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CAPAY VALLEY

September 2013

Volume Thirteen

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.

They're on to us!! Yet another expose' on the Capay Valley hit *The Sacramento Bee*, June 2, 2013, in the *California Traveler* section: "Going with the Flow, Cache Creek's moderate rapids make it ideal for developing your whitewater skills..." I am always conflicted between being happy others have learned to enjoy our Eden and regretting "change"--and increased traffic! But at least it is people enjoying nature and doing very little harm with their kayaks, and even camping and hiking in design-



Photos from Jim Hiatt, May 2013.

ated areas. For decades we have chosen the flats around *The Boy Scout Cabin* for a picnic and a place to either wade into the cool shallows or watch the raging rapids—depending on the time of year and water flow. At this time of year, the farmers' needs for irrigation mean the water is high and perfect for water sports! The rapids are mostly Class II-III above Scout Cabin--mild to challenging--and calmer below that to Guinda Bridge. Always beware of the water surges after a storm!! Use long inflatables, wear life vests--maybe even helmets! AND since everything will get will get soaked, dry-bags and tie-downs are a must!

Kayak CAUTION:

I highly recommend against using anything but an inflatable kayak for the rapids between Highway 20 and the Scout Cabin!! On July 3, 2013, I tried a hard-shell ocean kayak between Low Water Bridge and the Scout Cabin--don't!! Inflatables slide by and over rocks better--TRUST ME! Betsy



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; Ernie Lehman--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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writer-editor-publisher
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Remembers a Capay Childhood
- Page 24--Subscription Info/Ad

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Yolo County Archives, 226 Buckeye St., Woodland, CA 95695

Tim Lowrey, Ph.D. Associate Dean, Graduate Studies, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, NM 87131



Above: Black-crowned Night-Heron taken by Betsy Monroe at the Capay Dam at dusk in 2012. According to *Birds of North America*: "Chunky and squat, it is one of the most common and widespread herons in North America and the world...but mainly active at twilight and at night (so) many people have never seen one. However, its distinctive barking call can be heard at night--even at the center of large cities...a loud, distinctive *quark* or *wok*, often given in flight and around colonies. Large stick nests built usually 20-40 feet up in trees; 3-5 eggs; 1 brood; November-August. Feeding primarily on aquatic animals; also eggs and chicks of colonial birds, such as egrets, ibises, and terns." Smaller than the more visible blue herons (see lower left) or white egrets we have here, these are about 23-26 inches tall and live up to 21 years. While the male and female are similar coloring, the male's plumage is longer. The juvenile is brown speckled, looking very little like its eventual black top and back with white under carriage.

I asked bird-man Jim Hiatt about it and got this: *These are a common pasture bird, but even more so in riparian areas--areas along a waterway. If you've hunted ducks, you know very well about those times when you are scared half to death on the way to the duck pond way before the sun's come up, and you can still see the stars very well, and it's dead quiet--suddenly you are startled with "KAUUUUGHHHHH!!!" right overhead. Even at 30 yards up it's L-O-U-D!!! It's likely just as startled by seeing you, thus eliciting that outcry--but even THAT'S debatable. Happens even out here in Hungry Hollow during my campfires when I've stayed by the fire until I can see the stars, and one of these Night-herons is heading to roost way up in my eucalyptus trees--but it's waaaay past its bedtime, and it can only just barely see, so my campfire startles it, I guess.*

Left: Blue Heron in Capay Valley English walnut orchard; Betsy Monroe, 2012 We followed a lovely one on Cache Creek in our kayaks--no camera, alas!





Criner's Arena Presents again. . .

THE Summer Saddle Series

Monday June 3rd at 6:00pm and every Monday night til the finals on Sunday, August 4th

Goat Tying ~ Goat Roping (or other fun event)

Barrel Racing ~ Pole Bending

Trophy Saddle's to the All Around Champions'

Reserve Champion Buckle's to the All Around Reserve Champions

Awesome awards down thru tenth place in each age division.

Little Britches~ 8yrs and under,

Juniors ~ 9 to 13,

Seniors ~ 14 to 18

all ages as of January 1, 2013.

call Kelly Criner @ 867-3331,

Pam Criner @ 867-2793,



<https://www.facebook.com/criners.arena>

In photos below at middle and top right: the Criner Family

Like the poster says, Criner's Arena offers The Summer Saddle Series for kids of all ages at 6PM every Monday night until early August at the Criner Ranch in Lamb Valley, southwest of Esparto and south of Capay. I have been hearing about this event since I returned to the Capay Valley and finally made it out to see for myself.

My first surprise was in finding out that Ralph Criner is Rosy Wanshop's brother and that he grew up on the west end of Capay! I had heard Ralph's name spoken for years; and grew up with Rosy and George Wanshop's daughters, Cindy and Colleen (after the schools were "unified" and we valley kids were bussed to Esparto for school), but had not made this connection—I love this work! Rosy is one of my faithful subscribers—and one of ten Criner kids—which gave me an excuse to get out to see her and hear about her "life in Capay as a child"—turns out I had made an incorrect assumption! See Vol 14 for details!

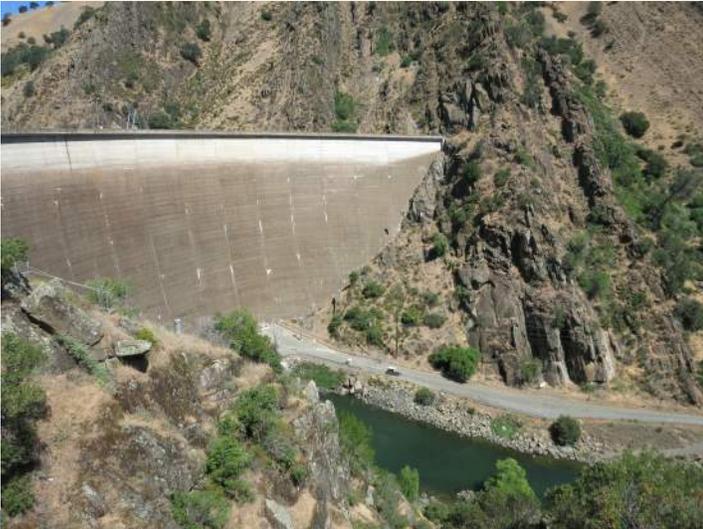
I also learned that the Ralph Criner family had bought 5 acres from Eddie and Hilda Marie Burg in Lamb Valley, and their daughter Pam manages the Saddle events out at the arena they built—to "give the local kids something to do," as Ralph put it. They have been offering this summer activity to kids for 17 years and everyone gets a prize for competing—from a saddle down to buckles and on down. Ralph's daughter-in-law Kelly and his daughter Pam run this y'all-come show and you are welcome to come compete or just come enjoy the show. So many beautiful horses--and then there are those great hamburgers!



Take Highway 16 west; shoot past the Esparto turn-off until the road dead-ends; go left; and then right/west on CR 23 and keep on going to the very end!



Berryessa: Monticello Dam and Hydroelectric Plant, Lake Berryessa



Photos taken by Elizabeth Monroe May 2013: The geological wonders include rock faces exposed when the hillside was blasted through in the 1950s to create the dam, reservoir and Highway 128; Monticello Dam with Putah Creek flowing below and Lake Berryessa behind, with the exposed “glory hole” sticking up at left and below at right—quite a frightening sight when the water is high and flowing into it like a huge flushing toilet! This area is roped off from recreation for a very good reason!



Not only creating a reservoir for recreation as well as water for irrigation, flood control and for millions of thirsty people, Monticello Dam also supports a Hydroelectric Plant which can produce up to 11.5 megawatts and averaging 52 million kilowatt hours of electricity—equivalent to about 80,000 barrels of oil. The hydroelectric plant was completed in 1983 for about \$17 million dollars.

Much more on our website: greatercapayvalley.org

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California Redbud in Summer

-- covered with 6-seed pods



Redbud is most notable in the late winter-early spring for their brilliant scarlet blooms--especially during Almond Festival in the Capay Valley in March. But during the hot summers they are covered with long burnt-siena seed pods--

almost as beautiful! Above, they are seen at Lake Berryessa in June, 2013. This drive west of Winters along Highway 128 is flaming with them in the spring, but they also give the dry, golden hills some more-muted color in summer, first purple and then russet-brown to burnt siena--a delight for local artists!

So beautiful they are now domesticated, of course--see bottom right--and have been planted in landscapes by horticulturists in California since 1886. But they are also "useful" trees in nature, too: historically, deer browsed on them and the native people used the wood for bows, the wine-red branches for baskets, and the blossoms for dye. Native to this area and much of western North America, the trees are great natural erosion control along our creeks and hillsides, provide nectar for our valuable native pollinators—including the native bumblebee--and the introduced honey bees, so important to our almond orchards and other fruit and nut trees Capay Valley depends upon!



Those amazing blooms are seen February to April, but any one tree or shrub is only in bloom for about two weeks. Found in canyons and on steep slopes among communities of oak, chaparral, mixed conifers and riparian woodlands, they are often seen amid the beautiful white blooms of the Buckeye--as seen in bottom left photo. Drought tolerant and sun-loving, they can thrive even in gravelly and poor soil below 4000 feet. And, ironically, the best way to propagate them is through wild fires--the heat cracks the seed coats and provides the heat-requiring germination. To grow your own, pour

boiling water on the seeds, then cover with moss or a damp cloth and refrigerate for two months.

Its burnt-siena mingles with the Buckeye at left.



