My Forebears and Our Family
by Anita Baccaglio Johnson

Our Friends and Neighbors

We had no lack of friends. The big boys of the town always gathered at our cow pasture to play ball and there were always a lot of onlookers. This went on for quite a while until one of papa’s good cows died. This was unusual so he held a post-mortem and found a stick pin in her stomach. After that baseball playing in our pasture was banned. Then they gathered in our big backyard, often playing Run Sheep Run etc.

“We didn’t have time to wonder who we were and why, we just wanted to be something worthwhile and self supporting when we grew older and wiser.” — Anita Baccaglio Johnson

When we were young, the Bugeias lived next door. Their father was sort of a country gentleman—elderly, short, always wore a high-topped tan hat and tan suit with tails when he went to town. Mrs. Bugeia was a college graduate. She wrote books, painted and above all, made doll clothes for our dolls. She loved to call us over and present us with these presents, though I think Edna and I made pests of ourselves, always over there. Especially Edna, she never knew when to come home. They had two marble fireplaces in their house and a piano. The boys, Louie and Johnny, were in their 40’s and never worked, always raising horses in anticipation of winning some big race at the big race tracks. They never made it, though they tried until they died. There were three girls about the same age. Linda, the oldest, worked in a doctor’s office in San Francisco, and Mary and Theda stayed at home. Mary was the cook and Theda finally had to go to work to make both ends meet for all the family. She delivered mail. None of the children ever married. They moved away, then the Val Oark’s moved in. They had two girls about our age and one boy about Jid’s age. We enjoyed the girls a lot, played house together, hiked, etc., etc.

There were also the Trabuchi, who lived close to our other 20 acres. We visited with them a lot and took turns sleeping at one another’s houses. We later planted 10 of our 20 acres into Zinfandel grapes, which brought more in the market than oat hay. The other 10 acres of oat hay were needed for our cows.

EVENTS — Church

We lived right across from the Catholic Church and of course never missed a Sunday. Very convenient. First bell tolled 15 minutes before Mass time. We would get ready and dash over to church by the time the last bell rang.

The annual Portuguese Holy Ghost (Festival) was also quite an event in our lives. The Portuguese children had to march a mile from town following the Holy Ghost queen and a man carrying her big silver crown. Since we were not Portuguese, we could never be a queen but we were often talked into marching with a promise of some good Portuguese food after we returned to their hall, which didn’t always work out. But the Native sons band played all the way and that buoyed us and our tired feet on. Later when we grew older,

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we enjoyed joining the Portuguese in their native dance, the Chamarita. If you didn’t quite understand the Portuguese instructions, the ... Portuguese would push you into place.

Fourth of July

On the 4th of July the town officials gathered in town, gave speeches, and Mrs. Lewis invariably played the violin. We had to stand in the hot sun and listen. Think that’s one reason I never did care too much for violins. Later on when we had a car, the boys drove us to Fairfax for the big 4th of July festivities.

Picnics

At the end of the grammar school year, we all went on a picnic in the hills, to a little valley below the Nunes ranch. We had races, games, etc., lots of sandwiches and my mother was always asked to make a big pan of her doughnuts which we were proud to bring.

Plays

We also had school plays in which we had to learn lines. I remember I was in one called “Aunt Dinah’s Quilting Party” in which the song was also sung. My brother Joe made a big hit in one called “Bobby Bruster’s Rooster” in which he sang about his big rooster (which was on stage in a cage) which he did not want killed for a meal.

Dances

When we were in about the 7th or 8th grade, about 1919-20, Mrs. Leavenworth, Mr. R.H. Trumbull’s sister-in-law, a widow living with them at the time, decided to have a ballroom dancing class for the young people of Novato, as well as to teach her young nephew, Robert Trumbull, to dance. We met on Saturday afternoons in the back room of Hamilton Store, which made a nice dance floor. Music was furnished by a player piano which some of the town mothers pumped. This was one of the highlights of my young life. Believe there were about 20 in our class, including Edna and I. Some were of my age and others of Edna’s age. We paid $1.00 per person per week. There was a group for the older boys and girls too, about Joe’s age, and they held a dancing party now and then at the beautiful Trumbull home in Novato.

