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CAPAY VALLEY

June 2013

Volume Twelve

greatercapayvalley.org

The Greater Capay Valley Historical Society
PO Box 442
Esparto, CA
95627

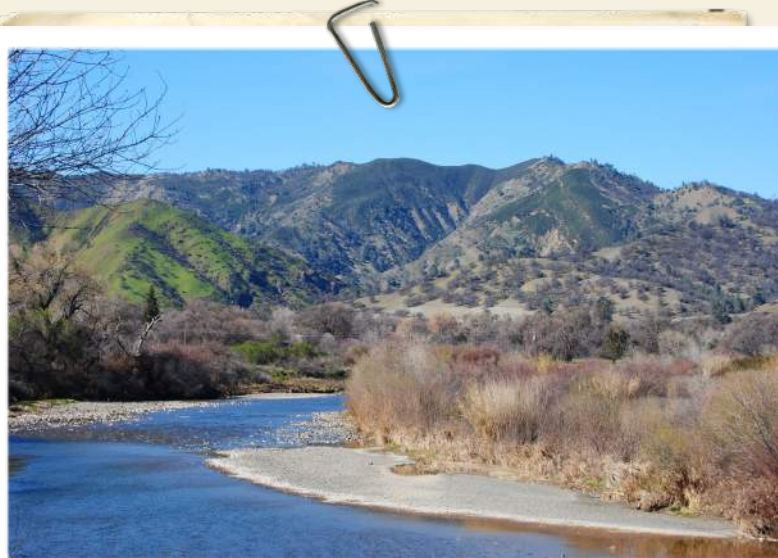


Focusing on the Greater Capay Valley, including towns and areas surrounding and leading to Cache Creek and up the Capay Valley

Pictures, Stories and Research to reveal and celebrate a very special place.

One of the many interesting aspects of doing research in the Capay Valley has been discovering the great diversity--so many different ethnic and cultural groups found their way to this lovely place. In my first volume I tried to do justice to the native population, the Patwin, whose history, some claim, reaches back 8000 years in this area--though there is little written history about their time here. The nationally recognized Winton Tribe, of which they are a part, is doing their own history and so I will let them tell their own story, but I did not want to presume or imply that my pioneer ancestors to this area in the mid-1800s were "the first" to settle here, so I did my best to acknowledge the "pioneers" who preceded them.

I "came home" to research my own Scottish ancestor pioneer roots here, Duncan, Franklin, Monroe, Campbell, and to find out who they would have known while they farmed and ranched here for the last 150 years--and it has been an amazing trip of discovery. One which I felt compelled to share along the way through these periodical journals for The Greater Capay Valley



Historical Society and our websites at greatercapayvalley.org and on Facebook under The Greater Capay Valley Historical Society. I have been blessed to be invited into homes and given photos and news-clippings to scan, personal stories to enjoy—and sometimes to video-tape—and have received much love and support as I discovered not only my own roots, but the interwoven tapestry that makes this place special--and makes us all "family."

In this volume I will begin to focus more on the diverse groups who settled here...there were all those Irish Clarks, for instance...

Greater Capay Valley Historical Society, PO Box 442, Esparto, CA 95627

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Special thanks to: historians Douglas Nareau and John Gallardo; article-contributor Jim Hiatt--and all the faithful subscribers, donors and advertisers! I couldn't do this without you! And a big thanks to my

Printer-Angel, Jane!

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working together to promote the area's produce, but the Organic farmers have long coordinated with each other, and with locals, to guarantee support and to thereby provide the best local produce to the valley--as well as the rest of California!

I have written about Full Belly Farms in Rumsey, and Capay Organic-Farm Fresh to You just north of Capay, as well as Durst Farms and Good Humus Produce in Hungry Hollow, who worked together to start the trend about 30 years ago and helped create the Davis Farmers' Market to assure they would have a market for "Organic." Today, they coordinate to make sure they spread the wealth and do not over-compete with one another, and some offer CSA delivery programs throughout northern California.

It is time to add another farm to my coverage: Riverdog Farm in Guinda. I had heard about them and even spoken to owner Trini Campbell from time to time, but had not gotten out to see their farm nor gotten an interview--nor found out whose old farm they are on! But we are working on that. From their website I found: "Our farm is certified by California Certified Organic Farmers (CCOF) and is located in the beautiful Capay Valley where rich creek-bottom soil, intense summer heat and winter frost make exceptionally tasty fruits and vegetables." Along with their daughter Cassidy and 100 full-time employees, Trini says they "keep the farm going year-round."

Trini tells me she "came to California from Des Moines, Iowa in 1990 for the year-round growing climate to start a farm." They started farming in 1990 in Napa County on 2 acres, but since 1995 they are on 500 acres outside of Guinda. "I wasn't raised on a farm but have loved farming/gardening all my life and all the wonderful eats it offers," says Trini. They "raise organic produce, pastured pigs, chickens, laying hens, almonds, walnuts, and grain



Riverdog Farm
 P.O. Box 42
 Guinda, CA 95637
 (530) 796-3802

csa@riverdogfarm.com

for animal feed," thus making the most of our fertile Cache Creek soil--like farmers have been doing out here for over 160 years--or thousands!

At the 2011 Annual Eco-Farm Conference in Monterey, California Riverdog Farm was invited to speak at the Successful Organic Farm plenary session. In 2006 Trini received the California Agricultural Leadership Foundation's Common Thread Award honoring women in agriculture. In 2004, Trini and her family were sponsored by Chez Panisse Restaurant as delegates to the Slow Food Terra Madre Conference in Torino, Italy. In addition, Trini finds time to be on several local boards and holds memberships in California Alliance of Family Farmers and the Western Yolo Grange and Yolo Land Trust.

<http://www.riverdogfarm.com>

Also check out: "Western Innovators: Profiles of 42 agricultural leaders who shaped the West in 2011" at amzn.to/WesternInnovators

GOOD HUMUS PRODUCE.
JEFF AND ANNIE MAIN.
 12255 COUNTY RD 84A CAPAY CA,
 95607



530-787-3187

<http://www.goodhumus.com/>

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Elizabeth "Betsy" Monroe,
writer-editor-publisher

It is that delightful time of year again in the Capay Valley--FRESH PRODUCE! In past issues, I have covered the agriculture in the area--both historic and current practices--including the growing trend toward Organic and sustainable "Locally Grown," and CSA's--Community Supported Agriculture Programs [check out journal Volume 5]. Many Capay Valley farmers, in general, are

Berryessa: a Peak, a Land Grant, a Wilderness Hike, a Reservoir and

Dam—even a Controversy or two—and all part of our Capay Valley history

Long before the European-American Pioneers came here in the mid-1800s, the area we know as Berryessa and the Blue Ridge Mountains and Capay Valley Hills was “home” to Native inhabitants for thousands of years. The Patwin, part of the Wintun Tribe, are writing their own history, so I will leave that to those who know it best, but it is important to acknowledge that my ancestors were not the first to thrive in this lovely area—they just radically altered it while at the same time trying to preserve it. Nothing Man does to Mother Earth is ever simple, we are in a complex and symbiotic relationship, to say the least. In my attempt to research the history of my own '49-er roots here, I have come to understand and appreciate this place we call “home” even more.

*Our personal pioneer history here began with the Land Grants--and thus begins in 1846 with the Mexican government granting this land to the Berreyesa brothers--that being the original spelling of the name. According to Eftimeos “Tim” Salonites, author of *Berreyesa, The Rape of the Mexican Land Grant Rancho Canada de Capay*, some of his “stories” came from his father’s conversations with “Ol’ Mateo...an American Indian whose ancestors were natives of this valley for many centuries...He told about the romantic days when his grandfather rode with the Berreyesas--the first Mexican settlers of the valley.” Of course, the Spanish were here in California before this--calling themselves Californios--but the granting of land by the Mexican government in this area is our immediate concern. Already in this valley were the wild horses and cattle, escaped from the Californios’ unfenced rancheros elsewhere, leading to local “vaqueros staging roundups as early as the 1830s”--and to our later history of rodeos.*

As I have long maintained with this journal, “history is all about viewpoint” and there are many differing views about how this valley came to be “settled” by Europeans--many of whose descendants still call it “home.” Tim’s book, “a documentary, which reads like a novel” draws from oral history and court documents that show how the different claims to the land grant Canada de Capay was complicated and messy, a struggle between native people, Spaniards, Mexicans--and newly arriving pioneers. Before 1849, news of “Free Land” drew settlers, followed by many more who were drawn by the news of Gold in California in 1849—then discovering lush land for farming, which made this valley very appealing. But before the pioneers could legally lay claim to land, it had to be made available. Salonites’ book makes great reading and I highly recommend you check it out of the library--I had to borrow my copy! But to maintain my focus, I will just give a brief history from the book about the Berreyesas’ grant to set the stage.

“Rancho Canada de Capay was granted to Francisco Berreyesa in 1846 by Governor Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor of Alta California. It was of nine leagues (a square league measured as approximately 4,438 acres) and it was situated in the Capay (Cache Creek) Valley...through Rumsey and Capay, to the lower edges of the foothills into the Sacramento Valley, Yolo County...Finally, these 40,078.58 acres were patented to Jasper O’Farrell...February 16, 1865, thanks to the United States District Court.” But by then many “settlers/squatters” had already claimed pieces for themselves, believing that the land was available for the public. Claims of murder, double-dealing and land grabs abound in our local lore--and the disputes over land and boundaries continue today! When the old ranches are cut up and sold in later years, it often stirs up confusion about claims, as the early claims were often based on hand-drawn disenios and agreements made with nothing but a handshake. And then there are the claims of the Native People who, according to the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo in 1848, were to have “the free and unrestricted use of their property”--an agreement that was mostly disregarded by the new settlers.