THE BIRTH OF THE BANK OF ESPARTO AND "THE ESPARTO EXPONENT" -- 1913

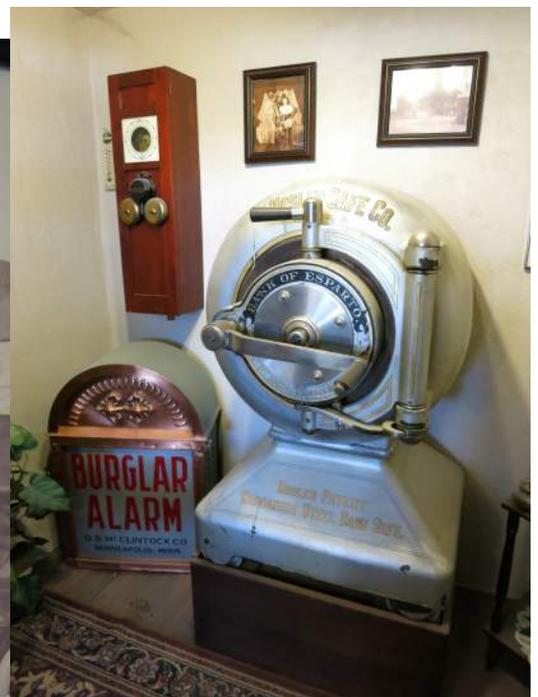
On October 31, 1913, *The Esparto Exponent* put out its first volume in a town that did not then have its own newspaper. Seen here in excerpts, the paper was intent on promoting this "new, growing town" and the Capay Valley as a place to live and farm. The flowery prose typical of editors of the time is a delight to read--I recommend that you take a closer look at it on our website at greatercapayvalley.com

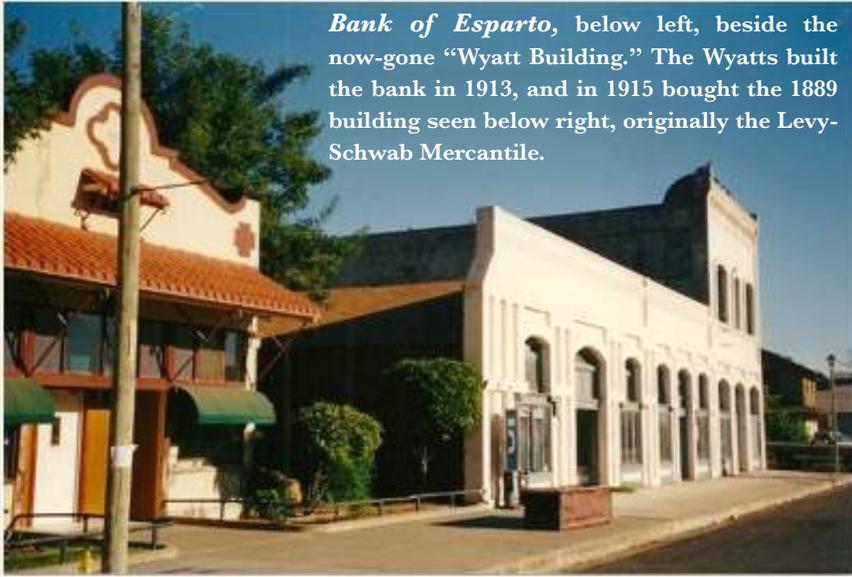
The original "cannonball" safe seen below on display in the building today, was guaranteed by its manufacturer to withstand a bomb explosion.

Photos courtesy of Ruth and Roger McMillan



Above is the banner for Volume 1 of the new Esparto Exponent, with features on the new Bank of Esparto and its president, M.O. Wyatt and its cashier, C.F. George. It also covers the movers-n-shakers in the area; a new RE office; how to get to Esparto and the Capay Valley by train or auto; and the special features that made this area a great place to farm and live. Check out our website for more!





Bank of Esparto, below left, beside the now-gone "Wyatt Building." The Wyatts built the bank in 1913, and in 1915 bought the 1889 building seen below right, originally the Levy-Schwab Mercantile.



ORIGINALLY : Bank of Esparto
 YEAR BUILT : 1913
 ARCHITECTURE : Mission Revival style building with ornamental parapet, tile hood, store front display windows, recessed entry and transom.

HISTORY : Built to house the Bank of Esparto which occupied the building until 1933. The bank did not reopen after the National Bank Holiday of January 1933. Dr. M.O. Wyatt was the original bank president and cashier was C.F. George.

DONATED BY :
 THE FRANK BURRIS FAMILY
 1988



Ruth Ruggenberg, graduate of EHS in 1970, married Roger McMillan, who opened the plastered-over wall in the old bank building when they bought it from the Burris family for her hair salon and revealed the old bank vault. Today they display in it historic bank artifacts and news clippings used for this article.

Dr. M.O. Wyatt was also president of 2 banks in Winters, where the lovely original Wyatt family home stands to this day. C.F. George was not just a cashier, as we would know them today, but ran the bank--more of a manager. He was also involved in many other activities promoting Esparto as a town--such as getting improved telephone service in 1913. To further promote the town, the Wyatt family was instrumental in starting the first Almond Festival in 1915.

*See more info on the bank and Ruth on our FaceBook site under:
 The Greater Capay Valley Historical Society*

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Courtesy of Yolo County Archives

25 years ago—1942

Esparto has opened a new air raid listening post at the C. A. Fowler home. First observers in the new tower are Mrs. John Han and Mrs. S. E. Thompson.

Fear and concern for our security is again driving some of the actions of our government and US citizen. And how we react today will be interesting to ponder when it is *history*--from which we always hope to learn important lessons so we can avoid the same mistakes in the future!

In the course of researching our local "reaction" to the bombing of Pearl Harbor, I heard about local farmers who tried to soften the blow to their friends and neighbors—and while I am still trying to verify any names from western Yolo, I did find the following recent obituary of a Sacramento farmer to illustrate the attempts by some "to do the right thing."

Obituary: Bob Fletcher saved farms of interned Japanese Americans during WWII

By Robert D. Dávila rdavila@sacbee.com

Published: Friday, May 31, 2013 - 12:00 am | Page 4B

Bob Fletcher, a Sacramento farmer, volunteer and man of courage and conviction who saved the farms of interned Japanese American families during World War II, died May 23. He was 101.

Mr. Fletcher demonstrated the finest human values in one of the darkest periods of American history. It was 1942, a few months after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, when the U.S. government forced Japanese immigrants and Americans of Japanese descent to report to barbed-wire camps. Many lost their homes to thieves or bank foreclosures.

A state agricultural inspector, Mr. Fletcher acted instinctively to help Japanese American farmers. He quit his job and went to work saving farms belonging to the Nitta, Okamoto and Tsukamoto families in the Florin community.

In the face of deep anti-Japanese sentiment – including taunts of "Jap lover" and a bullet fired into the Tsukamoto barn – Mr. Fletcher worked 90 acres of flame Tokay grapes. He paid the mortgages and taxes and took half the profits. He turned over the rest – along with the farms – to the three families when they returned to Sacramento in 1945.

"I did know a few of them pretty well and never agreed with the evacuation," he told The Bee in 2010. "They were the same as anybody else. It was obvious they had nothing to do with Pearl Harbor."

His inspirational story is recounted in history books – including "We The People: A Story of Internment in America" by Elizabeth Pinkerton and Mary Tsukamoto, whose farm he saved.

"Few people in history exemplify the best ideals the way that Bob did," said Tsukamoto's daughter, Marielle, who was 5 when her family was interned. "He was honest and hardworking and had integrity. Whenever you asked him about it, he just said, 'It was the right thing to do.'"

He was an active member of the Florin Historical Society and civic groups in Florin and Elk Grove. He donated 5 acres for a Florin history center that later was renamed the Fletcher Farm Community Center.

The only child of Contra Costa County walnut farmers, Robert Emmett Fletcher Jr. was born in 1911 and raised in Brentwood. He earned an agriculture degree from UC Davis in 1933, managed a peach ranch and worked as a state and Sacramento County agriculture inspector during the Great Depression.

Read more here:

<http://www.sacbee.com/2013/05/31/5460559/obituary-bob-fletcher-saved-farms.html#storylink=cpy>

"On Feb. 19, 1942, with a frightened nation still reeling from the Pearl Harbor attacks two months

earlier, Franklin Delano Roosevelt issued Executive Order 9066, which led to the internment of almost 120,000 Japanese Americans during World War II. Two-thirds of them were native-born American citizens.

More than four decades would pass before a congressional commission found that the imprisonment accomplished no national security purpose and was, instead, based on what the commission called 'race prejudice, war hysteria and a failure of political leadership.' One of the most striking generational themes...has been the Nisei silence about incarceration. Nearly three-fourths of the Sansei...studied reported that their parents mentioned internment camp only incidentally, if at all."

Excerpted from:

Generations of Japanese Americans were scarred by WWII internments.

By [Anita Creamer acreamer@sacbee.com](mailto:acreamer@sacbee.com)

Published: Sunday, Feb. 19, 2012 - 12:00 am | Page 1A



1882 Diary of Harmon Jay Taber, I,

Born in Oregon in Sept. 18, 1856 to Lorenzo and Evaline (Painter) Taber [see volume 3 of this journal, pages 13-14] who crossed the plains with 3 small children in an ox-drawn wagon train in 1852, first settling in California and then trying Oregon--where Harmon Jay was born. Returning to California, in 1866 they eventually settled on Salk Creek in the Capay Valley. From whence, in 1882, Harmon traveled with other valley men to explore Oregon and Washington for possible settlements and investments, keeping a detailed Log of their adventures--featured here!



Left: young Harmon Jay Taber, I

Below, "Harm" with wife and kids in 1908:

Back - Harmon, Jr., Elsie, Merlin
Front - Mother May, Grace, and Papa "Harm"



Harmon's father, Lorenzo Taber, was the son of John Harvey Taber, I, and Mary Bently, and was born in New York on June 21, 1814. With their five children, Lorenzo and Evaline settled in the Capay Valley. With sons Harmon Jay and his brothers George Washington and Loren Harvey, they "cleared the land of the Manzanita, holly berries, and chaparral back to the hills, back to where Salt Creek dug an ever-widening channel. He began farming again, planting wheat and barley. However, he was to know this land for only eleven years before his death on February 10, 1878. Lorenzo never lived long enough to pay off the heavy debt...from early manhood he was crippled...he had a large family and no capital...After Lorenzo's death, his sons would purchase the west half of Lot I to complete the flat-iron shaped property, and would raise families to live in the Capay Valley for over a hundred years." [The foregoing was compiled from the book "History and Biography of the Sacramento Valley 1906" and "Capay Valley - The Land The People 1846 to 1900" printed in 1986; and from Taber family sources.]

And not long after his death, his son Harm would decide to look for potential in the state of his birth, Oregon, and in Washington. On August 14, 1882, he traveled north from San Francisco by steamer with Lane Duncan and Rube Cranston, both of Langville [later Capay] headed first to Portland, Oregon. He kept a cryptic but fascinating hand-written log along the way that was in the possession of his grandson, Ray Taber, who transcribed it and gave a copy to his good friend Bill Harris--who gave me permission to reproduce it! I have some interesting excerpts herein and hope to post it in its entirety on our website at greatercapayvalley.org.