To begin our dancing class, the boys would go up to a girl and ask her to be their partner for the afternoon. Then from among these partners a host and a hostess were chosen. We danced away with Mrs. Leavenworth watching us and occasionally dancing with either boy or girl to show them the proper way to dance. I remember her saying “Think of yourself as a deer, step lightly.” Of course our partners were urged to ask other girls to dance with them also. But when it was time for the class to dismiss, the children host and hostess for the day went to the end of the room and each partner went up to them and said “We had a lovely afternoon, thank you very much.” At this impressive age, this is something you would never forget to do. I haven’t.

The oldest girls in this class had a fashion show. Mrs. Leavenworth told them what materials and colors each mother had to buy since each girl was to represent a flower, as well as high heels. Such merchandise was not available in Novato so had to go to Petaluma. I was to represent a pink amaryllis. Had to get some pink crepe d’chine and believe the skirt had an overlay of pink see-through material. Got grey high heels and grey silk stockings. I thought, Mama mia, how would I walk in them? The whole outfit was costly, but mama did not complain, and the fashion show was a huge success. Later Mrs. William Caen said to me “I didn’t think you were pretty until I saw you in that pink dress in the fashion show.” A back-handed compliment if there ever was one! Never thought of myself as pretty.

Those were big days in little lives. As we grew up, we began attending the public dances at Loustaunau Hall and the Community House. They were great. Always had my brothers take me and come and get me, and never went out when asked during the dance to take a drink of booze (during prohibition.) Ugh, that was the furthest from my mind. They could have it. I enjoyed dancing.

Cars

When our boys got old enough to drive, we bought a Model T black touring car, with isinglass windows which could be put on or left off. Later we graduated to a Star car. My brothers couldn’t be bothered teaching us girls to drive, so I had to rely on Quincy Benning, who taught me to drive his car.

New House

With our family growing up, our folks began thinking of a new house and since everyone was getting electricity in their homes, it seemed foolish to put all the new things in our old home.

My brother Joe was working in Petaluma. Said he knew of an architect who could draw some plans for us. Well the plans came and the house was a beautiful stucco house with outside French doors, etc., that would have cost us about $15,000 to build. That was too rich for our blood and the family said no, even though we had to pay $200 to have the plans drawn. We were then put in touch with Joe Faggiano from San Rafael, a

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relative of the Faggianos that lost their place in the olden days and old Uncle Antone and papa bid on and got. Our new home was built for about $7,000 and while we had to borrow a little to finish it, it was soon paid off with the help of the boys working and farm income.

Wine Making Time

The grape harvest was watched closely as to the sugar content of the grapes, since this is important in wine making. We picked and sold all we could to augment our yearly income, but were sure to keep put enough for use in our own wine making. Somehow we always had enough customers to buy the surplus, and it was always a question what price the grapes would bring each year.

It was fun to watch wine making operations. First papa and the boys would empty the grape boxes into a big tank, put on rubber boots, then get in and squash the grapes. I guess this was done a little at a time. After a time the juice was drawn off and put into another big tank. The remaining stems and grapes were run through a press to glean off all the juice possible. The juice was watched as to the proper fermentation, then put in barrels to age and use at the proper time. When it was in its early fermenting stage, it is very sweet and that's when the kids liked to taste it, which papa let us do, always with the admonition that if you drink too much it could make you very sick. One drawback to this happy time of picking grapes, which we all helped with, was an occasional bee sting. Another was that it was the girls' job to pick up every grape that fell to the ground when picking. Nothing was to be wasted.

Haying Time

Another fun time was hay harvest. That is when the hay bailers would come. It was amazing to see the hay fed in loose, then come out in bales. When that job was done and the bales all piled up neatly, it was a great place for us to climb up and have fun, although occasionally one leg would slip down in the cracks between the bales.

Hedge Hopping

Across the road from our place, all along the front of the Connell place, there was a thick wide hedge of cypress trees about five to eight feet high. We would climb up in the hedge and try to walk along the entire length without falling through to the bottom of the hedge. When we finished, we were one sticky mess from the pitch off the cypress hedge, but that was beside the point. Sometimes there would be a tramp sleeping under the hedge. We knew their sleeping spots and avoided them. Finally, this hedge was all taken out, when the highway was widened, I guess, so that was the end of our fun there.

