <p>New Postoffice Knollberg Co. Store (Remodeling) Ross C. Wilson Funeral Home The Vogue National Theater Grand Theater National Rice Mills at West Sacramento.</p>	<p>City West Market Globe Mill Warehouse and Ex- tension to Mill Gold Building P. G. & K. Plant, Davis Dodge Bros. Garage Leithold Bldg and Anderson Bldg at Knights Landing Electric Garage (Additions) And several Bldg's in Oak- land and Berkeley Johnson Bros. (Remodeling) Carson Ring Store (Remodeling)</p>
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Among the homes contracted by us are those of:
 C. P. THOMAS, MISS. G. W. GREEN, J. I. JACKSON,
 WELLS, F. W. STEPHENS and WYATT G. DUNCAN.

E. L. YOUNGER

Porter Building

In the slightly blurring clipping from the *Daily Democrat* newspaper collection, it shows E. L. Younger is the *builder* of the new Democrat office—as well as such buildings as the Stephens Brothers Business Office and several sheep barns; the homes of both Frank W. Stephens and of Wyatt G. Duncan, Jr. NOTE: The Duncan home is fronted by a unique fence made of Cache Creek Rock on CR 85, on the Duncan estate since the 1920s, and later bought by distance Duncan-cousin Bernell Zentner, whose wife Micki was for years Capay area's *Justice of the Peace*. Frank Stephens built his home in the 1920s near the iconic tobacco/sheep barn, built in 1914—perhaps also by EL Younger? In the *Capay Historical Resource Study* the builder's name is given as Henkle—which John Gallardo tells me is actually Kenneth C. Hinkle.

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Cache Creek Parkway Plan*—Ever heard of it? I hadn't either. But I borrowed a copy of this 2018 plan which covers the 14.5 miles of lower Cache Creek from the Capay Dam to the town of Yolo—and it is a fascinating read, including this wording: "The Parkway Plan will establish an integrated system of trails and recreational areas along Cache Creek, examine costs and management for further development and maintenance of a parkway system, and allow for community involvement." I fully intend to learn more about it as I get involved in *helping* the county stand behind truly implementing it. Sometimes these *plans* are what I would call *smoke and mirrors*, somewhat glossed-up by people who write up reports on—but do not necessarily *know and love*—this *river* we call Cache Creek, its environs and nature and history, nor its importance to the people who actually live on and use it. So, the public needs to be aware of it and to keep the county *focused*.

As I continue to study this *Parkway Plan*, I will write more in the next issues—stay tuned!

*a product of the 1996 *Cache Creek Area Plan* (CCAP); comprised of *Off Channel Mining Plan* and *Cache Creek Resources Management Plan*, which has this wording: "The CCRMP is a creek restoration plan that eliminated in-channel commercial mining and established a policy and regulatory framework for seven important elements: covering agriculture, aggregate resources, riparian and wildlife resources, water resources, floodway and channel stability, open space and recreation, and the cultural landscape. Specific goals and objectives were adopted for each of the elements, with suggested policies for their implementation." As well as this: "Cache Creek is a tremendous regional resource, and a major watershed and surface water feature for Yolo County. The lower creek area is under jurisdiction of Yolo County and is managed pursuant to the Cache Creek Area Plan (CCAP), which was adopted in 1996. The CCAP is an award-winning rivershed management plan that covers 14.5 miles of lower Cache Creek, between the Capay Dam and the town of Yolo, in unincorporated Yolo County." And it is proposed that someday there will be a connecting walking/biking path connecting the areas now being mined, open to the public.

YOLO COUNTY RCD TACKLES THE GIANT REEDS — at right
The Yolo County Resource Conservation District has been awarded \$2.3 million dollars by the **Wildlife Conservation Board (WCB)**



using funding from **Proposition 1**. WCB distributes these funds on a competitive basis through their **Stream Flow Enhancement Program**. Our funding will be used to control giant reed or false bamboo (*arundo donax*) in the Putah-Cache Watershed. This aggressive non-native plant (pictured above) is found mostly growing near water, and uses up to five times the amount of water as other plants. It provides almost no habitat value for wildlife, is highly flammable, and can increase erosion and flooding by blocking stream flow and pulling down streambanks. This is a great opportunity to remove a problem plant at NO cost to landowner"; **contact: Tanya Meyer at Meyer@yolorcd.org, (530) 661-1688 ext. 20 office, (530) 908-0236 cell.**

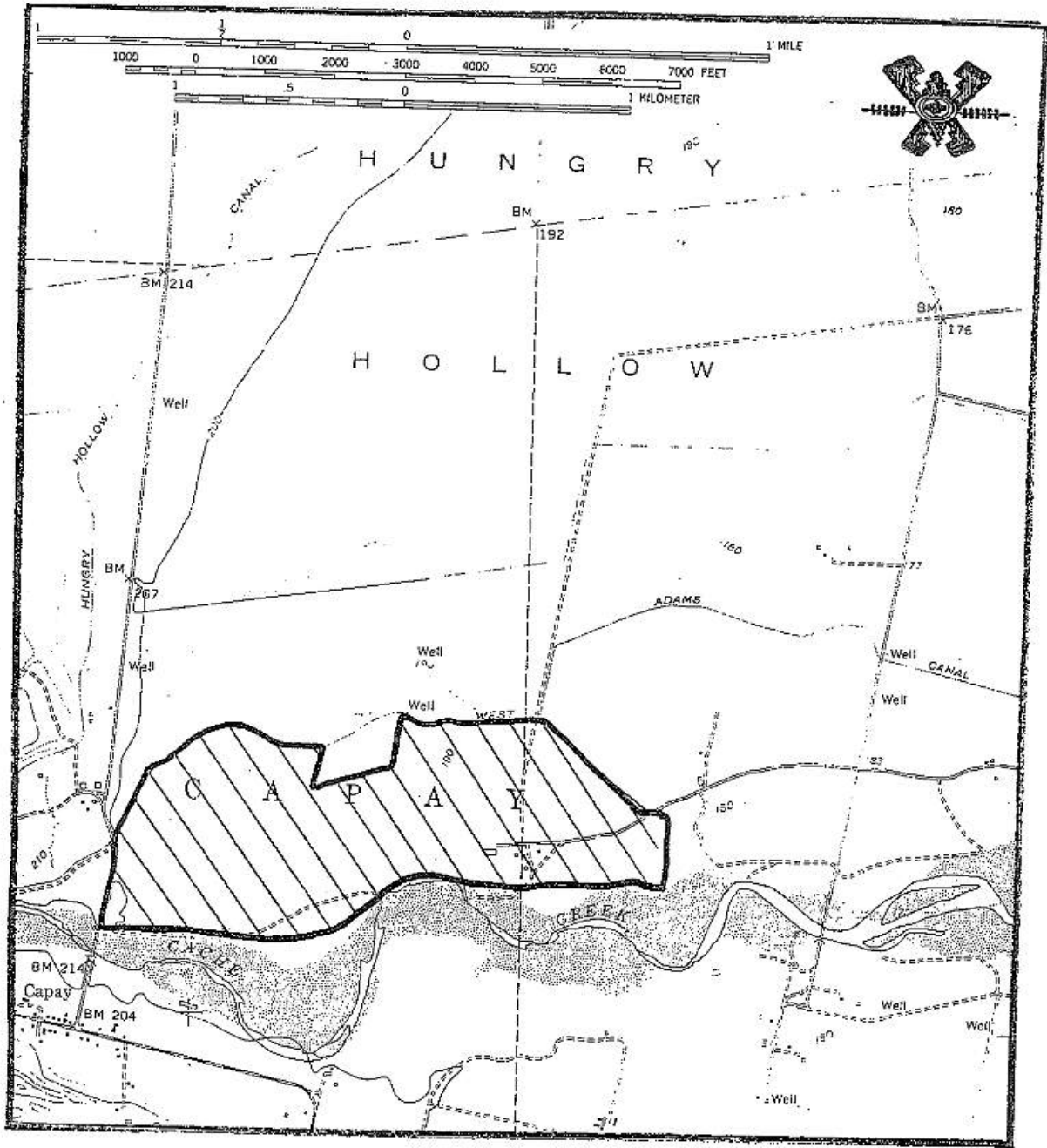
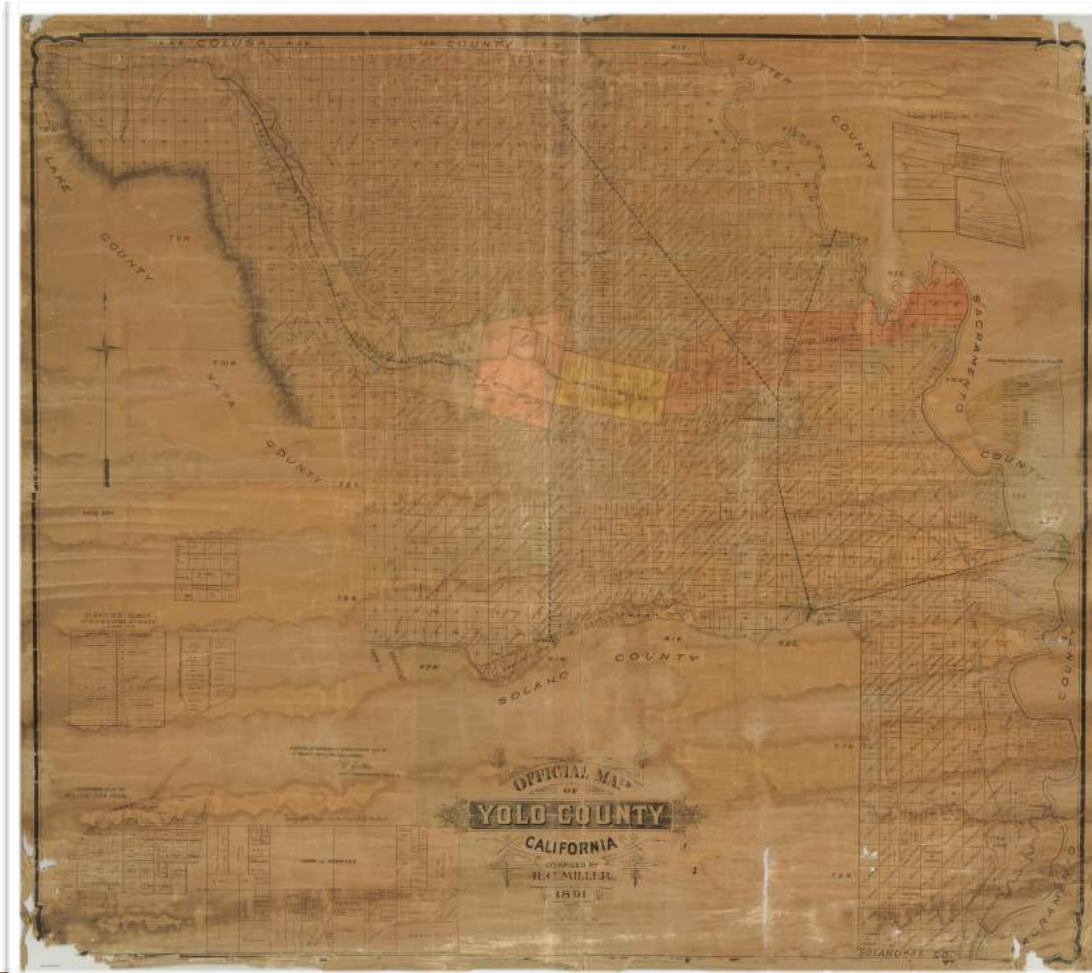