Bill Harris and "Ray" Taber fondly called each other *Biscuit* and *Louie*, respectively, as can be seen in the cover note on the next page. And though my subscriber and supporter *Biscuit* has never really explained the nicknames to me, it certainly shows their intimacy and fondness for decades, beginning in the Capay Valley: *Louie* gave it to his friend in 2005 after the death of his wife, another local, Betty Jean Stephens--the three of them had grown up together and attended Esparto Union High School together.



Above: an old sheep barn on the historic Taber Ranch

Below: the same barn as it appears red-roofed as part of the Taber Ranch Event Center





12/1/05

POSTCARD:

THIS IS A TRANSCRIPT
OF MY GRANDFATHER'S
JOURNAL OF THE WASHINGTON
TRIP I MENTIONED THE OTHER
WEEK -

THANKS FOR THE PHOTOS -
IT WAS A GOOD DAY
Louie

In February 2011, Ray was laid to rest next to his beloved Betty Jean in the Capay Cemetery. His friend Bill Harris still lives in Washington [but passed away in 2014].



H. J. TABER - WASHINGTON 1882

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NOTES ON THE JOURNAL SEGMENT AUGUST 14-NOVEMBER 16, 1882

HARMON RAY TABER, MAY 3, 2001

IN 1882 MY GRANDFATHER WAS 26 YEARS OLD, BORN IN DOUGLAS COUNTY, OREGON IN 1856. HIS FATHER HAD COME TO CALIFORNIA IN 1852 WITH HIS WIFE AND OLDER CHILDREN. AFTER MOVING ABOUT IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA AND OREGON FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS, IN 1867 HE SETTLED IN CAPAY VALLEY, FARMING WITH HIS ELDEST SON GEORGE AND HARMON, MY GRANDFATHER.

HIS 'JOURNAL' WAS A SORT OF DAYBOOK, WITH SOMETIMES CRYPTIC NOTES OF THINGS HE WANTED TO RECALL. THERE TYPICALLY IS AN EMPHASIS ON THE WEATHER, CASH EXPENDITURES AND THE LIKE, AND USUALLY SCANTY ATTENTION TO PERSONAL EVENTS, ETC. HE KEPT THIS RECORD FOR 66 YEARS, FROM SEPTEMBER 1879 UNTIL HIS DEATH IN THE WINTER OF 1945.

IN 1882 THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY WAS SELLING LAND IN EASTERN WASHINGTON, WHICH WAS AN CHANCE FOR YOUNG MEN TO ACQUIRE FARMLAND. MY GRANDFATHER AND TWO OTHER CAPAY VALLEY MEN—REUBEN CRANSTON AND LANE DUNCAN—DECIDED TO LOOK INTO THIS OPPORTUNITY.

THEY TRAVELLED BY COASTAL STEAMER FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO PORTLAND, AND THENCE UP THE COLUMBIA RIVER. THE LOWER CASCADES—ABOUT PRESENT HOOD RIVER—WAS AS FAR AS UP-PRIVER BOAT TRAFFIC COULD GET—APPARENTLY SOME SORT OF RAIL CONTINUED TO WALLA WALLA. MANY, IF NOT MOST, OF THE PLACES NAMED THROUGHOUT ARE STILL IDENTIFIABLE ON PRESENT MAPS.

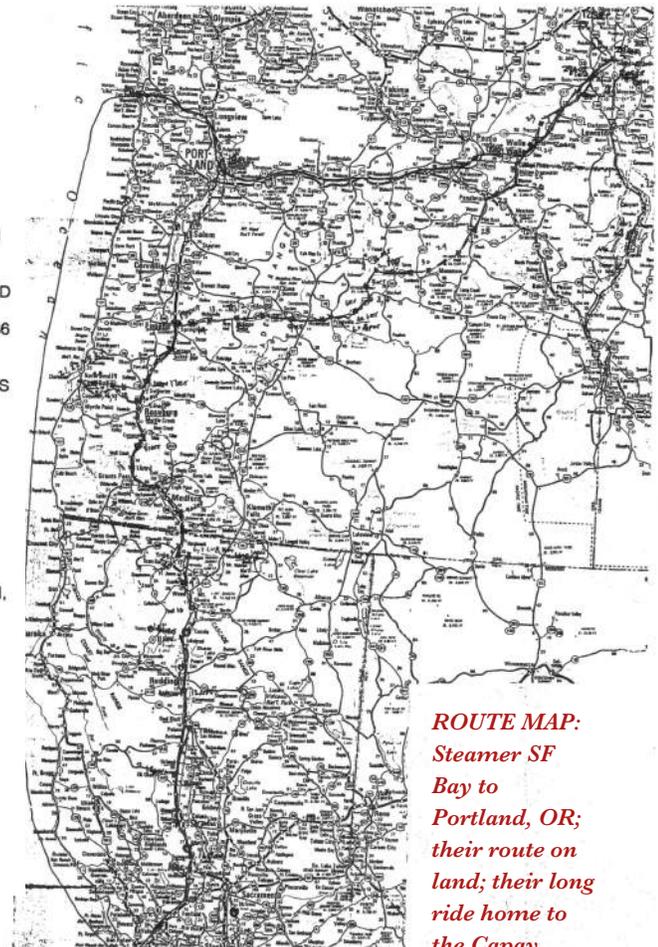
IT IS NOTABLE THAT AT THAT TIME IT WAS DESIRABLE TO TRAVEL IN A PARTY IN EASTERN OREGON, AND WASHINGTON, ALTHOUGH THIS DOES NOT APPEAR TO APPLY IN WESTERN OREGON AND NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

IT IS ALSO OF INTEREST THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE ENCOUNTERED, IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, THAT WERE KNOWN PERSONALLY.

IN SISKIYOU COUNTY HE VISITED THE HULLS, WHOM HE HAD KNOWN EARLIER - IN THEIR CALIFORNIA AND OREGON MOVES. NOTE THAT HE LOOKED FOR IKE HULL'S PLACE ON ARRIVAL, BUT HE LEFT FROM MR. HULL'S PLACE—HIS PROSPECTIVE FATHER-IN-LAW.

HE AND MAY, MY GRANDMOTHER, MARRIED IN SEPTEMBER 1883 AND LIVED THE REST OF THEIR LONG LIVES IN CAPAY VALLEY.

APPENDED IS A MAP SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THIS THREE-MONTH TRIP.



ROUTE MAP:
Steamer SF
Bay to
Portland, OR;
their route on
land; their long
ride home to
the Capay
Valley.

The men separated and rejoined; worked their way along, traveling from 5-20 miles a day, depending on work--and weather! They would all three resettle in the Capay Valley and know one another for the rest of their lives.



Four Sample Pages of the Log--

[Bottom Left: excerpt of a mid-page

Bottom Right: Last page--getting HOME!]

H. J. TABER - WASHINGTON 1882

- 1 -

AUGUST 14, 1882

LEFT HOME THIS AM. HEARD ABOUT HANGING TWO MEN AT WINTERS--ALL A BILK. AWFUL COLD, HAD TO WEAR AN OVERCOAT ALL DAY. WENT OVER AND SEEN AUNT AND MOTHER IN AFTERNOON, BOUGHT THREE TICKETS TO PORTLAND, OR. WENT TO THEATER TONIGHT. GEORGE & CATE COME DOWN.

TUESDAY AUGUST 15 - ON STEAMER 'OREGON'

LEFT SAN FRANCISCO ABOUT 1030 AM. ALL OF US ALL RIGHT TILL ABOUT NOON. RUBE (CRANSTON) AND LANE (DUNCAN) BOTH SICK; I FELT KIND OF SQUEAMISH BUT DID NOT THROW UP.

AUGUST 16

HAD A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP BUT WEAK AT STOMACH. THIS AM LANE AND RUBE BOTH IN BED.

THURSDAY AUGUST 17

SLEPT WELL LAST NIGHT; FEEL BULLY TODAY. LANE GOT ALL RIGHT; RUBE STILL SICK. GOT TO ASTORIA ABOUT 1:50PM; STAYED ABOUT ONE HOUR; 4 PM GOING UP THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

FRIDAY AUGUST 18

ARRIVED IN PORTLAND 11 PM LAST NIGHT. TOOK BOAT R.R.(?) THOMPSON THIS MORNING 9AM FOR WALLA WALLA--\$14.00. WENT BY BOAT TO LOWER CASCADES WHEN WE TOOK CARS. STOPPED AT 6 PM FOR SUPPER AT THE DALLES; SUPPER .50c. WENT ON TO WALLA WALLA; ARRIVED AT 5AM SATURDAY MORNING.

SATURDAY AUGUST 19

BUMMED AROUND WALLA WALLA. NOT DONE ANYTHING.

SUNDAY AUGUST 20

COME UP TO DAYTON. GOT HERE ABOUT 9AM. LOOKED ABOUT FOR JOBS; GOT ONE DRIVING HEADER WAGON, \$1.50. RUBE ALSO STRUCK JOB TWO MILES AND A HALF FROM TOWN.

MONDAY AUGUST 21

COMMENCED TO DRIVE HEADER WAGON FOR TOM GRAHAM AT \$ 1.50 PER DAY. DROVE ALL DAY HAD MY HAT STOLE; HAD TO BUY A NEW ONE, 50 CENTS.

TUESDAY AUGUST 22

DROVE HEADER WAGON ALL DAY. SEEMS TO BE A VERY PLEASANT PLACE TO WORK.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 23

DROVE HEADER WAGON ALL DAY. NOT AS HARD WORK AS IT IS IN CAL.

THURSDAY AUGUST 24

HEADED TILL NOON. AFTER STOPPED TO REPAIR HEADER, I HELPED SPREAD OATS.

FRIDAY AUGUST 25

HEADED ALL DAY. HEADER RUN GOOD TODAY. CLOUDY, LOOKS LIKE RAIN.

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 10

WENT DOWN TO MARTIN'S. RUBE AND CONCLUDE TO BUY LAND.

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 11

EBBERT AND I WENT TO MOUNTAINS AFTER WOOD.

TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 12

RUBE AND I WENT TO CHENEY TO BUY R.R. LAND. GOT TO CHENEY ABOUT 6PM. EBBERT PAID ME IN FULL, \$10.00.