Car Watching

While we were young, cars had not been in existence too long and on Sunday afternoons everyone who owned a car was out cruising in it. The road that passed in front of our continued on pg F4, see Forebears
house was the main road from San Francisco to Northern California and was one of the first roads paved. We used to sit for hours on the roadside and watch the cars go by. Of course we could all tell what the models were at the time. We often played games saying this one is mine and the next one is yours. Sometimes someone in the group would throw something at the cars, like a grape or a little rock, and of course the cars would slow down and even stop and did we scamper! Once one drove in our yard to object, but no one knew who did it because it wasn’t only our family who were there. So the motorist went off in a huff.

Photographers

There was always a roving photographer who would pop in and ask if we didn’t want a family portrait taken. They were always in a hurry and it wasn’t too easy to gather up the whole family, dress them up and stand and smile while pictures were taken. I remember I was pretty well perturbed to have to stop my play one day to have this done, and you can see by the look on my face in the picture that I didn’t like it. My mother was exasperated with me as she didn’t look any happier. I didn’t even have time to change my shoes. To make matters worse, my brother Joe was away at the neighbor’s as usual and didn’t get in the picture.

Peddlers

They always seemed to me to be the most patient people. They would come with their valise, the kind that a top would fit over the bottom part. He would open it up, put down the top and take out each item of clothing, etc., and transfer it to the top, holding up each article to try and tempt my mother. Of course I thought she should buy a lot of those nice things. But I don’t remember her buying anything. I guess they finally decided she was not a very easy customer so stopped coming.

Gypsies

About once a year, a band of gypsies would come by. We children were “scared stiff” of them. Stories were spread around by kids, I guess, that they would steal children and take them away with them. They were reported also to burn down people’s houses. Of course none of those things ever proved true. The women with their long, bright, full dresses and many rings and trinkets would come to the door and ask if they could read my mother’s fortune. She always said no. They would also ask for matches and we children thought sure they wanted them to burn down houses. We would always be relieved when they broke up camp and left Novato.

Talking about matches, ours were called sulphur matches and always came in blocks. That is, the blocks were cut into a bunch of little sticks kept together because the blocks were not cut through at the bottom. The top of the split block of matches was dipped or painted with a sulphur solution. You would break off one of these little sticks and strike them on something and they would light, but also they would leave a fluorescent-like line on the material on which they were scratched.

Our Play Houses

When Uncle Antone died, his little cabin wasn’t used for anything for several years, except maybe a sack of grain for the chickens which were kept in a pen next to the cabin, and a lot of dirt and dust, etc. This was called “ca nova” (new house).

When the Clark girls moved next door we cleaned it from top to bottom inside and had it as a play house. Believe we had a sewing club also. Later when our folks got a separator, that became the separator room (after we had it all cleaned up). Then with our parents’ permission, we moved to the “ca vegga” (old house) next to the tank, as long as we did not bother the potato bin along one end of it or the table on which papa had laid out his big tobacco leaves for drying.

We put on “plays”. I remember one play just consisted of some of us parading around, one representing a Red Cross nurse, made with sheets with a red cross on the head drape, and one a Hawaiian girl that did the hula. The reed skirt was made by sewing tules on a pair of underpants and the top was made of grapevines and leaves, with a grapevine wreath for the head—very authentic. The piece d’resistance was the snake dancer. We had found a big old gopher snake someone killed which we wrapped around the dancer’s neck.
and body. We charged 5c to come to the show. We asked the big boys who were visiting our brothers but all I can remember who came was Julius Petersen. We always liked him. Think we gave that plan up as a money maker.

**Bicycles**

Only the boys had bicycles and those were ones they put together from scrounged pieces of old bikes. They always had some scheme where you could sell a lot of something or other and win a new bike, but none of the schemes ever worked out. I got orders not to touch the bikes when the boys weren’t around. But I was determined to learn how to ride a bike and every chance I got to ride one when the boys were around, I did. I’d start from the end of the porch and before long I was able to ride.

**Movie Shows**

Once a week someone put on some of William S. Hart’s westerns at Lous-taunau’s Hall. Chairs were set up and a noisy projector at the end of the room churned out the pictures. We thought they were great and well worth the price. Later on when the Community House was built, there was a projection room upstairs where movies were shown to a full house once a week.

