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CAPAY VALLEY

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greatercapayvalley.org

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

Focusing on the Greater Capay Valley, including the 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--the Capay Valley!

As spring gives way to summer heat in the Capay Valley, we have a lot of attention on farming. I recently attended a Hedgerow workshop at *The Center for Land-based Learning* in Winters and one of the presenters claimed: *Capay Valley is one big Hedgerow!* Her comment was to show that while many farmers are reintroducing native plants at the borders of their crops to increase yield, some places, like our own Capay Valley, act to create their own habitat for pollinators and favorable life. Of course, some invasive species and pests get in there, too, but for the most part this special valley has been naturally blessed with a river-sized creek, several feeder springs, fertile soil, and a unique climate for farming many different crops. Thousands of years ago, before my pioneer ancestors arrived in the mid-1800s, the Patwin people had already discovered this and the valley has supported farming, in its many forms, ever since. Today, small farms tuck in between larger operations, organics share the valley with traditional methods, and somehow it all works--naturally!

The Capay Valley has inspired much art, from its sheer beauty, but also its colorful history & its "pioneer" lifestyle.



Above, the historic Langville School--Capay's original 1879 school--and at left, art drawn by Bob Monroe (self-portrait?); both painstakingly painted on ceramic by our mother, Jean Monroe

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When you depend upon farming and ranching for your existence--which includes eating, not just growing--you

should pay attention to the weather and climate reports. It is not news to anyone in the greater Capay Valley that we are now in a serious drought--the details of which may change from article to article, but reading or listening between the lines, we know we are *up the creek without a paddle*. According to the latest *Sacramento Bee* article I read on the drought, "Although February and March were wetter than average, the state could not make up the deficit, especially after two preceding dry years." The rest of the article went on much as the other articles in this large stack I have collected to say how much water is being restricted and to whom. Also, "the state conducted its final snow survey of the year, the Sierra Nevada snowpack was down to 18 percent of average for the date, leaving precious little runoff to resupply reservoirs and keep creeks and rivers flowing." Even more interesting may be the details about how the California Department of Water Resources and US Bureau of Reclamation go about diverting and curtailing or releasing water to the many different types of users: farmers and ranchers, towns and cities, industries and rural users. I have been waiting for the "water wars," but am impressed by how calm everyone is trying to be--and cooperative!

In researching the drought and our agriculture and water practices, I am interested in what my ol' alma mater UC Davis is up to in this area. Our new dean of UC Davis's College of Agriculture & Environmental Sciences is 4 months on the job: Helene Dillard is "head of the top agriculture school," as the editorial board at the *Sacramento Bee* calls her. "In February, the US Department of Agriculture designated UC Davis as one of the 10 climate-change 'hubs' in the country," so this will be interesting...

Two years ago, Mike Bloom let me scan a family photo of his grandfather's waterwheel on Cache Creek in 1911 near Guinda--I have been waiting for the right time to use it! Capay Valley is blessed with a creek many rightfully refer to as a river, as they try to use and manage its resources--as valley people have for countless centuries!



DICK BLOOM'S IRRIGATION WATER WHEEL CACHE CREEK, YOLO CO. 1911 NEAR GUINDA, CA.

Experiments and Adaptability in Farming in the greater Capay Valley--our farmers are always trying new things!

Dry Farming in the Hungry Hollow and Dunnigan Hills areas was typical, especially for the German pioneers. At right is a mule-drawn harvester of the Charles Schaupp family in 1919. Ever adaptive and experimenting, the Schaupps also tried their hand at rice farming nearer to Cache Creek. They had Esparto's own metal-magician Ben Herbst adapt one of their grain harvesters to work with rice. After graduating from UC Berkeley, Charles' son Clarence Schaupp would come home from the Korean War and farm with his father--where his children farm to this day.

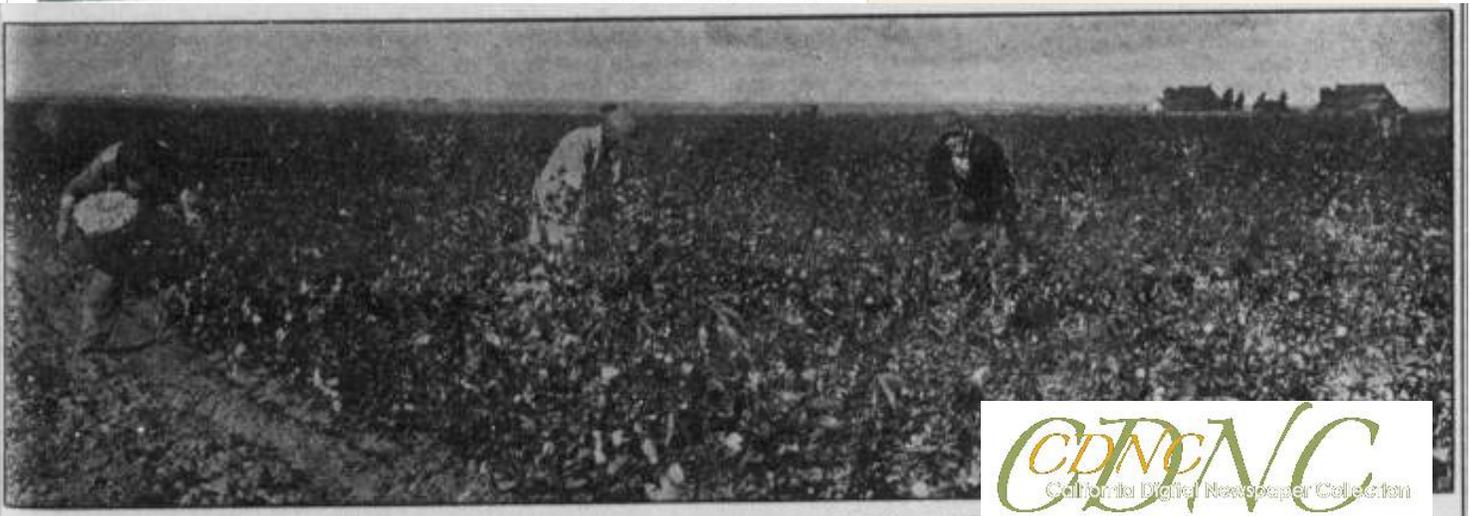
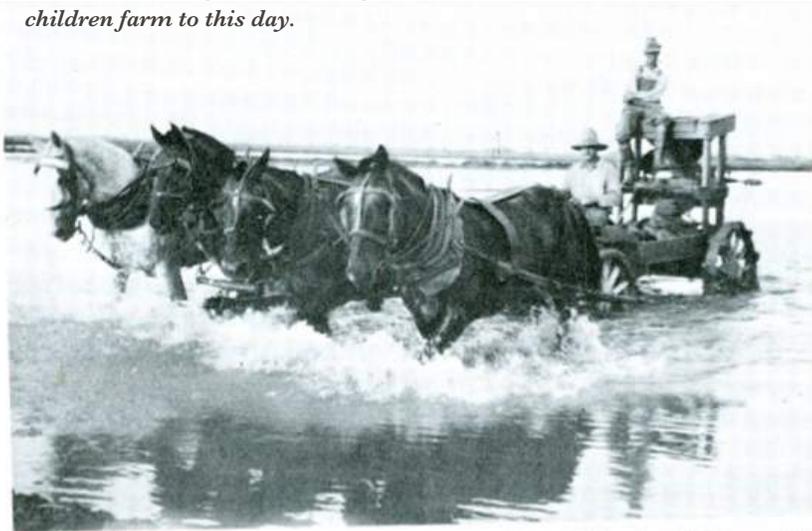


At left, an example of the Rice seeding in Colusa 1912. Colusa and Sutter counties continued their rice production far greater than did Yolo County, but it was tried even near Madison in the early 1900s.

And seen below, who knew Esparto had a Cotton Plantation north of town? It was owned by William W. Harris in early 1900s--the long-staple Egyptian variety netted the grower a good \$100/acre, but was labor-intensive--and grueling work--where labor for it was scarce.*

** [William Harris' son William went on to be one of the earliest pharmacists in Esparto--see vol 8 of this journal at Yolo County Library or posted on our website at greatercapayvalley.org]*

Bottom photos: California Digital Newspaper Collection





When the Valley Heat Arrives

thoughts will turn to cooling relief--swimming in one of our many creeks and rivers helps, but historically that often meant Dillon Beach!

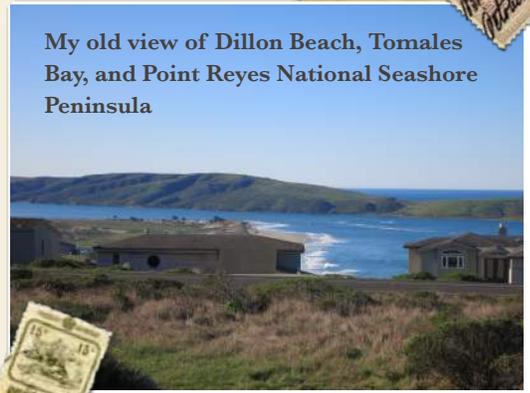
I was so used to our family outings to Dillon Beach at the northwest tip of Marin County I was surprised to find that many people in Marin County had never heard of it. It was a Monroe family tradition dating back to my grandparents: Sheriff "Sunny Jim" Monroe and his wife and seven kids spent many summers there--and I have the pictures to prove it! My own parents took us there almost every summer--and many years later I lived there for several glorious years! I'm still kicking myself for selling that house! I stayed a week in my old house recently and it inspired me to look into the history of the place and to share it with my readers--many of whom will have similar family stories of their own and many will be introduced to a little treasure on our California coast. Tucked between the more familiar Bodega Bay and Stinson Beach, due west of the historic town of Tomales on Dillon Beach Road, it is still privately owned and dog-on-a-leash friendly--check it out and make some family memories!

While most people go for the cooling fogs of summer, the little-known secret is that the rest of the year is sunny and temperate--shhhhh! Well, Ok, there were those hurricane-force winds of 100+mph in December and January, but an amazing number of days look just like they do in the picture above--which I took in early March, 2014.



