

JM Now, did you have any fun in the old hotel?

EL I don't remember much about the old hotel. I remember where it was. It burned in 1940. I'd only been in it a few times. I can remember hearing of what went on there, but very rarely – it was kinda strange. My recollection was there were not a lot of people from the valley who went to the old hotel, because by that time the Lafranchi store and bar were going down there, and so that's where the congregation was for some reason. That's where people congregated. I think a part of that is the post office was there. You could get gasoline there.

There was a bar there, and so it was just kinda natural for people to kind of assemble there, as opposed to why do you want to go to the hotel? There's not much in the hotel. I mean what are you gonna do in a hotel? I do remember that they had a couple of pool tables in there. I remember walking by and the fellow who was running it at the time asked me if I would do him a favor, and I said, "Well, I guess, whatever you want." He said, "Would you go down to the store and buy me a box of .22 shells because I don't have any .22 shells?" And he gave me some money and I did that. I mean out of the blue. That's the only time I really can recall being in the hotel.

JM So at the store you could buy the candy out of that glass-covered countertop or you could buy the .22 caliber shells.

EL Shells. You could buy shells there; you could buy shoes there. They had clothes there. They had quite a variety of things. They really did. They didn't have a big supply of anything, but there was quite a variety.



In front of the store are Augie Papina and Marcie Dentoni on the right.

(Anne Papina Photo)

remember it?

EL I think the first priest that I really remember was Father Vincent McCarthy, and one of the reasons I remember him is that at the end of the



Bud and Augie Papina in front of the Lafranchi, Papina, Dentoni store, restaurant, bar, gas station

(Anne Papina Photo)

JM Did you ever know Jim Sam?

EL No. I remember the name, but I don't remember him at all.

JM Okay. And of course, you logged your time in the church.

EL Oh, yes, right.

JM Whole family was Catholic.

EL Whole family was Catholic, right.

JM Who were the priests who were there when you

remember it? Nicasio Valley Road now, where the old crossroads were out there, was a skimming station, where the people used to bring their milk and they'd basically separate the cream out of that. And that was owned by the Dolcinis, and my mother was part owner of that, and he wanted to do some CYO work here. Father McCarthy wanted to put in a little boxing mother one day and asked if she would be willing to support that. rink up there for the kids, and so he came to see my rink up there for the kids,

That was my first recollection of basically a priest coming into the house in any case, and I was

always impressed by him. He was a really interesting, energetic kind of guy, and she was supportive of his request, and eventually he did put a rink in up there. But my recollection is it hardly ever got used because he wasn't here very long. He got transferred. He was basically the first priest that I remember.

There was a priest before him, whose name I think was Father Leo, I don't remember much about him. And then following Father McCarthy, there was Father Marr (sp?), and Father Marr really worked pretty hard to try to get me to go to the seminary, especially when I was getting out of eighth grade, and I had gone and I'd taken the tests at Sacred Heart High School in San Francisco, and that seemed to be okay and everything, and my father said – Father Marr – he said, “You know,” he says, “this kid is just too young to know what he wants to do.” He says, “I'm just simply not gonna let him do that. He's just too young. If he really wants to be a priest later on, that's fine, but not now.”

And then after Father Marr, there was Father Egan (sp?). Is Father Egan the next one? No. There was one in between there. It was Father Richard – ugh, my goodness. I can't remember his name. And then Father Egan, and then I can't remember – he was the priest that married us. Oh, my goodness. Memory's going.

JM Was Father Egan here at the end of the War?

EL Father Egan was here – yeah. I think actually even a little bit before the end of the War. He was here – let's see. I'm trying to remember when he left. My guess, he left probably like maybe 1948 or so, and Ray Gallagher and I used to serve mass together most of the time. We served for quite a while, and I guess the priest that I remember serving mass most for was Father Egan because I was a little bit older at the time.

JM Who got to ring the bell?