**Town Dances**

Saturday night dances were lots of fun, especially the tags. I loved to dance and would dance all night and was never tired until I got home and then everything ached. But the next time there was a dance, we’d do it all over again. Thank goodness for brothers who would take you.

**Epilogue**

All these old memories I hope will be interesting... Things have changed so much from my childhood, it is amazing. However our hardship, we always had something to do. We didn’t have time to wonder who we were and why, we just wanted to be something worthwhile and self supporting when we grew older and wiser. ♦
Overnight train service to Eureka

- Lounge for Pullman passengers
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Our overnight train service is time-saving and a pleasant comfortable way to go to Eureka. Pullman accommodations include lower and upper berths, compartments and drawing room. Attendant in Pullman lounge section serves snails, doughnuts, coffee, juices, sandwiches, soft drinks, cigarettes and other items.

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- 41 Chevrolet Club $695
- 40 Buick Fordor $545
- 41 Chrysler Sedan $695
- 41 Plymouth Sedan $645
- 41 Pontiac Sedanette $695
- 40 Ford Tudor $495
- 38 Fordor Fordor $365

AND MANY OTHERS

See

Walter McKenzie Brown
NOVATO REPRESENTATIVE

AT

**H and P Motors**

Novato Ford Representatives at the "76" Sign

**DOHEMANN MOTOR CO.**

FOURTH STREET   SAN RAFAEL

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WANT SOME SIGNS?
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Will deliver HOT to you a delicious
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JACKPOT $50.00
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F. F. W. MEET ON
FRIDAY FEB. 10TH
Dr. John H. Craig, public relations chairman, the Donald V. 
Westlund Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, urges all
members to attend the next meeting on Friday, Feb. 10th 
at 8 p.m., at the Druids Hall, Novato.

AT AHWAHNEE
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gustafson and their son John took a
winter vacation in the Yosemite Valley, Ahwahnee Hotel.
They report that the Yosemite is a winter fairyland of ice and
snow.

TONSILS
Young Christina Hansen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul
Hansen, who reside on Eucalyptus avenue, had her tonsils re-
moved at the San Rafael General Hospital on Thursday
morning. She is under the care
of Drs. Weseman and Purdy.

TO TRENTON
A number of members from
Novato, Sylvan Circle are plan-
ing to attend the official visit
of Grand Arch Druidess Della
Roman to Trenton Circle
CAOD, tonight. The group will
join with San Rafael Circle
members to make the trip by
WANTED—Housework. By day or hour. Also ironing.

Hughes. Phone Novato 90-1.

SAWS FILED AND SET

ERNEST SCHMIDT

Plum Street near Chase Street

Novato

FOR SALE—Colored roasters and fryers. Dressed 50c lb. Live 40c lb. J. Scafsidi Poultry Farm. Center Road and Diablo. Phone 814-J.

FOR Sale—Model "A" 1/2 ton truck, 6-wheel, good engine, good rubber. $125.00 C. Paladini, Box 104, Wilson Avenue, Novato.

FOR SALE—Wedge wood kitchen stove—comb. gas and oil fiel. $29.90. Also, circular, coal & wood, with water pipe connections, 6 gas burners, $40. Also, circular, heater, coal & wood, $29. Both in ex. cond. Nova to Blvd., Box 53.

FOR SALE—Rabbit fryers. Very reas. Dressed or otherwise. Ph. Novato 808-Y.

FOR SALE—Dresser turkeys. 3 purebred breasted stock ever raised. Come to our ranch and look them over. H. C. Petersen Turkey Farm, Indian Valley Road, Box 145. Phone 947-R, Novato.

FOR SALE—Evanoil oil circ. heater. $50. Cost. $110. In excell. cond. Phone 857-M.

FOR SALE—Metal utility trailers. 2. Old bad springs. English saddle and bridles. All in good cond. Ph. Novato 945-J.

FOR SALE—Large and small feed hoppers. Chick and hen feeders. Two litter cisterns and a muck truck. W. O. Bird, Hill Ave. and Canyon Rd. Ph. 838-W.

