



# RUSSIAN RIVER RECORDER

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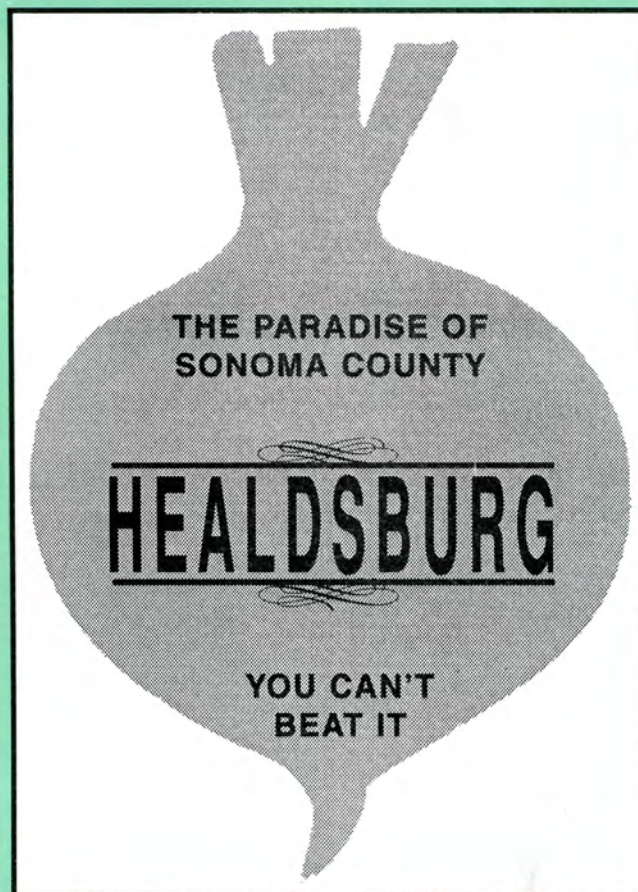
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*by Milt Brandt*



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### RUSSIAN RIVER RECORDER

*The Official Publication of the Healdsburg  
Museum and Historical Society*

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## IN THIS ISSUE

This issue of the *Russian River Recorder*, the fourth for 1998, covers a number of interesting subjects ... slogans, Christmas and history of a present day Victorian Inn, an interesting array of New Year Cards circa 1910-1916, and an account of "Bootleg Days" by Milt Brandt.

Curator Marie Djordjevich brings us a most interesting report of how Healdsburg came to be known as the "Buckle of the Prune Belt", a slogan that lasted into the 1950s. She shares with us the many "different" slogans submitted by hundreds, including those suggested by world famous cartoonist Rube Goldberg, uncle of Garry Rosenberg, a Museum director and chairman of the Museum's Endowment Fund Committee.

June Maher Smith, continuing with our series of spotlighting historic homes, brings us a delightful account of Christmas at the Madrona Manor in 1998, at the same time giving us a history of the now famous Victorian Inn.

Milt Brandt, whose grandfather came to the United States from Germany in the late 1800s and to Healdsburg in 1888, shares with us his remembrances as a young boy of the "bootleg" days and his family's brewery.

Rounding out the issue are copies of New Year Cards, a part of the Museum's archives. Colorful and nostalgic!