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 13

RUBE AND I CONCLUDED NOT TO BUY ANY LAND. LEFT CHENEY FOR FARMINGTON ABOUT 3PM. MY EXPENSES: HOTEL BILL, \$1.50; STABLE BILL, 50 CENTS; APPLES, 25 CENTS; WALTER S., 75 CENTS.

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 14

STAYED ALL NIGHT WITH MAN BY NAME OF LYONS 10 MILES FROM CHENEY. BILL AT LYONS \$1.00. I OWE RUBE \$1.50. MET LANE DUNCAN ON THE ROAD TODAY ABOUT 30 MILES FROM CHENEY; THE LAST MAN I EXPECTED TO BE IN THIS COUNTRY; HE PAID ME 50 CENTS. GOT TO EBBERT'S ABOUT 4PM.

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 15

NOT DONE MUCH TODAY; CHOPPED SOME WOOD TO PAY FOR MY BOARD. DRIZZLING RAIN MOST ALL DAY; COMMENCED TO RAIN LAST NIGHT 10PM.

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 16

RUBE COME OVER AND SAID HE WOULD GO TO CALIFORNIA WITH ME. TALKED TO EBBERT ABOUT HORSES. I WENT OUT AND DROVE UP TWO MARES THAT HE WANTS \$290.00 FOR. DRIZZLING RAIN AND FOGGY ALL DAY. B. MARE OF EBBERT'S WILL HAVE COLT JUNE 1883; BLAZE MARE OF EBBERT'S WILL HAVE COLT APRIL 30, 1883. DID NOT BUY HORSES OF EBBERT.

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 17

RUBE CAME OVER TO LOOK AT HORSES OF E. HE DID NOT KNOW WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO. FOGGY WITH RAIN PART OF THE DAY.

H. J. TABER - WASHINGTON 1882

- 2 -

SATURDAY AUGUST 26

COLD SE WIND BLOWING; HAD TO WEAR MY COAT ALL DAY. FINISHED HEADING FOR TOM GRAHAM; HE PAID ME FOR 6 DAYS WORK, \$ 9.00 IN FULL.

SUNDAY AUGUST 27

CAME INTO DAYTON THIS MORNING; SAW RUBE AND CONCLUDED TO GO UP TO COLFAX. BOUGHT TICKET, \$7.00; DINNER 50 CENTS.

MONDAY AUGUST 28

LEFT DAYTON TODAY 5AM. ARRIVED IN COLFAX ABOUT 6PM. DINNER COST 50 CENTS; SUPPER & BED, 75 CENTS. HAT, \$2.00. BOUGHT TICKET FOR FARMINGTON, \$2.50

TUESDAY AUGUST 29

LEFT COLFAX 6AM THIS MORNING FOR FARMINGTON. ARRIVED THERE 12 NOON. LOOKED AROUND FOR WORK; FOUND A JOB HAULING HAY FOR A MAN BY THE NAME OF BEN PRICE THAT USED TO LIVE IN DOUGLAS COUNTY, OREGON. OUT FOR DINNER, 50 CENTS. STAYED ALL NIGHT WITH BEN PRICE.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 30

HAULED HAY ALL DAY FOR BEN PRICE; RECEIVED \$1.50.

THURSDAY AUGUST 31

LEFT PRICE'S THIS MORNING. RUBE AND I TO HUNT ANOTHER JOB. GOT WORK OF EBBERT; RUBE OF ONSBURN. I CHOPPED WOOD AND CHORED ALL DAY.

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 1, 1882

I HAULED HAY ALL DAY. RUBE TALKS OF STAYING ALL WINTER. I THINK I SHALL START FOR OREGON IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS.

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 2

I HAULED HAY ALL DAY FOR EBBERT, MAKING THREE DAYS WORK FOR THIS WEEK, \$4.50.

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 3

GOT UP THIS MORNING AT 7AM. RUBE AND WENT TO FARMINGTON; GOT OUR VALISES AT BEN PRICE'S AND BROUGHT THEM TO EBBERT'S.

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 4

HAULED HAY ALL DAY. VERY COLD THIS MORNING.

H. J. TABER - WASHINGTON 1882

- 9 -

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 5

STARTED THIS AM 9 O'CLOCK. WENT ON 7 MILES TO IKE HULL'S; GOT THERE 10:30 AM.

MONDAY NOVEMBER 6

STAYED WITH HULLS ALL DAY. HAD A GOOD TIME. SUN SHONE ALL DAY.

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 7

WENT WITH HULLS TO ELECTION. LOOKS LIKE RAIN.

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 8

STARTED FROM MR. HULL'S 10AM. I HATE TO LEAVE MAY. I INTEND TO ASK (HER TO MARRY) ME. MADE 22 MILES TODAY. RAINED ALL LAST NIGHT; TRAVELLED THROUGH CONSIDERABLE SNOW THIS EVENING. STOPPED AT DEIT'S. \$1.50 TOLL \$2.85/\$4.35.

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 9

STARTED 8AM. MADE 29 MILES TODAY. CLOUDY ALL DAY, STOPPED AT STAGE STATION.

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 10

STARTED 8AM. CROSSED SACRAMENTO BRIDGE 2PM; WENT ON; STOPPED AT O'BRIEN'S RR CAMP. 29 1/2 MILES TODAY.

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 11

STARTED 8AM. CROSSED PIT RIVER 10:20AM. BIG FROST THIS AM. CROSSED SACRAMENTO FERRY 6PM. GOT TO ANDERSON 6:30PM. 33 MILES TODAY. BILL \$2.75 TOLL 50/\$3.25

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 12

STARTED 8AM. GOT TO COTTONWOOD 10:30. GOT TO RED BLUFF 2:30PM. 33 MILES TODAY. BILL \$3.00. GOT TO TEHAMA 7PM; PUT UP FOR NIGHT.

MONDAY NOVEMBER 13

STARTED THIS 8AM. GOT TO RICEVILLE 11AM; ORLAND 3PM; GERMANTOWN 6PM. CROSSED STONY CREEK 2:30PM. BILL \$2.87 1/2. 33 MILES TODAY.

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 14

STARTED 8AM. GOT TO WILLOWS 10:30; NORMANS 1PM; MAXWELL 4PM; WILLIAMS 7PM. BILL \$2.75 35 MILES.

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 15

STARTED 8AM. GOT TO BERLIN 10AM; ARBUCKLE 12M; DUNNIGANS 5PM. NORTH WIND BLEW A HURRICANE. BILL \$2.25 25 MILES.

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 16, 1882

STARTED THIS MORNING 8AM. GOT TO LANGVILLE 1:30; GOT HOME 3:30PM. GLAD AM I TO GET HOME.

HOME = Langville and then Capay Valley



Our Mourning Dove, *Zenaida macroura*, is part of what makes the countryside the delight that it is. "Ohhhhh-OOOOHHH-whoooooo, whooo-whooh!" Likely one of the best known and loved phrases among our Avian family in Hungry Hollow and up the Capay Valley; it would be hard to imagine anyone who has been in this area--even for a few weeks--and listened to the bird calls hereabouts, not recognizing the preceding. It's one of the signature bird calls of our area, and is really country-wide in distribution. They are found in small towns as well, but really only the Pigeon (Rock Dove) is to be found in really urbanized areas.

Besides the ubiquitous call, another sound is made as they lift-off to fly, which is an almost explosive take-off, which is a peculiar, almost whistling sound with their wings sounding somewhat like, "WHE-he-he-he-hu-hu." They make this sound upon alighting, too. These birds are very streamlined for flight, and I have paced them at 60+ mph while driving parallel with them and knew in watching that they were capable of a little more speed, yet, if they had to have it. They have a very straight-lined, but also a darting and even zig-zag flight pattern, making them quite the challenge for dove hunters to hit and other prey to capture.

They are pretty much a grain and seed eater, and if you are a hunter, when cleaning them you can check into the crop [saclike enlargement of a bird's gullet where seed is stored before digestion]and see not just what they've been eating, but what foods tend to be their favorites. You see them along roadsides eating seeds of Turkey Mullein (gray-green, almost fuzzy weeds that grow in patches) as much as anything else, with their tiny, black seeds even smaller than alfalfa seeds. Mullein, Safflower--smaller seeds in general--and even Sunflowers are in their primary diet. They tend to roost in orchards at night, but are aloft before sunrise for the nearest feeding areas.

Birders and hunters are all familiar with this bird's habits: safflower fields, roadsides with abundant weed seeds, and even sunflower fields are among their favorite areas to feed, and preferably near a waterway or watering hole of some kind, especially in our hills we find these birds in profusion. In the summer and fall, Cache Creek is alive with these. I've seen these alight on sunflower heads



DO NOT TRY THIS AT HOME!! Jim Hiatt, our bird-man of Hungry Hollow, was trimming limbs and found several nests waaaaay up in his Eucalyptus trees and shared his sequence of shots.



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and pick the seeds out. They have a habit in flying of following a fence-line, pole-line, tree-line---pretty much anything that runs in a straight line. After the morning feed, they fly back to the orchards to "loaf for the mid-day," as in the earlier generations we used to put it, and then back out to the feeding/watering area in the evening for the final feed for the day. Perhaps the favorite game bird hereabouts, the meat is delicious, with a wild-sweet flavor to it. When I was much younger, the season was the month of September, but in the last couple decades, since there are so many here in the winter as well that they "split" the season to the first half of September, and a couple weeks in December. It was the last FUN thing to do before school began again.

These are a very crude nester, with the chosen spot usually a branch crotch in a tree as we have on the ranch here, but even rain gutters will suffice. Anywhere from sticks alone to sticks lined with finer stuffs for the "Deluxe versions" are made, and nearly always there are two pure white eggs laid. If you see a dove on the ground, they're either feeding or looking for nesting materials. Weaker in the legs than most birds, they walk in short, quick steps on the ground--almost a crawl, and are not a hopper or walker like most of our other local birds.

One to six broods are had each year. The young are fun to watch grow up---this year I was able to get some really nice "progression" shots here from eggs to the ready-to-leave stages. The young feed from the mother's gullet of partially digested food-stuffs from the fields: "dove's milk."



From two eggs to two chicks, closer and closer--oops! They flew the coop, as it were!