FOR SALE—Practice piano, ex. cond. Also "Fowler" 30 gal. porcelain lined elec. hot water heater. 3 yrs. old. Reasonable, Ph. 857-R.

WILL GIVE AWAY—2 year-old German Shepard, boxer. Male. To responsible party who will give him good home. R. W. While, Phone 854-W.

CLASSIFIED ADS

TRACTOR WORK—Plowing, post-hole digging, general ranch work. Joe Samaas, Ph. Novato 172-R.

FOR SALE—Used coal or fuel oil heater with wood blower, suitable for home. Phone Novato 957-J.

WANTED—Plowing, discing, landscaping, posthole digging, lawns, bulldozing and drive way work. Phone Novato 814-Y.

FOR RENT—5 rm furn. house. $85 per month. Mrs. R. Lockwood, Simmons Lane.

FOR SALE—4 pc. living room set. Less than a year old. $89.50, Mrs. Wolter, G & R. Truck Stop, Hiway, Novato.

FOR SALE—G. E. Farm-type battery charger. ex. cond. W. Schwedt. Phone Novato 585-M.

RECLAIMED SEED OATS

FEED

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PHONE NOVATO 905-3

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PHONE NOVATO 124-J
SIXTH GRADERS HOLD OWN MARCH OF DINES FUND BAZAAR

Mrs. Estes, sixth-grade room collected three dollars and forty cents for their March of Dimes. But they decided they would like to do more, and so they set about it in a very grown-up manner. They organized their own bazaar. The boys and girls brought cookies and candies from home, which they sold to each other during their lunch hour. A penny for a cookie and two pennies for a piece of fudge. In this manner they made six dollars and sixty-one cents, bringing their total March of Dimes contribution up to ten dollars and five cents.

NOT INJURED

Rev. Seth Parker, who was lately the minister in the Presbyterian Church, in Novato, was not injured in an auto accident as rumored. The man identified as Parker was an Episcopal minister.

DOGS

BOARDED — TRAINED
Norwegian Elkhound Puppies
ROMAR KENNELS, REG.
Indian Valley Road
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BOYES SPRINGS

BOTTLED WATER

In 5 Gallon Bottles
Prompt Service-Free Delivery
We Reserve the Right To Refuse Service To Anyone
Ph. 921-R Mornings—Evenings

James Willette Heads “Dimes” Campaign Here

Heading the “March of Dimes” campaign in the Novato/Black Point area this year are Mr. and Mrs. James Willette of Black Point. Although the drive was technically over on January 31st, funds are still being solicited, and the containers are still in all of the stores.

“If you have not made your contribution as yet, please do so at once, and help put Novato over the top.”

MELCHIORS TO BE IN NEW HOME SOON

Mrs. Gus Melchior was heard to say that their new home on Virginia Avenue is all built except the walls. But on being questioned she confessed that she meant the inside walls, the finishing. And the plumbing is in, but it is not connected. The Melchior family are expected to be in their new home as early as October. But Mr. Melchior did all the building he could for himself, and he did not know how long it takes to pour concrete for a foundation, etc., etc. The fact is that Gus confesses that he found the et ce teras endless.

Donna, the littlest Melchior says that they will have a little yard, a little cow, and little horses, and a duck. But she expects the little cow to grow up.

MUSIC SECTION TO MEET

The Music Section of the Novato Improvement Club will hold its regular meeting on Monday evening, February 6th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Shoemaker.

Anyone interested in joining this group is cordially invited.
Clarice Mcabee and William Mazziolli were married in a civil ceremony in Reno on Thursday, March 2nd. Their friends Mr. and Mrs. Tony Pirn, Albert of Penngrove accompanied them and acted as best man and matron of honor.

After the ceremony, the Pirn duo returned home, but the bride and groom went from Reno to Boulder Dam and Death Valley. From there they traveled back to the coast through Victorville and San Bernardino to Beverly Hills where Mr. Bill has friends, and he enjoyed showing Clarice that part of the state.

They came back to Novato by the coast route until they reached Salinas, and then to Monterey and north through Watsonville and Gilroy.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Mcabee. She has a younger brother, Bobby, and one sister, Mrs. William Dockery, Jr., of Novato.