But here we are, today. The Capay Valley runs along the Cache Creek and towering over it is the ridge of mountains called the Blue Ridge, the highest of its peaks in Yolo County being Barryessa Peak at 3000 feet. And today, Berryessa Valley, which runs parallel and over the hills southwest of the Capay Valley, has a dam, which creates a reservoir important not only for water in an area dry for 9 months of the year, but for flood control and recreation. And, of course, even that was controversial! Pioneers had a small town of Monticello, as well as homes, ranches and hunting camps in the valley flooded to create the Monticello Dam in 1957. At one point there had even been discussions about flooding the Capay Valley! At the upper end, Indian Valley was flooded for a dam in 1975, which controls the flooding below it that had been typical in the Capay Valley and beyond.

BERREYESSA PEAK ABOVE TWO VALLEYS PAGE 4

AT 3000 FEET, BARRYESSA PEAK IS THE HIGHEST PEAK OF THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS IN YOLO COUNTY--WHICH RUNS THROUGH YOLO COUNTY FORMING THE WESTERN BOUNDARY OF THE CAPAY VALLEY AND ARE ALSO KNOWN AS THE CAPAY HILLS. When the Barreyesa brothers came to the mountains to look down into the Capay Valley, and draw their required desino to claim their grant, they chose the name the native people used for the stream/creek: "kapie." Therefore, Canada de Capay means "canyon or wooded valley of the stream." Lined with willow, cottonwood, some pine and fine oak groves, it would have looked like an ideal place to farm and raise livestock. Interestingly, there were not only "native" people already in the valley, but a few hardy "settlers," as well. One was a mysterious man known as Juan, quite possibly a "neophyte Indian" given land "in exchange for his protection of the mountain passes circumventing Mount Berreyesa" (Berryessa Peak, today). The native people had used these passes regularly to get between the Barryessa and the Capay valleys. The Old Toll Road followed a part of this path in later years and can still be discerned at some points beginning in the hills near Brooks. Another earlier settler in these hills was called "Don Francisco" or "Paddy" Clark, an Irishman with about 9,000 acres in livestock, gardens, fruit trees and vines--probably the first "vintner" in the valley! Francis Clark's bodega, or wine cellar, was already popular with the vaqueros when the Berryesas arrived. These two men were respectfully called Don or Senor Francisco, and Juan was El Viejo, old man. Their ranchos no longer exist, but their spirits are always with us.

On the Berryessa side, the flooding of Monticello town and the valley above Winters--to create the Reservoir and Dam controlling the flow down Putah Creek--would have gotten a few tears from these old spirits, no doubt. Called "The Death of a Valley" in an essay by James M. Hanley, Jr., in 1956 [which can be seen on our website at greatercapayvalley.org with interesting photos] this attempt to control floods and provide water for the thirsty areas growing down below--in the *vaca* (cow) valley--would drown a lovely little valley along with the historic uses by native people and then the pioneers. Many families had farmed and ranched here for decades and saw their homes, vineyards, orchards and memories torn down and bulldozed to make way for progress. Pioneer names like McGinnis, Moore, Scribner, Lopez, Meager, Muller, Duncan, Smith, Gordon, and Clark were long-time settlers in that area and affected by the Dam--and are names familiar to us here on the Capay Valley side, as well. Case in point, an Abraham Clark settled on the Berryessa side of the mountain range in the 1870s (while our own Abraham "Ham" Clark was homesteading on our side). Abraham and several related Clark families had old homesteads erased by the dam in the 1950s. The government spent millions of dollars to not only bulldoze the valley, its oaks and homesteads and the tiny town, but to build the dam—and to monetarily compensate those displaced, of course.

Today, we accept the existence of Lake Berryessa and Monticello Dam--and many of us have enjoyed cooling our hot summer days there for decades--but to others, it was a sad piece of our history...which, as I always say, is all about viewpoint.

Patrick Scribner

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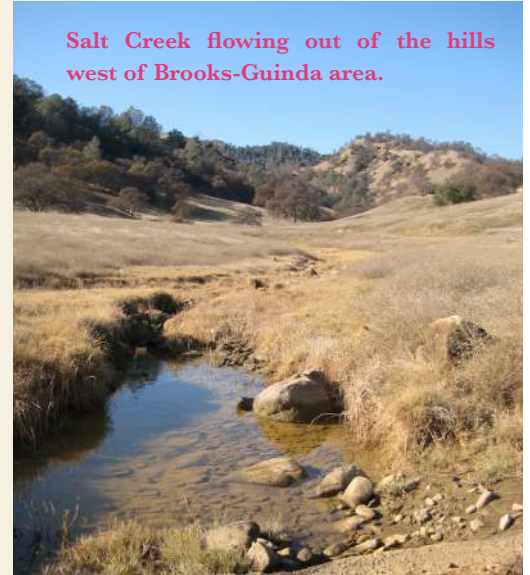


Exploring the Berryessa and Capay Hills

Not one to dwell on the negative, I am interested in the *history* we share—and also the beauties and wonders of this area *today*. I hike, I kayak and love sharing the outdoors with others of like-mind. So I was interested to read in the **Sacramento Bee** recently about the Berryessa Peak being opened to the public. Long “*an island of BLM land surrounded by private lands...it took a unique public-private partnership to connect a mosaic of public lands through a private easement before the public could access the peak. The new Berryessa Peak Trail*” is the result, according to Pia Lopez in “Editorial NOTEBOOK” February 15, 2013, Sacramento Bee. Andrew Fulks, “*land manager at UC Davis, founder of yolohiker.org and president of the Woodland-based Tuleyome conservation nonprofit*” led the way to this accessibility with a 15-year effort. With the “*enthusiastic support from the owners of Running Deer Ranch, which stretches from the Berryessa Valley to the steep slopes of Blue Ridge, part of the Berryessa brothers’ original land grant dating to 1843...John and Judy Ahmann own the lone private parcel in the gap between state and federal lands [and they] agreed to grant a trail easement for the key half-mile stretch in Green Canyon to connect the public pieces.*” There is still work to be done to access this 7.2-mile trail to the peak; “*you have to climb through a fence to begin the hike on state Fish and Wildlife land...so a gate and sign are needed.*” The hike starts at “*Mile Marker 20 on the Berryessa-Knoxville Road, two miles north of Lake Berryessa...a challenging trek over steep, rugged terrain--oak woodland, chaparral and impressive sandstone outcrops and bluffs [topped by] a former fire lookout tower destroyed in the 39,000-acre Rumsey fire of 2004...At 3,057 feet, Berryessa Peak is the high point of Blue Ridge [with] spectacular views of Lake Berryessa, Snow Mountain to the north, Mount Konocti near Clear Lake, Mount St. Helena near Napa Valley, Mount Tamalpais near San Francisco, Mount Diablo in the East Bay and, of course, the Central Valley and Sacramento.*” And the whole of Capay Valley! And if you take this hike--as I intend to do--I highly recommend you stay out of the tall grass and be wary in the shade--rattle snakes abound in those hills! As does poison oak! Oh, and quite a few mountain lions, of course! As my dad always warned us kids: “*Stay out of the tall grass, stay on the trail, and stay together!*”

And then there is the Blue Ridge Trail on the Capay Valley side. The **Sacramento Bee** also carried this article on April 28, 2013: “*Gateway to a wildlife haven*” about the wonders of a trail that is “*a rocky spine that runs for 29 miles through the Cache Creek Natural Area.*” Apparently Andrew Fulks and his Tuleyome group are becoming quite powerful in the movement to preserve a “*321,000-acre expanse wrapped around the existing Cache Creek Natural Area, to be called the Berryessa-Snow Mountain National Conservation Area. This 60-mile-long stretch on inner Coast Range is the subject of a bill introduced by US Rep. Mike Thompson, a Democrat from St. Helena, and matched by the Senate measure sponsored by Barbara Boxer...In 2006, Thompson sponsored the Northern*

Salt Creek flowing out of the hills west of Brooks-Guinda area.



California Coastal Wild Heritage Act, which named nearly half of the existing Cache Creek Natural Area as the Cache Creek Wilderness...signed into law by President George W. Bush.”

Read this article at www.sacbee.com under “News: Exploring Cache Creek Nature Area's Blue Ridge Trail; Sunday, April 28, 2013” and there is more info on our website greatercapayvalley.org. But to get started on this hike, you will have to go 30 miles northwest of Interstate 505 on Highway 16 to park at the lower site of Yolo County's Cache Creek Regional Park. The day-use fee is \$6. “Walk past the barricade on closed County Road 40/Rayhouse Road and cross the creek on the low-water bridge and go downstream about a hundred yards to a signed trailhead.” There are campgrounds nearby and a lovely BnB in Rumsey, for those wishing to spend more time in the area.

Campgrounds Res# 530-406-4880
Rumsey House BnB:
2996 Rumsey Canyon Road (P.O. Box 84) Rumsey, CA 95679; (530) 507-8811
camilla@rumseyhouse.com
www.rumseyhouse.com



The Clarks of Capay Valley--first to arrive and still with us...

When I first moved “home” to research and write about the greater Capay Valley, I made my way to the Hog Canyon Deli [now closed] in Esparto for lunch--and there on the wall was a huge, framed picture of my grandfather, Sheriff James “Sunny Jim” Monroe as manager of the Capay Swing Band in 1905. Playing in the band was Ham Clark. And though I had a copy of the picture [see page 21], I had never seen it 4x4’ in a public place! The ensuing conversation with the owners, Karen and Steve Ray, led to the fact that Steve is a descendent of the original pioneer Clark family--his grandfather was a close friend of my dad’s and an old hunting buddy, “Shorty” Clark. “Shorty,” as Gilbert was called, would go on to be the local State Trapper. His daughter, Gilda, who is Steve’s mom, is still living in Capay. A later conversation with her explained that her dad was born to Noble and Josephine (Taylor) Clark. Noble was the son of David Allen Clark and Sally Russell, a Modoc Indian. And David Allen--just called “Allen” since he was a junior--was one of five children who came to Capay Valley with their widowed mother, Emily, to homestead in the Capay Valley. Since there were two distinct Clark families in the valley, they were referred to as the Salt Creek Clarks.