As you wind your way west on Dillon Beach Road from lovely, historic Tomales, the first view of the Pacific Ocean and Dillon Beach also affords these iconic rock formations seen at left. We always called them Elephant Rocks--and it meant we were almost there!

My parents usually rented a white wooden cabin for the week in summer--often over my July 3rd birthday. So when I visited a few years ago when the Lawson family still owned the beach, Stan Lawson went up into the attic of the grocery store-café and found his grandmother's rental log book--and flipped right to this entry: *Tom Monroe Family, July 1963!*



My old view of Dillon Beach, Tomales Bay, and Point Reyes National Seashore Peninsula

Store and cafe in 2014; post card photo below is the store and then-hotel, 1942



In most of our memories, the beach was privately owned by the Lawson family--and "the Lawson Cousins" still own the campgrounds along the shore of Tomales Bay. I was not alone in wondering at the name, Dillon Beach, so I looked into it.

Continued on page 5



My old view toward Bodega and those amazing sunsets!



“Dillon Beach was named after the founder, George Dillon, who settled there in 1858. He sold to John Keegan with the agreement that the beach would always be named Dillon Beach. Keegan platted the town, built the hotel, which still stands as the store and restaurant (built of first-growth redwoods). Keegan also built cottages, one of which still stands along the road to the beach. [Alas, the quaint white cottages our family rented have been torn down.] Keegan ran a stage coach from Dillon Beach to Tomales where it met the train. Keegan eventually sold the holdings to the Lawson family, who owned it until 2001, when they sold the beach to the Cline family of Cline Cellars Winery. The first post office at Dillon Beach opened in 1922. It is the only privately owned beach in northern California. The undertow found at most beaches along the coast is weaker here, making swimming possible for those who can endure the coldness of the water. Surfers in wet suits are commonly seen. Fog is common in summer,” according to Wikipedia, which went on to say: “Lawson’s Landing is a fishing and boating resort and campground, situated at the mouth of Tomales Bay, California--known for generations of families as a place to escape the heat and to rest along the shores of the Pacific Ocean. You can find Lawson’s Landing located about 50 miles North of San Francisco and 20 miles West of Petaluma at Dillon Beach. The Landing was first established in 1929, and the campground has been running--family-owned and operated --since 1957.” [The trailers and campgrounds at the landing will be removed and closed in 2 years to protect the dunes and the endangered Western Snowy Plovers, seen below. Go to: sfbay.sierraclub.org/marin/IssuesArchivepages/Issue-Lawsons-Landing.htm]



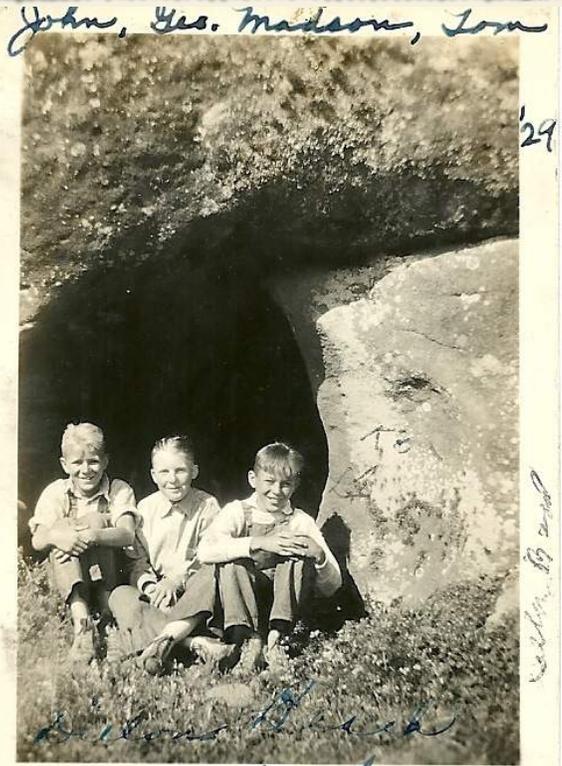
I had always loved the sleepy little village at the beach and longed to live there most of my life. But when I got the opportunity, where I ended up was up on the windy ridge where a subdivision went in in the 1960s and 70s. The views are amazing--but so are the winds! As the Wikipedia article explains: “During the 1960s, Oceana Marin was developed north of town by John Keegan's grandson, James Keegan of Wells Fargo Bank and Henry Trione of Sonoma County Mortgage. Fancy modern coastal houses were built on the hillsides overlooking the quaint town of small cottages giving it a unique appeal.” It would appear that when Keegan sold the beach area to the Lawsons, he kept the hills to the north. When the Lawson family first decided to sell in the 1990s, many corporate developers tried to turn it into a showcase of hotels, golf courses and elegant homes--similar to what has been done all along the California Coast! Thank goodness the California Coastal Commission and locals--along with the Lawson children--fought it. When Fred and Nancy Cline bought, they promised to keep it pretty much as it was--since they, too, had

fallen in love with its unique charm! Besides, Fred is an avid surfer! Happily, he also likes great food, so the little Cafe in the historic hotel-store has a fine chef for those “casual” meals; very reasonably priced and amazingly good, they can be eaten year-round out on the deck with a view of the sea and Point Reyes Peninsula, thanks to the heated tent-roof and windows. [Cline Cellars Winery is a family owned and operated winery located in the Carneros wine appellation of Sonoma County, California.]



Dillon B.

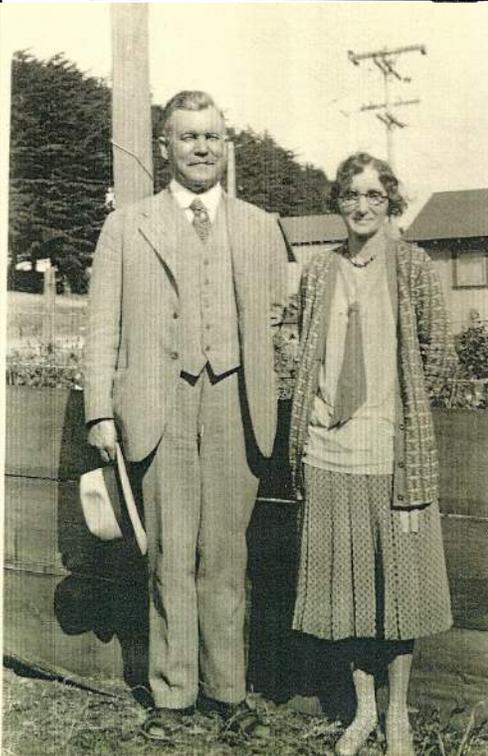
In 1928 at left and then 1929 at right, my dad, Tom J Monroe, grew up running through the Dillon Beach dunes and exploring the caves and looking for artifacts pointed out by local beach-combers--inspiring many a lifetime delight! To his family, this attire was "beach casual," I gather--but we spent most of our time, years later, turning blue diving into the chilly surf in skimpy 1950-60s bathing suits!



'29

John B. 2nd

Cave Rocks



Yolo county Sheriff (1911-1928) James Wm Monroe and wife Grey (Duncan) Monroe. She often stayed with the children for a week or more and he came out from Yolo County to cool off on weekends.



1928, above: "Papa" with his youngest of 7 kids: Wyatt, Aytle, John and Tom.

While living at Dillon Beach, I ran into an elderly gentleman whose "family had had a home there forever" and found out that he had spent many a summer day running around in the dunes and on the beach with my visiting father Tom and his older brother John. He told me an old man down at the Landing had told them where to find birds' nests and arrowheads, while regaling them with stories of the past in that area.

When the federal government was creating Point Reyes National Seashore as a park, they chose not to buy the beach from the Lawson family, stating that it was so well maintained as the largest private beach in California it was not necessary.



The Magic of Hedgerows a place for the Birds & Bees

CAPAY VALLEY IS ONE BIG, NATURAL HEDGEROW!



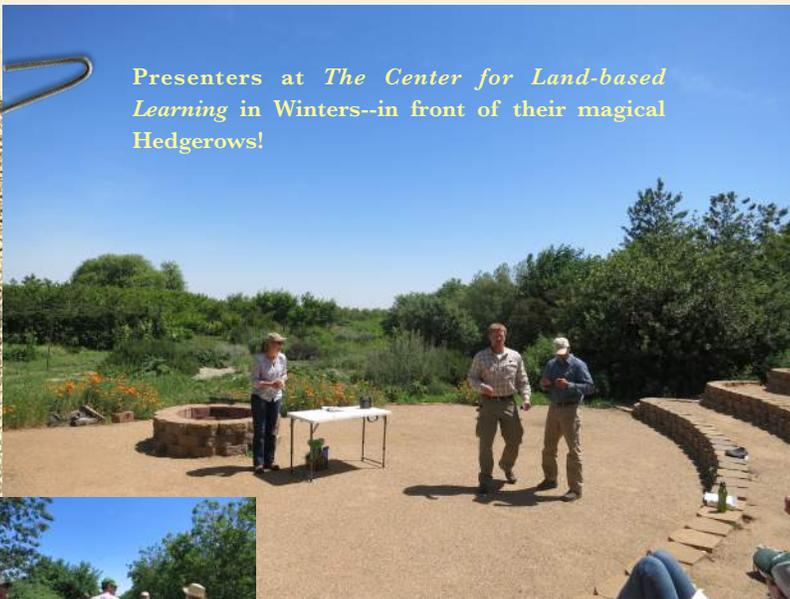
That is what the presenter said: when you think about what makes a hedgerow, you can see that the configuration of the Capay Valley creates one great big one! And therein lies a lot of our ag magic!