Arnold Santucci  
Editor

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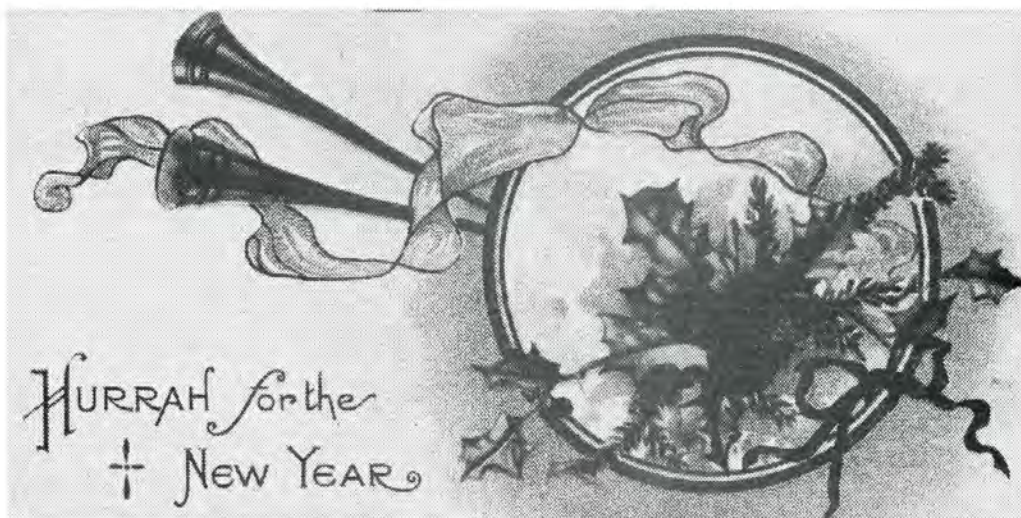
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ARTIFACTS

Here are some **New Year Greeting Cards** from the  
Healdsburg Museum Collection.

Most of these cards are circa 1910-1916





First, let's take a brief look at Madrona Knoll Rancho in the old days. Long-ago owner John Alexander Paxton left his native Virginia in 1849 and came to California. He settled first in Maysville, soon became Yuba County Treasurer, and also served in the state legislature. His business interests were varied and successful. They included mining, lumber, banking and even a gas works in Santa Rosa. He was one of the wealthiest men in the state.

John Paxton purchased the Rancho from Mark Hooten in 1878 and "built himself a fine residence of considerable magnificence" in 1881 on Madrona Knoll. At that time he had no way of knowing a hundred and seventeen years later the magnificence would still be enjoyed by the citizens of Healdsburg and those who visit here. He commuted to San Francisco each week to look after his busi-



## Christmas 1998 at Madrona Manor

*by June Maber Smith*



nesses and came to Healdsburg to spend weekends in his Healdsburg home with his wife Hannah and sons Blitz and Charles. It isn't too hard to imagine the beautiful mansion being decorated for Christmas back in the 1880s. During the holiday season they must have received their friends and neighbors in opulent Victorian splendor.

In reality, though, we don't have to imagine such splendor - it continues today. Let's fast forward to the present where the home is now a beautiful Victorian inn, Madrona Manor. At Christmas time the Manor takes on a splendid glow. Carol and John Muir and their staff work together to produce a stunning replica of a Victorian Christmas. As we approach the home we are aware of the lights along the drive topping poles wrapped in ribbons and tied with clus-

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ters of magnolia leaves filled with bright nandina berries. In olden days these poles held candles to light the way. Long swags drape both sides of the stairs to the front door. Pillars at the head of the stairs are wrapped with ribbon and greens, and twin wreaths grace either side of the front door. Wreaths, swags, and garlands galore adorn the rooms. All the fireplace mantels and all the chandeliers are covered with evergreens, succulents and potted greens. The beautifully landscaped grounds of the Manor also provide the pine boughs, fragrant bay, variegated ivy and colorful holly berries used in the decorations. Many poinsettias, some massed and tiered and others used as accents, bring their touch of red to the interior. Flickering candles brighten the rooms.

The highlight of this victorian scene is the spectacular twelve-foot Christmas tree. Gardener Gino Ceccato spends over two days decorating this tree, wrapping each branch with tiny lights - 2,700 of them. He then places on the green branches red and white freeze-dried roses, which Carol has nestled in white lace atop red ribbons, and gypsophila (baby's breath), tied with narrow red ribbon and white lace.

And this is not the end of the seasonal celebration at Madrona Manor ! This year the Muir family presents their fifth annual Dickens Christmas Feasts on the six evenings preceding December 25. A group of six carolers in period dress sing old and new carols that add to the joy of Christmas during the serving of Chef Todd Muir's traditional seven-course feast. On the Sunday afternoon before Christmas, Madrona Manor and several other Healdsburg Victorian bed and breakfast inns hold open house and invite the public to view their Christmas splendor and enjoy refreshments.