Incubation takes two weeks. The hatched young, called squabs, are altricial, being helpless at hatching and covered with down.

Mourning Doves have a familiar brownish-gray-tan coloration, some black spotting on the wings, and the upper breast feathers have an iridescent pinkish-salmon tinge to the feathers themselves, but this can be seen only very close-up--see page 14. It's one of the first things that an observant first-time dove hunter or birder learns about these lovelies. Males and females are colored alike. Young have a darker gray-black down that's white-tipped and then goes more to the brownish color as the feathers come in. Country-life would be somehow just incomplete without these special friends that just help to make our mutual home what it is, and are another facet to our appreciation of things here. Jim Hiatt

parents feed the squabs "dove's milk" for the first 3-4 days. After that, the crop milk is gradually augmented by seeds. Fledging takes place in about 11-15 days, before the squabs are fully grown but after they are capable of digesting adult food.

<http://en.wikipedia.org/>



Left: Tarweed flower.

One problem with moving away from "home" for decades and trusting your memories when you come back--what do they say, "You can't go home again"? Well, you can--but it will surprise you!

Case in point: in Volume 12, I wrote about my love of that pungent smell of Tarweed on the Monroe Ranch--problem was, the pungent plant I was calling Tarweed was actually **Croton setiger**, or *Turkey Mullein* or *Doveweed*. When I found this out I went into research over-drive and the first thing botanist Tim Lowrey said to me--again--was: "That is the problem with using the common names, Betsy, you can easily make mistakes with similar plants." Thing is, we do have both plants on the old ranch and they are hairy and pungent and not so great for livestock--BUT I STILL LOVE THE SMELL! That part has not changed! Oh, and I have gone back and re-written that feature in Volume 12! My motto: *Never stop learning—and editing!!*

Below: Dove-loving Croton setiger -- that's Turkey Mullein or Doveweed to us!

Below: Croton stellate hairs 4.JPG -- greatly magnified from: <http://malpighiales.myspecies.info/file/1504>

Thanks to my photo-buddy Jim Hiatt (descended from the Capay Valley and Hungry Hollow Goodnow pioneers) and my old EHS buddy Tim Lowrey (descended from the pioneer Rumsey Lowreys, now a botany professor at UNM) I can now tell

Doveweed from Tarweed!! Thanks, guys! And I have now seen the stellate hairs up close and personal—thanks to the internet! Doveweed: "The foliage is toxic to animals, and the crushed plants were used by Native Americans to stupefy fish and make them easy to catch. Turkey mullein was smoked to cure sore throats and cough. It can replace a fraction of tobacco. The seeds are very palatable to birds"--especially Mourning Doves!!

Below: <http://corelectronics.com/DERUFF/Croton%20setiger.htm>

Bottom 2 photos taken by Betsy Monroe and Jim Hiatt in Hungry Hollow, 2013.





Tarweed is a broad term for several plants with similar pungent, sticky features: "Holocarpha virgata, is a 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, hides forage needed by livestock, and coats the faces and legs of livestock with a tarry resin. Tarweed germination starts in the fall with the first rains and continues

into April. Other summer annuals such as turkey mullein (Eremocarpus setigens) and vinegar weed (Trichostema lanceolatum) germinate in the spring and appear to be restricted to open areas with low vegetative cover, thus avoiding competition with the winter annuals."

<http://californiarangeland.ucdavis.edu/Weeds/tarweed.htm>

Now, I can't be sure, but I went out and pulled up some that I THINK are Tarweed and here are the pictures...I am sure someone will correct me if I am wrong--AGAIN!! That is the great thing about interactive media and short print runs!

Holocarpha is a small genus of flowering plants in the [daisy family](#). The genus contains four species of [tarweeds](#) which are all [endemic](#) to [California](#).

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Holocarpha>

And then there are those other common local "weeds"--and their own "Good News/Bad News" features.

There is what we commonly call Devil's Claw--the dried seed pods are seen at right, known to tangle around the hooves of livestock—which is nature's way to spread the seeds, but can cause great harm. BUT the plant itself, seen below it, is also edible by both livestock and humans and is a familiar delicacy in Mexico, where it is a more common plant--and probably where ours came from. Wikipedia gives us this: "The fruits of all species are edible before they ripen and become woody, they can be steamed and eaten much like okra. Some species (particularly P. parviflora) are used in basket weaving by the Tohono O'odham who have selected for varieties with longer 'claws'..." and they "eat the seeds; in ancient times seeds provided an important source of dietary oils." Today the medicinal qualities are well-known and supplements are easily found in any health food store.



...and then there is Milk Thistle, seen below--thorny and invasive--but whose medicinal properties are also well-known and available in supplement form, especially for liver health. Milk thistle (silymarin) is a flowering herb related to the daisy and ragweed family. It is native to Mediterranean countries.



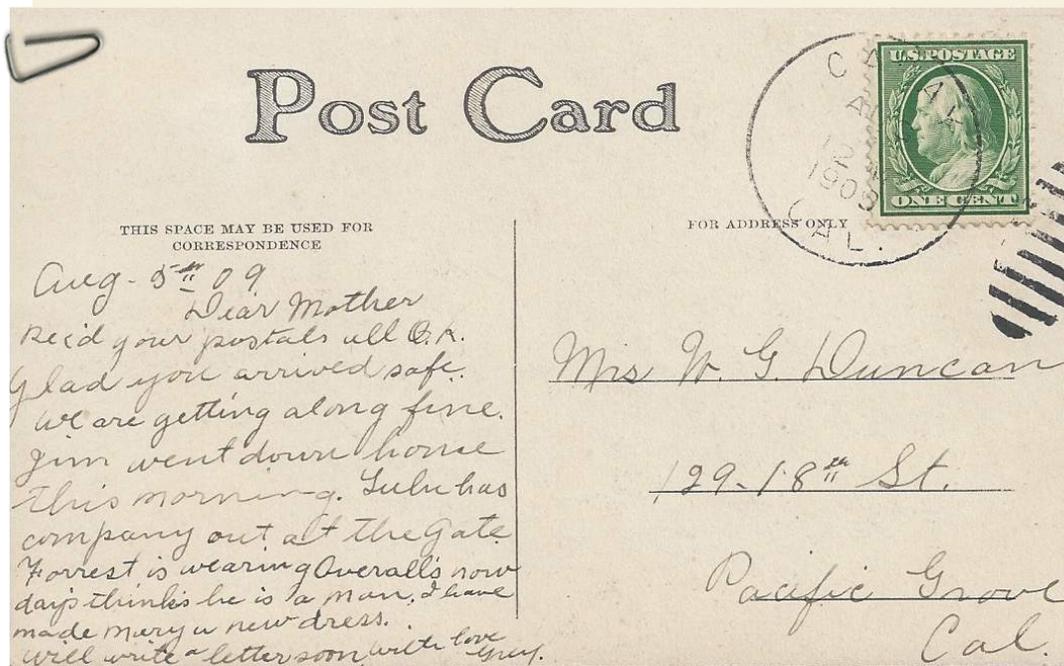
Some people also call it Blessed Mary thistle, or Scotch Thistle--as it is common in Scotland and often seen in a clan symbol. A native plant of Europe and eastern Asia, it was introduced in the U.S. late in the 1800's. It is said to have saved Scotland from invading Norsemen when nighttime guards were alerted by cries of pain as the attacking army tried to walk stealth-like through the thistle with their bare feet.





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

In 1938, after 28 years as Yolo county Sheriff, James William Monroe would retire and his eldest son and Undersheriff Forrest Duncan Monroe would run to replace him--serving for 32 years from 1939 to 1971 when he retired. NOTE: His father, "Sunny Jim," died in 1939 in an auto accident between Winters and Woodland--not far from his birthplace in Buckeye.



In the vintage post card above, Forrest's mother Grey--Elvira Grey (Duncan) Monroe--writes her mother, Mary Elizabeth (Franklin) Duncan, [addressing her formally as *Mrs W.G. Duncan*, as she was the wife of Wyatt Godfrey Duncan, both of whom still lived on the Duncan Ranch in Hungry Hollow in 1909, but were visiting friends in Pacific Grove.] She says her husband, *Jim* [at this time Yolo County Supervisor and future Sheriff, James Monroe] "*went down home*," referring to the family ranch, and that "*Forrest is wearing overalls now days, thinks he is a man...*" At this point, Forrest would have just turned 3 in July 1909.

When Forrest D. Monroe took office as Yolo County Sheriff on January 1, 1939, he was 32 years old, the youngest sheriff in California. In 1971, he retired as the oldest sheriff in the state at 65 years old. During that tenure, he was known "for his patience, understanding, for never mistreating an inmate or losing his temper," according to Don Wyly, a Woodland city councilman who had served as undersheriff in 1939 and knew Forrest well. Larry Germeshausen, a long-time family friend and head of the civil department of the sheriff's office during Forrest's time as sheriff presented him with a 20-gauge, super-imposed Browning shotgun on behalf of the sheriff's staff at his retirement--so he could go out to the Monroe Ranch in Hungry Hollow--where he was born in July 18, 1906--and enjoy his later years.

Michael N. Canlis, sheriff-coroner of San Joaquin county and president of the National Sheriff's association in 1971, gave a speech at Forrest's retirement party at the Woodland Elks lodge. He recounted an era of "*crude communications--before squad car, radio, FBI and phone booth--during which America's most flamboyant crimes flourished and when everyone agreed who the good and bad guys were...Forrest grew up courageously. He was there this entire period. The posse used to invoke posse law...*" He pointed out that when someone called for the sheriff, he went--he did not want to face that one farmer he had not responded to if



Forrest D. Monroe, undersheriff and "chip off the ol' block" and now a candidate to succeed his father in office.

he was the only one who arrived when you called for a posse! He noted how times and crimes changed over the 60 years: "*...we're a few who've seen all elements of crime...in the old days we would go after guys dynamiting safes--now they're bombing us!*"

1911-1971: interesting times in law enforcement!

Read all about it in the upcoming book: *Monroe for Sheriff, 60 Consecutive Years Serving Yolo County, 1911-1971, due out in 2015.*



Photo at left: The home of Forrest D. and Rose (Balestra) Monroe at 712 Second Street, Woodland, as it appears today. The oak in front is a registered heritage oak over 300 years old. The registered heritage Greek Revival house was built for the Merritt family in 1929. Rose and Forrest would buy it and raise their two children, Forrest D. Jr. and Carol E. Loverne, there and live just 2 blocks from his parents' home at 740 College Street until his death in December 1974.