Having just written about hedgerows in the March issue, I was interested to continue my learning and attended a workshop: "Benefits of Hedgerows on Farms in the Sacramento Valley" at *The Center for Land-based Learning* at 5265 Putah Creek Road in Winters on April 30, 2014. It was focused on the benefits of "California native plants

in agriculture landscapes, including enhanced populations of native bees and beneficial insects on farms...establishment and maintenance practices for planting habitats on farm crop edges...(and an overview of plant species appropriate for hedgerows in the Sacramento Valley and beyond," according to their promotion piece. For those who need to accumulate *continuing education* credits, it offered 1 CE hour, but it was open to all who were interested--and I certainly am! The presenters covered such issues as increased farm yield and addressed the fears of rodent and harmful bug encouragement created

by these habitats--as a matter of fact, a great deal of their research is about just that! So far, adding hedgerows is, as many countries have known for generations, a win-win. One has to wonder why we wandered away from this practice of our ancestors. One of many questions I asked that day elicited the response that while some farmers in the Capay Valley do not create hedgerows, per se, the valley and its creek and diverse native plants do the same job, benefiting all the farms--naturally!

If you haven't toured or attended a workshop sponsored by either the Center or Hedgerow Farms, do so:



Presenters at *The Center for Land-based Learning* in Winters--in front of their magical Hedgerows!



John Anderson and Hedgerow Farm-
<http://hedgerowfarms.com/>
info@hedgerowfarms.com
 530-662-6847
 Center for Land-based Learning-
<http://landbasedlearning.org>
 Also check out: Yolo County Resource Conservation District: www.yolored.org & the USDA Natural Resources Conservation Service: www.nrcs.usda.gov

POLLINATOR HEDGEROWS: CHECK OUT [HTTP://WWW.YOLORCD.ORG](http://www.yolorcd.org)

Also check out a video from the USDA's Natural Resources Conservation Service:

"Pollinator Hedgerows" is one of a series of videos on conservation from the USDA's [Natural Resources Conservation Service](http://www.nrcs.usda.gov). The series is called, "There's a Plan for That." This segment discusses the benefits of foraging plants for honeybees and other pollinators.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4vdbJNuxPWc&list=UU7g5TIGMzbT59xGXfyUciVQ>

Also see www.youtube.com/user/NRCScalifornia

In the greater Capay Valley we are all interested in what our farmers will do during what is being called "an historic drought." When asking local farmers about their plans, I was directed to sites such as [yolorcd.org](http://www.yolorcd.org) to get answers and got this: *Farmers and ranchers will have limited access to surface water for irrigation, and many growers will not be able to sufficiently and sustainably substitute groundwater. To better prepare for water shortages like this one, growers can adopt on-farm 'water stewardship' practices to optimize agricultural production, achieve economic savings, and boost ecological and human health benefits. What can farmers do? Below are a few on-farm practices featured in the California Agricultural Water Stewardship Initiative(CAWSI) online resource center:*

Irrigation Management [See also: http://agwaterstewards.org/index.php/practices/irrigation_management/]:

Certain practices optimize water use when irrigating. Best management practices include, but are not limited to:

More efficient systems. Micro/drip irrigation can reduce water use by 30-50%.

Irrigation scheduling. Based on crop water needs, growers can use some combination of soil moisture monitoring, weather station information, and crop data as appropriate.

System maintenance. Regular inspections and upkeep improve the efficiency and uniformity of irrigation equipment.

Growers can also work with local Natural Resource Conservation Service (NRCS) staff to create irrigation plans and consult the NRCS Guide to Effective Irrigation Practices.

Recycled Water:

Growers can use treated municipal wastewater, reuse agricultural runoff or tailwater from irrigation events, or even use household grey water or roof runoff for small scale crop irrigation.

Soil Management:

Through proper soil management, growers can increase the water holding capacity of the soil, decrease erosion, and increase water infiltration rates. Stewardship practices include reduced tillage/conservation tillage, using soil amendments such as mulch or compost, and planting winter cover crops (though these do require winter rains to grow). Through these techniques, growers can build soil organic matter (SOM); studies have shown that for every 1% increase in SOM, soils can hold an additional 16,000 gallons of water in the top foot of soil.

On-Farm Ponds:

When winter rains do occur, on-farm ponds capture and store rainwater for use later in the season. Ponds can also be used to store runoff or tailwater from irrigation events to be reused on farm. Penn State Extension estimates that one 2-acre clay-lined pond with an average depth of 7 feet can provide roughly 10 acre-feet of irrigation water when filled.

This is by no means an exhaustive list of on-farm practices. Depending on the severity of water scarcity, growers may even consider switching to more drought-tolerant crops or even fallowing fields. The feasibility and usefulness of each practice will also vary by farm. Growers should consult with local UC Cooperative Extension advisors, NRCS staff, Resource Conservation Districts or commodity groups such as the Almond Board or California Sustainable

Winegrowing Alliance, for crop-specific water management advice during and after the drought.

I learned more about SLEWS: Student and Landowner Education and Watershed Stewardship, "which engages California high school students in habitat restoration projects." Typical of their work, there are site revisits after students have done their work like this one, per the [yolorcd.org](http://www.yolorcd.org) site: *from Woodland High School's Plant & Soil Science class joined teacher Jerry Delsol and Yolo RCD restorationist Heather Nichols for a day of learning at Lewis Butler's property in Woodland. The property had been restored with the help of SLEWS students from Woodland and Florin High Schools in 2006-07, and the 7 year old hedgerow provided a useful setting for students to learn about some of the native plants they will help reintroduce at their SLEWS site along Cottonwood Slough downstream at property managed by Blake Harlan.*

I also checked out the site landbasedlearning.org/slews and got this: *By including California school students in habitat restoration, SLEWS addresses the needs for healthier land and more wildlife habitat, and the need to instill conservation and stewardship values in high school students. SLEWS is one of the few habitat restoration projects targeted to high school students, who very much need to know that they can "make a difference" in their communities.*

For this kind of work and more, Yolo County RCD Receives Awards, such as these:

The California Department of Pesticide Regulation (DPR) has granted the 2013 Integrated Pest Management (IPM) Innovator Award to five California businesses and organizations that use 'greener' methods to

Continue at bottom of page 8

Drought and Flooding in Agriculture

IN FARMING, IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING...

A History of Drought: Learning from the Past, Looking to the Future

<http://calclimateag.org/a-history-of-drought-learning-from-the-past-looking-to-the-future/> by Adam Kotin and Dru Marion on February 3, 2014 gives us this:

Last Friday, the California Department of Water Resources (DWR) announced that no water would be delivered this year from the State Water Project to its twenty-nine public water agency customers—a first in the Project's 54-year history. These deliveries help supply water to 25 million Californians and roughly 750,000 acres of irrigated farmland. DWR also announced that allocations to Sacramento Valley agricultural districts would be cut in half.

The current drought, which continues to smash records statewide, has inspired a litany of articles and musings on the drought of 1976-1977. To be sure, there are some striking similarities between our current predicament and the dire situation 37 years ago – including the fact that then, as now, Jerry Brown was the fellow declaring the emergency.

But California has often endured water scarcity throughout its history, and each occasion

Continued from page 8:

effectively control pests.

This award is the highest environmental honor.

The IPM approach employs monitoring, record keeping and other non-chemical means to help prevent and treat pest problems.

"DPR is pleased to honor these innovative organizations

who are applying skills of observation and biology to address pest management challenges using approaches that are both effective and ecologically benign," said DPR Director Brian Leahy.

Established in 1994, DPR has given more than 140 IPM Innovator Awards to organizations that take significant

has brought its own challenges. Out of those challenges have come valuable lessons, and as the current dry spell becomes more severe it is worth remembering--and learning from--the state's long history of unpredictable weather fluctuations...

Agricultural operations, which account for roughly 75% of water use in California...The acclaimed UCLA historian Norris Hundley cautioned that, "It is a mistake...to think of California in terms of averages and regular cycles of precipitation." Settlers' accounts of the area are laden with odd conclusions based on the extreme conditions present at the time of observation. For example: a dry Sonoma was declared entirely unsuitable for agriculture in 1841. The Sacramento Valley was written off as "a barren wasteland." Much of the Central Valley was just a great "inland sea" during the torrential floods of 1861-1862, when Sacramento could be traversed only by canoe, then drought-stricken two years later in 1864.

By the early 1920s, those California farmers who did irrigate relied mostly on groundwater and flowing river sources, along with some smaller reservoirs, which sustained them just enough through the dry years. The decimation wrought by the 1924 drought encouraged more widespread interest in irrigation systems, along with investment in

bonds for larger systems to store water and transport it to where it was needed.

The Dust Bowl droughts of 1928-1935 stoked a desire for water-moving and storage on an even grander scale, and saw the design and construction of the federal Central Valley Project system of canals, pumps and aqueducts. Later, the multi-year droughts of 1947-1950 and 1959-1960 (as well as some extreme floods in the intervening years) helped to justify investment in the State Water Project, which irrigates the Central Valley and keeps taps flowing in Los Angeles.

Then came the 1976-1977 drought. At the end of the 'wet' season in 1976, rainfall levels were at 65% of the norm, reservoirs were depleted, and there was little to no Sierra snowpack to speak of—sound familiar?! Fears were confirmed as 1977 rolled in and marked one of the driest years on record. Forty-seven of California's 58 counties declared a local drought emergency, making them eligible for relief money on both the state and federal level.

Also check out:

http://agwaterstewards.org/index.php/practices/irrigation_management

Many of our local farmers are already checking out all these sites and more—and have long been practicing water stewardship, but tell me they are learning even more ways to manage with less water—**it's always something!**

See prior articles on the Stephens Family and Historic Oakdale Ranch re: hedgerows, yolorod, USDA Natural Resources Conservation Service www.nrcs.usda.gov & SLEWS in vol 3 of this journal



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The newest event venue at the gateway to the beautiful Capay Valley.

The Benjamin Franklin Lloyd Family comes to Rumsey

Yet another Benjamin Franklin in Capay Valley...

Take a stroll through the lovely Capay Cemetery and you will marvel at the many Benjamin Franklin *SOME*bodies buried there. So many of our pioneer ancestors--like Benjamin Franklin Duncan in my own line--and Benjamin Franklin Lloyd, founding pioneer of the focus family in this article.