Sadly, John Paxton did not live to spend many Christmases at his magnificent residence on the knoll. He passed away aboard ship on his way to Liverpool, England, in

1888. His body was temporarily interred in a vault on the knoll and later buried in Cypress Lawn Cemetery in San Francisco. Hannah Paxton spent her remaining years in the home and died in 1902 at the age of 67. She, too, is buried in Cypress Lawn Cemetery.

At times over the years the property was sadly neglected. Luckily, the Muirs acquired Madrona Knoll Rancho in 1981, the ninth owners to date. We are thankful they used their talents and skills to restore this beautiful home. It is truly a sumptuous addition to Healdsburg's ambience. ❀❀❀

Sources:

Interview with Carol Muir and Vicki Latimer, November 30, 1998.

*Sonoma County Tribune*, May 23, 1888, p. 5:3 and June 13, 1888, p5:3

*Healdsburg Enterprise*, May 23, 1888, p. 3:4 and June 13, 1888, p. 3:5

*Healdsburg Tribune*, September 4, 1902, p. 1:2

Special thanks to Carol Muir for her written input.



John Paxton who built the Madrona Manor



Carolers entertain at the Inn

# Healdsburg Gets a Slogan

by Marie Djordjevich

## Chamber 1924

In January of 1924 the new directors of the Healdsburg Chamber of Commerce met for the first time in a special meeting called by President Walter Towle. The purpose of this meeting was to organize and prepare for "a big and active year" (HT 1-24-24). An intensive membership drive and a large advertising/publicity campaign were the two main items on the year's agenda.



Walter B. Towle

In February at the first meeting of the Chamber membership for the year, the big item up for debate was whether poultry and egg production should be considered a separate industry for Healdsburg, rather than "pin money" for ranch wives. The matter was referred to a sub committee. Another item of business was a proposal that Healdsburg hold a cash prize contest for the purpose of securing an appropriate Healdsburg slogan. The purpose of this idea was to generate some excitement and publicity for the town of Healdsburg.

## Contest!

Slogan contest guidelines were simple: in ten words or less find a "snappy, to-the-point line for use on pamphlets, stationery and advertising matter" (HT 3-6-24). The prize for the winning slogan was \$100. In March the first entries for Healdsburg's slogan came from a man in Geyserville. His entries included: "The Capital of the Prune World", "The source of a nation's breakfast", and "For good homes and prunes that pay". Within a week the Chamber was handling slogans from many different parts of California. Residents in Modesto, Merced and Benecia were among those in the first outside towns to send entries.

## Publicity Galore

By March 20 it was apparent that the slogan contest was a productive idea. The *Healdsburg Tribune* wrote: "Had the publicity committee of the Healdsburg Chamber of Commerce gone into conference for a solid month in the hope of developing some scheme that would bring the attention of the people outside of the community to this section, they could not possibly have hit upon a better plan than the slogan contest" (HT 3-20-98). Fifty entries had been received by this time. These included lines from residents of not only Healdsburg and Sonoma County, but other towns as well, both in and out of California. In a week's time slogans were received from the Veteran's Home in Yountville, from Windsor, Napa, Cloverdale,

Berkeley, Santa Cruz, Benecia, Sacramento, San Francisco and Modesto. Outside of California entries were sent from Wisconsin, Oregon and New York. In addition, many inquires were made both about the slogan contest and about the town of Healdsburg itself. Many outside newspapers, including the *Sacramento Bee*, *Oakland Tribune*, and *Santa Cruz Sentinel*, picked up the slogan story and advertised it.

## Cartoonist Submits

In late March noted New York cartoonist Rube Goldberg (himself a California native) was visiting his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Rosenberg, in Healdsburg. Upon his return to New York he put his mind to creating Healdsburg slogans, and the Chamber soon received his contest entries. Among his ten entries were: "Healdsburg is full of prunes, pep and progress", "A regular place for regular people", and "When you say Healdsburg, you've said it". The Chamber was quick to reassure the population that Goldberg's slogans would be filed with all the other contributions and would receive "no more and no less consideration than the other lines suggested" (HT 3-27-24).