Figure 1. Cache Creek Aggregates Off-Channel Mining Project
 Project Location and Area Surveyed.
 Esparto, CALIF USGS Quardangle 1959 (1980)

Above: the area called Hungry Hollow, north of the towns of Capay and Esparto, features the off-channel mining project area that will be eventually opened to the public. Today, the **Capay Open Space Park** on the north bank of Cache Creek on CR85 is currently open with access to the *crick*. A recent trip down to the waterfront revealed it is difficult to actually wade into the water, but the waters and its many little islands and natural grasses was teeming with very active creek otters; we heard bullfrogs, and sighted many different waterbirds and some deer families at the water for a drink.



Official Maps of Yolo County California —

Many, including this one date 1891, are available to view at the **Yolo County Archives**** at 226 Buckeye Street in Woodland, CA. They are also available to research—and even purchase as copies—from different websites, such as: davidrumsey.com

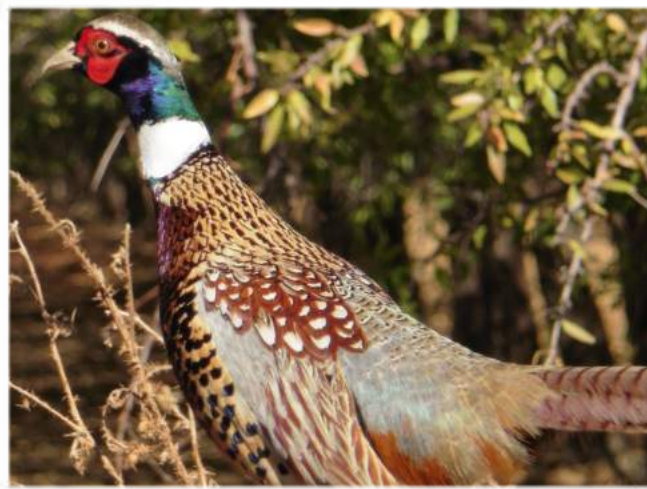
****Shipley Walters Center for Yolo County Archives and Library Services**

Contact: 530-666-8010

This close-up of the 1891 map shows the owners of the various parcels around Capay at that time. Note the Duncan Brothers to the left; the Stephens Brothers at lower right, surrounds by Adams; but note, too, the many parcels owned by Basil Campbell above their lands. In an interview in the 1970s, William F. Rominger, grandson to the first German Rominger settlers in Hungry Hollow, explained that those were colloquially referred to as the *Campbell Hills*, surrounding *County Road 14*. He went on to recall Basil himself as “...a fine old gentleman, just the finest kind of man.”



Chinese Ring-Necked Pheasant



Above photos taken by our *Birdman of Hungry Hollow*, Jim Hiatt, show: a rooster up close and a mated pair of what I had thought were indigenous to this area, only to find they were *introduced*—I will let our birdman tell you himself:

“Googled up some dates and places relevant to this Avian, as I wanted to know some myself, and already knew that *Phasianus colchicus* is this member of Order Galliformes and Family Phasianidae, and that these have their origins in China/Far East, but was surprised to find they were first imported to Oregon by Owen Denny and his wife Gertrude on March 13, 1881, from Shanghai.

Colchicus, its ‘last name’, (scientifically, ‘colchicus’ is the ‘specific epithet’) is a reference to their first being known in Europe in what was then known as *Colchis*—now known as *Georgia* in Eastern Europe/Russia. They brought 60 birds across via ship, but most died en route. More were brought in over the next year or two and Oregon and Washington State quickly had large populations.

When I was younger, particularly in the 1960s and 70s, pheasants were very plentiful all over here. In the late Spring you’d ever so often see a hen pheasant with 6-10 babes following her across the road in the country. Once, in the late 1950s, I was with Grandma [Goodenough/Goodnow] one day in her old 1952 Dodge (with a semi-automatic transmission—something most haven’t heard of today) and on the curve just north of CR87/19, a mother pheasant and 6-8 babes crossed the road in front of us. Grandma slowed way down to let them pass—and it has *seemed* that they did. But one babe had apparently turned back, for whatever reason, and we couldn’t see it at that point—but the baby eventually passed. Amazing what sticks in your mind for 60 years.

This was offered just to affirm that pheasants were among the most numerous birds we *had* then, but in more recent years, farming methods have changed enough to where instead of most fence lines being laden with brush and brushy cover, that’s gone by the wayside more and more—on *this* farm as well—so, their habitat of steadily-present cover has gone down by magnitudes. And, sadly, at least here in Hungry Hollow, well, you’d never have thought that seeing a pheasant of either sex *here* would be a such a treat, but such is the matter now. I am always on the lookout and occasionally get a lucky shot—which today means only with my ever-present camera, of course!”