Early in Forrest D's career with the Yolo County Sheriff's Department, he would make several marijuana busts--times have not changed much: Yolo county sheriffs arrested two young men in Winters on July 17, 2013, for 2,700 illegal plants hidden on the banks of Putah Creek by dense foliage. In the photo below from his father's memoirs, Undersheriff Forrest with one such crop, having been hidden by Indian corn on a farm near Broderick. At another time, an even larger crop was raided in 1934 by Forrest who "located a field of Indian hemp, from which the drug is made. This two-acre patch yielded 10,000 pounds of hemp...cleverly screened...by several rows of corn...on the old Carrie Montgomery ranch southeast of Davis...subleased to Pena and Soldi. The narcotic peddlers were speedily sentenced to San Quentin."



Undersheriff Forrest D. Monroe and Eddie Cox, the latter of Sacramento, discovered this rich cache of narcotic weed. The crop was big enough to make seven million marijuana cigarettes.

About this same time, Undersheriff Forrest D. was the arresting officer in the "White Hibiscus" case--Yolo County's "most dramatic and sensational murder trial in its history," per his father's memoirs. Judson Duke shot a young poet in the belly on a Dunnigan ranch for writing love-letters to his wife...but that is one of several stories to appear in the upcoming

Book—*don't miss it!*

NOTE: Ad below is for Linda Pillard, selling Capay Valley Real Estate through Bella Vie, a company co-owned by a great niece of Forrest D. Monroe, Sherri Monroe Cunningham: she is the granddaughter of his brother James William Monroe, II, who acted as ranch manager on the Monroe half of the Duncan family ranch from 1936 until the ranch was sold. Interestingly, Linda was the agent for the sale of the remaining Duncan portion years later to John Scully of Winters—it's a small world in the greater Capay Valley!

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Yolo Fliers Club--Yolo County has a long history of fliers...and golfers!

Since its founding in 1919, "the Yolo Fliers Club has provided its members with a recreational facility that has been recognized as one of the outstanding courses in Northern California, and a club structure that provides the opportunity to enjoy a variety of activities that are part of country club living."

Taken from their website at: <http://www.yolofliers.com>

Not just for private planes, but a rentable event center--and then there is, of course, GOLF*:

"Our course is recognized by the USGA and NCGA as a championship venue, as Yolo Fliers has hosted qualifying tournaments for the Senior U.S. Open, the U.S. Open and U.S. Junior Amateur...The "Fliers Club," as it is known locally, is a "private proprietary golf and country club with a long and proud history. Founded nearly a century ago by a group of aviation enthusiasts led by O.W.H. Pratt, the club was intended to be a haven for aerial enthusiasts and their families. Along with one of the finest private air fields on the West Coast, a clubhouse, swimming pool, golf course and bowling alley were part of the original plan. Today, Yolo Fliers Club offers a championship caliber 18 hole golf course, a 20,000-plus square foot clubhouse, which includes Men's and Women's Locker rooms, a Bar and Grill, 2 fine dining rooms, a full-service Pro Shop and administrative offices. A complete practice facility with driving range, practice bunker, chipping green and 2 practice putting greens round out the golfing facility and a full-size swimming pool completes the Clubhouse amenities."

Begun in 1919, "by June 1920, a landing field was completed – the first private field of its kind in Northern California. Shortly thereafter, the first nine holes of the golf course were completed.

Flying became a reality on August 22, 1920 when a squadron of six Liberty powered de Havilland Army planes, led by Major Carl A. Spaatz, landed to inspect the field. Spaatz reported favorably to the War Department, ranking the field as a Class A facility. It was the first civilian field in Northern California.

"On May 7, 1921, national attention was focused on the Fliers Club field when an aerial show and races were held. At that time, it was the largest show of its kind ever held on the Pacific Coast. The show attracted outstanding planes and fliers, including General Henry H. Arnold; Lieutenant Lowell Smith, who was later to head the U.S. Army's first flight around the world; Major Atkinson, commander of Mather Field; Major Fitzgerald of San Diego; Lieutenant Harry Halverson; Major Reed M. Chambers; Frank Clarks and many other nationally known pilots.

"Interesting planes featured included an all-metal, low-wing Junkers cabin monoplane entered by Cecil B. DeMille; a Jacuzzi monoplane of U.S. manufacture; the Friezley Falcon, a twin motored, 12-passenger cabin plane built at Gridley; the Le Pere Special, constructed entirely of mahogany by L.C. Brand; Cliff Driant's Italian Balillo; a British SES; an Ansaldo; 14 Lincoln Standards; a Jenny and 16 Army de Havillands.

"The field continued in operation with Vance Breese as one of the early flight instructors. He came to the area in 1925 and left a year later to become chief pilot for Pacific Air Transport (later merged with United Air Lines). During the twenties and thirties, flying activities continued with members of Yolo Fliers Club participating. Herb Weggors later opened a flying school and leased the field in August 1943, although private flying was limited on the West Coast by World War II. He purchased the airport property in September 1945, with the provision written into the agreement that club members were forever entitled to use of the airstrip. Milton Watts assumed ownership on September 1, 1952, and had continued the tradition of cooperation with the Yolo Fliers Club members, as they share one of the most pleasant spots to fly into in Northern California today.

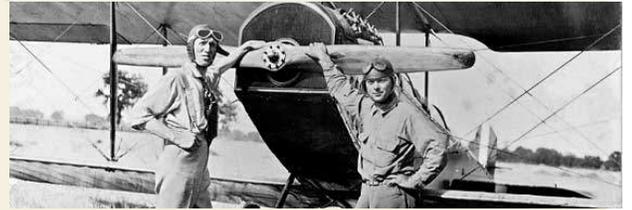
"In 1958, the second nine holes of the golf course were completed, making Yolo Fliers Club one of the better known and enjoyed 18-hole golf courses in the Sacramento Valley."

Yolo Fliers Club
17980 County Road 94B
Woodland, CA 95695

Main Phone: (530) 662-0281
Pro Shop: (530) 662-8050
Fax: (530) 662-3927

Email: clubhouse@yolofliers.org

* Is it true the word GOLF comes from the acronym: "Gentlemen Only, Ladies Forbidden"?



The Yolo Fliers Club was founded by aviation enthusiast and sportsman O. W. H. Pratt on Sunday, Sept. 28, 1919.



Yolo County Fliers--whether crop-dusters or plane enthusiasts, they have a long and storied history in this area!

THOSE DARING YOUNG MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES!!

Most local acrobatics-of-the-air are doing what most of us call “crop dusting,” but the formal term for what those dare-devil fliers are doing--seemingly mere inches above the crops and fences *and our heads--is Aerial Application*. Exciting to me since I was a small child in Hungry Hollow--when we would hear the swooping engines over the house a half mile west of County Roads 85 and 16 and would jump up and run out to watch. Back then, the flier might be Russell Hamblet, whose parents Fred and Eve owned the little house where we lived 4 miles north of Capay. A good friend of my father, Tom Monroe, Russell once landed on the dirt field west of our house, taxied up to three small children ages 2-4 and lifted the eldest, Tommy, up into the plane and flew away with him. As Cathy and I stood gaping in wonder, Mom came out with a look of horror. Dad assured her later that planes flown by someone as experienced as Russell were safer than cars—but I doubt it had the soothing effect he was aiming for. Happily, all went well that day and Tommy couldn't have been more delighted...sadly, 3 years later, in 1958, it did not go so well: Russell was a passenger; his pilot was Ken Jessen, grandson of Xavier Ehrhart of Capay. Ken was a licensed pilot with experience, but that day their Piper Cub inexplicably plunged to the earth from 200 feet and crashed on the Hamblet Ranch in the Dunnigan Hills, killing them both instantly. As my father said at the time, Russell and many like him are experienced and safe fliers, but there is nothing rally “safe” when you are soaring above the hard ground.

And there is nothing “safe” about the occupation of crop dusting. In order to apply fertilizers, pesticides and fungicides, they have to maneuver those small planes to within feet of crops, trees, power-lines, fences and houses. Dangerous as it is, whether for work or pleasure, man and women will still climb aboard and head for the heavens...

Some are the excellent fliers who train others and fly exhibitions, like local plane enthusiast Vern Dallman. A collector of historic planes, Vern and his wife Ruth held annual air shows focused on aerobatic safety at their ranch south of Esparto: *Ala Doble's Bob Herendeen Aerobatic Safety Meeting* was also a fundraiser for Vern's beloved Esparto and Madison Fire Departments. Tragic irony had Vern die in January 1999 as a result of burns suffered in a flaming landing of his Rocket II on December 31, 1998. Miraculously, Vern managed to land the flame- and smoke-filled plane, credited with saving the life of his passenger, Frank Schilling of the Hiller Aviation Museum. His skills as an aviator and safety instructor served him well many time...but could not save his own life that day.

Aerial seed sowing began in 1906 in New Zealand by a hot air balloon; with the first crop dusting by plane in 1921 in Ohio; Top dressing took off between 1939-1946, when the application of poisons boomed along with the chemical industry--before environmental and health concerns curtailed some applications and the practice of flagmen on the ground. Night applications began in the 1970s due to the discovery that many insects came to the top of crops only at night.

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Crop_dusting

Date: Jan 22, 1999

From: Brian Lloyd

Subject: RV Harmon Rocket Accident

“Vern Dallman died this past week. I was over at the Sacramento FSDO yesterday. We got to talking about Vern Dallman's fire. Turns out the guy I was talking to had been involved in the investigation and gave me some first-hand info. The fire began forward of the firewall in the vicinity of the rear cylinders. (The exact cause isn't known but the current guess is that one of the fuel injection lines to the rear cylinders failed.) The fire burned through the firewall down low where the firewall is displaced forward to make room for the rudder pedals. It also burned through all the rubber grommets in the firewall allowing smoke, fumes, and flame into the cockpit well before the firewall failed.”



Photo taken at the Beale Air Force Base Air Show by Betsy Monroe 2012

Air Shows in Esparto?