By April 3 hundreds of entries had poured in from all over the United States, including New York, Chicago, Portland, Miami, San Francisco, Berkeley, Oakland, Cloverdale, Santa Rosa, and, of course, Healdsburg. The *Healdsburg Tribune* continued to advertise the contest, and encouraged the public to enter: "there are many snappy slogans among those received, but it is likely that the winner has not yet been received" (HT 4-3-24).

## Just a Slogan

Slogans are pouring in upon the Chamber of Commerce from many sources and in all sorts of combinations of the English language. But none can claim much of an advantage over that written (supposedly) by a fellow countryman of Alighieri Dante, nor does any writer show more confidence in his product than does the man who indicted the lines here given:

Mister Giorgi Sanborn, Sectary Chambre Commerce - This like this way, me see from paper you wana getta da slog for Hellisburg, me say to my boy watso matter yo getta ondred dolla, but he say no savvy the slog bisseness eo me tella you and getta the ondred dolla. "Hellisburg she gotta the prune, no ills, no pills." Sende the mon Itelio Lombardi, care Tony's ranch, Hellisburg.

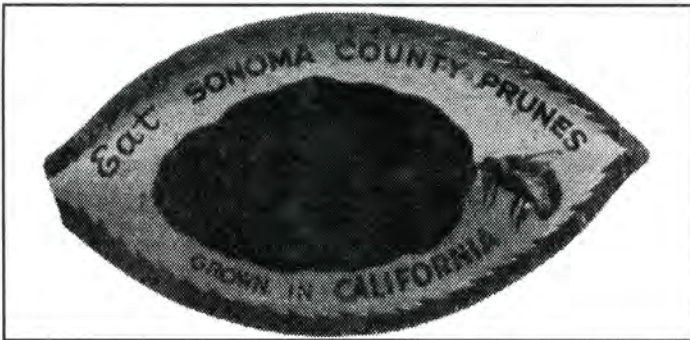
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## Widespread Attention

By mid-April the Chamber of Commerce strategy had paid off. Newspapers and magazines throughout the United States were paying attention to Healdsburg, largely on account of the publicity generated by the slogan contest. However, the Healdsburg Chamber of Commerce also pursued other avenues of publicity for the town. Their results were productive. In the Saturday magazine section of the *San Francisco Bulletin* two pages were devoted to Healdsburg information, including a large spread on the Geysers, which were referred to as the "Healdsburg Geysers". Also included in the articles was a mention by Santa Rosa Chamber of Commerce Secretary Mark Lee of Healdsburg as being "the center of the prune industry in California," and that Healdsburg prunes are "giving much higher sugar content than anywhere in the state" (HT 4-17-24).



Hikers at the Geysers, circa 1920



The same day that the *Bulletin* ran their story, the *San Francisco Call* prominently placed pictures of the Geysers as well as lengthy captions and photo descriptions on their financial page.

A Duluth hardware trade journal, the *Zenith*, wrote to the Healdsburg Chamber of Commerce Secretary asking "Do you bring your rural trade to town?" The answer was to be used in a symposium on the subject. Also, the *Zenith* would run a picture of West Street [now Healdsburg Avenue] and an article discussing the question.

## A Noble Try

In April the Chamber and the *Tribune* were excited because their contest had attracted submissions from a member of the nobility. They began by touting the contest as one for "every class and walk of life", and declaring that "high salaried office executives, writers and artists have contributed slogans; they have come from the housewife, the worker and the school child. And now the nobility!" (HT 4-17-24). The Baron Alexis de Boodberg of Menlo Park submitted a number of slogans, including: "Success my past, prosperity my present, greatness my future", "Healdsburg holds the healthiest heaven, heartiest hearths, heaviest harvests, happiest hearts", and "Three are indivisible: Healdsburg, health and happiness".



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## Postponement

The contest continued to have a widespread response, including entries from Montana, Calistoga, San Anselmo, San Mateo, Anaheim, Stockton, Santa Cruz, Visalia, Modesto, and Grass Valley. The contest was supposed to end on April 15, but because of its popularity, success, and the excitement it generated, the Chamber extended the closing date to May 1. However, all good things must come to a close, and it was soon time to pick a winner.