The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Mazziolli. He has three sisters, Mrs. Walter Hale, Mrs. Henry Paggetti of Marshall, and Rosso Mazziolli, and two brothers, Louie Mazziolli and Richard Garzoll.

The couple will make their home on First Street in Novato.

DeBorba's Inn
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ANNAPURNA, Prop.

TELEVISION!!!
Wrestling Matches
TUESDAY NIGHT - 8:30
LIQUORS
FOOD

Grant Ave. Phone 57-M

PTA Food-Sale
February 18th
Next Saturday, February 18, the Novato Parent-Teacher Asn. will sponsor a food sale, one of its money-making projects of the year.

Chairman of the affair is Mrs. Ed Rose, and she reminds association members to please have their donations at Simmonds Market between 9 and 9:30 in the morning.

The sale will be held from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wallace left on Thursday morning for Manhattan, Kansas after a two week visit with their son, Clark Wallace, and family.

Captain Charles Clarkson left this week for Seattle on a business trip.

New Wonder-Drug for Mastitis

AUREOMYCIN OINTMENT
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Effective against all organisms acted on by Penicillin plus many other groups. A single infusion clears streptococcal and staphylococcal staphylococcal infections in a high percentage of cases. Prompt treatment brings prompt results.

NOVATO PHARMACY
GRANT AVE. & 101 HIGHWAY
PHONE NOVATO 50-0
Novato — 50 Years Ago
continued from page F12

use was convincing evidence that prompt attention was required.

The third case of polio for 1950 was reported in Marin County in the January 27 issue of the Novato Advance. The victim was an 11 year old girl first thought to have mumps. Seventeen cases of polio had been reported in Marin County in 1949.

Primo Paladin, the first born of the four Paladin brothers, was remodeling his home on Center Road opposite Rica Vista. Primo was famous for his skill in pruning grape vines and fruit trees.

Rich Caudill spent a day on a Navy cruiser as a guest of a naval reserve member. They cruised around the Farallone Islands.

There were 597 deer taken in Marin County during the 1949 season. (Current day hunters take note!)

Jean Johnson was appointed chairman of the annual 4-H Club food drive held in March.

Walter “Bob” Simonds arrived home from Japan on February 26 after a stint as a U.S. Army draftee. (Walt was a member of the Novato Historical Guild for many years, serving as a board member prior to his death in July 1997.)

Dr. Sidney Kerston, dentist, opened his office in the Pini Building in March, occupying an office vacated by the Perachiotti Realty Co.

Eddie Groff, son of Mrs. Ted Johnson, was taken to San Rafael General Hospital on February 8 for an emergency appendectomy.

The subscription rate for the weekly Novato Advance newspaper was $2.50 a year!

According to the Novato Bank chart, as of February 9, rainfall in Novato was 17.20 inches, almost double the previous year.

The Novato School Board signed an option to buy 13 acres on Olive Avenue, which subsequently became Olive School.

Novato had 17 students on the honor roll of San Rafael High School. They were Wanda Harper, Shirley Mayo, Frosty Wright, Eva Cazzaniga, Karen Stroeh, Yvonne D’Ambrogio, Neva Holmes, Dallyce Ruhlman, Arthur James, Walter Rathaus, Charles Lautrup, Robert Mayo, Barbara Ann Simmons, Marilyn Thum, Ann Sjolom, Margaret Clark and Barbara Stoner.

Nine Marin County boys and girls, all members of the Novato 4-H Club, entered livestock in the 1950 Grand National Junior Livestock Exposition and Arena Show at the Cow Palace in San Francisco. Virginia Orr was the first entry in the show for the second successive year with 3 Guernsey dairy cattle and 2 Duroc hogs. Jim McNem entered the show with 1 Guernsey female.

The Novato Squadron, Civil Air Patrol, moved to new quarters in Building T-800 at Hamilton Air Force Base.

In the March 10 issue of the Advance, Henry Hobbs said “Black Point now has one STOP sign which the writer believes should be removed.” He went on to say “With the division of the main current of traffic by construction of the new highway, there remains insufficient traffic on the old highway to justify a stop at that point.” The stop sign in question was located at the junction of old Highway 37 and the road leading to Grandview Avenue right at the railroad station building.