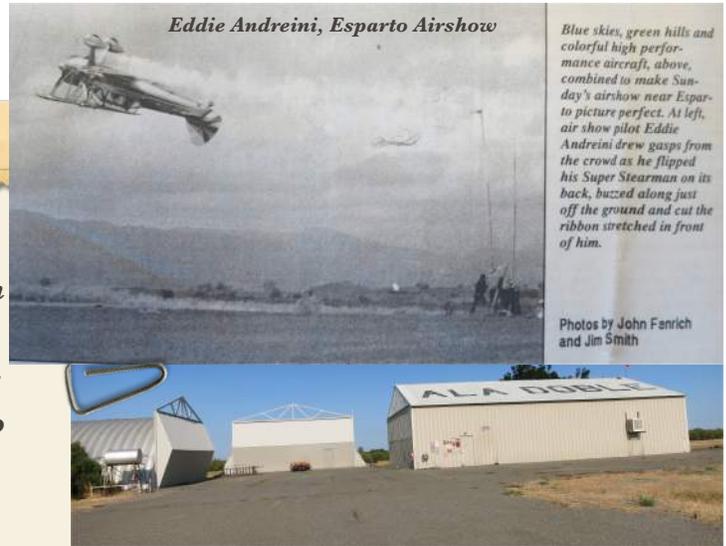
Yes, we had them...but once I heard about them and started asking around, I was interested to find so few locals who knew about them or ever attended. So, to get to the bottom of it, I went to the source: the wife of the pilot responsible for bringing these daredevils here.

Ruth and Vern Dallman bought the old John and Helen Lider ranch on County Road 25, south of Esparto, in 1988--because it came with a runway. The easement was *grandfathered in*, so they did upgrades and began flying in from their Lake Tahoe home, while building a new house behind the original house. Vern was an experienced flier, but also a collector of vintage planes and a stunt pilot. And as such, he had many hours of experience aloft--giving him many useful techniques for surviving the worst scenarios a pilot can encounter in the air. He collected a few of his stunt-flying buddies and in March, 1991, started a seminar and demonstration event at his ranch, Ala Doble (Double Wing). Perhaps the reason more *locals* didn't know about nor attend was that it was not really an *air show*, per se, but an aerobatic safety seminar for pilots. The seminar took place in the mornings on Saturday and Sunday, followed by demonstrations by expert stunt pilots. Some local pilots did attend, of course, such as hobby-pilot John Stephens from his nearby historic Oakdale Ranch, but for the most part, the 4-500 attendees were pilots flying in from all over the country, along with neighbors and friends of the Dallmans. Vern Dallman had become a volunteer fireman for the Esparto [and eventually Madison] Fire Department, so proceeds for the event were a fundraiser for the department, which hosted the BBQ and bar for lunch and at the end of the day on Saturday, when a dance with live music was held in the main hanger (seen above). It also offered opportunities for fundraising for the Boy Scouts, who sold sodas, and the EHS Ag Boosters, who grilled burgers.

The Dallmans became quite involved and invested in the local community in the 10 years of this event, and those who did attend remember them well. When Vern died just 2 months before the planned 1999 event, the show did go on. A pilot tried to continue it the next year, but without the irrepressible Vern, it just couldn't stay aloft. Ruth, who remains at *Ala Doble*, was very gracious with her time, scrapbooks and stories--always fond and often funny. *Go to our website for more.*

Vern Dallman and partner Mike Van Wagenen were co-members of the *Tahoe High Rollers*, performing for years in the Tahoe and Reno area, as well as across the country, flying 260-horsepower Pitts S-2B custom-made biplanes, doing rolls, dives, loops and tail spins, among other daring maneuvers in the 1970-80s.

Below: the controversially modified "Rocket" flown by Vern Dallman that fateful day. This 1997 article from *In Flight USA* tells about the risky modifications of the fuel lines from an RV-4 to this "Rocket"--and why they made them.



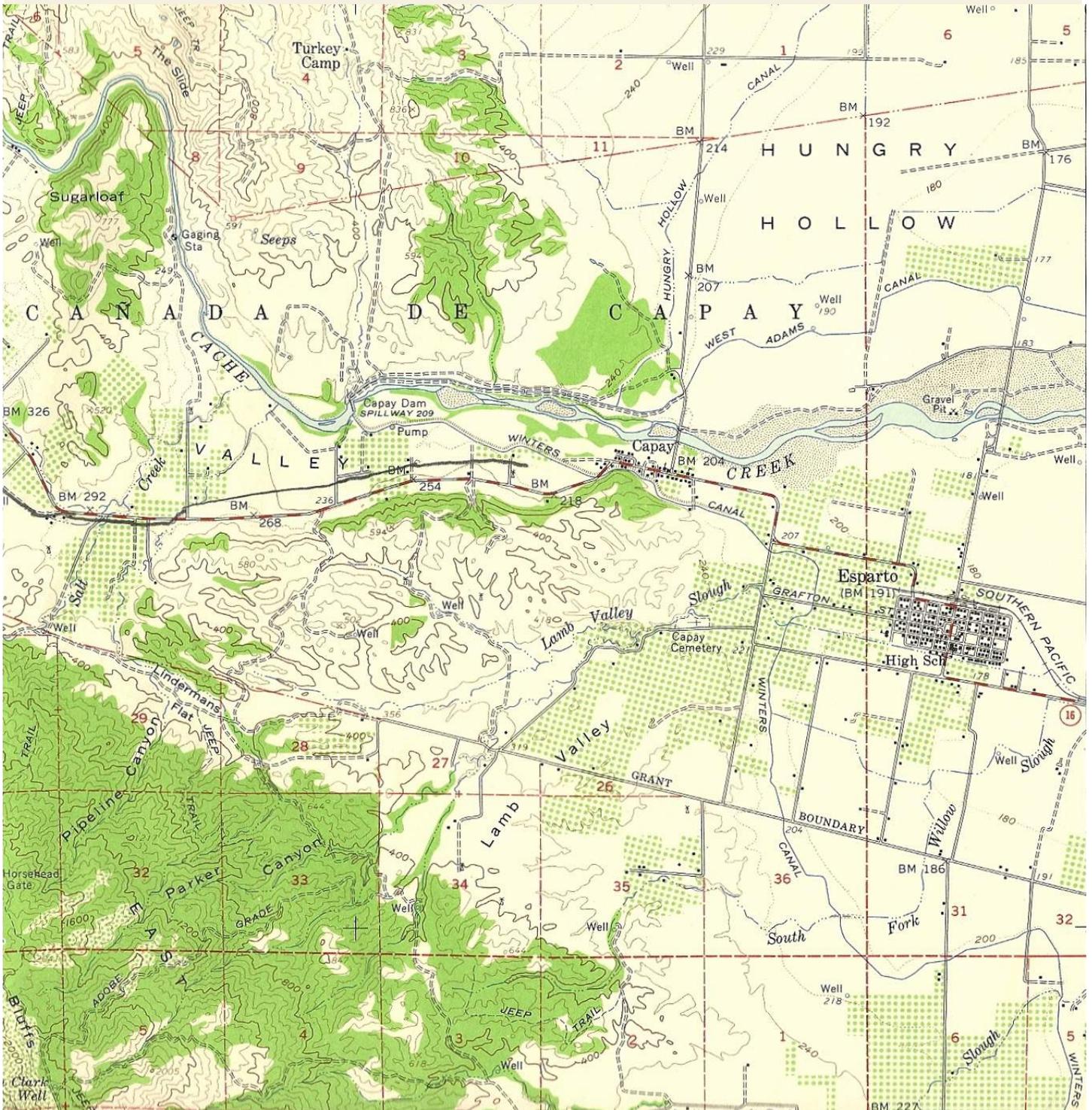
Eddie Andreini, Esparto Airshow

Blue skies, green hills and colorful high performance aircraft, above, combined to make Sunday's airshow near Esparto picture perfect. At left, air show pilot Eddie Andreini drew gasps from the crowd as he flipped his Super Stearman on its back, buzzed along just off the ground and cut the ribbon stretched in front of him.

Photos by John Fenrich and Jim Smith

Vern Dallman was born in Sacramento, but after his family moved to the Bay Area he met Ruth while rollerskating--and she flew off with his heart! In an interview for The Daily Democrat on October 31, 1997, he admitted to having wanted to fly for as long as he could remember: "Charles Lindbergh had his historic flight across the Atlantic Ocean the year before Dallman was born..." 'Pilots were the heroes of the day,' Dallman said. 'I knew I was going to be a pilot from my first memories. I always wondered why everyone else didn't become a pilot.' One of Dallman's most famous and cherished vintage planes was his 1914 aerobatic "Little Looper," which he later donated to the Hiller Museum of Northern California Aviation History in San Carlos. "It was first flown by Lincoln Beachey, who was the first person to perform a loop in an airplane." Beachey died in a crash in it in 1915, but parts of it were bought by Vern, who restored it and flew loopy-loops in it himself until 1991. Vern took his first lesson in 1945 and was an air show pilot for 17 years, also becoming an IAC Aerobatic Competency Examiner--meaning you had to talk to him if you wanted a low level waiver to do air shows. But even with all this experience, nothing keeps you completely safe while in the air--Vern would be the first to tell you this. The safety seminar he started hosting at his Esparto Ala Doble Ranch was to address this fact. The annual Bob Herendeen Aerobatic Safety Meeting "featured sessions on emergency exits, how to handle high 'G' forces, flying aerobatic formations and many safety-related subjects," taught and demonstrated by world-class stunt pilots like Bob Herendeen, Eddie Andreini and Bill Cornick--and notably several female stunt pilots like Amelia Read, Cecilia Aragon and Julie Clark--flying such planes as: a Super Stearman, Mopar T-34, The Raven, a Zlin, and a Yak 55. Bob Herendeen would perform an inverted flat spin--one of the most pilot-feared maneuvers of all--while calmly narrating it over the radio to the audience below on Ala Doble runway.

Go to our website for more on all this at greatercapayvalley.org



The snap shot above is from a Geological Survey Map from the 1960-70s. It shows some of the colloquial names of some of the familiar places that I have used in this journal series like *Hungry Hollow*, the *Turkey Camp*, and *Lamb Valley*; along with the place-names like *Esparto* and *Capay*; and features like the *Capay Dam* and the *Adams canal* and the *Winters canal* running from it--and, of course, *Cache Creek* and *Salt Creek*. Notice the S-curve in *Cache Creek* at the top left, with *Sugarloaf* to the south and *The Slide* to the north--at the far left is now the *Yoche DeHe Golf Course*. Many of the more colloquial names no longer appear on the survey maps. Notice the jeep trails and wells and the names for the canyons and sloughs.