Drying prunes, circa 1920

## The Winner Is...

A committee of five members representing five groups or organizations was named to pick the winning slogan from out of the over 2500 entries received. The "Pick the Winner Committee" was comprised of: C.W. Comstock, chairman, representing the Chamber of Commerce; George Imrie, Kiwanis Club; Rev. D.J. Donnan, churches; Mrs. Edwin Kent, Jr., schools; and Charles Sherriffs, city government.

By May 8 the committee had decided on a winner. Merrill Miller of Visalia, a former Healdsburg resident, won the \$100 prize with the winning slogan "Healdsburg, the Buckle of the Prune Belt". Honorable mentions were given to five others: Manual Perkins for "Healdsburg, the City Built on the Square"; Lucille Distro for "Where Opportunity Never Knocks - She Walks Right In"; Mrs. Jack Toomey for "Where they Challenge the World to Grow Better Prunes"; Robert Austin for "Healdsburg, the Heart of California's Wonderland"; and Scott Imhoff for - A map with an arrow pointing to Healdsburg, and the legend: "Healdsburg's THERE". The decision of the committee was final, and according to the *Sotoyome Scimitar*, "met with more than general approval" (SS 5-9-24). Healdsburg became known as the "Buckle of the Prune Belt", a distinction she kept for a few more decades. ㊦㊦㊦

## Sources

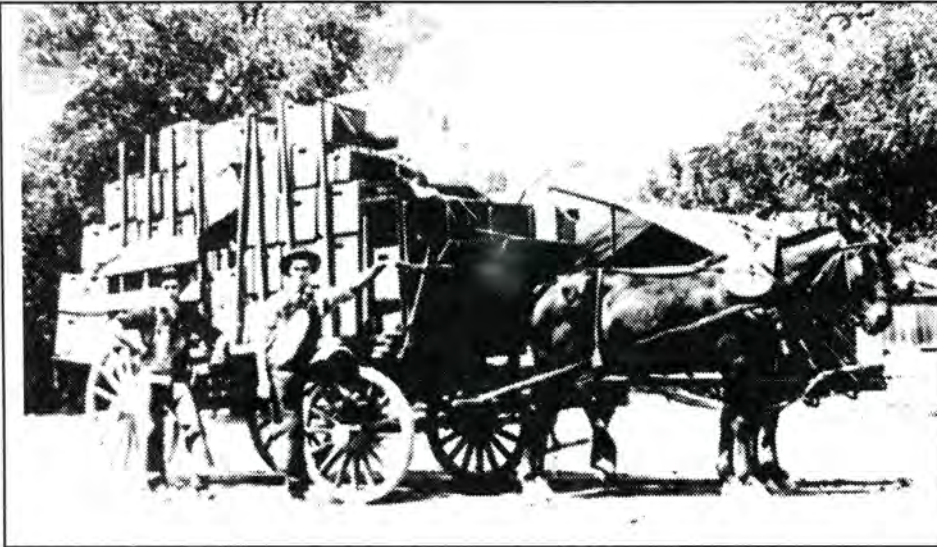
*Healdsburg Tribune*: 1-24-24; 2-14-24; 3-6-24; 3-13-24; 3-20-24; 3-27-24; 4-3-24; 4-17-24; 5-1-24; 5-8-24  
*Sotoyome Scimitar* 5-9-24



### Here are some slogans that were submitted for the contest.

As you will see, many of them have something to do with aprunes. Between 1923 and 1970 prunes were the biggest and most steady cash crop in the Healdsburg area. Many other slogans have to do with health, wealth and happiness. Most speak to the high regard and warm feelings people held for Healdsburg.