Photo below: Tom Monroe on a Mt. Lion bounty-hunt in 1950s with Russell Farrell. At the request of livestockmen, he hunted with both Russell and Shorty--mostly coyote, bobcat, but sometimes mountain lion and black bear.



Photos at right and below are on the deli walls: “Shorty” Gilbert Clark’s self-made antler hatrack, and one of him resting after a bobcat hunt, with the cats on the hood.



Hog Canyon Pizza/Deli was located in Esparto, CA at 16876 Yolo Avenue--which is the “main” street through town, a continuation of Highway 16 en route to the Capay Valley. On their Facebook site this is their own description of themselves: “We have great food. We also have really good burgers... just ask around

town. We open every day at 11am and we are closed on Monday.”

It’s a tiny hole-in-the-wall piece of historic Esparto--and the Capay Valley!



Sadly, the deli is now closed. The Rays sold the business, but the new owners could not make a go of it in quiet Esparto—leaving few places to eat in town! Currently, across the main street is now Bailey’s Burger place—where the historic 3-story hotel used to sit! Check it out!



North America's Native Song-dog, the

Coyote. *"The coyote (Canis latrans), also known as the American jackal, brush wolf, or the prairie wolf, is a species of canine found throughout North and Central America, ranging from Panama in the south, north through Mexico, the United States, and Canada. It occurs as far north as*

Alaska and all but the northernmost portions of Canada. Currently, 19 subspecies are recognized, with 16 in Canada, Mexico, and the United States, and three in Central America. Unlike the related gray wolf, which is Eurasian in origin, evolutionary theory suggests the coyote evolved in North America during the Pleistocene epoch 1.81 million years ago alongside the dire wolf. Although not closely related, the coyote evolved separately to fill roughly the same ecological niche in the Americas that is filled in Eurasia and Africa by the similarly sized jackals. Unlike the wolf, the coyote's range has expanded in the wake of human civilization, and coyotes readily reproduce in metropolitan areas," according to Wikipedia: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Coyote>

OK, having said all that, I know, they are mostly hated by ranchers and some pet owners--even my cowboy dad, quite the naturalist, had a hard time finding one positive thing to say about them. He didn't even kill most rattlesnakes he encountered in our ranch hills, but he would shoot a coyote and hang its carcass on a barbed wire fence every chance he got. "I wouldn't mind as much if they actually hunted the ewes and lambs to eat for survival, but they rip their throats out for the blood and then leave them to suffer to death--I have no love for them." But I



like to think that he would be interested in and even embrace another way to keep the livestock safe and let the native coyote live off the rodents it also eats. During lambing season, Dad left his herd dogs up in the hills with the sheep, so today he might consider a dog designed for this service--maybe even a llama. In any case, I was curious about our native song-dog and what could be done to learn to co-exist with them--and apparently I was not alone!

Back in his days as the local State Trapper, Shorty Clark, seen at left, used to hang the coyotes on barbed wire fences to let the livestockmen know he was doing his job. He then sent their ears to the state to be counted. Photo and information courtesy of his daughter Gilda.

"The calls a coyote makes are high-pitched and variously described as howls, yips, yelps, and barks. These calls may be a long rising and falling note (a howl) or a series of short notes (yips). These calls are most often heard at dusk or night...Although these calls are made throughout the year, they are most common during the spring mating season and in the fall when the pups leave their families to establish new territories. When a coyote calls its pack together, it howls at one high note. When the pack is together, it howls higher and higher, and then it will yip and yelp and also do a yi-yi sound, very shrill, with the howl...

Sometimes labelled as carnivores but more often as omnivores, coyotes are opportunistic, versatile feeders. They eat small mammals such as...voles, prairie dogs, eastern cottontails,

ground squirrels, mice, birds, snakes, lizards, deer, javelina, and livestock, as well as insects and other invertebrates." from Wikipedia.org



<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l0NqJjQJI0g>

for a 2010 NBC video on *Project Coyote*

and www.projectcoyote.org for information on methods for co-existence, rather than shooting or trapping, now being used by many ranchers. Livestock guard dogs or llamas, anyone? They will help you pay for and train them! Many ranchers are having success with this.





Outlaws have a History in Capay Valley, too...

the ghosts of horse thieves, bootleggers, murderers, bank and train robbers abound in them thar hills--and in our local legends!

I hear a lot of rumors and stories of such things while doing this work...

...some of it is verifiable, but all of it makes for a good "story" so I don't always go looking for "proof"--tall-tales are part of what gives a place like this character!

Several such stories involve Emily Clark's boys:

Legend has it that David Allen rode with the James Gang; gone from the Capay Valley for months at a time, leaving his wife Sally to raise their son Noble with his family. He would return, loaded with money, and "hide out," looking nervously around, according to his great granddaughter, Gilda Clark, and then disappear again--eventually for good. Years later Gilda would receive a phone call from his second wife's family in Oregon wanting information about his roots in the Capay Valley. Since he never returned, his bachelor brother, Ham, took over as head of his family and raised Noble and acted as father and grandfather for the rest of his life.

Ham also confessed to a killing he did not commit and served a prison term for his brother Moses. Apparently, Moses had served time for the murder of two men already, so Ham worried that this third murder would lead to him being hanged. He made Moses promise to care for the Salt Creek Clark families and the farms in his absence. But when Ham returned to find Moses had let him down, he

took off after him with murder in his own eyes! Emily had to talk him out of it, but he never forgave Moses, who did not return to his family home--but his headstone can be found in the Clark plot in the Capay Cemetery.

Right: Headstones from the Clark plot in Capay Cemetery

Emily Jane Romine was born in Indiana and married David Allen Clark from Iowa. They came west to California in the 1850s and had 5 children: Susan Jane, who would marry Edmund L. Clark, Jr., from another Clark family from Dogtown; David Allen, Jr, who would bring Sally Russell, a Modoc Indian, to Salt Creek and they would have Nobel; Moses Richard; Aaron; and James Abraham "Ham," who would take over as head of the family after their father died in the Davisville area and Emily moved to the Salt Creek area of Capay Valley to homestead. We don't know for sure when they arrived, but by the 1880s they were settled in. Ham would also raise Noble and act as grandfather to Noble's son, Gilbert, who would come to be known as "Shorty." Noble's mother Sally would live until 1940, spending the end of her life living with her grandson Gilbert in a home built by Ham in the town of Capay on Cache Street--where Gilda still lives today.

Noble would marry Josephine Taylor, who inadvertently cut her hand off using a buzzsaw cutting firewood up at their Salt Creek homestead. Gilda tells how Josephine's young son Gilbert had the wisdom to run for a 5lb sack of flour to stick her arm into so they could staunch the bleeding long enough to get her to the doctor in Capay. Being one-handed didn't slow her much.

Gilbert married Hazel Mack and they had Gilda and Richard, who would be known as Dickie Clark. Gilbert brought Grandma Sally to come live with them when her health diminished. She told how she had become a temporary chief of the Modoc tribe when Captain Jack was tried and executed after the bloody Modoc War in southern Oregon--northern California in 1873.





Another legend involves a family called Glasscock.

According to Ada Merhoff's book, *Capay Valley, The Land The People 1846-1900*: "The Glasscock gang of horse thieves was headquartered in the mountains forming Cache Creek Canyon, and it was not unusual for the Lowrey's horses to be exchanged during the night for those of the famous brothers, who needed fresh mounts..." page 178. And on pg 51 she writes:

"William Gordon's son John was granted 400 acres in the Rumsey area by his father and he is the only Gordon from that family to actually live in the Capay Valley" [as opposed to the much larger Gordon Grant land near Madison]. Near his ranch, according to local lore told to Ada Merhoff, the "band of horse thieves is supposed to have often camped in the canyon near the Gordon home—resting stolen horses on their way north from Solano County. This gang, headed by brothers Tucker and Clinton Glasscock" used to demand food and liquor from farmers and take their horses as needed [see reference to the Lowrey's horses on page 178]. "There was a demand for horses in Mendocino County which were taken through Capay Valley to a steep-sided small U-shaped level valley off the side of an arroyo northwest of the Gordon place. This was the 'pocket' in which the group lay over while brands were altered and healed. Glasscock Spring on Glasscock Mountain supposedly was the outlaw headquarters 'with a skull and crossbones carved in a tree'." She says Clinton was blind, but the brains behind the operations; and Tucker 'never rode with his feet in the stirrups'. His mother used to boast Tucker was "too smart to ever be caught," but eventually he was—and "hanged in the middle of a job in Tulare County."

Ada further writes that on one typical over-nighter, camped out near John Gordon's, several of the outlaws got so drunk they threw John into his own fireplace, but Mary was able to rescue him. They had accused John of having alerted the law to their misdeeds. "After everyone sobered up, gang members returned to apologize."

On page 54 she mentions more Glasscocks, but she does not tie them to the "gang," just that neighbors west of John and Mary Gordon were Sarah and Spencer Glasscock with four children—it would appear they are of the same family.

Photo below shows the terrain to get up to the rocky "knob." Photos courtesy of Jim Hiatt, taken 2012.

Glasscock Mountain--named for the band of outlaws who hid out in its shadows beyond Rumsey. Glasscock Knob, the rock knoll seen on top, can be observed even from east of Esparto!





Those Other Capay Valley Clarks--among the very first settlers in the Capay Valley was Edmund L. Clark in 1852

Before Emily Clark came to homestead the Salt Creek area with her 5 children, there was already a Clark family well established in the valley. The various Clark descendants claim there was no relationship between the two families--but they soon intermarried, like so many other pioneer families in the valley! In some ways their history may not be as "colorful" as the sons of Emily, but they and their children would marry into many other pioneer families throughout the following generations, binding many of us as "shirt-tail cousins." To start with, Emily's daughter Susan Jane Clark would marry the son of Edmund and Mary: Edmund Lovell Clark, Jr.