Benjamin and his wife Mary Katherine "Katie" (Rantz) were not the first Lloyds in Rumsey; they followed their married daughter, *Hattie (Lloyd) Stone, bringing their younger sons Ben and George in 1894. Their children were all born in California, though Ben and Katie had tried Oregon before moving to Capay Valley to be nearer their daughter and grandchildren.

At first, Ben and his sons did work in the established orchards and vineyards of early pioneer families like Morrin, Levy, Haswell and Rumsey, et al. Eventually, the Lloyd sons would work for the railroad, which made daily and then tri-weekly trips to collect the fruit from the established orchards. In 1894, son Ben was hired as summer depot agent at 22 years old, while brother George worked at the Elmira Station at the other end of the line near Vacaville.



Rumsey Hotel at left, Depot at right--both gone now. Unseen to the right, behind the depot, still stands the Rumsey Hall, built 1906. The Lloyds would build their first Rumsey home on this hotel site in 1913--that home still stands there on Railroad Place and Manzanita.

Photo courtesy of RIA



By this time, Rumsey was a bustling community with enough population to support a baseball team and all the social events and service clubs typical of such a town. As an example, according to Ada Merhoff's book, *Capay Valley, The Land & The People, 1846-1900*, "...at the hotel, July Fourth and Christmas grand balls managed by owner Sarah Jane Bolton with music, dancing and lavish suppers..." There were Union affairs (WCTU) and local delegates went to conferences in Woodland, Yolo county seat, to raise money for things like an organ for the community. "Summers meant family camping trips to Sulphur Springs up Fiske Creek Canyon or to mountain resorts in Lake County by way of the Toll Road down the valley." Ed Haswell shipped the first apricots in June 1893 and many Rumsey descendants today have stories of working in the "cot" harvest in the Rumsey area, described by local Thomas Morrin in 1892, thus: "The climate is mild, agreeable and pleasant in winter, fall and spring...seldom below 40F..there are hot waves, or spells, during the summer when the thermometer reaches upwards of 100 degrees for a few days...but they are succeeded by milder days, and nights always are cool...absent of dews, so that the summer nights are unsurpassed for fruit drying, making it unnecessary to have expensive dryers and



Above: The Lloyd home in 1917 with Chinaberry trees in front and family on the porch.



evaporators..." Rumsey citizens had reason to be proud of their fruit, which was packed in ice cars on the train running the Fruit Growers Express from Rumsey to Chicago and New York.

Of course, Rumsey had its droughts and floods. In 1898 a severe drought was followed by a series of storms in 1899. This drove some orchardmen to band together to solve the problem, leasing the Clear Lake Water Works Rumsey Ditch and building a temporary dam and irrigation ditches, charging users along their length...which, of course, led to some "water wars" among the farmers--not much has changed in the effort of farmers to control the essential waters!

At top: two-story Depot (right) and Hotel (left) built in 1888 by Pacific Improvement Co. Benjamin Lloyd lived in depot as station manager until he built a home in 1913 on the former hotel site, seen at center left.

Bottom left: a Rumsey picnic about 1900

Top and bottom photos courtesy of the Rumsey Improvement Assoc.; center photo courtesy of Marilyn Lloyd

Through it all, the Lloyds prospered and the 3 kids married and settled in: Ben Preston married Lena Cross in 1906 and George Franklin married Loretta Twomey. Some of their descendants still live in the area--and others visit and still think of it as "home."

*Interesting note about Hattie Lloyd Stone: she would live to be 113! 1867-1980; misprint in Ada Merhoff's book has death date as 1908

The Lloyds Marry and Prosper within the Capay Valley

ONE LLOYD LINE MERGES WITH THE BEN FRANKLIN CROSS FAMILY

Yes, that would be yet *another* Benjamin Franklin in the valley--this time a Cross. This Ben, a native of Maryland, came to Capay Valley after the long voyage around the horn of South America, instead of crossing the plains like so many others. According to Ada Merhoff, he "lived for a period with the Aldriches and later invested in some of their Langville [now Capay] property; but he would live out a long life as a farmer in the northwestern part of the valley." Born in 1839, Ben Cross had come around the Horn to San Francisco, where he jumped ship and left the navy. He worked his way from there to Langville in 1866, then building a house on a "possessory claim" west of the Bandy place in Hungry Hollow. At 40 years old, he finally bought 175 acres in Capay Valley in 1877, to which he brought his new wife, 30-year-old niece of S.U. Chase, Emily Roberts. She and her sister Kate had come from VA to live with "Uncle Sammy" and care for him in 1865. Kate married DeWitt Clinton Rumsey in 1873, but Emily stayed on to care for her bachelor uncle. Ben and Emily had their first two children in their screen-and-glassless windowed house, wherein "the dog jumped in and out," until moving to Uncle Sammy's homestead in the Rumsey area--which they farmed for the rest of their lives. They would have 5 children; Lena marrying Benjamin Franklin Lloyd in 1906, the year her great uncle Sammy died. He had regaled the 5 kids with adventure stories while they all lived on his homestead in a house with a screen door "to keep the rattlesnakes out."

Lena (Cross) and Benjamin Preston Lloyd would farm with brother George

Franklin and Loretta (Twomey) Lloyd for decades in the Rumsey area. Each had his own land and would hire a crew (often from local natives of the Patwin tribe) to harvest the crops, according to Ben's granddaughter Marilyn (Lloyd) Podesta. "Growing up the daughter of an almond farmer" Marilyn tells how she and her whole family worked six days a week until the harvest was done. In those days, the farm kids all through the greater Capay Valley were excused for starting school later than their peers if the harvests were late--a fact of life for many of us through the 1960s.

Marilyn's father, Bernerd "Benny" Preston Lloyd was born to Lena and Ben in 1914--in the front bedroom of the house built on the old Rumsey Hotel site. Benny met Maxine Deming while both were students at Sacramento JC and were married in 1937. They lived in Esparto and Benny "clerked" at Wyatt's General Store. Between 1941 & 1944 he was employed by Shell Oil Company and the family lived in Auburn, Lincoln and Sacramento. During the last year of the war, they moved back to Esparto where he delivered heating oil to Yolo Co. families for Charles "Bud" Gordon. When Ben Lloyd died that same year, Bernerd moved his family to Rumsey to live with his mother Lena in the family home. He would farm with his uncle George for many years.

Marilyn was the eldest of their three; Bernel [named after family friend Burnell Zentner, with some originality thrown into the spelling] still lives in the Guinda area, and younger sister Shirley was featured in this journal's volume 6 on the history of the Almond Festival, as one of the earliest Almond Queens in

the relaunched festival [started in 1915, it came and went until the Esparto Chamber of Commerce started it up again in the 1960s. See volume 6 or go to greatercapayvalley.org for more information].

Marilyn, 1956 EHS grad, went to Esparto Elementary through first grade and recalls the "church and school bells ringing when the war ended in the summer of 1945" before her family moved to Rumsey. There, her memories include the almond "'sled' pulled by Grandpa's big brown pair of horses" as she rode on "top of the [green-hulled] almonds, which were knocked by hand with rubber mallets before they lost their hulls...between the rows of trees...and the canvas sheets, which were attached to the sled in two parts...Several trips per day...taken from the orchards to the hullers...where Grandmother Lena, Aunt Retta, Aunt Bess, Hattie Janes and others worked on the drapers, separating the hulls, sticks, rocks away from the nut...then, they were sacked and taken out to the drying yards.

Almond farming was a way of life...always something to do, every season. It started in December and January with the pruning...the blossoms would set during February"--thus our Almond Festival in February--and "everyone worried about frost. We didn't have wind machines like large operations had. Dad and Uncle George would light smudge pots on cold nights...While the blossoms were on the trees, he had to find beekeepers, who would deliver their boxes to various orchards. I had no idea I was so highly allergic at that time, but I never got stung playing around the hives!

The next step was irrigating, which I loved, because it meant that after the sun went down, I could ride with him...on the back of the pickup--not safe, but every kid did it!"

by Marilyn Lloyd Podesta

A Capay Valley Childhood Remembered...

Marilyn goes on to tell more of her adventures as *the daughter of an almond farmer*. Once, while helping her dad irrigate, “we’d go check the headpipes at all the orchards to make sure none were clogged. One of those trips to the Dunlop Place was where I stepped barefoot on a rattlesnake, which was enjoying the nice cool mud of the trench. Luckily, it didn’t have time to coil, and as I was screaming, Dad used the shovel to put an end to him--something I will never forget!

“After school was out in late May...it was time to start getting all the other rigging ready: repair canvasses, sew up holes in sacks with huge needles, which I loved...burning areas of grass that would be the places to dry the nuts, repairing the huller, etc.

“The week of July 4th, we had our only family vacation of the year: going to Fort Bragg with the great low-tides, so Dad could surf fish, go abaloning...out in a charter boat for salmon...but most of all to escape the

horrendous heat...in Yolo County that time of the year...His parents and relatives had been going there for decades and he loved it. Usually, we’d stay right near the Noyo River and bridge at Mr. and Mrs. Heitmeyer’s motel. I know it was no vacation for my mother...she hated the fog, could get a sunburn in five seconds, and of course, still had to cook and wash.

“Then, it was back to the heat of the Valley. The orchards were rolled smooth to get ready for the harvest: my father filled a huge metal tube (that looked like a big water heater) with cement, and he’d pull it with a tractor...we had the yellow Caterpillar and the Ford with the big rubber tires. I could drive both, as well as the pickup, when I was ten, and loved helping.

“By the time I was working in the crops, there was no longer a railroad in the Valley to take produce to [*the last valley railroad spur in*] Winters. We had a large flatbed truck, which was loaded several times a week with 100-125lb

gunny sacks full of dried nuts in the shell and then we’d make the 70 mile round trip to Winters at night.” This was also true for their prune and apricot harvest-- “A farmer’s day was never done!”

“Payment for the crops came through the California Almond Growers in Sacramento, and the checks were always a year in arrears. None of us could get school shoes or clothes until that first check came in...about October 1. Once I was old enough to work in the crops, baby-sit, and sew, this problem didn’t affect me that much. I think by the time that check came, most farmers were out of money, as much of the cost of harvesting was in gasoline, diesel and, of course, wages to the workers.