- The Capital of the Prune World
- The source of a nation's breakfast
- For good homes and prunes that pay
- Healdsburg - Not the best city in the world, but the best in California
- Healdsburg - where the prune reaches perfection
- Go to Healdsburg and Do Better
- The Garden of Eden for Fruit and Health
- Healdsburg - just a little bit of Heaven
- There is Health and Happiness in Healdsburg
- Where the wanderer finds rest, health, wealth and happiness
- Best Town on Earth and Anywhere Else
- Garden of Eden - Where Prunes Mean Health, Wealth and Happiness
- Valley of Superior Prunes - Surrounded by Nature's Beauties and Wonders
- Healdsburg for Everybody - Everybody for Healdsburg
- City of Wealth Unmined, Coined by Fruit, Flower and Vine
- The home of the Prune, Health, Wealth and Prosperity
- Appetizing Apples, Gorgeous Grapes, Healthful Hops and Perfect Prunes
- Grow Yourself a Soul at Healdsburg
- Healdsburg - The Prune Pit of America
- Sunshine Valley - The Place Where Health and Wealth Wait
- On the Main Line of the Grape Vine
- Where the eggs are not all in one basket
- A Good Place to Anchor
- Say it with a Ton of Grapes
- The Hops are Making Us Grow
- Pride of Sonoma Valley
- North, South, East or West, Healdsburg is the Best
- Healdsburg is full of prunes, pep and progress
- A regular place for regular people
- When you say Healdsburg, you've said it
- Healdsburg - jewel setting for Sonoma, California's golden crown
- Healdsburg - jewel center of California's favorite fruitland
- For beauty and health, pleasure and wealth
- Healdsburg - Russian River's gem city
- Haven of health and happy homes
- Where the Russian River rounds the mountain
- Hit the Highway for Healdsburg
- Healdsburg - California's prune garden
- The biggest little city in the world
- There is only one other Healdsburg - that is Heaven
- You said a bank-full - Healdsburg
- Yes, we have no bananas - but we raise everything else
- Healdsburg, a community of unlimited opportunity
- Say it with a song - and sing Healdsburg
- Success my past, prosperity my present, greatness my future
- Healdsburg holds healthiest heaven, heartiest hearths, heaviest harvests, happiest hearts
- Homelikeness hunters, healthfulness hankers, happiness hungers, all for Healdsburg
- Three are indivisible: Healdsburg, health, happiness
- Hail! harbor of healthfulness, heaven of Happiness, hale Healdsburg, hail!
- Healdsburg is a one way town - once in Healdsburg settled down
- The long lost Garden of Eden
- The paradise of the Golden West
- Healdsburg, city of opportunity, county of prosperity, state of California
- Ho! for Elfland
- Healdsburg! City of achievement, where health, wealth, happiness, prosperity reign supreme
- The threshold to happiness
- The sun shines brightest on Healdsburg, town of prunes and grapes
- Where nature plays its best hand
- Healdsburg holds the horn of plenty
- Healdsburg is 100 percent, without discount
- If it isn't from Healdsburg, it isn't a prune



Will Brandt of Brandt Bros. Brewery at rear, unknown brewery worker in front, circa 1905

## Prohibition Era, a.k.a. "Bootleg" Days

by Milt Brandt

By the time Carrie Nation, a Prohibitionist, and her crew of lady followers promoted the 18th Amendment, or "Volstead Act," better known as "Prohibition," the "Brandt Bros." brewery business was in shambles. In short order bootlegging became a way of life in the 1920s. This area had its fair share after the stock market crash in 1929. By this time Dad had a "white Elephant" hanging around his neck. A patch of ground along the river that he paid, or I should say was obligated to pay, too much for when Prohibition destroyed his dream. Having a beer-guzzling resort on the banks of the river was his goal. A market for Brandt Bros. Beer, fun and games entertaining the "city folks" from the Bay area like several other resorts--this was now just a memory.

My father, being one of the sons of an old country immigrant, was raised with a true respect of the law. I believe this was inherent with some second crop foreigners, especially of German descent. Most of the parents migrated to avoid political upheavals in their

homelands and put this fear in their offspring born and reared in the U.S.A. Granddad F.O. Brandt migrated with his family from Prussia to avoid such an upheaval (later to become Poland).

Dad turned to commercial farming. Dorothy and I were at a very impressionable age in the early 1930s. Dad had built a large prune dehydrator to accommodate his commercial farming practices. Money was tight, or should I say practically nonexistent, during these days. There was a constant controversy between Mom and Dad on how mortgage payments were to be met on time. Fortunately, living in a rural area we produced most of our own staples. We had a farm flock of sheep, a milk cow or two, rabbits, chickens and pigeons. This not only fed the family and hired men, but supplemented the monthly bills coming in.