Edmund L. and his wife Mary Jane (Ferguson) Clark came with five children from Virginia in 1852. It was Edmund's second trip to the area, having earlier come to the gold fields. Edmund and Mary would eventually have 10 children; the four eldest would marry local pioneer families and remain in the Dogtown area near Joel Wood's general store through at least the 1860s. Emmarine would marry Joel Wood [see volume 2 of these journals], one of the very first pioneer settlers in the Capay Valley, when she was 14 in 1853--and they would raise 11 children. Joel had come to California from Tennessee in 1849--for the gold, of course. But he would settle in the Capay Valley and develop a general store to serve the growing number of settlers and squatters. The area was called Dogtown and had a "reputation of violence, some of which resulted in death," according to Ada Merhoff's collection of stories from pioneer descendants in "Capay Valley The Land & The People 1846-1900." Joel also opened a blacksmith shop and owned several hundred acres he planted in grain by the 1860s.

The Woods' eldest daughter Mary would marry surveyor, Marcellus A. Nurse--who went by "Cell." Her parents gave her a portion of their property east of the seasonal arroyo and rolling hills. And to further intertwine the families, Edmund and Mary's son, Christopher Columbus Clark, would marry Mary Myers, and one of their daughters, Jennie Clark, would marry Mack Clay Nurse in 1875--further tying the Wood, Clark, and Nurse families together. I have mentioned the Nurse family before, as their children would "cross-pollinate" the pioneer families to a great extent! My Aunt Lucille (Nurse) Monroe helped Ada Merhoff collect her stories from the pioneer descendants because she, like I, was related to so many of them she had terrific access. Those four beautiful Nurse sisters married Monroe, Parker, Garrison, and Tadlock, while their three handsome brothers married Badenock, Adams, and Turner. Their parents were Carolyn (Clark) Nurse and Albert Rose Nurse, married in October 1905. Albert, called "Rose," was the son of "Cell" and Mary (Clark) Nurse. Rose first married Minnie Duncan, daughter of Ben Franklin Duncan, but after they lost two babies she, too, died in 1902. Rose remarried and he and Carolyn Clark would have the aforementioned seven children.



Above: 1955 gathering of Nurse-Monroe-Garrison-Tadlock-Parker cousins. Left: Carolyn (Clark) Nurse's brother George and sister Mattie ride in a buggy at the capitol. Photos courtesy of the Jim and Lucille Monroe family.

NOTE: Edmund Clark's younger brother Andoville came out later, in about 1855, and settled up in the east Salt Creek area--not far from where Emily Clark would eventually homestead. The 6 children of Andoville and his wife Cynthia Lambert would marry and stay in the area. Cindy (Lambert) Clark became the local, well-respected midwife, delivering many of the pioneer babies in the most remote areas of the Capay Hills.

Emmarine (Clark) Wood and Joel would remain in the valley until their deaths in 1910 & 1913--their headstones are in the Capay Cemetery.

Uncle Geo Clark +
Aunt Mattie Hardy
Mama Brother + Sister



Winters Plein Air Festival--Artists from the Winters area paint out in the open air--en Plein Air--for a week each year and are celebrated at the end in historic downtown Winters with an Artist Reception and Art, Wine & Music in the Park with "Roots to Wine" Festival. Shaunie Briggs is looking to expand the week-long Festival to include the Capay Valley and its artists, and is looking for gallery space in Winters and in Esparto to showcase local art year-round.

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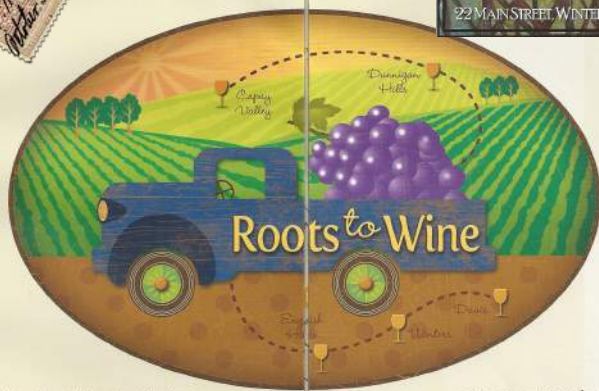
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Wine & Art in the Park
Spring

Roots to Wine kicks off the warm weather season of wine tasting by hosting Wine & Art in the Park, a leisurely way to showcase wine from the region by having all wineries and numerous trade and tourism partners in one place for a day. This event is held each year in late April or early May.

Passport Weekend
Fall

Roots to Wine celebrates grape harvest and crush by hosting a Passport weekend. Grab your map and plan your routes to a weekend of once-a-year experiences including special blends, barrel samples, grape vine grafting and much more. This event is held each year in early October.



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In Memory of Friends who Have Left Us this Year: Virginia Duncan Newcom (1918-2013)

and Teresa Marco (Giraldi) Burris (1920-2013)



Virginia Duncan-Newcom: In the photo below, Virginia is the tot in front of her siblings L-to-R: Gerty, Lila, twins Ray and Roy, with parents Wyatt Godfrey and May (Wood) Duncan in the background in about 1920.

“Ginnie’s” full obituary is on our website: greatercapayvalley.org Photo courtesy of Iola Duncan-Tandy; obituary courtesy of Carla Pearson-Lampman

Photos above: So many Duncan descendants! When I came back to Capay



Valley to find my family roots, I found so many distant “cousins” I had never met. It was once said of the Capay Valley, “If you kick a yaller dog it will belong to a Duncan” and it seems this fact helped bind many local families together. Hoping to meet two of my father’s cousins, I asked Peggy Wood to let me hold a picnic July 29, 2012, at her home. Peggy was delighted to get together with some of her long-time friends, “The Duncan Girls”: Virginia and Iola [standing to Peggy’s right, above] were cousins raised in the Valley as close friends, both descended from Ben Franklin Duncan--as was Iverson Duncan, whose wife Irene Wood-Duncan built Peggy’s lovely home in 1914 with the money she raised feeding the workmen who built the adjacent Capay Dam [see Volume 3 for THAT whole story]. Wyatt Cline [kneeling above] is also descended from Ben Duncan, my great grandfather’s younger brother, and helped me organize this lovely day along with Iola’s granddaughter, Paula Pearson-Covington [pictured between Iola and Peggy in top left photo]. Wyatt brought his daughter and Paula brought hers, while Peggy’s daughter Carol helped her mother and Renee Harmon “host.” With video camera and audio recorder going, the stories just flew! It was an absolute delight! I feel so blessed to have been present.

Teresa Marco (Giraldi) Burris passed from us, too, April 6, 2013. She was featured in Volume 9 of this journal, having been born to the Marcos in the lovely old George Washington Scott-built home on County Road 26 between Madison and Winters. Please see the wonderful pictures that her daughter Terri and her beloved son-in-law Rosendo Sanchez shared with me at our website greatercapayvalley.org -- as well as the full obituary.

When I began to research that historic home, which is now *The Inn at Park Winters*, everyone I talked to had lovely things to say about this special woman--and to this day, the locals fondly refer to that home as “Teresa’s house.”

Teresa’s parents, Santiago (Sam) and Maria Marco, bought the property in the late 1930’s or early 40’s. Both emigrated to America from the Basque region of Spain and married around 1918. “Mama and Papa” raised sheep and ranched in the Esparto-Winters area, and had two children, Nieves and Teresa. Teresa married Arthur Giraldi in 1945 and they moved on to the Ranch and had daughter, Terri, in 1949. Teresa and Arthur later divorced but Teresa and Terri continued living at the



ranch; Terri was married there, and Teresa later married Esparto’s widowed druggist Frank Burris. She sold the home in the 1990s. Teresa Marco Burris





Deer...and Deer Hunting of the Capay Valley



OK, I admit it, I am the “annoying” one in a family of hunters who has never intentionally killed anything bigger than a fly. I grew up a cattleman’s daughter on not just beef, but venison of all kinds--moose and elk were specialties of my maternal grandfather’s: Big Game Hunter Charlie Polk displayed the heads on his saloon walls in The Alamo in Colusa. But though I was a great shot--Deadeye Betsy, Dad called me--I would not shoot anything livelier than a spent tin can or “the barbs off a barbed wire fence at fifty paces.” I even became a vegetarian in my last year of high school, much to my mother’s chagrin: “Elizabeth Anne, your father is a cattleman and hunter, are you TRYING

to insult him?” Well, No, but I felt like a hypocrite: I wouldn’t kill an animal, so how could I eat them? Amazingly, my father became my biggest supporter in my culinary adventures--willing to try anything I put in front of him, and even built me some raised vegetable beds in the back yard. Thing is, he and I both knew whatever my own aversion was to killing, I respected the fact that while I knew he loved “the hunt,” he never killed for anything other than “necessity.” He fed us and he killed predators who threatened his livelihood--and that of others: as a young man, he rode into the Berryessa Hills as a paid-bounty hunter with men like Shorty Clark to kill the marauding bears and mountain lions killing livestock. But he also was a naturalist and loved all animals...well, with the possible exception of coyotes. And my mother rescued every fallen animal that stumbled her way--including several abandoned fawns like the one in the photo with her above. Is this “Misty,” who came to us in the mist, or “Sunny,” who came on a sunny day? (That is Tommy behind her with her rescued magpie Sam on his head.) We learned that when the harvesters cut the wheat and oats near our home, they were “lucky” when they stopped in time to pick up or scare off the nesting fawn—left in tall grass for safety while the doe went to feed. Often these men carried the fawn to my mother, or the baby just wandered into the yard on its own--crying for a mother! And, of course, for a “mother,” they had come to the right place.

Well, years passed and I eventually added meat back into my diet--mostly out of sheer necessity--but to this day, if I had to kill to eat I would go back to beans-n-rice and tofu and mushrooms, all perfectly great sources of all 8 essential amino acids! But I grew up with hunters in my life and know it is a big part of growing up in the Capay Valley, so I am researching and chronically it in this issue. Many of the priceless pictures and stories I am collecting will go into the website at greatercapayvalley.org. Like me, many recall waking up at 4AM during September deer season to the smell of frying onions, bacon and venison liver and to the sound of hunters gathering in companionship and excitement. As a child, I would toddle out to join in--but was “cured” the first time I saw the big, brown, soulful eyes of a newly slain deer up close. Even so, the taste of my dad’s “secret recipe” for venison jerky keeps me from enjoying beef jerky to this day.