The David and Ada Robbins Family of Guinda arrived in 1904.

Photos, stories and history supplied by their grandson, William Hamilton.



Photo Album; clockwise from top left: David & eldest son Fay Stanley about 1905; Ada Pearl on front porch of her Guinda home, 1910; Ada observes from back doorway a rare 1939 winter snow; Ada Pearl and David Scott Robbins in 1920s; front porch of Guinda Ranch house facing main road, Highway 16, 1940s.

When David and Adah [original spelling] Robbins and son Fay and daughter Frances moved to the Capay Valley from Missouri in 1904, they settled in Brooks, then Tancred*, and finally Guinda, California. The place in Guinda was always known as the “Ranch.”

*Tancred: A community named for “*The Prince of Galilee*” who was known as the Regent of Antioch. It was formed by the *Western Cooperative Colonization and Improvement Company*, which enabled over 40 urban families to relocate to the area and acquire over 800 acres of land. These families shared their resources in farming as well as constructing a nursery and a park for the community. A post office in the town was open between 1892 and 1932; today, a *ghost town* of sorts, no longer on maps.

At right is the still-standing Tancred house, seen here in 2010. David and Ada had 5 children; one died as an infant in Missouri, but two came with them to Capay Valley in 1904; and 2 were born here: Sanford Kenneth *Buster* in Brooks in 1906; and in the Tancred house, Evelyn in 1908—the mother of William Hamilton who shares this with us.





At left in 1960s: **Evelyn Gertrude Robbins**— born on April 11, 1908, in Tancred (4 miles north of Brooks and 9 miles south of Guinda) she went to grammar school in Guinda through 8th grade, and attended Esparto High School in the 1920s. Evelyn married William Attridge Hamilton in 1934 in Roseville, California, and they would have 3 sons: William Gail and Jackie Lee and Buster Stanley—who would visit their grandparents in Guinda, often. They had an elder half-brother, Milburn Cook, by Evelyn’s first marriage.

At right is *Uncle Buster*, 1928.



At left: Frances & husband Harry Hazeman; Evelyn Hamilton and sons Jackie and Billy Hamilton at the end of the side porch at the Guinda Ranch circa 1940s.



Above; Back: Florence, Fay, Ada, Unknown, Frances, Fay Jr., Harry, Josephine, and Genevieve; Front: Evelyn, Billy, and Dale; early 1940s.

Buster had inherited guns his father David brought with them from MO, and gave them to his nephew *Billy*—feeling he was the one who was most interested in history. William shares: *A pair of single action six shooters and a shot gun. He put pearl handles on them. One pistol was lost gambling in Guinda, CA, and the other he gave to his youngest son, Buster Robbins.* The pistol was lost or stolen, but *Billy* still treasures the shotgun.

Memory Gallery:

When we were at Grandma’s we often went down to Cache Creek—which everyone called *the crick*—to the swimming hole. There was a tire tied to a tree so we could swing out over the water and dive or fall. The crick was full of “water dogs,” or salamanders, and there was a path down the hill and up the other side, then down to the crick. Some places were like a jungle. There were always tall tales including talk of rattlesnakes to be mindful of.

There were many chickens, the chicken coops, feeding them, watching them drink, and gathering eggs. For fun, Uncle Fay would sneak a bottle of vodka with him to put into the chicken trough. They would all get drunk and stagger around. It seemed they would peck at the ground and miss. Everyone would laugh and grandma would yell “Fay Stanley!” and then laugh too. However, there would be a shortage of eggs next morning.

There was an old tractor and model T Ford made into a dump truck that we played on.



And no one could forget the basement behind the house where all of the canned goods were stored. It is easy to remember the musty smell and the dirt walls with exposed rocks in them like a river bed. We found a few good jars of canned fruit there, well after Grandma was gone.

David Scott Robbins died at home on October 5, 1929. According to David's obituary, he was a *Capay Valley Prominent Farmer*. In 1931, Ada married Henry Smith, [seen in photo at right] whose family farm was near Guinda not too far from the Robbins farm. Adah passed away November 2, 1948. Henry died in the 1950s. According to Bill: "Henry was remembered as being *anti-social* and a *die-hard Communist* and the family spent a great deal of time chastising him about it. His family changed their surname from Schmitt to Smith when the World War II began." Photo at right is Ada and Henry Smith in 1940s.



We are not sure how, yet, but the way William Hamilton remembers it, Henry was somehow related to Ed Smith, who had once owned the still-standing and historic Guinda Corner Store, but then had a little store at about CR 50 on Highway 16. Long-time locals, Marian and Frank Nichols, had this memory of Ed Smith and his store: "Ed then moved to the little house past Guinda. He had a snack bar not a store. Frank can remember going there as a teenager and I even went there before we married. He sold sandwiches. I remember going there around 1954 and we had an orange juice and shrimp cocktail. He had a counter with stools. The place was spotless." Another local, Louana Harden, recalls it was covered inside with knotty pine and he sold ice cream cones. And current owner of the Corner Store, Wyatt Cline, believes it is now called Farmstop50 and owned by Bruce Smith—no relation to Ed Smith, ironically. Why ironic? Because we had so many Smiths in the Capay Valley and it would appear none of them is related to each other, nor Andy Smith of the famed Capay Phone Company. With so many of us old-timers related somehow to each other, how can that be?

Adah* Pearl Rooks — born January 5, 1877. Her grandparents were Gerrit John Rooks and Hettie Mott, born in the Netherlands; they would have six children where they settled on a farm 7 miles southeast of Macon, Missouri. [Adah* is the Biblical spelling, from a descendant of Cain in *Genesis*; but she later went by Ada and that is on her tombstone.] Adah's grandfather Gerrit served in the Union Army during the Civil War and remained in MO his whole life, where he died in 1891 and Hettie in 1889; and they are both buried in the *Friendship Church Cemetery* about 10 miles southeast of Macon, Missouri.] Adah's father was one of their sons, William Scott Rooks (1852 -1902); and her first husband was David Scott Robbins, with whom she had 5 children; 4 of them raised in the Guinda area.

Grandson William Hamilton tells us: "David and Ada married in 1896 in Missouri. When the family moved from LaCledde, Missouri, to the Capay Valley in California in 1904, they traveled in wagons instead of by train because it was too expensive to bring all of their household furniture and other possessions by train. Fay and Frances were young children. Their younger sister Estelle had passed away in 1900 when she was 18 months old before they moved to California. They were farmers who came to what is now Brooks, but then moved in from the creek to nearby-Tancred. They soon moved to and settled in Guinda, where the main crops where almonds and winter wheat. Although there are those who will argue about the differences between a *farm* and a *ranch*, the family always called it a *ranch*. They had a farm in Missouri and a ranch in the Capay Valley, because here they didn't just *farm*, they raised chickens, ducks, and geese, cows, plow horses, and a wagon horse teams."

Buster married a gal named Dale in Yolo County in May 1928, and while they moved to Clear Lake, they were often in the Guinda area, so he was very much a part of the memories of young Jackie and Billy and *Buster* Hamilton—so much so that Evelyn would name her youngest son *Buster* after her brother. They are no relation to the early pioneers named Hambleton, by the way, though some of those took the Hamilton spelling in later years. Today, William Hamilton is in his 80s and retired from the Army, and shared, "I have been the Secretary of the California Military History Foundation for more than 40 years. I formerly worked for an organization as a Historian researching and writing histories of current and former military bases in most of the Western U.S." While in the service, he would re-meet a Guinda local named Bob Logan. Bob and his wife Lillian had several children and lived in Sacramento last time he and Bill spoke—but they, apparently, still come to reunions in Guinda—as do many other Logan descendants.

Speaking of Logans; It's funny how the creation of the quarterly newsletter starts on one topic or family, but the research into that spins out into other interesting stories.