Clarice McAbee and William Mazzoleni were married in a civil ceremony in Reno on March 2. Their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Pimentel of Penngrove accompanied them and acted as best man and matron of honor.

The Rev. Peter Farmer of St. Francis Episcopal Mission of Novato was ordained to the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. Karl Morgan Block, Bishop of the Diocese, in St. Paul’s Episcopal church in San Rafael.

E.R. Lang of Black Point, Stephen Bruff and Tom Hardcastle of Novato filed as candidates for the two vacancies on the Novato School Board. William K. Mayo and Charles Rowe, whose terms had expired, stated they would not seek reelection.

Novato—50 Years Ago is a collection of remembrances culled by Bill Almeida from the January-March 1950 issues of the Novato Advance newspaper in the collection of the Novato History Museum. We hope you enjoy seeing the names and happenings of Novato in the “good old days” of 50 years ago!

WANTED
Hamilton Stories

We’d like to publish first person stories of life at Hamilton Field/Hamilton AFB - both in war time or afterward. Please call editor Lin Hines, at 415/897-0170.
Novato — 50 Years Ago

by Bill Almeida

Work was started on January 3 on the new Marin Dairymen’s Feed Mill at the “northern boundary line of Novato city limits on Highway 101”. Contractor Jack Shields reported that the building would be 60 feet wide and 201 feet long. It was expected that the mill would employ 12 to 14 men. (This is the building that is now Toby’s Feed Barn with Dairymen’s Milling in the rear at 7546 Redwood Blvd.)

The Novato Board of Fire Commissioners issued a statement asking local residents to be calm and provide a full description of a fire location. Due to excitement on the part of some callers, the operator was having a difficult time directing fire personnel to the correct locations of fires.

The U.S. Civil Service Commission announced an examination for probational appointment as Clerk and Carrier in the Hamilton AFB Post Office. The basic rate of pay was $1.29 an hour. Applicants had to reside within a five mile radius of Hamilton.

On January 2, the Community House was the scene of a large family reunion and dinner party for the P.A. Johnson family. It was the first reunion of the Johnson family since 1918 and about 55 relatives were present, including a number from out of state.

A daughter was born on January 3 to Joe and Marie Salmina. The baby (over 8 lbs.) was born at Petaluma General hospital and five year old brother Eddie was awaiting her arrival home.

On January 9, Tom Keena Jr. (7 lbs. 4 oz.) was born to Tom and Alice Keena. The new arrival had 3 sisters at home: Sheila, Patricia and Kathleen.

The grocery part of Hale’s Market was sold to George Warden and Victor Regalia of San Rafael. Harry Hale was to retain his interest in the meat market. A new lease was effected with A.W. Bowman for the building housing the store at the northwest corner of Grant and Machin Avenues (today’s Sentimental Journey Antiques.)

Mrs. W.J.J. Smith urged everyone to look through their closets and store rooms for old clothing to be sent overseas. The clothing drive, conducted by the Marin branch of the A.A.U.W. was for the American Friends Service Committee.

Johnny D’Ambrogio, son of Mr. And Mrs. Arthur D’Ambrogio, was rushed to Petaluma General Hospital on January 17 for an emergency appendectomy.

Novato School Superintendent William J.J. Smith stressed a need for more new school rooms. Further growth could reasonably be expected because of (1) enough land for large subdivisions and individual home building, (2) close proximity to San Francisco to attract commuters and (3) recent completion of water and sanitation facilities assuring the area of adequate sewage disposal and ample water supply.

The Freshman class at San Rafael High School sponsored a formal dance. Jackie Young, Grace Lundblad, Bunny Bruns, Charles Lautrup, Don Jacks and Dave Milano went together and made King Cotton Drive-In a late night stop. King Cotton was located alongside Highway 101 in San Rafael near Bermuda Palms and was a very popular spot for the high school crowd.

In his column “Black Point Items” in the Novato Advance, Henry Hobbs expressed concern that a dangerous situation existed at the intersection of the relocated Highway 37 and Crest Drive. One accident and 2 “narrow escapes” in less than the first month’s

continued on page F11, see 50 Years

SUNNYSIDE

Comic strip and old advertisements from Novato Advance newspapers, Winter, 1950