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Black-tailed Deer and Tule Elk

Our indigenous deer and elk are Black-tail Deer and Tule Elk. Obviously, the deer are named that for their distinct tail color and the elk is named for one of his favorite snacks--which also indicates where he will often be found, along creeks and small rivers and marsh land.

The Tule Elk, a subspecies of elk found only in California, were once prolific--even in the Capay Valley--but had been hunted down to only one breeding pair in the state by the late 1800s by early pioneers. Rescued from complete extinction by the California Fish And Game Commission, they were reintroduced and protected until they now have about 22 herds with over 3,800 elk statewide. Ironically, two of their predators, the grizzly bear and wolf, have gone extinct in California, so mountain lions and hunting are the only thing that keeps their numbers in check. And while Tule Elk prefer forests and tule-rich waterways, they do eat grass and can compete with livestock and are hard on fences, so have come into conflict with ranchers as their numbers have grown. Permits to hunt are few and hard to come by--though tens of thousands of hunters apply for them. Happily, their numbers are well protected and you may have a lucky sighting at the upper end of the Capay Valley where they frequent the pines and creeks near Highway 20 in Colusa County. Up there, some landowners have allowed them to flourish in their "game preserves," where the elk are less likely to bother the cattle ranchers nearby.

Our Tule Elk is an impressive sight, though he is the smallest of his cousins at an average of 500 pounds, 4.5' tall and 7' long. The Rocky Mountain Elk averages 700 pounds, and the Roosevelt Elk weighs in at 900 pounds, 5' tall and 10' long! In California, those two big boys may only be seen at the northern end of the state.

The Black-tail Deer are common in northern California and through western Oregon and Washington and on into the Alaskan panhandle. Some consider it a separate species, but most say a subspecies of the Mule Deer (*Odocoileus hemionus*). They thrive on the edges of forests, as they are mostly grass grazers, but need the forests--like our oak forests in the Capay Hills--for shelter. They are also very fond of lichens that grow on our trees and rocks--my dad used to say, "They like lickin' lichen" when he was teaching us where to look for them in our hills. And, happily, they love browsing on western poison oak! Unlike we unlucky humans, they suffer no allergic reaction to its toxins.

Mating and rutting takes place in November and early December. The Bucks drop their antlers between January and March and regrow them between April and August. The gestation period for Does is 6-7 months and they typically have twin Fawns. The Does typically nest their Fawns in tall grasses while they go feed--which is how they are often killed in harvester accidents in our area. And even if the fawns escape the blades, they often get separated from their mothers who come back to an empty stubble "nest" and have to go hunt for their young. It is said that while the doe is a good mother, the fawn mortality rate is 45-70%! A doe is very protective of her young, and human and dog attacks by a sharp-hoofed doe is not unheard of if they get too close to her fawn--to which I can personally attest, having come upon a nesting fawn and then the "ferocious attack-deer" more than once while hiking with my dog!



Photos, clockwise from top left: Black-tail doe; bugling-rutting Tule Elk bull; the Tule Elk herd up Capay Valley at the Colusa border at Highways 16 and 20--a rare and exciting sighting!

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Deer Hunting 1919
John Schaupp, John Heitman and an unnamed man in Capay Hills near Capay Valley

Hunting, a Long History in the Capay Valley...

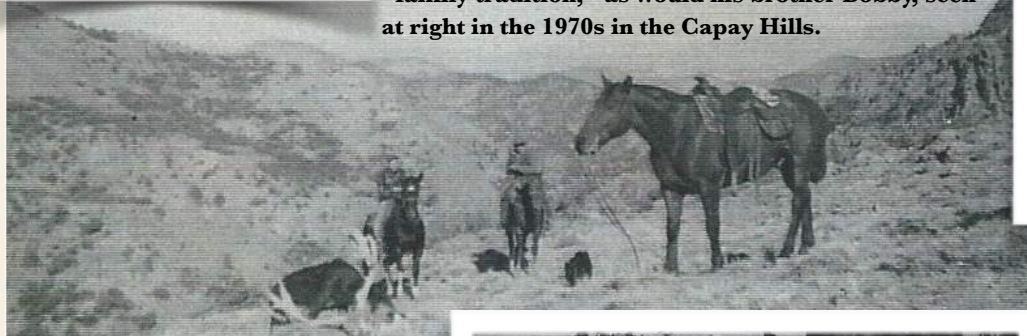
...when I began to ask for stories and pictures from pioneer-descendant locals, I was overwhelmed with the response. I have shared a few of both here, but much more will appear at the website at greatercapayvalley.org

As kids, we went on "cattle drives" with our dad, Tom Monroe, and lay in army-surplus sleeping bags with our horse-blanket-on-saddle "pillows," under the stars by campfire, listening to him tell his own hunting stories.

Photo top left, 1919, is courtesy of Charlie Schaupp, who shares: "John Schaupp in a Model-T Ford with a bunch of antlers from a successful hunt...My dad once told me the story of how in about 1924 John Schaupp and Charlie

Schaupp (My Great Grandfather and Grandfather) went up to Goat Mountain above Stonyford to go hunting. But after they arrived on the mountain one of the main bearings on their Model-T Ford engine went out. Back then they used lead babbet for the bearings. They had to fix it to come home to Hungry Hollow so they dropped the engine pan with the engine oil, took off the bearing cap and wrapped the crankshaft with some bacon rind "hog leather" they had with them. Then they put the cap back on, put the pan back on, put the oil back in, and drove the 80 miles home--just try to do that in today's cars!

Photos: at left is Yolo County Sheriff Jim Monroe, early 1900s; below is his son Tom on a black bear bounty-hunt in 1950s--that is the slain bear behind a huge rack of antlers at left foreground; below left are the pack mules for the hunt that would often take weeks in the wilderness; below right, Tom with his two eldest tots, Tommy and Cathy, in 1953, after a successful deer hunt...Tommy would continue the "family tradition," as would his brother Bobby, seen at right in the 1970s in the Capay Hills.



Deer & Bear Hunting



Deer communicate with the aid of scent and pheromones from several glands located on the lower legs. The metatarsal (outside of lower leg) produces an alarm scent, the tarsal (inside of hock) serves for mutual recognition and the interdigital (between the toes) leave a scent trail when deer travel. Deer have excellent sight and smell. Their large ears can move independently of each other and pick up any unusual sounds that may signal danger.

wikipedia.com



Deer Camps - Poison Oak - Manzanita: Ernie Lehman's Capay Valley Childhood!

When I asked for stories of deer hunting and memories of a youth spent in the Capay Valley, I got a delightful response from **Ernie Lehman**--who grew up in Capay in the 1950s, living above his parents' saloon, *Ike and Kay's*. Today it is the *Road Trip Bar and Grill* and originally it had been *Louie's Tavern*, but it has always a place to gather for Capay locals--many of them avid hunters. Ernie went to Capay School with us and many of us always saw him as a sort of Huck Finn--did he even wear shoes? He was fun and full of mischief, but didn't like school nor do well there--but everyone liked him! So his stories have been a real delight for me. Here is one of his memories of deer camp: *"I started going to deer camp around 1958 with uncle Joe and everyone else. Deer camp was a slice of heaven as far as I was concerned. It was located just down a little bit to the left of Signal Pole (I think that's what it was called if I remember correctly), if you are looking at it from Madison. To get there you drove up Highway 16 and there was a gravel road to the left about 1/2 mile down from the Tubers and Shayne Whitfield homes. You took that gravel road up into the mountains where it turned to dirt all the way to the end, past landmarks like the horse trough, Blue Rock and the Adobe Hut, past the road to the Clark's deer camp and another road to the Mason's (I believe) deer camp, and then you were in Bracket's deer camp. The deer camp was at the end of a canyon that the road came through. As you drove in you were paralleling two mountains until they met and there was a dead-end, where the deer camp began. The whole space was about 100 yards long and about 25 yards wide. There were 2 creeks that came down both the right and the left edges of the deer camp and joined together just below it. It was a cozy space, actually, because it was an open area surrounded by Mountains and trees and the two small creeks. It had a well--with the crappiest tasting water you ever wanted to taste--a generator, an outhouse and a large cabin nestled to the right-hand side of the space. There were many mini camps all over the place where the different couples slept, almost like little open-air bedrooms. The kids--or at least the boys--slept mostly under the cabin or wherever. No one slept in the cabin, but in there were wood stoves, a gas refrigerator and a very large table where people ate. There are actually some beds in there, but I don't think anyone actually slept in there...except for an occasional guest, maybe.*

The outside had a dirt patio area under some trees with chairs and a couple of old time Coca-Cola refrigerators where ice was put, along with beer and sodas, that weren't there long before the cabin was built. It was a great space and all the people would sit around and tell stories, and all the grown-ups seemed to have a great time--well, I didn't really pay much attention to the grown-ups, but they always seemed to have a good time. I was far more interested in the 2 really great rock slides a very short distance from the camp, and another great steep slide that was fun to climb. The 2 little creeks were outrageously fun to explore. There was always something to do and places to go. I was never ever bored at deer camp, and was exhausted when I went to sleep at night and very excited to wake up. In the spring there would be water in the creeks, and other than just being beautiful, they were fun--with salamanders crawling around and little waterfalls all over the place! Man, it was kids' heaven--or at least this kid's heaven! [These creeks would be branches of Salt Creek]

*When I first started going to deer camp there was no cabin or well, although there was a portable generator. The Bracket camp was all away over to the left hand side of the open space under some trees. Canvas was strung out under the trees where there was a shady area. All the cooking and stuff occurred under the canvas area. Jimmie Johnson ("Uncle Jimmy" was one of the coolest grown-ups I knew, although I didn't really know him well, except for him hanging out a lot at my parents' place, *Ike and Kay's* in Capay) had a hunting camp all the way to the right where the cabin was eventually put. I believe Uncle Jimmy owned the property and then sold it to several people who were a part of the Bracket Camp.*

Deer camp started to change very radically immediately after the property had changed hands! One of the first actions was to widen the open area by cutting down whole bunch of bushes, shrubs, poison oak, and small trees etc., that were in the area. This took a couple weekends when all of the shrubs, trees and poison oak etc., were piled in the middle of the open area. It was a huge pile. The open area had expanded tremendously. The weekend that the big pile was lit there was a wonderfully large bonfire! Gary Anderson and I had a great time where we spent most of the day and night running in and out of the smoke, crawling around next to the bonfire, we were generally in the smoke all day long. Even though I was only 10 or 11 years old I was familiar with poison oak, I'd caught poison oak many times--in some of the strangest

areas of my body. You know, as a boy your are playing around deer camp and get some poison oak on your hands and go to the bathroom in the outhouse...a young boy could be shocked at the results! You do learn the value of washing your hands before you go to the outhouse! But I never got poison oak like I would this time!