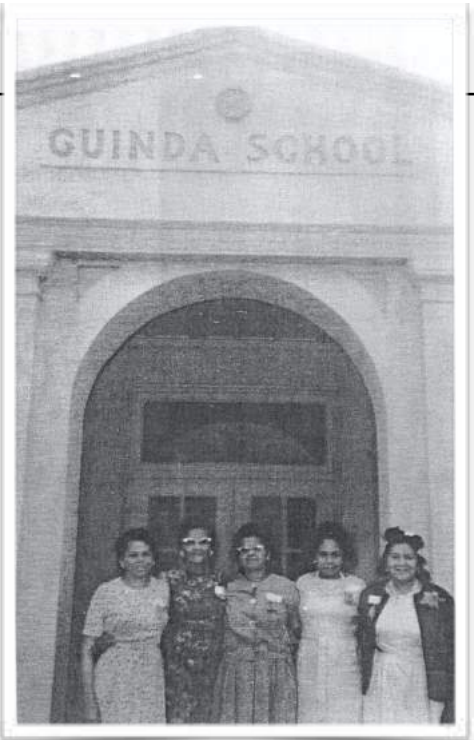
For instance, I contacted several people who had knowledge of historic Guinda while I was writing about the Robbins Family, and two things came from that: one, that there is a movement afoot to rename two of the bridges that span Cache Creek in Guinda and Rumsey; and two, the desire is to honor more women-of-color in historic Capay Valley in some way. This led to proposing the name of two women-of-color, who went on to great things and are important to our local history. This is a work in progress—which I will share as it unfolds—but it was suggested that **Mabel McKay* of Capay Valley** should be honored on the new **Rumsey Bridge** being planned [*more on Mabel on pages 16-17; for now, my focus is Guinda]; and I suggested that the **Guinda Bridge** should honor some local pioneers who gave Guinda its unique nature. I suggested naming the fairly new Guinda bridge after the first African American settlers on the Summit in 1890: **The Logans**. And perhaps including the white **Hayes** family, who settled up on the *Summit* above Guinda town at the same time—and to document this with a memorial plaque about how these two families built their own multi-racial *Summit School*. I like the **Logan-Hayes Bridge**. But I am also leaning toward **Three Sisters Bridge**, perhaps—after a descendant of the Logans, Jeannette Molson, gave me some very interesting facts about her mother Addie and two of her sisters. They were 3 of the 5 granddaughters of the Logan founder, **Green Berry Logan, Sr**, and they went on to careers in education. Jeannette is the Logan Family historian, and her mother Addie grew up in Guinda. And thanks to Jeannette, I had written about the Logan pioneers and her mother, **Addie Mae Logan**, in a prior journal. But when I said Yolo County was thinking about naming a bridge after “a local woman-of-color who went on to great things,” she gave me this: “...my great grandfather, Green Berry Logan, Sr., homesteaded there in 1890. Green Berry Logan's eldest son, my grandfather, Alvin Alfred Logan, Sr., also homesteaded in Guinda. He was the father of five sons and five daughters. Three of his daughters were elementary school teachers. The eldest daughter, Grace Logan Patterson had an elementary school in Vallejo named in her honor. She was the first African American hired by the Vallejo School District. My mother, Addie Logan Molson, was the first African American hired by the North Sacramento School District. And Nellie Logan Lewis was the first African American hired by the San Lorenzo School District in the Bay Area.” Addie was educated in Berkeley and got her teaching certificate at Sacramento State, but the unique multi-racial nature of her childhood in the Capay Valley did not mean the girls would not meet with racism once they left the valley. Jeannette went on to add, “I should mention that my mother couldn't get a position as a teacher, in Woodland, until after she retired! Also, she and her older sister, Grace, couldn't do *practice teaching* in the state of California because of their race. They were required to travel to Jim Crow Mississippi in 1935!” Which caught me by surprise at first, but just reinforced the unique nature of Capay Valley. While the state of California did not ban segregated schools until early 1890s, all of our earliest schools were always mixed-races. [ancestry.com is a great source for census—through 1940, so far; Yolo County Archives offers access for free.]



Photo at right L - R: Grace Logan Patterson, Addie Logan Molson, Estella Logan Earl, Nellie Logan Lewis, and Lorena Logan Taylor. They were in the town of Guinda for a visit, prior to their home burning in January 1934. All would have attended the Guinda Elementary School seen here.

Photo at left is Addie Logan while at UCB before she graduated in 1940. Majoring in Spanish with a minor in French, she received her elementary teaching certificate in the early 1950s.

Notes: Grace graduated from Esparto HS in 1928 and Addie in 1930. While Addie “was away at college, her family home burned to the ground and all was lost except a washing machine and radio,” according to her daughter Jeannette Molson. **See another photo of Addie on page 20.**



Jeannette Molson also shared: “**Green Berry Logan, Sr.** had a brother, Griffin, and they were *Mulattoes* born to a mixed-race marriage. Their father was a Caucasian and their mother was an African American.” Griffin lived in Tehama County, but one of his daughters, **Hattie Logan**, later moved to Guinda, where she first married a man named **Charles Simpson**, who also settled on the *Summit*; and later, when widowed, she married a Black named **Maryland Hickerson** of Rumsey. [for more on these families, go to greatercapayvalley.org; Journals; vol 6, pages 15-18] The Logans first came to CA in 1857, settling first in Shasta County—so, before the Civil War.

Since the times we find ourselves in is not only affected by a cultural shape-shifting *pandemic*, but also a reaction to some very visible *systemic racism* within our culture, I am spending even more time researching our multicultural history in Yolo County. Appropriate **nomenclature** has become of interest in these times. For instance, I find in some circles the term *Mulatto* is considered insensitive, due to the fact that it often resulted under force/rape of a slave woman and a white owner—a common practice during slavery. So I asked Jeannette Molson about her use of it [above] and she feels it is not demeaning if all it refers to is one white parent and one black. As was the case with her own father’s ancestors, wherein it was the choice of a white woman to marry a mulatto man in a rare area of early America that did not outlaw this in 1776 in York County, Pennsylvania.

I have a lot of interest in our early Black pioneers in Yolo County because I am researching and writing a book about **Basil Campbell**, who by the 1860s was a *mulatto* who became “the wealthiest Black landowner in Yolo County,” according to our several history texts. Basil Campbell, who arrived as a slave in 1854, not only became a wealthy Black landowner, he was much respected as a peer among all who knew him—of all races. One very interesting thing this research has shown me is how many Southern slave owners came to the free state of California with slaves in tow—many of them to Yolo County, like Basil, who came with his then-owner John D. Stephens. Many came to California with owners under these same arrangements; usually for the gold, but then stayed to help with farming, *earning* their freedom. It’s important to understand that they were not just *free* by virtue of arriving in a *free state*: **California’s Fugitive Slave Law** meant that a *run-away slave* could be returned to his *master*. There are many interesting stories now being researched and exposed about cases brought and tried in our early courts. These facts were not taught in our school curriculum, so it was a surprise to me. [Check out blackpast.org/african-american-history/people-african-american-history; and the article “‘**Slavery: California’s hidden sin**’; **California’s image as the enlightened edge of the country doesn’t include the dark chapter on slavery. That’s a story being uncovered by a team of intrepid Sacramento historians**” by Chrisanne Beckner on *Sacramento News and Review*; and also the *Gold Chains* site at aclunc.org/sites/goldchains] But after I learned this, I started to look into the many early pioneers’ names and found many of them were either former slave owners or descended from them. How we managed to have such a *racism-lite* county with this start is fascinating to me. Not that it was completely un-bigoted—it wasn’t. But it was surprisingly so, given this start. By 1884, Basil was a well-respected landowner worth over \$100,000, who became a political activist state-wide, and helping other Blacks arriving later, many of them after the Civil War, but also including Green Berry Logan, who had originally settled in Shasta County as a free man in the 1850s, but made his way to Yolo County in the late 1880s.

In Basil’s case, a *mulatto*, his mother was a slave to James D. Campbell in Missouri, so it is quite likely his father was a white Campbell. When James died, his wife, Ellie Stephens, sold young Basil to her own family, the neighboring Joseph Stephens family. Later, one of Joseph’s many sons bought Basil from the Stephens estate and made him this offer: *Come with us to California and work off the price I pay for you and you will have your freedom in the free state of California.* According to interviews with Basil, John D. treated him *more as family, not a slave*, and helped him invest his money in land and livestock, leading to his great wealth. Basil’s brother **Elijah Jennings** later joined Basil in business. Elijah was born of the same slave mother, but his father was her black slave husband. But Elijah was also brought to Yolo County under a similar arrangement, by settlers in Buckeye near today’s Winters. These early settlers all knew one another in Missouri—a *bi-polar* state that had as many abolitionists as slavers in the 1840s. Many of each ilk settled in Yolo County—and started fresh, accepting the freed Blacks living among them, fairly well.