“The last crop of the year was the English Walnuts. My job was to pick them up as they fell...late September-early October was the season, and I was always mortified to go to a high school dance with black-stained hands...But it was a good childhood, a good life!”



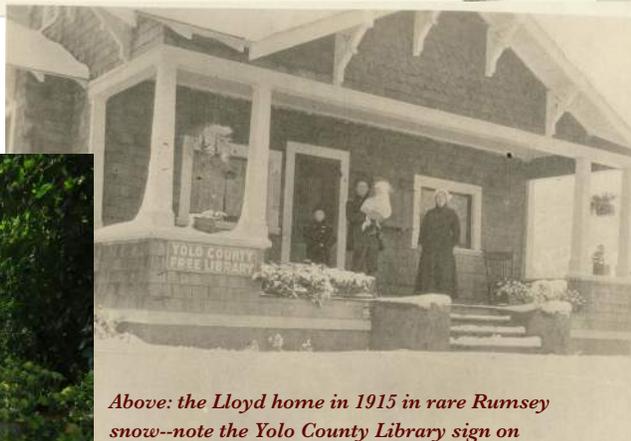
1923 photo of students and teacher in front of the Rumsey School: Mrs. Chamberlin, teacher in center (her own son, Vince, is top right). (L-R) 1st row: Floyd Buck, Roy Covert, Howard Hickerson, Tom Tsutsumi, James Monji, ?Watkins, Kenneth Shell, Hayden Janes. 2nd row: Benny Lloyd, George Monji, Marge Tsutsumi, Mabel Watkins, Mrs. Chamberlin, Doris Covert, Elaine Morrin, Virginia Hickerson, unknown. 3rd row: brothers Chester & George Lloyd, Howard Janes, Clyde Watkins, Harry Jones, Max Covert, Vince Chamberlin.



Rumsey School built 1891
177

Rumsey School house above: in 1891 this building was moved to Rumsey and remodeled, having been the Occidental School (1876), which had previously served all students between Guinda & Rumsey. It is a private home today.

Below: the house today, the depot and tracks are gone, but Railroad Place runs in front of this gate.



Above: the Lloyd home in 1915 in rare Rumsey snow--note the Yolo County Library sign on front: Lena Lloyd was librarian for years, followed by Maxine Lloyd after 1945--until the book-mobile started coming up and down the Capay Valley in the late 1960s.



Above: 1925 Benny and father Ben Lloyd in front of the Rumsey Depot, shot from their house across the tracks.

ADVENTURES OF A BABY-SITTER

The Lloyds were near-neighbors to Lloyd and Helen Lowrey, who had three boys, Lloyd, jr., Jan and baby Timmy [my EHS classmate and now my trusty botanist-professor at UNM]. Needing to make her own pocket money between crop checks, Marilyn baby sat for the Lowreys.

"I have lots of stories about Lloyd and Helen Lowrey, but one stands out in my mind to this day. I was their baby-sitter for many years throughout high school, as they needed to travel to dinners/meetings during the time he was Assemblyman for the district. One night (a particularly harrowing night, as it turned out!) in 1954, they'd gone to Red Bluff, I believe, and I was trying to feed Tim, who was in his high chair, and watch the stove where I was heating something for Lloyd, Jan and my dinner, when Lloyd came running into the kitchen yelling, 'Marilyn, Marilyn, come quick!! Jan has taken off his clothes and jumped into the irrigation ditch!!' [which ran behind their house]. After instructing Lloyd to sit with Tim, I gave chase, watching Jan bouncing along in the ditch, yelling at him to grab the high weeds along the sides of the ditch. I ran nearly to the schoolhouse before being able to grab him with the help of a limb from a tree. We walked back to the house, he buck-naked and laughing, and I, wet and shaking with the realization of 'what might have been.' Of course, I had to tell Lloyd and Helen about the incident when

they returned home, and I'm sure Lloyd doled out some kind of punishment on five year old Jan!! All of this excitement for 50 cents an hour!!"

BENNY LLOYD, HERO...

As I have written in prior volumes, I had many times heard the story of farmers who had worked the abandoned farms of their interned Japanese-American neighbors in the war years, and then handed the land and equipment back on their return, but I could not get the name of those in this area who came to the aid of their Japanese-American friends and neighbors. Until now! Marilyn let drop a story of an elderly Japanese-American woman who came up to her at Benny Lloyd's funeral in 1996 and handed her a note. It was Iris Hatanaka, wife of Roy. Later, Marilyn was surprised to see it was a thank you note from Iris for his acts of kindness to her family.

Typically, the farms of interned Japanese-American families were auctioned off to local farmers and all was lost. There had been several Japanese-American farmers in the Capay Valley until the mid-1940s; after the war, they began again, starting from scratch, but mostly in the Esparto-to-Woodland area. My siblings and

friends all worked the tomato harvest in the scalding summers, often for the various Japanese-American farmers, so I had always just assumed that this is where they had settled, originally. But I learned later that after their internment they generally never returned to the Valley, itself.

In Iris' note she explained that she and Roy had "married at the War Relocation Center in Amache, Colorado in 1943. Being friends with Japanese in 1945 was not a popular thing to do. But Bernerd didn't care...he gave us much support and love. We will miss him very much."

Roy and Iris Hatanaka lived then in Marysville, California, but in 1996 Iris came to pay her respects.



Two of Our Most Colorful Warm-Weather Friends:

Western Kingbirds (left)

and

Bullock's Orioles (right)

BY JIM HIATT OF HUNGRY HOLLOW



The Western Kingbird (*Tyrannus verticalis*) and the Bullock's Oriole (*Icterus bullockii*), follow the warm weather north from Mexico and Central America and bring us some early Spring color. Both of these migratory beauties follow the heat, though the Bullock's Oriole usually arrives 2-3 weeks earlier than the Western Kingbird in March and April--you can almost predict them on your calendar!

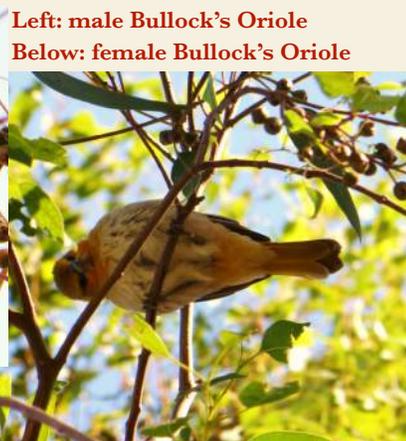
As our local birder Jim Hiatt tells us, "Neither of these are city-birds, but birds of the open field and of farmyards where there are lots of trees and fence-lines." I asked him to tell us about them both for this Spring-into-Summer issue:

"As the Orioles are usually here marginally first, we'll tell their story first. They are likely the most spectacularly beautiful bird here (seen at right) with one of the loveliest calls--ranking them along with Meadowlarks for beauty and variety of tuning. Somewhat like Finches, they have a longish sentence in a single communicate, and earlier in their season here the call begins with two to four "hmmm-hmmm" notes that sound much like the sound at the lower end of a bass harmonica, and then a rapid staccato of whistles, warbles, twitters leading up to a "Wheee-o" ending.



Another is just a prolonged "hmmm-hummm-hmmm-ing." Later in the summer, this changes somewhat in the order uttered, the "Hmm-Hmm-s" may come closer to the end--making you wonder what they are communicating differently. The females have a much shorter call of one-two notes and duller in tone. The male also gives one- or two-note whistles to his little bride, as well.

Plumage-wise, they are a most brilliant yellow-orange, but have a black throat, top of the head, back, and tail, with black-n-white wings. As is typical of the female of bird species, the females are a much abbreviated version of the colorful males: in this case, with olive-brown upper parts, a yellowish head and throat, and whitish underparts.



Left: male Bullock's Oriole
Below: female Bullock's Oriole

All photos taken by Jim Hiatt in 2013-14 in Capay Valley and Hungry Hollow

"Birds of North America, The Complete Photographic Guide to Every Species" will add to your enjoyment (see page 625 of that bird bible)

Bullock's Orioles also have the most unique and noteworthy nesting habits of all our local birds. They construct a spherical "globe" of grasses, string, twine, vines, horsehair where available, and even light packing materials. These nests have a hole "sewn" into them towards the tops and the mother enters and lays her eggs at the bottom of this, and the young are raised initially there. These nests are sewn together at the very ends of branches or on side twigs along the branch edges. One Sycamore, as we have here, may have 6-8 of these, although when these birds have left for the season, I've examined the nests, and some are notably more raggedy than others, which makes me suspect that they don't re-use the same nests each year, as many Owls and Hawks do. Worthy of note is that these creations are very durable, as some survive for severak years, weather and all, after they've served their purpose. No other bird here does something like these; it's just "hard-wired" into their little brains to just *know* what to do. They didn't learn from Mom or Dad, nor does anyone offer courses in "Nestology 101 according to Species." They just *know*.



In earlier times when horses were much more in abundance, here, the nests were made of mainly hair from the horse's mane, so earlier generations called these the "Horsehair Oriole."





And of The Western Kingbird

Typically laying 1 brood of 2-7 eggs April-July

JIM HIATT WRITES:

These little chatterboxes are the first to announce the morning, when you have the first glow in the east, and the last to go "nite-nite" in the evening. Seems that the approaching lower light of the evening has a somewhat alarming effect on them, as it's interrupted their normal day's activities. Almost exclusively an insect eater, they will eat berries as well when available. They're very accomplished aerial acrobats; you'll occasionally see two in a "tussle" from a hundred or so feet up, kicking, biting, and flapping at each other over and over in somersaults, but somehow they both know just when they're within about 4 feet of the ground, as they always seem to just avoid crashing. Last year I was able to get pix of one Kingbird nest---while I was doing up the Mourning Dove article; went past it in the crotch of Eucalyptus tree while on the way to the higher crotch of a Mourning Dove nest and eggs. These have a twig base, and an inner-woven cup of grasses and lighter stuffs, and the nest I saw had 4 eggs. These were a pink-white egg with brown to chestnut brown spots---see photo above.