### My Remembrance of Bootleg Days

Dad came in the house one noontime along in the fall of 1932 with a very serious expression on his face and told Mom we were all moving into town. My sister and I immediately came to the conclusion that the bank had foreclosed on the ranch. This had been a topic of conversation these past two years, so we finally thought it had arrived. It

wasn't the business of children to enter into family financial affairs, so Dorothy and I kept our opinions to ourselves and started packing. We would now officially become town kids instead of farm kids. This seemed to be a step in the right direction since my sister Dorothy was somewhat embarrassed to walk to town to meet her friends. Dad was never one to spend time or gas hauling us kids to social events that were few and far between. The four years difference in age between Dot and me was a factor. I didn't quite understand at that time why she would be self-conscious. She was 14 and I was 10.

The move was made to a roomy old home on Tucker Street, just one half block from Healdsburg Elementary School, which is now St. John's. We were settled in a very few days in our new home. Dot and I had lots of questions, but received very few answers as to why the rapid move to the big city.

A few days later Dad came in around supper time with a big smile on his face. Dorothy and I thought he probably stopped at some friend's house and participated in sampling some moonshine, which was plentiful in and about the area. He reached for his wallet and produced a \$500 bill. Mom just about passed out, and of course Dorothy and I didn't know what it was, since we hadn't seen anything larger than a twenty, and very few of them. Dad said this was the off-season rent on the dehydrator until it was needed the following summer, which also included our old home in the bargain. This didn't make good sense to Dot and me, except why work so hard in the prunes when there was this kind of money in a vacant dehydrator.

We were sworn to secrecy not to discuss any of this with our friends. This seemed to be a bit odd, but Mom and Dad appeared to be happy, so what difference did it make? The subject immediately changed to other things.

We learned there were many other little secrets brewing which we didn't

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understand. Within a few days Dad was packing to go to Fort Bragg. This really seemed odd to Dorothy and me. What will we tell our friends? Since none of the facts had surfaced, we were at a total loss. We were to learn later on that the \$500 bill was rent on the dehydrator building all right, but none of the renters happened to be interested in the prune business. Their interests laid in bootlegging with the growing demand for their product in San Francisco. It seems the answer was for high volume production of 180 proof alcohol. What to do with the waste it produced in the distillation process was the big question. The dehydrator was located adjacent to the river and the rising water during winter rains was natural to dispose of the waste, along with odors it produced when "cooked off." A pipeline was conveniently installed to the river and that took care of that.

Well, back to Dad and his preparation to go to Fort Bragg. Union Lumber Company was one of the largest redwood producing mills on the Pacific Coast and was located at Fort Bragg and Albion. During the early years of the operation of Union Lumber, there were "clear cut" areas where old growth redwood had been removed. Rather than replanting to merchantable trees for lumber, the soil was suitable for winter apples. Consequently there was considerable acreage of apples in production. The young trees were beginning to produce more apples than local markets could absorb. Apple drying was coming into production--dried apples were for exportation. Dad was well versed in dehydration, so this turned out to be a natural for him. He didn't find any problem getting employment with his experience. "What a find." Dad could remove himself from all bootlegging atmosphere that was taking place on the property and continue to be a law-abiding citizen.

This was a real enjoyable winter spent in town. We were close to school, I didn't have to bring in firewood by the wagon loads to keep Mom cooking for the hired men and a few miscellaneous boarders which we



*Drinking discarded wine along Old Redwood Highway, circa 1916*

seemed to always have. Christmas vacation was spent with Dad's operations out of Fort Bragg at a little whistle stop on the railroad by the name of Glen-Blair. Glen-Blair could also be reached via a narrow mountain road of approximately 10 miles to the east of Fort Bragg. The apple dryers, peeling sheds and storage were located there. Fresh apples were being shipped by truck to the Bay Area. These were called "loose packed sorted." All the ones with blemishes were routed into the dryers. This was in the winter of 1932-33. Dad worked for Union Lumber until the spring. By this time, from what I heard, there had been a tipoff to the bootleggers that they were in line to be raided. They vacated the property as rapidly as they had moved in. From conversations buzzing about the neighborhood, I guess that a lot of the ranchers up Bailhache Avenue got a little financial bribe to store parts of the still in their barns and garages.