Even so, while *people-of-color* were allowed to *enter public establishments by the front door* in Yolo County—unlike much of America, not just the Deep South—sometimes, even in Woodland according to our late Black local historian William Petty, it could be difficult to buy homes or lots to build on in certain neighborhoods as recently as the early 1960s. But rural Yolo County seems to have had an even more accepting nature: rural towns like those in the Capay Valley had a very mixed ethnicity—seen quite clearly in their early school photos and early census, which show place-of-origin and race. There was quite a mix throughout the valley—though as usual in anthropological migration, certain groups settled near each other. And even though the state still allowed segregation of schools until about 1890—as long as there was “a suitable school for the *colored* children available”—throughout Yolo County, as far as I can find, we did not ever *choose* to segregate our schools. [I will be writing more on the federal government’s removal of Native children to boarding schools in a future issue; my research in Nevada got waylaid with the Pandemic Lockdown]

Our Yolo County history texts show us that the white **Hayes** family settled above Guinda with the black **Logan** family and together they built a school on what we today call ***the Summit***, but which then was dubbed ***Nigger Heaven****. [Until the 1970s, place names using the term *Nigger** and *Negro* were common, even on county survey maps; mostly not considered derogatory—and some claim the inhabitants on the summit in Guinda coined and used the term themselves.] Another historically significant couple, **Mary and Gus Gaither**, bought two of the first lots in the new town of Esparto (Esperanza) in 1888, where Mary went on to be the local mid-wife, and later cared for elders of all races at her home in Esparto—many of whom were former slave-holders or their descendants. The Gaithers’ sons would be the first *Americans of African descent** to graduate from Esparto High—followed not long after by numerous Logan progeny and others. [More Nomenclature: ****American of African descent*** is one form preferred to either ***Black, Negro or African American*** by some; and Bill Petty often used the term ***Colored***, claiming it was just habit from a childhood in North Carolina; and many use ***people of color*** to imply anyone not considered *White*.]

By the 1940s, other Blacks started arriving, such as the **Hacketts and Pettys**. Roy Hackett and his brother Tyra Hackett, Sr., and Roy’s nephew known as Tyra B, had many children in the Guinda area—some of them mixing the races—but the Hacketts came here from Alameda County, where their family is featured in the local museum as the earliest Black settlers there in the 1890s. I am only just starting my research on the Hackett family history, but in my book ***The History and Stories of the Capay Valley*** you will find a nice feature on page 118 about Roy’s eldest daughter ***Shirley Haven***—her *stage name*. She would make quite a success on stage and screen—but traveling so, she eventually left her son Tony with her father and his second wife, fondly known to all as *Bamma*, to be raised in Guinda with her younger siblings. I am also intrigued by the ***Hackett Hotel*** in early Sacramento, which is rumored to have been part of the ***California underground railroad*** for many escaped slaves. Whether this was ever an actual hotel or just a front, no one seems to know—yet; nor whether the Hackett brothers running it were related to our Capay Valley Hacketts—I’ll let you know what I find out!

I have developed a keen interest in this swept-under-the-American-History-rug practice during slavery of developing ones chattel slave population by *breeding*—a polite way of saying *raping*—female slaves, that gave so many former slaves *mixed-blood*. I learned long ago—and coached my horrified white students when I taught it in my American History classes—not to be merely *apologists* for this part of our shared ancestral past. What can be done about it, I would ask. I have had many recent discussions with friends who are *Black/Negro/African American/Americans of African Descent* about not only appropriate nomenclature, but also what can be done in the name of *reparation*, a concept kicked about a lot lately. We all generally agree that the true *reparation* is going to come from the question: "What are you going to do to make this right?" It isn’t going to be cured by a *check-in-the-mail*. It was perhaps easier to do *reparations* with the *Americans born of Japanese ancestors*, as America did recently—because they, for the most part, still had pure Japanese genes. America and the state of California had done them wrong and in a show of contrition paid each a small stipend and offered citizenship to many Japanese Nationals who had been denied this before the end of WWII. Certainly not enough, but it was something—more than just an apology. But our American slave history is far from *Black and White*; it is even more complex and fraught. I am very excited and hopeful about what is happening across America--and the world--right now, about ripping the bandage off our eyes and taking a good hard look at the *truth*. It is obviously uncomfortable for those of us who have always taken pride in our *forefather* ancestors--but I am all for getting the stories out there, however uncomfortable it makes us. As my insightful father always said, "Never be ashamed of who you come from or who you are, just be sure their same mistakes do not happen on your watch." Dad, a proud 4th generation of Yolo County’s earliest pioneer settlers, was *Atticus Finch* before there was a fictional Atticus. He would be the first to say we need to own our past and then figure out how to move forward so America’s dream of equality is finally a reality. Obviously, this is not just a *Black and White* issue; there is the treatment of the Native people and all immigrant groups. Let’s fix this. 13

Some fun misc. photos and notes recently received from Claire Mabry, descendant of the Meffords of Capay—where *Mefford Lane* is named for them, on which their historic home still stands a couple houses west of the *Road Trip Bar and Grill*. Her mother taught at Capay School in the 1920s—many old-timers I have talked to remembered her: Mrs. Marion Martin Mefford. For that reason and the fact that some years ago Claire also had sent me a treasured photo of *Capay Townspeople* having a picnic at the *Duncan Grove* in about 1900. And there was my own grandmother as a young girl! And her parents, my great-grandparents, among others. What a treasure this was to me! At that point, I had never seen a photo of my namesake, Mary *Elizabeth* Franklin Duncan, believe it or not. And here, Claire sends me another one, below. It turns out Claire’s grandparents were great friends with *Doc* and *Mother Dunc*, as most friends knew them. Boy, do I love this work that I do—treasures just fall from the Heavens like manna! **For more on the historic Meffords of Capay—arriving in 1877—see pages 411-416 in *The History and Stories of the Capay Valley***, which is available at the Yolo County Library and/or the Yolo County Archives if you do not own a copy.



Claire wrote about the photo to the left: “Picture of *Mother Dunc*. Mother had written ‘Mother Dunc. Wyatt's Mother. Was a second mother to Clarence. So good to him’.” Apparently, Wyatt G. Duncan, Jr., and Claire’s father Clarence Mefford were very best friends and the two families spent much time together at the Duncan Ranch north of Capay.



Capay School
Apr. 1, 1921.
Mrs. Marion Martin Mefford
Teacher

Dorothy Duncan
Lynell Duncan
Grace (Gungo) (absent)
Lynne Vannucci
Vernon Duncan
Lela Duncan
Ray Pierce
Cortia Hubbard
Meredith Holt
Vivith Hubbard
Wilma Ventner (absent)
Della Vannucci
Mary Vannucci
Arlo Allison
Cecilia Duncan
Gina Delevati
Bud Vannucci
Lola Vannucci

Claire shares: “Mom stayed with the Vannucci's before she and Dad were married. Della Vannucci married a Motroni. She was Gilbert Motroni's mother and Dorothy Schaupp Motroni's mother-in-law.” She is referring to the Motroni family still living south of the Capay Cemetery—and still raising and selling great farm produce; my grandson Theodore and I just bought the most delicious tomatoes from them last weekend! Check it out!

Clarence Mefford would marry Marion Martin and they would live in Capay, where she became teacher at the Capay School; later teaching in Esparto.

Searching for Ancestors: it is not as simple as one might hope! If there were records kept at all, they were handwritten phonetically by strangers, and there were so many duplicate names, and others doing the same research post erroneous information and...well, you get the idea. For instance, even the Yolo County History texts often have mistakes—such as missing an entire generation because some descendent was misinformed or family lore had them related to someone famous and the researcher just trusted their information/memories, etc.—these histories were written pre **Google** and **ancestry.com**, after all.