Western Kingbird, one of my favorite warm-weather birds, has some pretty interesting behavior from arrival here in early April, through late August--wherein the last two days they're simply *GONE*. Migration occurs at night, so you don't see hordes of them traveling southward during the day. They're silent in the latter part of their time here, although their daily hunting habits continue. Once, while

doing a 2-mile walk at precisely this time of the year, maybe 4 years ago, over on the historic Merritt Ranch field, one Kingbird--seemingly to make a point to get my attention--flew a complete circle around me, and then headed south, as though saying: "Good-bye, friend, until next year! I have to go now!"

But they are here, now. They show up within a couple weeks one way or

the other, coming back up from Mexico and Central America where they've spent the winter after migrating from here. When they first arrive they are extremely vocal, and are the first to chatter in the morning and the last you'll hear in the evening, and I think that has to do with spending their whole day basically feeding, and perhaps because, like chickens, they having pupils that don't dilate as much as ours

do, so that what seems like sunset to us seems to them like the last of twilight. Therefore, they are alarmed that they are having trouble seeing any more, whereupon when daylight arrives, they can see to resume their normal activities. As the warmer period progresses, they remain very chatty until about mid-July, in which their vocalizing gradually slows until into Mid-August, when they grow altogether silent, like they *know* that the time to leave again is

near at hand. I'm convinced that it's not the warmth itself that makes them "know" it's time to go south again, as they might leave just before Dove Season begins (Sept.1) when the temperatures are over 100F. It more likely has to do with the sun's position in the sky, which is the very same stimulus that brings them back the next spring. I have seen years when they arrive when it is downright cold here. My old Ornithology Prof., at CSUS, Miklos Deserios Francis

Udvardy, who was world-renowned as one of the best in the business, agreed with me on this, and affirmed that the sun's position affects the travels of many others as well.

I've watched and observed birds all my life, and feel a special kinship with this species. One very good reason for this is: they have a sort of "giggling" call, and since my youngest daughter Carrie's giggle sounded just like theirs, I used to call her "My little kingbird."

Not to be confused with the somewhat similarly bright yellow-breasted Western Meadowlark, also abundant this time of year, seen below.



California Natives: Poppy and Lupin

IT'S SPRING AND THE VALLEY IS FULL OF COLOR: POPPIES AND LUPIN ABOUND!

California State Floral Society chose the golden poppy as the state flower in 1890, and the state legislature made it official in 1903. At that time, it became a misdemeanor to cut or remove any plant growing on state or county highways or public lands, unless authorized by the government, when they may be considered *invasive* or may need to be disturbed for construction, etc. The *Eschscholzia californica* is a species of flowering plant native to the US and Mexico, according to wikipedia.org : “It is a perennial or annual growing to 5–60 inches tall, with alternately branching glaucous blue-green foliage. The leaves are ternately divided into round, lobed segments. The flowers are solitary on long stems, silky-textured, with four petals, each petal 0.79 to 2.36 inches long and broad; flower color ranges from yellow to orange, with flowering from February to September. The petals close at night or in cold, windy weather and open again the following morning, although they may remain closed in cloudy weather. The fruit is a slender, dehiscent capsule (.2 to 3.5 inches long, which splits in two to release the numerous small black or dark brown seeds.” These seeds are edible and are often used in cooking. The Native Americans used the leaves medicinally and the pollen cosmetically. According to wikipedia: “An aqueous extract of the plant has sedative and anxiolytic action. The extract acts as a mild sedative when smoked. The effect is far milder than that of opium. California poppy contains a different class of alkaloids.”

Lupinus, commonly known as lupin or lupine in North America, is a genus of flowering plants in the legume family, Fabaceae. The genus includes over 200 species, with centers of diversity in North and South America, where the seeds have been used as a food for over 6000. Smaller centers occur in North Africa and the Mediterranean, where the seeds have been used as a food for over 3000 years, according to wikipedia.org : “Users soaked the seed in running water to remove most of the bitter alkaloids and then cooked or toasted the seeds to make them edible...or else boiled and dried them to make kirku...However, Spanish domination led to a change in the eating habits of the indigenous peoples, and only recently has interest in using lupins as a food been renewed...high in protein, dietary fibre and antioxidants, very low in starch and, like all legumes, are gluten-free. Lupin beans are commonly sold in a salty solution in jars (like olives and pickles) and can be eaten with or without the skin. Lupini dishes are most commonly found in Europe, especially in Portugal, Egypt, Greece, and Italy...In Portugal, Spain, and Spanish Harlem, they are popularly consumed with beer.

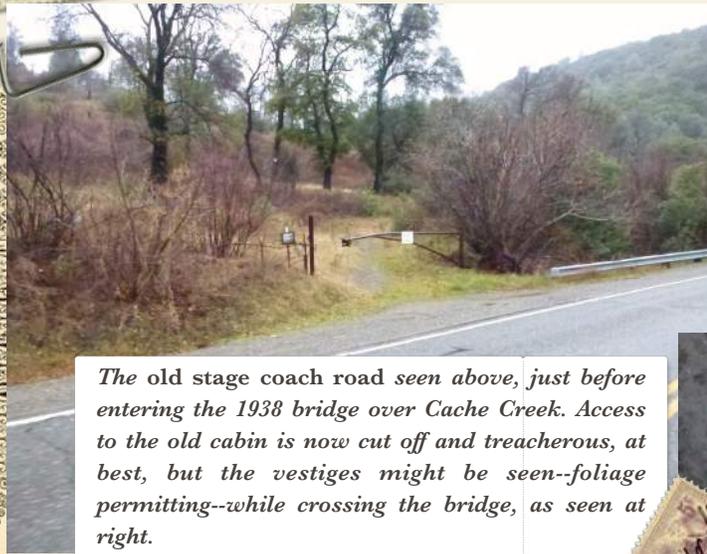
Lupins have soft green to grey-green leaves which may be coated in silvery hairs, often densely so. The leaf blades are usually

palmately divided into five to 28 leaflets...The flowers are produced in dense or open whorls on an erect spike, each flower 1–2cm long. The pea-like flowers have an upper standard, or banner, two lateral wings, and two lower petals fused into a keel. The flower shape has inspired common names such as bluebonnets and quaker bonnets. The fruit is a pod containing several seeds.” In California, we typically see purple, white or yellow lupin.



California natives : Poppy and Lupin, frequently seen together due to similar needs





The old stage coach road seen above, just before entering the 1938 bridge over Cache Creek. Access to the old cabin is now cut off and treacherous, at best, but the vestiges might be seen--foliage permitting--while crossing the bridge, as seen at right.

Photos by Jim Hiatt

CAPAY VALLEY GIRL SCOUT CABIN

Once upon a time, western Yolo had a Girl Scout Cabin for overnights up the Capay Valley in Rumsey Canyon. The road to the cabin was abandoned when a bridge was built over Cache Creek, routing the highway to the north side. Today, most of the cabin has fallen into the creek, but vestiges of it can still be seen from Highway 16, just as you cross the bridge and look to your left.

NAOMI FAYE (MAST) BRANNAN REMEMBERS GIRL SCOUT OUTINGS TO THE CABIN

I was curious about our Girl Scouts, so asked a descendant of the local Mast family, Faye Brannan, what she recalled--and was delighted to receive this:

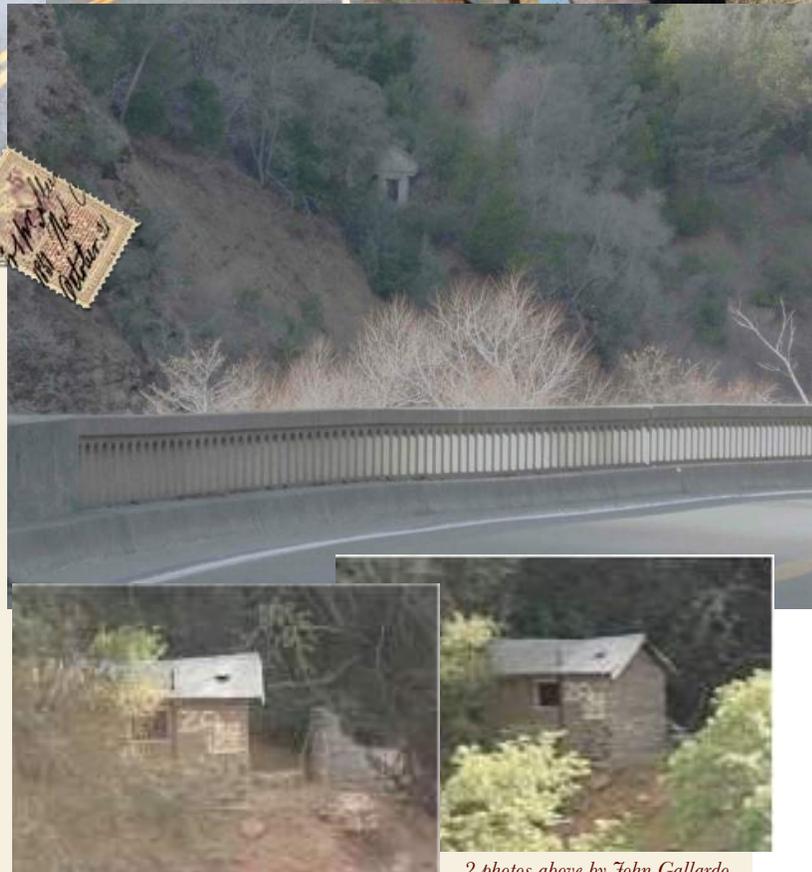
When I was a girl scout in the 1930-40s we met after school up town Esparto. First at a room

above the Wyatt's Store; later above the Drug Store, as one of the Wyatts wanted to make the room into an apartment.

Our leaders were Mrs. Naismith; another was the nurse that worked for the local doctor. There were others but I don't remember names...another was Mrs. Chaney and Mrs. Gross.