Dad came home and we were moved back home in early June. We were only home a short time when three carloads of Treasury men drove up in their soft-top sedans. They made a very impressive entrance coming into the property. They jumped out and scattered out toward the dehydrator building with their riot guns and a couple of Thompson sub-machine guns on the ready. The head agent came to the house with a couple of his men

to question Dad. Dad really wasn't too used to this approach and turned a little pale. Mom was always checking Dad's complexion when anything out of the ordinary came about. She could always tell if he was getting mad or going to faint, which he just didn't seem to have a great deal of control over. The sight of a bad injury or human blood, you could always depend on Dad losing it, especially if it was one of the family.

This seemed to be a "pale face day" with the sight of the Federal officers closing in. They were quite congenial. Dad gained his composure and his stuttering began to subside while he told them to help themselves to look anyplace they wanted. The search warrant seemed to be in order, not that Dad would have known the difference.

Sometime later they all met in the front yard of the house. A brief comparison of notes from the search party seemed to satisfy the head agent in charge. There was a round of handshakes, the color started to come back in Dad's face and they were on their way.

Within a few days Dad raced in one morning saying they had knocked over (Botch) Foppiano's still which was located on the school site of where now stands Rio Lindo Academy. Mom, Dorothy and I wanted to see

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the results of an operating still that had been raided. We all climbed in the Model T sedan and took off up Bailhache Avenue. Before we even arrived at the site you could smell the results of the raid. The Feds really did a number on this location. The still was set up under a small grove of native trees next to the prune orchard that was planted along the ridge. The river flows on two sides of the old Foppiano Ranch (now Rio Lindo). Fitch Mountain to the south and an extension of Alexander Valley to the north with the Healdsburg "Iversen Reservoir" to the west. This was an isolated spot to operate from.

Dad was quite familiar with this location since Botch was a close friend, and I wouldn't be surprised if Botch hadn't referred the bootleggers to Dad. These are little details no one will ever know.

Botch was a real character. He used to stop every morning on his way to town to get a jug of spring water from the water piped in from the Minaglia Ranch one mile east by a pipeline direct from a mountain spring that was deeded to our homesite when it was formerly the Original Sotoyome Ranch Home.

Botch was an entrepreneur of many adven-

turous enterprises. Aside from prune ranching, playing landlord to the bootleggers, he also was investing heavily in the Geysers Development Company owned then by John D. Grant, majority stockholder. Another short-lived venture was building a resort on the river downstream of the original Foppiano property. There were cabins for rentals, restaurant overlooking the river just below the recreation dam that formed the reservoir at Del Rio Woods Recreation on the east side of Fitch Mountain. An in-house fire totally destroyed the main building within a few months after it was in operation. Some cabins remained and became summer homes when the property was split for sale in later years.

Botch had a glass eye which wasn't always adjusted properly. Some mornings on Botch's visit Dorothy and I couldn't tell who he was looking at, especially when he laughed. He was a large man and had a full face showing exposure to the elements and the many years of sampling his wares and enjoying those of his neighbors and friends.

I would like to add Botch gave me my first full size horse. It was an old retired buggy horse that belonged to his father. This old horse gave me years of pleasure. Her name

was "Babe," and she was deathly afraid of trains. She was almost struck by a train once, but this is another story that Botch liked to tell, when he had the opportunity.

Prohibition came to an end after the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment in November of 1933, which took effect January 1, 1934. This was all accomplished by popular vote the first Tuesday in November. This Prohibition Era changed many lives. I've often wondered what our family would be like if Carrie Nation hadn't gotten the idea that all alcohol was evil and decided to correct the problem. Who knows, maybe Brandt Bros. may have expanded their own little Budweiser enterprise, Healdsburg style.

Dad never lost his touch making home brew, and always attracted many old friends who hadn't forgotten his expertise. I was the chief crock-skimmer and bottler. Just don't let the syphon hose get too close to the bottom of the crock or you would cloud the beer and blow the bottles when you picked up the settled yeast from the bottom. This all became a memory, when you could buy a decent bottle of beer that pleased my father's taste. \*\*\*



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