

Time Has Erased a Beautiful Vacaville Scene

By John Rico

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WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO MY TOWN? - People who have resided here 50 years or more (there are only a few remaining), can look back and make a comparison of Vacaville "back when" and Vacaville today.

In looking over old photographs of Vaca Valley (1888), it brings tears to my eyes to see what we have sacrificed throughout the years. The mile after mile of symmetrically planted orchards, in early spring presenting a solid carpet of green over thousands of acres of lands; the many Victorian homes spread throughout the area; the winding dirt roads, tree-lined; the many different nationalities congregating here during long summer months to harvest the fruits; the hundreds of thousands of packaged boxes and crates of fruit all adorned with different colorful labels.

The people and the days to remember now are only memories:

Henry Schielke and his dray wagon hauling merchandise from the SP depot to downtown merchants.

Jack Duncan and his horse-drawn funeralhearse.

Firemen, most of them local merchants, running down Main Street headed for the East Main fire station to help pull the hose cart.

Ben Newell, Buck Company ranch foreman, parading Main Street with his horse and buggy.

Hundreds of wagons, pregnant with crates and boxes of freshly packed fruits, awaiting their turn to be unloaded at the East Main Street railroad docks.

Ruth Molseed riding horseback from her Allendale home to her job at the telephone exchange in the days of "number please."

The blacksmiths, Tom McCadden, Dominic Appelary, James Goodman, Jack Duncan, W.L. Strong, and others, rattling the community with their sledge hammers and anvils.

Art Avery and his pick-up truck, offering a delivery service for local grocery stores, tossing in the groceries, grabbing a bone for his dog, and then ordering the dog to rest

among the groceries.

Fred "Reco" Ream, a man about town, always being reminded of his size 12 shoes.

Barney Clark and Bert Creswell, with push brooms in hand, sweeping Main Street in the days of the horse and buggy and often remarking: "Vacaville certainly is not a one-horse town anymore."

Harold Hawk and Al Hubbard operating the Buckhorn Bar in their unorthodox manner.

Restaurentuer Joe Rossi defying Prohibition by serving red wine to his customers in coffee cups.

Dr. Warren Jenney, cigar in mouth, rushing off to deliver a baby at a rural home.

Jeweler Fred Deakin spending more hours telling tall tales than time spent in repairing watches.

Dr. M.P. Stansbury ordering burnt toast and coffee every morning at the Vaca Valley Creamery.

Newsstand operator Frank Melis scurrying along Main Street consistently forgetting to fasten his pant zipper.

Judge Ralph Platt always clearing his throat and spitting into the curb.

Laundryman John Campardon rushing around as though he was entered in a walking marathon.

Ed McMillan, Ford dealer, proudly showing off the first Model A his firm had received.

Meters installed on Main Street to solve the parking problem, but later removed because of agitation from customers and shop owners alike.

Hellen Davis driving downtown with one of her famous horses pulling a sulky.

Carl Crystal, part-time auto salesman, doing his best to sell the high-priced \$5000 LaSalle.

Banker Ed Cox concerned with the profit picture of the fast-growing Bank of America.

Joe Manuel placing one bottle at a time under the capping machine as he bottled his

own soda recipe at the Solano Ice and Soda Works.

Tailor Julius Friend walking up and down Main Street with an unfinished suit draped over his arm, destined to make a correct fit for one of Vacaville's more meticulous dressers.

Tony Moriel and his little red wagon delivering daily metropolitan papers to about a dozen Main Street subscribers.

Elmer Burton and Russell Beelard, service station operators, promoting money pools on the World Series and on football contests.

Leonard Blake and Joe Libonati attempting to sell a new Chevrolet to buggy-conscious residents.

The street lights, small globes under a reflector, hanging from wires strung across Main Street.

A water fountain built into the Main Street bridge and another, compliments Crystal Bros. Department Store, erected on the sidewalk at the corner of Main and Dobbins Streets.

Women's lib being promoted by Cole and Chandler, among the first women to operate a store in Vacaville.

The Saturday Club planting trees along the banks of Ulatis Creek.

Frank Tortosa, local merchant, successfully promoting the planting of trees along Vacaville's main business thoroughfares.

Tennant McDaniel, grade school principal, riding to work on his motorcycle.

Dom Isabella, theatre owner, always promoting new innovations which helped spark a progressive spirit here.

Dentist Leroy Towson walking down the street at a tortoise gait.

Tony Damiano and Sam Bentley forever pouring concrete along downtown streets, and doing most of the work with hand labor.

The names mentioned above gained prominence through their personal idiosyncrasies. These men and women are only a few in our Yesteryear who deserve some

recognition.

Whether we are fortunate or unfortunate, Vacaville is in a geographical location which guarantees an influx of new residents. We need to accept the status quo, yet at times for many of us it is enlightening to roll back the years and see the Vacaville that was.

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