In our families: One such case seems to be that our **Wyatt Godfrey Duncan**'s father was **John Iverson Duncan**, whose father Wiatt was written up in the *History of Yolo County* by no less expert than **Tom Gregory** as being the one who crossing to the *New World* from Scotland. But it turns out that Wiatt's father was named John D. Duncan and it was he who was born in Scotland and came to the New World in the 1770s, settling in the Virginia Colony, where Wiatt was born. John D. Duncan's parents, John and Mary Margaret (Fleming) Duncan were born in Glasgow and died in the 1740s in Perthshire, Scotland. John D. and his sister seem to have traveled in their 40s to the *Colonies*, arriving in 1774 in NY, NY, but settling in VA. John D. would marry 3 times; one of his wives would be Sara Sally Camdon, with whom he would have Wiatt; who would marry Polly Goodrich, with whom he would have John Iverson Duncan; who would marry at least 2 times, and with Margaret Toler he would have 9 children, including our Wyatt Godfrey Duncan. And just to complicate things, Margaret died in 1849, but the next three children born to John Iverson Duncan are credited to her in most **ancestry.com** personal trees—and I am having the dangest time finding out the name of his next wife, their actual mother...but that is another rabbit hole to dive into for another time.

And then I moved onto research on the Munro family that our Wyatt Godfrey Duncan's daughter Elvira Grey would marry into when she married future **Yolo County Sheriff James William Monroe** in 1902. I discovered his grave was in Elk Creek near Stonyford, CA—so, off we went to celebrate my birthday in the cemetery—don't you just love cemeteries!? I do. We had a nice *socially distanced* [which is easy to do when everyone is 6 feet under—a little pandemic humor] picnic under a shady old oak near his headstone: James Stuart Munro [the original Scottish spellings]; born Nov. 8, 1814 in MO and died Oct. 17, 1884, Elk Creek, CA.

Turns out James was of the Stuart clan, too—his family, too, would have sided with *Bonnie Prince Charlie* against the English, as would the Duncans. One of his sons, John Tooley, come with his family in 1865 to Yolo County and marry the daughter of an old family friend from MO; and they would produce 5 children; only 1 living to adulthood, the future sheriff James Monroe—named for his paternal grandfather, James Munro.

It's a Scottish thing: the eldest son is named after his grandfather and the others would be named for the father and then the mother's father and they all had family surnames as middle names—thus creating lots of confusion for descendants trying to sort it all out later! But I am enjoying learning about Judge James S. Munro, who brought his family over the **Oregon Trail** and first settled near Eugene, OR, where he was a local judge, and then they drove a herd of 150 horses to Yolo County, CA; and, later, a herd of cattle to Glenn County, where he settled—and died. The Munro/Monroes are featured in Glenn County History tomes as well as Yolo County, CA.



When it was recommended that we should look for influential local historical figures to honor by naming features like bridges, parks or roads after them—and by creating informative plaques to educate and celebrate them as a part of our heritage—Mabel McKay was immediately suggested by Rumsey locals. Whether we succeed in doing so, I thought it would be a good idea to get to know Mabel McKay—since she is part of our storied history in the Capay Valley. The various tribes from Clear Lake down the Cache Creek to north of Woodland and south to Putah Creek, and throughout Solano County, the Pomo and Patwin, have had a history in this area for thousands of years—and Mabel was one of our essential links to this history. Known and celebrated for her basket weaving and cultural and language knowledge, you can even learn about her at the **Smithsonian**, but also at our own **California Museum in Sacramento**.

NOTE: “The **Yocha Dehe Wintun Nation** is a federally recognized tribe of Wintun people, specifically Patwin people or southern Wintun, in Yolo County, California. They were formerly known as the **Rumsey Indian Rancheria of Wintun Indians of California**”; and while Mary is of the Pomo in Clear Lake area, she is of Patwin descent and an important part of our Cache Creek/ Capay Valley history—and some would claim, appropriate for the naming of a bridge in **Rumsey** over the Cache Creek.

Mabel McKay (1907-1993), according to the California Museum:

“was a member of the *Long Valley Cache Creek Pomo* tribe,” but was of Patwin decent, “born in Nice, California. Mabel McKay was one of the greatest California basket weavers of all time, as well as a traditional healer, teacher of Pomo traditions and the last speaker of her language.

Born in rural Northern California, McKay was raised by her maternal grandmother, also a basket weaver, who taught her the *Long Valley Cache Creek* language and how to gather traditional medicinal plants. In Pomo culture, certain people are guided by the Spirit through dreams. McKay was one of these people, and the dreams instructed her in creating baskets. She wove her first basket at age eight and soon gained recognition for her fine weaving, appearing in newspaper articles and giving demonstrations at the **State Indian Museum** in Sacramento. Later, she taught and demonstrated basketry across the country to both Native and non-Native students. She didn’t sell her baskets, instead making them as gifts and as objects of healing. With their tight stitches, perfect spacing, and fine quality materials, today they are prized by collectors and are in many museums, including the **Smithsonian Institution’s National Museum of Natural History**.

The Spirit also guided McKay in her traditional medicine practices. Widely respected as a healer, she was the last of the Pomo dream doctors*, and traveled long distances to visit patients, both inside and outside her Native community.

McKay was always a strong advocate for her culture and for the environment, especially as development and dams destroyed areas that had been traditional gathering places for sedge and other basket materials. In 1976 Governor Edmund G. Brown Jr. appointed her to California’s first Native American Heritage Commission, on which she served for many years. There, long before legislation existed to protect Indian cultural resources, she was a powerful voice for the proper handling of sacred objects and burial sites.”

She was a founding member of **California Native American Heritage Commission**

Checkout:

1) this book I just ordered:

**Mabel McKay: Weaving the Dream (Portraits of American Genius) by Greg Sarris (1997)*

https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B01MZ3QQ9I/ref=ppx_yo_dt_b_asin_title_000_s00?ie=UTF8&psc=1

2) Official website: yochadehe.org

From the official website yochadehe.org you will find:

“For thousands of years, members of California’s Wintun Tribes have been guided by a culture rich with an understanding of medicine, technology, food production and land stewardship. The towns and roads of today were the villages and trade routes of our past. Our land was healthy and our early communities thrived.

The arrival of missionaries and European explorers forever altered the course of Native people in California. By the 1800s, many of our ancestors were purged of their home and hunting lands by opportunists driven by gold and greed. Northern California Native people were decimated by the Gold Rush and federal policies that legalized genocide. During this time the Yocha Dehe population declined dramatically and our ancestors were rendered nearly extinct.

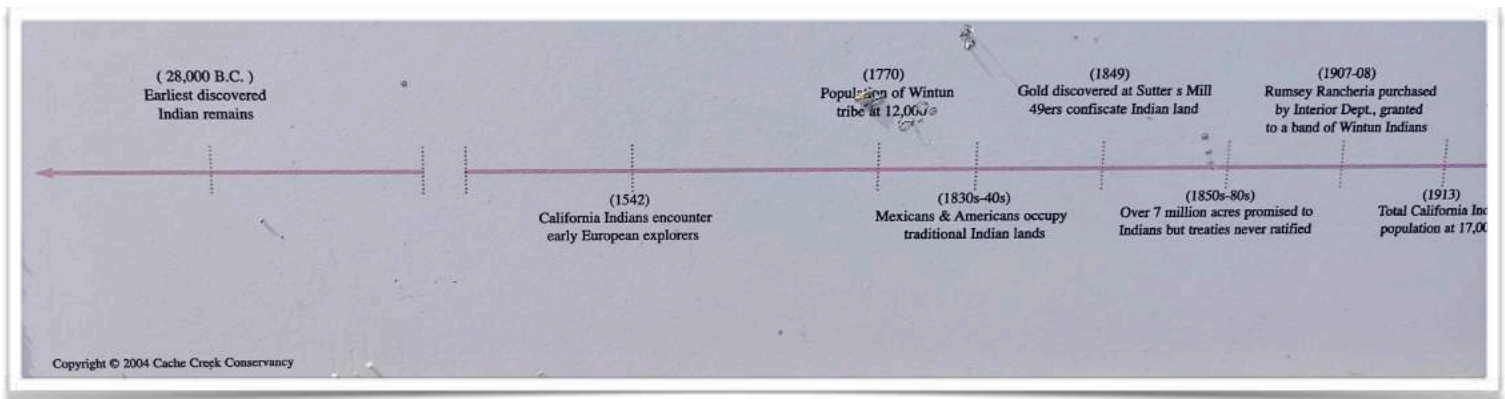
In the early 1900s, our Tribe was forcibly removed from our village by the US government and placed on a federally created **rancheria**—otherwise known as a **reservation**—in **Rumsey**, California. **[visit this site: <https://calisphere.org/item/ark:/13030/tf067nb3vg/>]** on barren, non-irrigatable land, they struggled to survive. In 1940, our people gained a hard-won relocation to a small parcel of land further south in the Capay Valley, [near Brooks] where they managed to cultivate small amounts of food. Without the opportunity to produce more than subsistence levels of crops, our ancestors, who had lived sustainably for thousands of years, became dependent on the US government for survival. [see timeline posted below; found at the **Cache Creek Nature Preserve/Conservancy**]