EL Well, whoever was ready to go, you know, we would take turns running out and ringing the bell, but it usually was an altar server who did that, only the altar boys. None of the parishioners ever used to ring the bell, unless we didn't go and do it and the other thing that used to happen a lot is Father would

wait for the people to get there. You know, mass was supposed to start at 11:00, and people wouldn't get there because they were busy, and so he'd delay it, and he wouldn't start 'til five after or ten after or 15 after, and then they got to say, “Well, he's not going to start right away, so I'm not going to get there on time” So you never knew when to ring the bell, basically. But we were – my father, in particular, insisted that we all go to mass every week. He was also of the opinion that Sunday was kind of a day of rest. You didn't do anything that you really didn't have to do on Sunday. That's very much “old country,” because in Switzerland that was really a big deal.

JM Were there any family traditions that you remember observing? Something in connection with birthdays or anniversaries or Christmas?

EL Well, we never did much in the way of birthdays until later on, until we were all kinda teenagers. We never did very much of that. At Christmastime we almost always used to go to my aunt's in Petaluma for Christmas dinner. My mother and my aunt's husband, Robert, were very good friends, and they always enjoyed one another, and this was a big occasion for both of them, this Christmas, and they really enjoyed that. So that was probably the biggest thing that we did as a family, was Christmas.

JM Do you remember any community traditions that were observed?

EL Oh, yeah. I can remember that the Druid's always used to have Santa Claus come to Druid's Hall, you know. I can remember being a little kid still believing in Santa Claus, hardly able to wait for this mysterious person to arrive and all that stuff.



*St. Mary's Church
(Anne Papina Photo)*

Social life in Nicasio for the community I think revolved primarily around what was going on in the Druid's Hall. Lots of dances. There was always dances going on. Unfortunately, there was a group of folks who came to those dances whose goal was to get drunk and get into a fight with somebody, and I mean they were really bloody fistfights. This particular group of people would deliberately pick fights with someone so they could beat up on them. And I still remember seeing some of those guys and they're all bloody and everything else from these fights. But an awful lot of social activities were just family-to-family activities. You know, we didn't have telephones until after World War II, and so you never knew whether somebody was going to come and visit you, until you happened to see car lights or something coming up the road, and you said, "Well, I wonder who that is," and they'd knock on your door, and that was it. And so, you kinda had to be prepared to make a cup of coffee and – do something.

JM So you didn't even have the crank phones.

EL No. There had been those telephones back in the 1920s, I guess, because there were some telephone wires around, but we did not have a telephone until post World War II, and we got party lines, you know, and the switchboard was in what was now the Dentoni house, the Lafranchi house, and they used to patch you together and do that kind of stuff. And that was a big deal to have a telephone.

JM Do you remember the number? Now, this is a crank phone?

EL Well, it used to crank so that you could get the attention of the operator, one of the Lafranchis, and as I recall the number we had was 245R or something like that, or some such number, but

that's probably not accurate. That can't be the right number. That's the old number I had in Livermore; it was a party line number also.

JM Yeah.

EL Because the numbers here were just two-digit numbers as I recall.

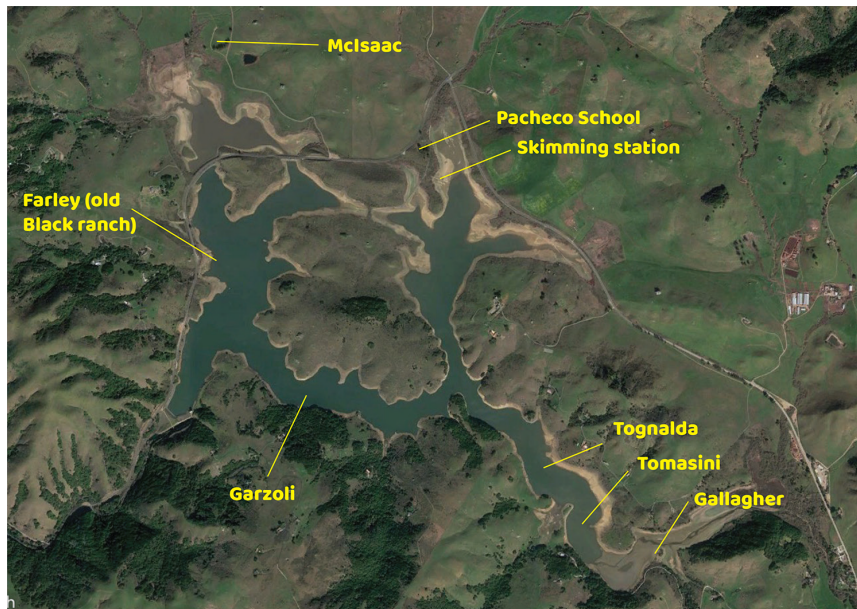
JM Yeah.