I fell asleep that night completely exhausted and excited for tomorrow to come, but had a restless night's sleep, where I was tossing and turning and it felt like my skin was caked with hot itchy mud and my head felt like a dirty hot air balloon. I woke up to the sound of Gary screaming at the top of his lungs, "Mom I

can't see!?" And there was a scurry of motion and sound. I wanted to go see what was happening but I was more into my own dilemma: why did I feel like a slimy blackhead! I was in my sleeping bag and it seemed awfully dark, so I thought my head was in my sleeping bag, too, but it wasn't, and I could barely see. Meanwhile there was still all this noise with lots of excited urgent talking going on and I wanted to go see what was happening! I finally got myself together enough and on my feet but it was very strange as I could barely see and it seems like my whole body was burning! By the time I made it over toward where the noise was coming from I could barely see Gary's dad putting him in their pickup with his mom and driving away very rapidly! I was standing there feeling like an itchy, puss-filled blackhead; I could barely see, thinking, 'What is all this excitement about?' until a grown-up spotted me standing there. I heard the words, 'Oh my God!' Then all of that excited urgent talking noise and motion was surrounding me and I was loaded up into a pickup and delivered home. By the time I was delivered to Ike and Kay's (home) I couldn't see at all, I could only hear the 'Oh my Gods!' and 'What the Hell happened?' remarks. Mom thoroughly washed me and completely covered me with some cream that seemed to make me feel better. The rest of that Sunday just went by where I slept a lot and was just kind of out of it.

The next day Monday Mom loaded me up in the car and took me to a doctor that practiced in Winters. Apparently he knew a whole lot about poison oak. He gave me some sort of a shot that was composed of poison oak! (Anyway that's what I thought I heard him tell my mom) and gave her some new cream and we went off to home! When we got back to Capay, Mom stopped at the post office which was right next to the Capay school around recess time and some of the students

gathered around the car and looked at me lying in the back seat while Mom told them what was happening.

What happened was there was a fair amount of poison oak in that bonfire and the smoke was filled with poison oak vapor. Gary and I spent a whole lot of time in and around the smoke because that's where the action was. The result was Gary and I caught poison oak so bad that our eyes swelled shut and you could barely see the hair on our heads, as we had very short hair. I missed about two weeks of school, which was okay by me, but I was not allowed to go back to the camp for about two months--which was not okay by me. I didn't see Gary for about two months because he was recuperating at his home in Sacramento. When I was given the "okay" to go back to deer camp I was truly surprised at the amount of work that was done. Uncle Peg had sunk a well and the cabin was well under way. There were a couple of horse pens built, a larger generator, and a new outhouse. You wouldn't believe the amount of excitement I felt as a 10-year-old being allowed to be back at deer camp with all of this great stuff occurring. And you know I rarely ever caught poison oak again! Apparently I got poison oak so bad that I became partially immune to it, which was cool by me! I spent a lot of time at deer camp for the next five years or so. When I got a little older my attention went toward Esparto, football, basketball, girls and other things."

Ernie —who, today, is a "successful business man" enjoying his memories!

NOTE: The area Ernie describes is above Salt Creek and not only covered with poison oak, but also Manzanita. It is too bad they did not know that Manzanita can be used as an antidote for poison oak! The Native People knew of its properties--and the fact that a poison and its antidote often grow together--and my father once used it in desperation when my brother Tommy had a similar experience. Brewing a tea of the berries and leaves to drink and the red bark to soak in, it did what



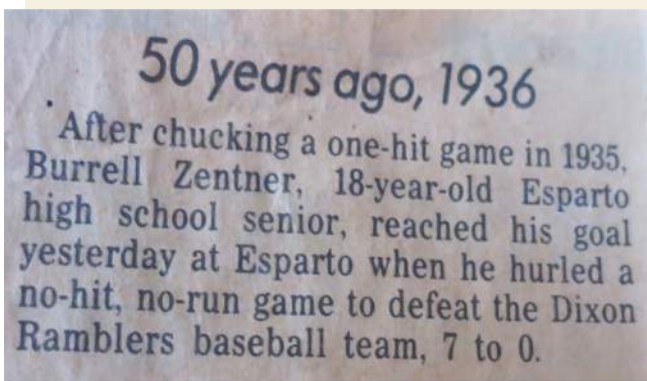
Above: Manzanita seen growing along Salt Creek on south side of the Capay Valley.

Western Medicine couldn't. I am not prescribing, here!!! I don't know the exact "recipe," but we were desperate and Dad had grown up hearing from the Native People who lived in the Capay Valley that it would work, so we tried it--the doctors were amazed! They had shot Tommy full of cortisone, had Mom cover him in Calamine lotion, and sent him home, shaking their heads--as they did with Ernie, apparently.

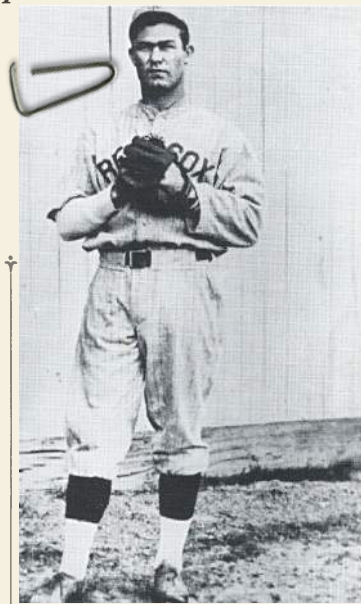
Ah, Mother Nature's medicine cabinet--a homeopathist's pharmacopeia!



BASEBALL!! America's Pastime--and a few decades ago, a much bigger presence in the Capay Valley: we had our own team! In volume 11 I posted the picture (bottom right) of Sheriff Forrest D. Monroe throwing out the first pitch at "Katy's Place"--The Country Club in Capay--for the dedication of the new baseball diamond out back in 1949. I promptly heard back from several subscribers about our local teams. Aunt Micki Zentner, former Justice of the Peace and first female judge in Yolo County, shared the fact that her husband, local-boy Burnell Zentner, was once on a farm team for a major league, and then she let me scan the following news-clipping from The Daily Democrat of his time as a pitcher for the Esparto team in 1936:



At right, Clifford William Garrison of Woodland, and then Capay Valley, pitched one season for the Boston Red Sox in 1928. He later played for the Woodland Oaks in 1931. Born August 1906, he married Norma Carolyn Nurse of Capay Valley and became a valley farmer--and a great supporter of local sports teams, especially those at Esparto High School, which his three children attended!



To check out Cliff Garrison's stint with the Boston Red Sox, go to:

<http://www.baseball-almanac.com/players/player.php?p=garricl01>

I can't say I am up on what we have today in Western Yolo as far as softball and baseball teams, but when I brought up our history with the sport, I got several passionate stories. And everyone agreed that it is a shame that our communities do not support school athletic programs like in past years. Douglas Nareau, graduate of EHS in 1970, shared an article written in The Paper of Cosumnes River College in 1971 with this: "Vince Lampman [EHS 1970] was the leading hitter on coach Del Bandy's baseball team. Vince, who was voted team's MVP, hit a blistering .341." It goes on to say, "You wouldn't think that the shut down of athletic teams at little Esparto High School...could affect the Cosumnes River athletic program but it has." EHS grads had been the "biggest contributor to most teams playing on the new college Chiefs' field." Bill Stephens was second lead scorer in basketball and on the golf team; 6'3" 220 lb Brian Levings and Phil Smith [both EHS '71] and starting fullback Douglas Nareau [EHS '70] led the Chiefs' football team.

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And then there was "Coach Kanty" a very popular teacher and coach at EUHS through the 1930s, 40s & 50s: Erving Kantlehner broke into the Big Leagues at 21 years old in 1914 to play 3 seasons for the Pittsburgh Pirates and one for the Phillies. Nicknamed "Peanuts," he was "the real deal"--and coached at Esparto Union High School! Born in San Jose in 1892, he died 1990 in Santa Barbara--but is buried in Capay Cemetery. Check out: greatercapayvalley.org and www.baseball-almanac.com



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Chicken in the Basket
 Steak Dinners

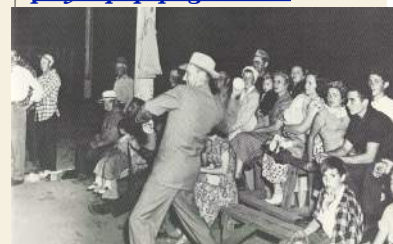
ADDED ATTRACTIONS

- * Nite Softball at Its Best
- * Shuffleboard
- * Dancing
- * Television

An ad placed in the Daily Democrat in the 1950s--Night Baseball in Capay!