Finally, in the late 1980s, the tide began to turn. Some ancestral lands were restored to our Tribe, providing a land base for housing and economic development. It was at this time that the State of California instituted the California Lottery and the federal government enacted the Indian Gaming Regulatory Act (IGRA). The United States Congress enactment of IGRA in particular provided a means to promote economic development and self-sufficiency with the explicit purpose of strengthening tribal self-governance. This offered the Tribe the opportunity to open **Cache Creek Indian Bingo** on part of our 188 acres of trust land.

We focused our resources on building the necessary foundation for our tribal government to manage assets generated by the bingo hall. Powered by hard work and determination, we developed our own management strategy and **expanded the bingo hall into the world-class Cache Creek Casino Resort**, eventually providing economic development and stability for our tribal members. The independence gained from the initial influx of gaming revenue gave the Tribe the wherewithal to **reacquire some of our traditional lands**, to invest in the future of our children through improved education and to provide philanthropic support for communities in need.

In 2009, the Tribe legally changed our name from the **Rumsey Band of Wintun Indians**, as we were originally labeled by the federal government, to **Yocha Dehe Wintun Nation**, named for our homeland in our ancestral Patwin language. The name change represents an important mark in time for the people of Yocha Dehe. It connects our Tribe to our heritage and expresses our sense of pride and hope for the future.”

But it is also enjoyable to learn about the Yocha Dehe history while strolling around the **Nature Preserves and Open Space Parks**, such as the **Cache Creek Nature Preserve/Conservancy** at 34199 Co Rd 20, Woodland, CA 95695 (530) 661-1070 — check ahead during this Pandemic, as access and hours have altered: see below & next page for some photos of the informational boards you will find there; cachecreekconservancy.org



Sign at left at **Cache Creek Nature Preserve**; mural below found in Monterey, California.

We are the *Yoche-de-he Wintun*. The Cache Creek watershed has been our home for millennia. We are still here.

Our children have grown up with the rolling hills of blue oaks, valley oaks and gray pine. We celebrate spring with the flowering of the purple lupine and brodiaea. In the quiet hours of dusk and dawn, we hear the talk of coyote pups, the coo of morning doves, and the call of quail. We know we are home when we smell the cottonwood in the hot summer wind or the aroma of ripe blackberries. This region is where our stories, songs and dances come from; this is our prosperity and permanence. The land is today and the future, it links us to our past.

As a family, we are taught to be a part of all that exists. We are not separate. This is how we are taught to live. In our way, we observe the following rules:

All living things are to be respected and honored. Before any human ideas came forth, Creator had a purpose and a reason for all living things.


We gather needed materials at the right time and right place. We thank the Creator by giving an offering to the spirit.

We use the appropriate management technique for an individual plant or gathering area.

We gather the proper amount for personal use but also give to those that are not able to gather for themselves.

Years ago, when European settlers arrived, Native life here changed so drastically that our ancestors could no longer take care of the land. As descendants, we are building a future for our children. Throughout the California Native community, we bring a variety of skills to our region. We are basket makers, doctors, teachers, biologists and cultural practitioners who care deeply about our watersheds. Together, we are actively working to restore healthy environments, preserve our cultural traditions and re-establish traditional land management along our creek. Caring for the place where we live is how people, land and spirit are kept healthy.

Maht soon henelah pahbeh weelahk yahloo pah. Kiyoo, *soom-soomee, chaw, sawr:oh. Mee yahloosah weehedah.*
(When you enter leave the new world outside. Walk, smell, look, and listen and you will leave with a good spirit.)




Visit the **California Museum** for things like the items below:

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In a sign posted next to the **Indian War Bond** photo to the right it said: *“Soon after California was admitted to the Union, the state government raised funds through bonds to fight Indians and remove them from their ancestral lands. 1860”*

courtesy California State Archives



Mabel McKay; courtesy of the Marshall McKay Collection;
<https://www.californiamuseum.org/inductee/mabel-mckay>

WEALTH BY FEATHERS



- Spoon**
Yurok. Early 1900s.
Elk antler.
Courtesy California Academy of Sciences.
- Large gift basket**
Pomo. Early 1900s.
Willow, sedge root, redbud, glass beads, abalone, other shell.
Courtesy California State Parks.
- Small feathered basket**
Pomo. 1930-1950.
Willow, sedge root, mallard and meadowlark feathers.
Courtesy California Academy of Sciences.
- Round basket**
Pomo. Early 1900s.
Willow, sedge grass, bulrush, California quail topknot feathers, and clam shell beads.
Courtesy California Academy of Sciences.
- Small gift basket**
Pomo. Early 1900s.
Willow, sedge root, acorn woodpecker and California quail topknot feathers.
Courtesy California State Parks.
- Gift basket**
Pomo. Early 1900s.
Willow, sedge root, redbud, glass beads, acorn woodpecker, and California quail topknot feathers.
Courtesy California State Parks.
- Gift basket**
Northern Pomo. Early 1900s.
Willow, sedge root, redbud, seed beads.
Courtesy California State Parks.
- Small gift basket**
Willow, sedge root, bulrush root, acorn woodpecker and California quail topknot feathers, clam shell beads, carriage.
Courtesy California State Parks.
- Trinket basket**
Karuk.
Willow, sedge root, maidenhair fern.
Courtesy Klamath County Museum.
- Blade**
Klamath river tribes. No date.
Obsidian.
Large blades were used for ritual purposes in Kukuia dances.
Courtesy California Academy of Sciences.

The Williamson Act

Supervisor looks at preserving county farmland

By Dave Rosenberg

John Williamson was my friend. The great legacy he left to California is the agricultural land conservation act that bears his name: "The Williamson Land Act."

John used to live in Davis, and he and I had many conversations about protecting our precious farmland. Prior to his recent death, I had the privilege of hosting John, his wonderful wife, Jean, and their extended family in my home as John and Jean celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. I think of John from time to time, and know he'd be proud of our efforts in Yolo County to protect our farmland.

From the day I was sworn in to my position as a Yolo County Supervisor in January of 1997, I have worked hard to continue an important Yolo County tradition: Preserving Yolo County's rich farmland.

Considering the financial and growth pressures facing county governments throughout California, Yolo County has not chosen an easy path. One need only look next door at Sacramento County to see a typical example of a county which has chosen to urbanize. In Sacramento, you can hardly tell when you're leaving the "city" of Sacramento and entering the "county" of Sacramento except for the color of the street signs.

Yolo County has chosen a far different path. Over the 150-year history of Yolo County, County Supervisors have recognized the importance of conserving our rich natural resources, and have consistently protected the County's agricultural heritage from urban encroachment. The County of Yolo has resisted urban development in the unincorporated areas of the County, and has channeled urban development toward existing cities.