EL But lots of times – lots of times you'd call up and just say, "Would you connect me with Josephine Farley?" or, "Would you connect me with So-and-So?" Well, you know, they knew everybody's number. They'd just plug it in.

JM Right. Now, can you think of any major area that we haven't covered?

EL Gee, I think we've covered quite a bit of ground here. I think the only thing that I'd like to say is that the nature of the Valley changed quite a bit after the dam came in. A lot of the dairies went out. They were forced to go out because they

couldn't continue to operate here anymore, and that was – although it was delayed somewhat, that probably lead to the influx of the number of new people into this Valley, who had different goals than being ranchers. And that has changed, I think, the character of the Nicasio Valley, and sometimes I really wonder – had the dam not gone in,



Inundated Ranches under Nicasio Reservoir

what would've happened?

Would it have stayed more dairy country, or would it have changed to what it is now? And I don't know the answer to that question. But I think having the dam built is what began this process.

JM Well, thank you, sir. Appreciate it.

EL Sure thing. Thank you. My pleasure.

(End of Interview)



Bruce Daniels passed in his home on May 24. Rest in Peace beloved veterinarian, dear friend and neighbor. (Photo taken by Richard Blair on September 19, 2018)

Point Reyes Station and focused on the equine and bovine practice as a mobile veterinarian. He treated horses of all disciplines and specialized in lameness cases as well as treating cows for many dairies and beef ranches in West Marin and beyond, driving a Jaguar. He was a renowned veterinarian and member of the American Veterinary Medicine Association, one of the highest level of achievements. Bruce studied complicated cases for animal disease and lameness for which he was able to determine causes and treatments and served as a reputable consultant to many other veterinarians. He resided in Inverness Park and met the love of his life, his best friend and business partner, Elizabeth (Liz) Gail Hearn through horses, and they married on October 24, 1980 at Point Reyes Presbyterian church and had their daughter, Melissa Laverne Daniels in 1984. He and his wife Liz began ranching in 1987 where they established 'Cow Track Ranch' after purchasing the old McNamara/Murray ranch (1859) with the partnership with MALT on a "handshake deal" when Bruce was treating a down cow in the milk barn with respected friend and owner, Walt Tamagno. Bruce and Liz raised beef cattle and Texas Longhorns with their daughter Melissa in Nicasio where his legacy will be continued for generations to come. Bruce was a father (Cindy, Kimberly, Hillary and Melissa) and a beloved husband. He was preceded by his adored wife, Liz, who passed on August 6, 2018. He was a one of a kind - an honorable and inspirational man and mentor to many; a medical genius, horseman, rancher, carpenter and a sailor. He would never leave the house without wearing his 1989 Cow Palace horse show championship belt buckle, his cowboy boots, button down shirt, Wranglers and a cowboy hat. A true gentleman he was. Bruce rode his horse (Tango) up until he joined his wife in heaven when he passed away peacefully on a beautiful afternoon with the sun shining and the birds chirping at home on his ranch in Nicasio. He went out with his cowboy boots and black cowboy hat like the true cowboy that he was. He provided many lessons and his legacy will live on through the lives of those who loved him. He left an unforgettable impression on the lives of many and will be greatly missed.

Dr. Bruce Daniels 1937-2021

Obituary by Melissa Daniels

Dr. Bruce Byron Daniels was born October 9, 1937 at St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago IL and raised by his beloved parents, Charles John and Alice Josephine Daniels. The family moved to Beaverton OR where Bruce began starting colts by the age of 10. They relocated to Portland OR where he took up riding lessons and "really learned to ride." His first horse, a gentle and dependable mare followed by "Charcoal" whom he got from a kill pen and together they could "jump the moon." The family then moved to Walnut Creek and Bruce attended University of California Davis where he then began his career in veterinary medicine with small and large animal practice and eventually branched off from the shared practice in



*Daughter Melissa and Bruce
(Photo by Kathleen Goodwin on September 19, 2018)*