When we met we learned to do things. My sister Hazel wanted to learn to knit and crochet, but she was left-handed so no one could show her how. One of our leaders said she could teach her. She told Hazel to sit in front of a mirror and look at it. She did and when the leader crocheted and knitted this reversed it in the mirror so Hazel learned to crochet and knit and made many pretty things all her life.

Another of our projects was taking archery. Mr. Thompson, our principal from the grammar school, was in charge of that. We met at the football field. He made the bows and arrows from Osage

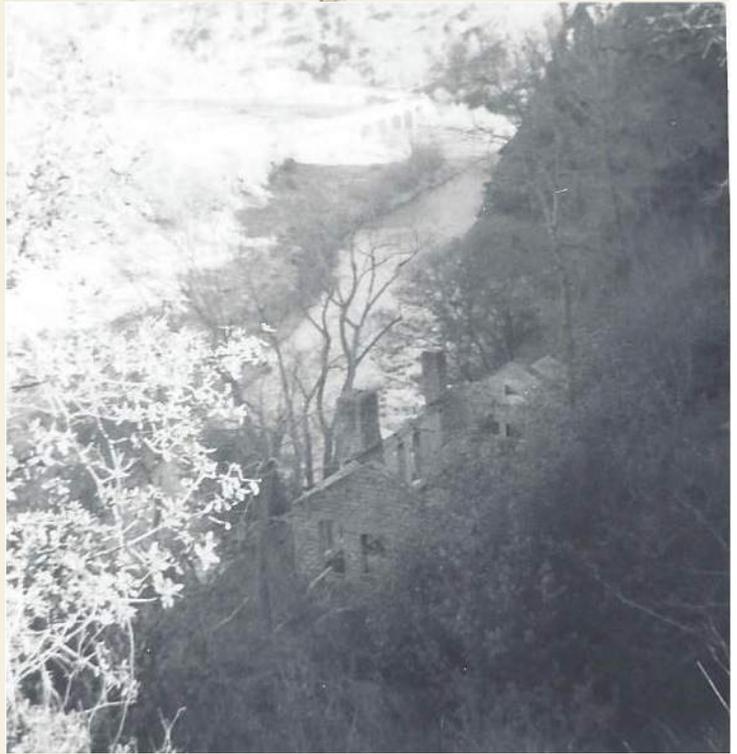


2 photos above by John Gallardo

Orange wood from the trees that grew along the road to Woodland.

During WWII we all had to learn first aid and things that could help the people around us. We cut up sheets and rolled them up for bandages. These were then put in an oven and heated to kill germs, then placed in large cans with lids to keep until needed.

In the 1930s we went up Capay Valley to Girl Scout Cabin that was built on land near Cache Creek. The building was constructed out of creek stone and mortar. There were two buildings: one large room and the other was a shower room. There were sinks outside between the two buildings. When we first went up there we worked to make a path down to



Two photos taken by John Gallardo in 1967, standing above the roofless Girl Scout Cabin, shooting down toward Cache Creek—at top right you faintly see the bridge for perspective. NOTE: Faye believes the scout cabins--this one and the boy scout cabin at Camp Haswell--were both WPA projects built in the 1930s, but only Haswell could be

confirmed, so far...see next page...

the creek. This Girl Scout building was made near the old road that went to Clear Lake. Part of the road had not been used as there was now a bridge over the creek and the road was on the other side of the creek. To get to the cabin we had to park cars near the bridge and pack in all our equipment for our week stay. It took several trips, as we took our army cots, sleeping bags and food, too. We had a wind-up phonograph and about two records.

Rae Small was our bugle player. She took her bugle and played taps and revelry each day. Each day we took turns cooking. There was a flat place where there was a picnic table with bench seats, a place for a fire pit and a place to mix and prepare food. We had tin cups and Kool-aid to drink each meal.

We could explore the land and go down to Cache Creek—after we made the path—and swim. “Chickie” (Marylou) Paris remembers she was trained to be the lifeguard at the creek.

The place I liked best was where a spring came out at the hill in a large pipe and

maidenhair ferns grew—it was so beautiful! We could also go where the old road had caved in and see the strata that had formed many years ago. There were many layers of strata, mostly about one half inch deep, but going right up the hills. One of them was coal—that little black stripe I wished I could get a piece of, but it was wedged in too tight!

Some of the girls I recall up at the camp were Lotty Hartwig, my sister Hazel Mast—and me, Faye; Ione Ziesch, Rae Small; Hazel Neilson said she went once; Virginia Wells...

The girl scouts didn't have uniforms like other scouts. We wore white “Mittie” blouses and dark colored skirts. We did have a uniform sash we wore over our shoulder that came down under our other arm that we put our cloth medallions on that we worked for.

One girl, who lived with her mother and dad at the train station, as her dad was the dispatcher, got a badge because she helped him send messages in Morse Code—I was impressed!

When we were hiking up to Girl Scout Cabin one day we saw a rattlesnake coiled up and hissing, ready to strike. Lotty Hartwig got out her Girl Scout knife, went over to a bush and cut a stick about three feet long with a branch at the top, took it over to the snake and held its head down and cut its head off! I knew I wasn't that brave!

One day we were going to have canned beets for lunch and the recipe called for flour to add to the beet juice to thicken it. The girl in charge couldn't find the flour so she used pancake mix. Since the mix had baking powder in it, it started to swell up so bad we couldn't eat it—what a learning lesson!

We worked in Esparto making dinners for clubs for a fee to get money for our camp-outs. I remember making a salad of red Jello, ground up oranges (peel and all), ground up apple and ground up cranberries; put the fruit in the Jello when the Jello warms. What a good recipe—I've used it for years!

By Faye (Mast) Brannan, 2014

The Boy Scouts had a Capay Valley Cabin, too

IT CAN STILL BE VISITED AT CAMP HASWELL ON CACHE CREEK

The Russell Haswells of Rumsey donated a parcel along Cache Creek for a small regional park about 2 miles beyond Rumsey. Eventually, the Boy Scout cabin would be built there by the WPA--which still stands today at this popular public area with easy access to Cache Creek. People picnic and swim there and it is a convenient place for launching or hauling out kayaks.

Both scout cabins were built of creek stone and mortar by locals and at least the Boy Scout Cabin was funded by the Works Progress Administration, or WPA, in the 1930s. According to wikipedia: *Headed by Harry Hopkins, the WPA provided jobs and income to the unemployed during the Great Depression in the United States. Between 1935 and 1943, the WPA provided almost eight million jobs. Robert D. Leighninger asserts that "The stated goal of public building programs was to end the depression or, at least, alleviate its worst effects. Millions of people needed subsistence incomes. Work relief was preferred over public assistance (the dole) because it maintained self-*

respect, reinforced the work ethic, and kept skills sharp." It was liquidated on June 30, 1943, as a result of low unemployment due to the worker shortage of World War II. The WPA had provided millions of Americans with jobs for 8 years. Most people who needed a job were eligible for at least some of its positions. Hourly wages were typically set to the prevailing wages in each area."

NOTE: Among other local projects of the WPA, Esparto High School got new buildings beginning about 1939, including the iconic art-deco auditorium which is a show piece on the main street--600 Yolo Avenue--to this day.

In asking around about local Boy Scouting experiences, I got one interesting response from James Taylor, EUHS grad of 1942. He was friends with Bill Harris (whom I have quoted often in these journals) and Ray Taber. I had asked if he knew why Ray was called *Louie* by Bill--and called *Bill Biscuit* in return--and here is what I got:

I can tell you how Ray Taber got the name of 'Louie'.

We were all in the Scouts together. Bud Gordon was the Scoutmaster. His father was an army Officer and somewhere Bud learned the many complicated marching commands. We went to all the local parades and 'showed off'.

We met scouts from all over. In Sacramento we knew of an 'eager beaver Scout'. He was about Ray's age and size. Had lots of Merit Badges. His name was Louie Diamond

Now Mrs Taber was encouraging Ray to get more and more Merit Badges and eventually become an Eagle Scout. One of our troop saw the similarity and started calling Ray 'Louie'. Of course we all joined in and henceforth he became Louie Taber.

I think Bill Harris inherited the name 'Biscuit' from his dad. Never did hear where it came from..."



Locals enjoying the "swimming hole" at Camp Haswell; right, top to bottom: Camp Haswell sign; Boy Scout Cabin; path down to Cache Creek.





OUR LOCAL WPA PROJECTS

While Faye (Mast) Brannan thinks the Girl Scout Cabin was a WPA project, like the 1938 bridge across Cache Creek at that locale, I could not find verification for this fact. I found that it is true for the Boy Scout Cabin and parts of Esparto Union High School and the bridge, but that is all:

HISTORY OF WPA PROJECTS IN YOLO COUNTY

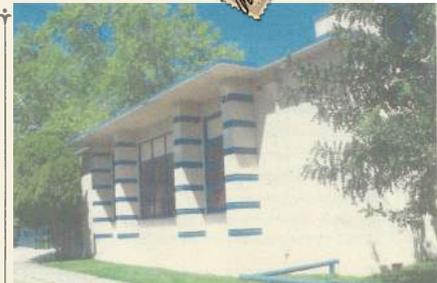
Published in the February 2009, the *Yolo County Historical Society* Newsletter Contributes to an Inventory of New Deal Projects

By Dennis Dingemans & B.J. Ford:

Esparto High School Auditorium (and home-making classrooms) project of 1939 is described in some detail, emphasizing its "WPA Moderne" architecture...other WPA buildings in the (unincorporated) County are the 'Scout House in Knights Landing' and 'Camp Haswell' outside of Rumsey." Betty Mae Haines tells of projects in the Capay Valley: "Many men were employed from Esparto to Rumsey. I knew many. I think my father may have worked on it and maybe other family members. Anyone and everyone had a job." Particularly, they worked on 'the bridge above Rumsey on the way to Clear Lake' [1938] and 'the Auditorium and adjacent wing including what was the

Alice Marsh Hall cafeteria' in Esparto's high school where 'the class of 1944 was the first to graduate in the new auditorium, but there were no seats and only the cement tiers where seats much later were installed; the stage was bare, not even a curtain'."