Catering to Special Parties by Appointment

Photo at right: Mike Kutsuris at far left, whose family owned the Country Club--or "Katy's Place" as many locals called it--watches Sheriff Forrest D. Monroe throw out the first ball at the Capay Country Club softball field dedication and opening



game in 1949. Local historian John Gallardo shared this picture with me and this story: "My dad had been on the Esparto town team and there were even lights for night games at this ball field, as I remember!"

I Love The Smell of Tarweed and Turkey Mullein in the Morning...



Top photos:
Turkey
Mullein-
Doveweed
as seen on
the old
Duncan-
Monroe
Ranch.
Photos at
bottom
right:
Tarweed



Almost as much as the bees do, I love the pungent smell of these native weeds--especially strong in our hot summers! Turkey Mullein and Tarweed! Growing up on the Monroe Ranch, I suffered terrible pollen allergies and hay fever, so when the beekeeper who kept his boxes in our "back pasture" told Dad the local honey would help, Dad asked for a jar of his unfiltered honey,

which we then stirred into hot water to drink like a "tea." The bees had been busy in the Turkey Mullein (also known as Doveweed because the Wild Turkeys and the Mourning Doves love it) and Tarweed, along with invasive Star thistle--and you could taste it! And while it is "native," its current nuisance-spread was probably--and ironically--caused by the way pioneer farmers and ranchers changed this landscape. Researching Turkey Mullein and Tarweed led me to <http://www.ipm.ucdavis.edu> and www.calflora.org/cgi-bin/species_query.cgi? and our own Tim Lowrey, PhD--Rumsey-boy botanist-professor at UNM for the following: Croton setiger (formerly *Eremocarpus setigerus*), a species of plant known by the common names *Doveweed* and *Turkey Mullein* is an annual herb native to California, also found throughout western North America. A squat plant, it has furry, feltlike, hexagon shaped leaves, pale pink-green in color. The small green flowers are covered in soft bristles."--see photos above taken by Betsy Monroe in 2012.

"*Tarweed*" refers to any sticky, hairy plant of the genus *Madia* of the family Asteraceae, consisting of about 18 species, and is another pungent, native plant that is well-adapted to the hot dry summers in the Central Valley of California and the surrounding foothills. *Tarweed* is in the Composite family. In the summer tarweed's aromatic summer growth is sometimes tall and sticky. It is not palatable to livestock and it hides the forage needed by livestock and coats the faces and legs of livestock with a tarry resin.

With the arrival of Europeans, California's grasslands changed dramatically. Annual grasses and forbs from the Mediterranean area were introduced both accidentally [as was our invasive Star Thistle] and intentionally. These species were shorter-lived and shallower-rooted than the perennial grass that they replaced. Growing numbers of domestic livestock greatly increased the grazing pressure on the range, resulting in less soil moisture for use by plants. Also, the summer fires that had swept through the perennial grasslands were now being controlled. These changes undoubtedly favored the spread of tarweed, which germinates starting in the fall with the first rains and continues into April. By the end of winter, the tarweed plant has developed a deep taproot and about a dozen broad leaves in a rosette. Roots of tarweed go deeper than most of the winter annual grasses, reducing competition with them for soil nutrients and moisture. Penetration rates in sand of over 1.5 inches per day have been observed. From late spring until early summer the shoots elongate and branch out with bract-like leaves on woody stems that stand 1 to 2 feet tall. In August and September tarweed produces composite heads that have 3 to 5 ray flowers and 3 to 12 disk flowers. The ray flower is incomplete, having only a carpel, but the disk flower also has anthers that produce abundant pollen, an important food source for honeybees. The ray and disk achenes (fruiting structure containing a seed left after the flower dries) mature by the end of September. Achene dispersal is caused by rain, wind, and wildlife and continues into the winter. The achenes, which have over 20% crude protein, are eaten by ground squirrels [which are abundant in this area, and while they are considered "cute" by me, are considered pests by rancher/farmers].





A New Sheriff is Elected in Yolo County, 1938--carrying on after his father James William Monroe retired in 1938, Forrest Duncan Monroe served continuously for the next 32 years: 1939-1971

Sadly, one of the first orders-of-business for the new sheriff was complying with the national fear and perceived threat of Japanese invasion and spies after the attack on Pearl Harbor. Capay Valley, like much of California, was home to many Japanese-Americans who came under suspicion--though they had lived and farmed here for decades. The Yolo County Archives provided

several news clippings seen below:

NOTE: Three surviving members of the 442nd from Woodland and Esparto were honored in 2011 with the presentation of *Special Congressional Recognition Awards* by Congressman Wally Herger. They are George Yoshio Nakamura, age 93, Yorio Aoki, 91, and John Hatanaka, 92. John Hatanaka was born in the Capay Valley. He graduated from Esparto High School in 1937. He was released from a detention camp in Colorado to serve in the 100th Infantry Battalion of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team. John came back after the war to farm and raise his own family here, his children all graduating from Esparto High School in the 1960s.

Must Remain In 5 Miles Of Residences

2-25-42

Evacuation of enemy aliens from "strategic areas" and imposition of a curfew and other restrictions on aliens residing in "restricted areas," including Yolo county, effective by midnight tonight, mark the second drastic step taken by the federal government in 10 days. Sheriff F. D. Monroe reports all aliens in Yolo county, under new regulations, must remain in their homes between 9 p. m. and 6 a. m. and to be within five miles of their homes at all times. The sheriff warned that there are no exceptions unless an alien has applied for, and received a special permit.

Must Obtain Permits

Monroe has issued a statement telling aliens who desire to obtain permits to go to the U. S. attorney's office at 404 in the federal building at Sacramento. They must take a letter from their employer and their alien registration book. If an alien is working for himself, he must give a detailed account of his work to the federal representative who will in turn grant him a special certificate if he feels he is entitled to one. Letters are necessary, Monroe said. It is not necessary for aliens to call at the sheriff's office first, but instead they can speed up their individual cases by going direct to Sacramento.

Yolo county aliens, working at night, were urged by Monroe to apply for their certificates at once.

FBI To Enforce Law

Yolo county, despite its closeness to Sacramento, has not been identified as a "strategic area" and for that reason no evacuation orders have been received by Monroe.

The enforcement will lie with the federal bureau of investigation, in cooperation with Monroe and his staff.

The drive to complete the evacuation of all Japanese nationals and their descendants in California was pushed harder as a result of the shelling of the Santa Barbara coast Monday night.

Yolo Japanese Store Closed

The Horai company warehouses and mercantile store at Winters were closed this afternoon by Under Sheriff Fred Ewert and C. L. Crowder, Winters chief of police, upon orders of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Charles Hamakawa is manager for the concern. He has resided in Winters for 32 years and is a leader of the Japanese colony. All stores owned by Japanese nationals are being closed throughout the United States.

Many of the Japanese-Americans were close friends of Sheriff Forrest D. Monroe, and this was an unsavory task for the new sheriff. He and many others in Yolo County tried to intervene with the government orders and on behalf of the local farmers to make this "removal" of families and property confiscation less onerous.

It was at EHS in the 1960s that John's son Gene Hatanaka, seated in front of me in a History class, asked our instructor why the evacuation and internment of Japanese-Americans was not covered in our History text that I first heard of it. Our instructor, a WWII Vet himself, acknowledged this oversight and explained what had happened--and why it was omitted from American textbooks.

Shocked, I went home and confronted my own WWII Vet dad, who gave a great sigh and sat down to tell me about this tragedy. He said that John was a friend of his growing up and a fine man and great farmer--as were the other local families stripped of their possessions. He also told how some California farmers saw this as an opportunity for a "land grab," but others tried to help, some farming the land and holding it in "trust" for the return of the rightful owners.



Capay's Swing Band of 1905—And No. 1 is none other than "Jim" Monroe, the manager. "Jim" couldn't turn a tune, but he was some right smart music in those "good old days". Easy to identify in the picture—oh, yeah!—are: 2, C. M. (Chet) Goodnow; 3, E. Kerr; 4, William Zentner; 5, A. A. (Alma) Collins; 7, C. B. (Cory) Linton; 8, F. M. (Fremont) Parker; 9, A. J. (Bert) Forrer; 10, G. H. C. A. (Chancey) Hubbard; 13, T. E. (Ted) Hardy; 14, Joseph Wood; 15, Paul Schwartz, leader.

**STRIKE UP THE BAND
FOR MR. MONROE!**

The "joke" in the above flier put out by the California Farm Observer is that former Sheriff Jim Monroe was the manager of the Capay Swing Band in 1905—because he couldn't play a lick, so he *managed* the band! When Forrest D. Monroe retired voluntarily in 1971, they put it on this congratulatory poster.

Forrest Duncan Monroe was born in Capay at the Duncan Ranch in 1906. In 1911 he moved to Woodland—with his newly-elected Sheriff father Jim Monroe and mother Elvira Grey (Duncan) Monroe—to 740 College Street, where his parents spent the rest of their lives.

Forrest was often deputized by his father during "Sunny Jim's" 28-year tenure, and eventually joined the department himself. He became a deputy and then Undersheriff, "apprenticed" under his father for 15 years before his father retired and he ran for his first of 8 consecutive terms as Yolo County Sheriff.

Forrest was only opposed three times: first by Ray Hollingsworth, then Ernest Granucci, and last Ralph Bonetti.

Forrest married Rose Balestra of Salinas in 1934 and they had two children, whom they raised on Second Street in Woodland. They are buried in the Woodland Cemetery along with his

parents and many other family members.

According to his mother, Grey, when her husband Jim ran for re-election he would go home to bed and sleep soundly. But when Forrest ran, he helped collect ballots and helped at the polling place. They had very different temperaments--as men and as sheriffs. Grey said, "It always pleased his father to see how many more votes Forrest received as sheriff than did he."

When the new jail in Woodland was dedicated to them as the Monroe Detention Center, she said, "I have never visited the new county jail. I was going but I never made it. I met the new sheriff the other day. Maybe he will let me go through it some day. He seemed very nice."