Our Huck Finn of Capay, Ernie Lehman, tells of swimming in Cache Creek and down the canals--sometimes all the way to Esparto!

Ernie's background: *Henry Lehman, known as Ike Lehman, was born in Boise, Idaho to a Mormon family with seven brothers and sisters. At the age of 17 Ike moved to Salt Lake City and became a bartender--which did not sit well with the rest of the family. Ike met Katherine Baker, known as Kay, in Salt Lake City where they were married. Kay had a son whom Ike adopted, named Doug Lehman. Ike and Kay both worked as bartenders in Salt Lake City where Margo Lehman was born. In the 1930s Ike and Kay purchased a bar in Elko, Nevada, where Dawn and Torreen were born. In the late 1940s the family moved to Vallejo, California, where Ernie was born. In 1957 Ike and Kay purchased a bar in Capay, California named Louis' Tavern--or Cavern, depending on the source you use. Ike and Kay never changed the name but just added Ike and Kay to it, calling it: Ike and Kay's Louis' Tavern--known for many years simply as Ike and Kay's. [Later, it was sold and would be Ron and Kay's. Today it is the renovated Road Trip Bar and Grill.]*

Margo Lehman graduated high school at Esparto and moved to Woodland, California, where she met and married Pete Perez. Dawn Lehman graduated EHS, where she met and married Joe Jimenez, local electrician, and they live in Woodland.

Ernie shares, *"My parents bought the bar from Louis's wife, I believe. She lived down the street for years. She owned the almond orchard behind Ike and Kays's and the little three room hotel that used to be in Capay. I think they were Greek. She lived right next to the lot where the Monroe's owned a house. The house was torn down years ago. You had Ike and Kays, the Monroe barn/warehouse (after the fire, just a huge hole), then a house owned by the Monroes, and Louie's wife was the next house down, then the little hotel. There was an road that went up to the canal after that. I hope this helps."*

Ike and Kay sold the bar in 1977--but while they were there, Ernie thoroughly enjoyed and explored Capay, the valley, the canals, and Cache Creek! I got so many delightful stories from him once I asked for his memories that I can only excerpt them here--but they will find their way to the website at greatercapayvalley.org

The Swimming Hole--by Ernie Lehman: *I moved to Capay in 1957 when I was five--and in fact a very hard-headed five year old. My mom and dad bought the bar named Louie's Tavern and changed the name to Ike and Kay's Louie's Tavern. It took a few weeks for me to adjust to living in a country community but I did adapt to it fairly quickly and thoroughly--and I was out the door!*

My first love was the Capay Bridge and Cache Creek! The first swimming hole in my awareness was on the north end of the Capay Bridge: man what an incredible swimming hole! It was very large and deep, I'd say 10 or 12 feet or more. I learned to swim in that swimming hole where my older brother just threw me in and I dog paddled out. After that I almost lived there. Not very long after that I was jumping off bridge which scared the hell out of some of the older folk, as I would stand on the railing and jump off--and since I was seven years old some people would complain to my parents about it. That didn't stop me because swimming in that swimming hole and jumping off that bridge was the best. My sisters used to

come and drag me home; my dad came and got me; my mom--even guys who worked at the bar or some of the customers came to get me! I was grounded, spanked, yelled at and I still went back to that swimming hole whether I had permission or not!

*I met Mossy [Maurice] and Gary Henson, Larry and Roy Dutton, Ernie and Roy Metzger at that swimming hole! There was a rope tied to the bridge, which was incredibly fun. The second pillar of the bridge was a solid slab of cement that had large steps at the base. The top was about two and a half feet wide. With rope in hand you could run down that top step with enough trust to enable you to achieve a large rounded swing that would almost reach the second pillar of the bridge before letting go! It had a sandy beach on the east side of the swimming hole and a gravel beach on the west side. Every year I would go check out the Swimming Hole in late winter or early spring--usually with Mossy, Rosendo Sanchez and Gary Anderson, a friend from Sacramento who would visit almost every weekend. Every year I would get more and more excited for summer to come. I was in the water as soon as I thought I could without drowning. I loved testing the swimming hole to see if there were any changes. I would swim for hours and hours and hated to go home to eat even though I would be starving. --Then, one year that incredible swimming hole was just **gone!** In fact the waterway moved to the south end of the*

Photo l-r back: Johnny Duncan, Jimmy Durst, Tommy Monroe, ?? in back of Ernie Lehman, then Scott Craig. Front: Larry Taber and Betsy Monroe--her July 3, 1957, birthday party at Cache Creek, most likely.*

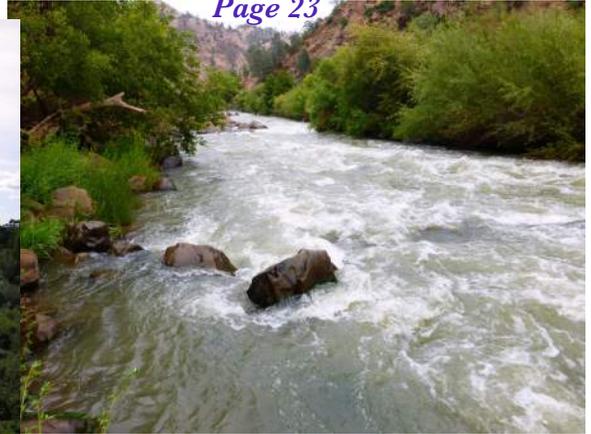


*Also at the party would probably have been Cathy and Bobby Monroe, Dudley Craig and Dawn Rominger--the usual suspects!

bridge! The new--and sadly shallower--swimming hole at the Capay Bridge was on the south side and that sucked!! That was my first BIG life upset. What a personal loss; when my first girlfriend broke up with me it didn't feel as bad as losing this perfect swimming hole!

Ernie Lehman's Memories, con't.

Photo below: Cache Creek just west of Capay Bridge near Ernie's "Swimming Hole."

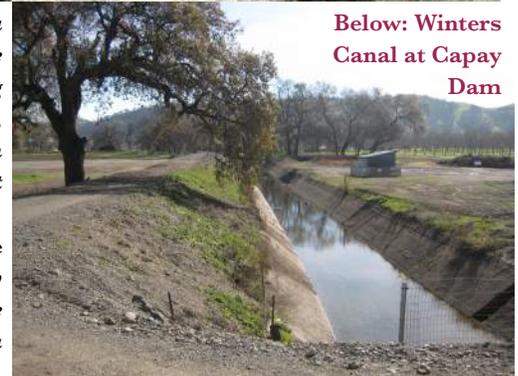


Above: upper Cache Creek. Below: the old Cache Creek concrete bridge, 1928 --very similar to the Capay Bridge Ernie remembers.



There were a lot of things to do on Cache Creek, like build forts in a bamboo jungle, or play army with black walnuts as our weapons in a little forest on the northern edge of the creek just west of the bridge, or in Peg Nichols' horse pasture on the south side of the creek; or camping, hunting, fishing--or just exploring. We would get so hungry we would cook perch on a stick--which I really didn't like, but man I would get hungry and it beat going home to eat!

Then there was the Capay dam and the canals [Adams on the north side and Winters on the south side; see volume 2]. I absolutely loved the Capay Dam and the canals that came from it. The dam itself was an incredible swimming hole especially on the south side where it was very deep. You could actually dive in and swim down and come out under the gates and into the canal on the south side. The North side wasn't as deep although plenty deep especially when they had the boards up on top of the dam. You couldn't get through into the canal on North side. You could however swim/walk up the tunnel all the way to the gates, which was fun and gratifying because we did it. The North side of Cache Creek was always more fun to me because there was nobody living up there, just lots of space and things to do. Lots of people lived on the south side--who had a tendency not to like young boys running around their property. The first time I swam from the dam to Capay it was an adventure because you didn't know what was coming up next around each bend. The water flows pretty fast in the canal and it wasn't always easy to climb out of. This part was sort of the start of our Capay canal stomping grounds. The [Winters] canal ran along what we used to call the Vannucci Hills all the way through south side of Capay and past the Vannucci farm. I have nothing but absolute wonderful memories of that section of the canal. Other times we jumped in at the dam and floated down to the the Vannucci bridge. I would sometimes jump into the canal and float down to the bridge just before the bars and walk into Esparto in the summertime. Later on, when I got into high school, we would canal-surf further down the canal, which was incredibly fun. There would be a whole bunch of guys and girls, with a long rope and a board being pulled by a truck. Another good thing about the canal: it had a few apricot trees along it and a grape vineyard. We would swim in the canal for so long we would be starving, and we would sneak into the grape vineyard and eat grapes, or just eat apricots off the trees. Sad to hear kids can no longer swim in the canals! Ernie



Below: Winters Canal at Capay Dam



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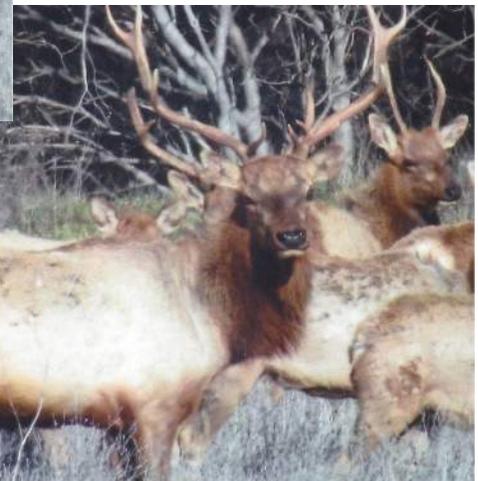
CAPAY VALLEY

September 2013 Volume 13

Below: Black-tail Deer doe captured on film May 2013 by Jim Hiatt near the Stephens Bridge by Yolo Fliers' Club and Cache Creek Conservancy/Nature Preserve: 530) 661-1070
[34199 County Road 20, Woodland, CA.](http://www.cache-creek-conservancy.org)



Tule Elk captured on film by Fred Lantz at "Cowboy Camp" near where Highways 16 and 20 intersect up the Capay Valley in late 2012. At left, Bugling to the females--mating season! Below, the full racks on a mature buck with another seen directly behind him, and a youth behind to the right.



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