In the photos above you can see the curved auditorium and the newer entrance wing of Esparto High School as it looks today. Parts of the high school were destroyed by fire in 1922 and in 1939, and this new wing and the Alice Marsh Hall, above right, were added along with the auditorium with WPA funding and local labor. Apparently the architecture is called "moderne"--but I would just say *art-deco*. In either case, it is lovely and iconic--though a "facelift" for this high school that was the second one founded in Yolo County, after Winters, in 1892.



Source: Don Ullain — Print-Jack Potter
Esparto High School burning down in 1939.

In the photo above the wooden gymnasium standing at left--built between 1908 and 1915--miraculously survived this blaze. It would be replaced with the current gym in the 1970s.

Patrick Scribner

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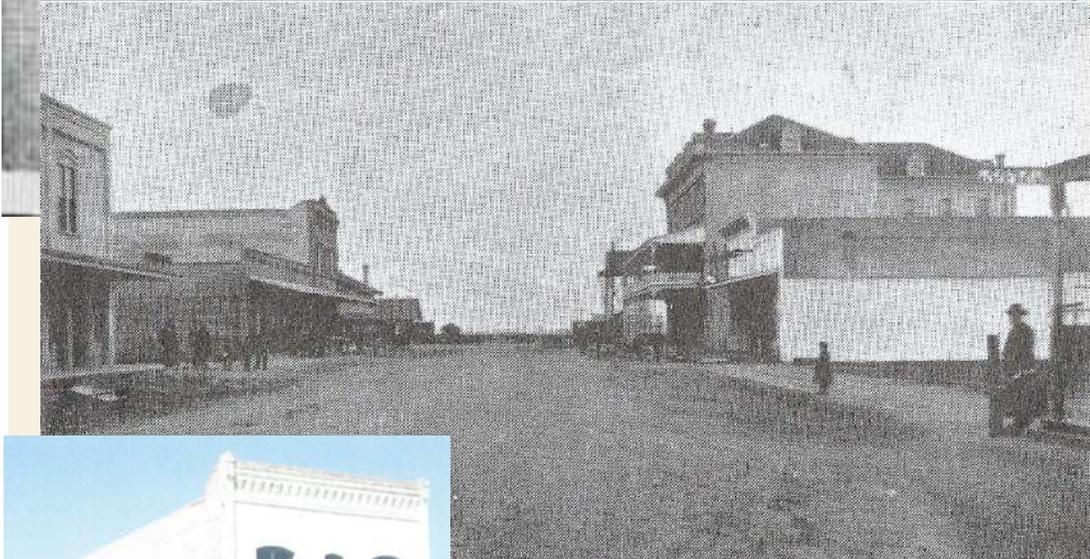
email: pscpa@pacbell.net

Esperanza-Escalante-Esparto

LOOKING BACK -- WITH PHOTOS CONTRIBUTED BY READERS...



At top left is a lithograph from the Sacramento Daily Union, March 8, 1890 looking south down the main street through "Escalante."* Note the water tank; and then hotel on the left; and across the street is first a lumber yard; then the train depot with chimneys; and then the boxy building is the Levy & Schwab building (later the Wyatt store in most of our memories).



At lower left is an 1891 photo from the David Herbst Collection, as published in a local paper, looking north up the main street of by-then "Esparto": nearest on the left side is the Adams building; then an alley (the 1913



Bank of Esparto was not built, yet) and then the Levy & Schwab store (seen inserted at lower left in 2000 as we remember it, being torn down, alas...notice the same facade decor); and beyond that the train depot chimney is visible, followed by a warehouse or lumber yard*. On the right side of the street is the porch of the Post Office; an empty lot; and then Johnny Bond's Saloon; followed by the very grand Hotel and the water tank.

Note: this "main street" through town is actually Yolo Avenue; continuing on north, today, will take you on County Road 87, but turning left at Woodland Avenue will take you by the remodeled depot, en route to Capay Valley 2 miles northwest.

*The town was first named *Esperanza*, but when it came time for a post office, that name was already taken, so *Escalante* was chosen January 1890--but this name only lasted until March 1890 when the town settled on *Esparto*: Name change from *Escalante* to *Esparto* by order of the Postmaster-General, so that there could be a Post Office. - Sac. Daily Union, Mar. 30, 1890. *Description in paper of *Esperanza* includes: "...across the tracks from the depot is a fine lumber yard." -Sac. Daily Union, Oct. 18, 1888. Photos, news clippings and data courtesy of John Gallardo.

Almonds and Olives and Wine and Organics
--and Immigrants looking for a Better Life--

HISTORICALLY AND NOW, THEY HELP DEFINE THE CAPAY VALLEY

One of many who came to Esparto and the Capay Valley to make a new start in agriculture was Cristobal Fernandez Campos. He left his family in Spain and in 1915 landed in New York, before heading across country and settled here in the little town of Esparto--just starting to revive itself and starting that year the annual Almond Festival. Cristobal started by working the fields and orchards of others for ten years, learning the craft that would lead to his grafting of almond trees and starting his own local nursery to supply the valley with its rapidly increasing almond trees through the 1940s. Cristobal had left his wife and two small daughters behind in Spain, so in 1925 he was finally able to send for them. Raimunda and the girls, Ramona and Maria, helped with the nursery north of Esparto through winters so cold they had to burn furniture to keep warm. And just as they were becoming successful, the Great Depression hit! They lost all their savings at the Bank of Esparto. But this did not stop them from making a life in Capay Valley--the life they'd had back in Spain was even rougher.

In 1932, Ramona met and married another Spaniard, Tadeo Manas. They would have three daughters--our own Cathy (Manas) Roath is the eldest. She would live in Esparto and raise three sons, the youngest of them would have another Tadeo, whose 2005 family-history essay I have excerpted herein--thanks Tad! And thank you, Cathy--for this contribution and for all your kindness and support for so many years!

The first Yolo County almond trees were planted in Davisville in the early 1860s by Jerome C. Davis. At that time, most almonds came from Italy and Spain, so our farmers formed a cooperative, California Almond Growers Exchange in 1910. Today the bulk of the county's crop comes from Esparto and Capay Valley, Winters, Woodland and Davis, helping California supply over 80 % of the world supply and for almonds to be among the top 10 US exports! Today, Spain is one of our largest importers! Check out ediblesacramento.com Also note: the exchange, CAGE, eventually became **Blue Diamond**



Pamela Marvel and Stuart Littell--the "Grumpy goats" who own Grumpy Goats Farm in Capay Valley--are less grumpy these days, as they sport their new Gold Medal from the New York International Olive Oil Competition, Modest, as always, the very *NOT*-grumpy Pam says that while they are proud of their oil, many of their Capay Valley colleagues are also winning praises and awards for their excellent oil in Capay Valley.

NOTE: the classic wooden pig cutting board was carved in high school woodshop by my dad Tom Monroe in the early 1930s.

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The greater Capay Valley of my youth was a pretty multi-cultural experience--and my research has shown me that this has long been the case. I also found the trend to be like anywhere else where multiple immigrant groups settled: the different ethnic groups mix, but also tend to find one another, looking for cultural support and to follow their traditions. Many Greeks settled near Capay leaving many olive and fig trees as their legacy. The Germans continued their traditional dry-farming of grains--many in Hungry Hollow. The Highland Scots ran sheep and cattle in the hills and Spaniards and Italians planted orchards, while African-Americans sought freedom to farm and prosper--and on it goes. But the schools were never segregated and everyone *learned to play nice.*

The Greater Capay Valley Historical Society: PO Box 442, Esparto, CA 95627 vol 16

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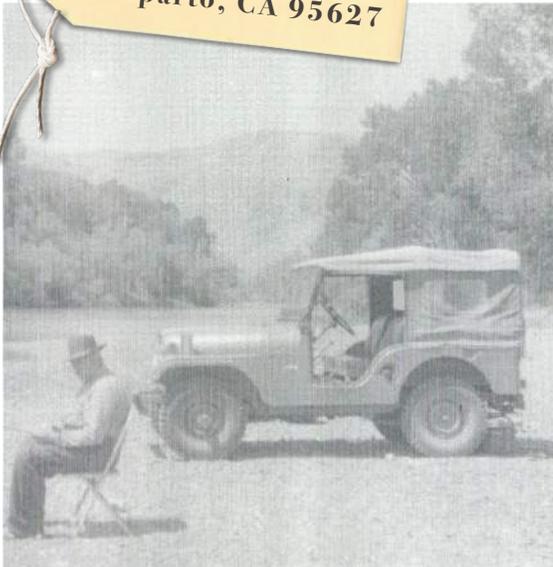
Photo above was shot in 2011 from the old "Doc" Wyatt Godfrey Duncan (later the Monroe) Ranch on the north side of Cache Creek, looking south toward today's Grumpy Goats Farm and Capay Organic Farm--where Wyatt's brother Benjamin Franklin Duncan homesteaded and farmed across Cache Creek from his older brothers, "Doc" and Bill, earlier pioneers to Capay Valley.



Above: June 2014 Lavender Festival in Capay Valley at Cache Creek Lavender, on the old Janes farm in Rumsey. Charles Opper and Linda Barrett : 530-796-2239 cachecreeklavender.com see our Lavender Festival video: greatercapayvalley.org

from: TGCVHS
 PO Box 442
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June 2014 Volume Sixteen



So many locals tell me they fondly remember bouncing all over "The Monroe Ranch" hills in Tom Monroe's old Willy's army jeep. Here it sits in 1958 at Cache Creek with George Coburn on the Monroe Ranch. We all learned to drive a stick-shift in this jeep--and hang on for dear life! Seatbelts?! HA!



Above are those "scary rapids" just below the 1938 bridge across Cache Creek in Rumsey Canyon that threw me out of my kayak so often last summer--amazingly and sadly tamed by our severe drought. This green pool contained many trapped carp--the Golden Eagles have to be fed, Jim Hiatt tells me!

Check out: greatercapayvalley.org and on FaceBook: The Greater Capay Valley Historical Society