We Speak
For the People of Yolo County
IN SAYING THAT WE SHALL MISS
THE RICH TRADITION THAT HAS SURROUNDED
THE NAME

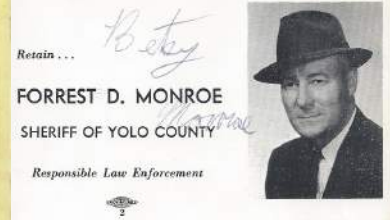
SHERIFF MONROE

FOR MORE THAN 60 YEARS
IN YOLO COUNTY

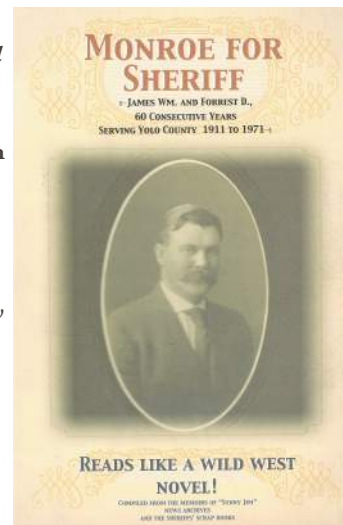
LIKE FATHER... LIKE SON



Above: on an early campaign card, Forrest D. Monroe as a new, young sheriff. At left and below: in his campaign poster and one of his cards for re-election, both about 1960.



I have a funny memory about the card above--on which I wrote my own name in 1960. We were out at recess at Capay School one day when a big, shiny car drove up and out steps this man in a nice suit. Curious, we all collected at the cyclone fence and he came over to talk to us. "Vote for me for sheriff," he says. "I can't vote for you, I have to vote for my Uncle Forrest," I reply--at 7 years old. He laughed uproariously: "So, you must be a Monroe--I knew I was in Monroe country!" and got back into his car. When I told my dad this story later, he gave me this card and said, "Your Uncle Forrest will be delighted!"



Cover art at left is for a book I am writing that will be published & available in 2015



A Capay Valley Late-Winter and Spring is Filled with the Familiar Squeaky-Wheel Sounds of Black Birds! Millions of Them!!



In addition to all that squawking in the trees this time of year, you will notice swarming clouds of starlings in synchronized spectacles out over the farm fields. According to Professor Yossi Leshem, director of the International Center for the Study of Bird Migration at Tel Aviv University, "The natural phenomenon, called 'murmuration', has become rare as starling populations have declined...the birds' synchronized movements are a way to communicate the location of food sources to other starlings, as well as create a defense mechanism against birds of prey." Watch the interesting videos showing this spectacle at:

<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/earth/earthvideo/9833647/Synchronised-starlings-create-impressive-spectacle-over-Israel.html>

and

<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/earth/earthvideo/8113908/RSPB-guide-to-murmuring-starlings.html>

Our own local Birder, Jim Hiatt tells us about...two of our most common feathery fellows, the Brewer's Blackbird (*Euphagus cyanocephalus*) and the Bi-Colored Blackbird, or better known to us as the Red-Winged Blackbird (*Agelaius phoeniceus*) per The Birds of North America.

Of these two, the Brewer's is equally at home in the country or the city, particularly towns/cities like Woodland or Davis which have lots of trees and lawns. These are something we'll never run short of, like buzzards. These occur in all but the eastern states, and are entirely people- and civilization-friendly. These are a "walker," like Magpies, Crows, and Ravens, not "hoppers" like Mockingbirds, Scrub Jays, or English Sparrows. Males and females intermingle with Starlings in "working" the freshly-mown ground. Water the mown area brings up more bugs out of the cracks and

Blackbirds, cowbirds, and the starlings are found mostly in fields, like the Red-winged Black Bird sitting on the sunflowers at left in Hungry Hollow, taken by Betsy Monroe. While larger "black birds" like ravens and crows are scavengers, who will feed on carrion and farm crops, the smaller blackbirds, cowbirds and starlings prefer insects and farm crops such as wheat and other cereal types-- including, apparently, sunflower seeds!



Above photos and information from:

<http://www.birds-of-north-america.net/black-birds.html>

Continued on Page 23 at bottom



'if you mow-n-water it, they will come'. These are also found in freshly mown and newly irrigated alfalfa fields amongst Crows, Ravens, and Starlings. The males have iridescent plumage which may look black, but a close examination shows very shiny dark purple, green, and bluish coloring that, all taken together, give a black appearance, but is very pretty up close. How would I know that??? Same way John James Audubon found out for his illustrations—though I didn't do that for this article: A "big game hunter" 7 year-old with a BB gun learns a great deal! Females are a dullish gray brown.

Their call is mainly a sharp "Chit!" or "Tap!" uttered more rapidly if the nest or fledglings are threatened; an occasional treble-edged wheeze, which is almost liquid in tone; and also an occasionally-uttered very musical double note, which as a youngster I used to think sounded like, "King Yeeee!" Just how it did (and still does) sound to me.

Red-Wings have a wider environment capability yet, and are found in tule ditches, rice fields and riparian areas in general. They are generally not found in towns. In flight, in large groups, these are much like Starlings. Hundreds, sometimes thousands, will fly as a group, all seem to turn on cue at the same time and in the same direction—as though they're all thinking the same thought at the same moment—and tend to bunch tighter with every turn. [This behavior is called murmuring--no one is entirely sure why they do it, but some scientists are working on it. See page 22]

As seen here, their nest is usually done in either a small branch crotch, not terribly high off the ground, which means that things like Lilac bushes can be used, and hedges and Elderberry trees. Light sticks are placed in a circle and lined with softer stuffs, usually grasses, making a cozy 'home' for a brood of 4-6 turquoise-with-buff-brown-blotches—as seen at right.



The Life Cycle of Black Birds

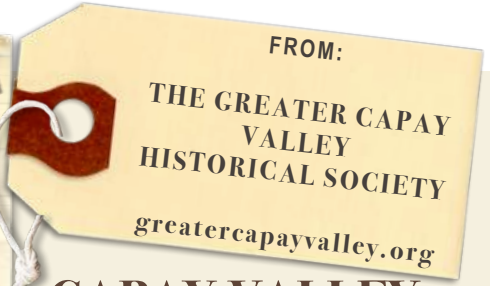
Jim writes of these photos he shot over time on his Hungry Hollow Farm: "One nest is taken in a small upper crotch of our one lemon tree, and the other in the bottom-most crotch of the 'volunteer' Eucalyptus tree by the fig tree. These are easiest nests to find and observe. The others you have to work at a little more. Some of those newborn shots I love, as they got the 'living color' just right. In these photos Jim captures eggs, to newly hatched, to just feathering out, to fully fledged and ready to take to the air!

These have very high metabolic rates and have heartbeats at 150-200 beats/minute. These are ready to leave the nest in mere weeks—I'm glad we get to enjoy OUR young longer than that! They are particularly vulnerable right at the point of being almost-but-not-quite-ready-to-FULLY fly. When their first solo efforts are embarked upon, the typical first run is 10-20 yards, if that far. VERY easy target for kittycats, and you find lots of failed first attempts here and there. During the hatchling-to-nearly-ready-to-leave phase, the "TAP!" that you hear as the single note chirp of the adults that we're all familiar with become rapid-fire and very frantic---the adults are VERY protective, if not able to DO much about it.

We used to take a 'toddler' or two home as kids and try to raise them, and usually to no avail. Have since learned that what we were feeding them, bits of bread soaked in milk, were kind of a near-minimum, but way short of the fat and protein requirements needed; hence the parents constantly bringing them insects ALL day. Note, The little ones [as seen fully fledged and ready for flight at bottom left photo above] have first-plumage that is all gray—they haven't differentiated into male/female coloration this early on.



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CAPAY VALLEY

June 2013

Volume 12

The Greater Capay Valley Historical Society
Elizabeth Monroe, writer-editor

PO Box 442
 Esparto, CA 95627

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IT'S TIME TO RENEW FOR 2013!! Don't miss a journal!! AND pre-order your signed copy of the 300-page book now for 25% off! "The History and Stories of the Capay Valley," by Elizabeth Monroe for TGCVHS: Hot off the presses Jan. 2014! or at address above.



Elderberry wine, anyone? Many health benefits! The berries (above) are in abundance in Spring and even the blossoms are used for its antioxidant activity, to lower cholesterol, improve vision, boost the immune system, improve heart health and for coughs, colds, flu, bacterial and viral infections and tonsillitis. Elderberry juice was used to treat a flu epidemic in Panama in 1995. Elderberries have been a folk remedy for centuries in North America, Europe, Western Asia, and North Africa, hence the medicinal benefits of elderberries are being investigated and rediscovered.

<http://www.herbwisdom.com/herb-elderberry.html>

Volume three of this journal covered the prolific Elderberry in this area and the protected VELB that inhabits it, but the wines and medicinals from this plant may be reason enough to harvest your own berries and flowers and learn to use them...The elderberry has a rich history dating back to at least the Ancient Egyptians, who applied the flowers of the elderberry plant to heal burns. Early Indian tribes used elderberries in teas. The 17th century British began making elderberry wine, which they claimed could cure the common cold and would prolong your life.

*Stinging Nettle (right) or "Common Nettle," *Urtica dioica*, is a herbaceous perennial flowering plant, native to North America, as well as Europe, Asia, and northern Africa...is the best-known member of the nettle genus *Urtica*.*



The plant has many hollow stinging hairs called trichomes on its leaves and stems, which act like hypodermic needles, injecting histamine and other chemicals that produce a stinging sensation when contacted by humans and other animals But the plant also has a long history of use as a medicine and as a food source.

Avoid contact, but check it out on Wikipedia!
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stinging_nettle
and its medicinal uses at:

<http://www.pipingrock.com/stinging-nettles/stinging-nettles>

- A healthy herb that is nutritive
- Supports kidney and urinary tract function
- A natural support for the prostate
- these are just some of the claims...

NOTE: Unripe berries and all parts of the elder plant are somewhat toxic and can cause nausea when eaten.



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