In Yolo County's agricultural preservation efforts, a myriad of strategies have been used: The County's General Plan, zoning regulations, the "Williamson Act," to name a few. A recent UCD study comparing General Plan policies of seven Central Valley counties consistently concluded that Yolo County is one of the strongest advocates and more successful counties in preserving agriculture. (Sokolow, Alvin D., "Farmland Protection in the General Plan: A Comparison of Seven Central Valley Counties," Dept. of Applied Behavioral Sciences, (May 1994)). A subsequent and related

Acreage by Classification

Agricultural — 607397.51 acres (95.4 percent);
Commercial — 231.53 acres (.03 percent);
Industrial — 1131.1 acres (.17 percent);
Residential — 2627.63 acres (.42 percent);
Unzoned — 25259.96 acres (3.98 percent);

County population, 1996-1998

1996
Total population: 151,700; unincorporated population: 20,850.

1997
Total population: 153,700; unincorporated population: 21,125. Percent change: 1.3 percent.

1998
Total population: 156,800; unincorporated population: 21,275. Percent change: .7 percent.

County housing, 1996-1997

1996
Total housing: 57,509; unincorporated: 7,014.

1997
Total housing units: 58,020; unincorporated: 7,056. .6 percent change.

1998
Total housing units: 58,805; unincorporated: 7,071. .2 percent change.

Ag preserves, 1997-present

1997 — 276 acres placed from A-1 to A-P
1998 — 158 acres placed from A-1 to A-P (in process)

Conservation easements

1997-present

1997 — 1,771 acres in unincorporated area of county
1998 — 270 acres (currently in review process).

UCD study reviewed state, county and city

farmland policies in the Central Valley, concluding that county governments are the principal defenders of agriculture, and identified Yolo County's set of policies as one of the most clear and unequivocal about the top priority of farmland protection. [Sokolow, Alvin D., "Farmland Policy in California's Central Valley: State, County and City Roles, California Policy Seminar Vol. 9, No. 4, (October 1997).

As most of us in Yolo County live in an urban setting, we may not realize how much rich farmland we actually have in Yolo County unless we "set out into the country" and actually drive those county roads. I have. I've driven the county roads up and down the great County of Yolo, and have seen the tomato and rice fields, the row crops, the vineyards, the orchards and the rich farmland which make this County unique. I have committed myself to protecting and preserving this agricultural heritage in Yolo County.

Here's a statistic that may surprise you: Over 95 percent of Yolo County's land area is currently zoned as agricultural. And that's a lot of land. Over 600,000 are zoned for agriculture. Less than 1 percent of Yolo County land area is zoned residential, industrial and commercial.

Since I've been a member of the Board of Supervisors, growth in the unincorporated areas of the County of Yolo has been kept to a minimum. In the two-year period of 1997 and 1998 combined, Yolo County's unincorporated areas added a total of only 425 people and added a total of only 57 houses. That's slow growth.

Perhaps the most significant statistic, however, is the amount of acreage preserved in agriculture by way of agricultural preserves and conservation easements. The following shows that just in the two years since I've been on the Board of Supervisors, we have placed (or are in the process of placing) fully 2,475 acres in permanent agriculture through conservation easements and agricultural preserves. By way of comparison, all residential developments in Yolo County totals 2,627 acres.

I take very seriously my role to preserve agricultural land in Yolo County

— Dave Rosenberg is Yolo County supervisor of the 4th District

At left, an article I found at the Yolo County archives—sadly, not including the name of the paper nor the date, but I found its explanation of *The Williamson Act* interesting...

At the time then-supervisor Dave Rosenberg wrote it, over 600,000 acres of Yolo County was zoned for agriculture—95% of the county! And during his time as supervisor, "2475 acres" were made "permanent agriculture through easements and ag preserves"; compared to the 2,627 acres that was the total residential development at that time.



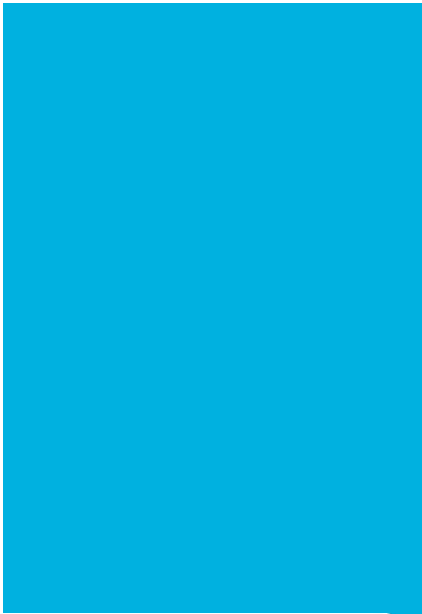
Almonds, still Yolo County's #1 crop: Photos and information, here, courtesy of Jim Hiatt out in Hungry Hollow: "the hulls themselves, because of their protein content, go to the cattle ranches and dairies in the Petaluma area for cattle feed, and indirectly come back as meat and milk products. In fact, almond hulls are #18 on the listing of the top 20 crops in Yolo County in *The Crop Report of 2018*, some 40,000 tons at about \$4M value. Now, the almond shells are brought back out to scatter on the ground for compost and fertilizer," as seen above, left. "Grandpa used to say that when he was young on the farm circa 1900, when it came to the hogs, 'We used everything but the squeal!'"



Greater Capay Valley Historical Society;
416 Lincoln Ave., Woodland, CA 95695

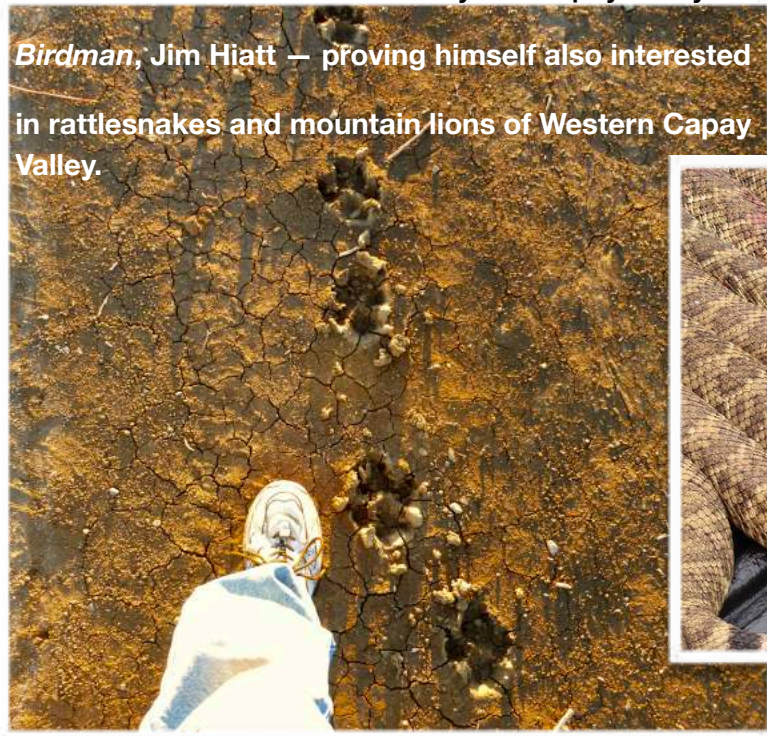
Left: Addie Mae Logan Molson—the way I remember her; during her teaching years. Courtesy of her daughter Jeannette Molson

TO:



Below: three shots contributed by our Capay Valley

Birdman, Jim Hiatt — proving himself also interested in rattlesnakes and mountain lions of Western Capay Valley.



The common way of dispatching rattlers in this area is with a shovel; burying the dangerous end, the head. They are our only venomous snake, but my cowboy dad rarely killed one if he could avoid it; they eat rodents, after all—and ranchers and farmers hate rodents.

Of these mountain lion paw prints near his house in Hungry Hollow, seen above in 2013, he wrote: "I've always been told that with a dog you'll see the claws but not with a cat...Another time, in 1995, as I came home after dark after a couple days of rain, the kids called me out to this very same place with paw-prints of everything we have out here, and the lion ones were a little bigger than these in the photos. Submitted it to Brian Barton, a lifelong friend of mine who works for fish and wildlife, and they have a computer program that if you feed the dimensions into it it will then tell you the cat's rough size. Ours then was given as a 180-pound male." He goes on to say that in game warden fly-overs, recently, at least 34 big cats were seen in the Berryessa-Capay Hills in an area experts feel is better suited to about 8, so they are venturing out of the hills.

As to the rattle snakes, well...people are saying they are seeing many more than last year so far this year...