

My great-great grandparents (Marston) came to Cacheville, now Yolo in northern Yolo County around 1851 with their final resting place at Marys Cemetery in Yolo. My grandparents coming to Bryte in the early 1920s. On the other side my father came with his parents to Broderick around 1936. I grew up in the "new" subdivision of Elkhorn Village, between the two little communities, arriving there in 1950 at four years old. My first four years were spent in Bryte on Hobson Ave. The house was so small it was completely destroyed after getting hit by a car years after we left. For a short period of time my playground was the entire Rivers area, the entire Senior Center, Las Casitas and Elkhorn School areas and all the way south to now Andrews St. Back then there was a path from Douglas Drive to Broderick. No Casselman, Beardslee or Reuter. They came around 1953. Douglas ended at Andrews St. Lighthouse Drive was a county road between the two communities, but wasn't much wider than a bike trail. The only inhabitants then were blue-belly lizards and spiders, and an occasional transient. I just had to stay away from the river and the borrow pits and I could go wherever I wanted. My home was a few houses from the corner of Fremont and Douglas Drive (PLEASE NOTE: It was DRIVE then).

My interest in the area's history rose dramatically about the time my father died in 2002. I was spending a lot of time with my dogs in the area of the old Riverview Yacht Club across the levee from the rivers. I wondered whatever happened to the place? A search of the Sacramento Archives and I was off and running.

Although I joined the WSHS around 1993, either I wasn't that interested or felt the resources out there were too difficult to get to regarding getting serious about history in Broderick or Bryte. In 2005 the WSHS opened the Museum and Visitor Center in Broderick. From the first day of opening it has been a treasure trove of history.

One of the first people I met was Lou Mariani. He was a close friend of my father in elementary school, but we never met previously. He donated the original picture of the entire 1931 Washington Elementary School student body at 3<sup>rd</sup> and C St in Broderick. I heard several stories from Lou about the 30's through 50's in the Broderick and Bryte area. He was a Broderick boy dating a Bryte girl. My parents being the same and often double dating in my dad's old Model A that burned more oil than gas. My mother was born in Bryte at Carrie & Myrtle St. in 1926. My dad moved into his brand new house built by his dad near the corner of Alvin & Andrew Street after leaving the Colorado mines around 1936. At the time it was the last house on the street with only farmland from there to Bryte.

Through family friends and people I met through the WSHS I have stories from dozens of "old time" residents of the entire East Yolo area. What I'm attempting here is to share some of these stories and add photos to them. At the same time I plan to describe more in detail some of the Newsledgers "Pages From The Past." Many of my stories are made possible from the "writings" of two community icons. Dave Pool and Ray Fisher wrote history articles for the East Yolo record and later the Newsledger in the 1950's through 1970's. Two articles most prominent in my mind are the DiRisso home at 5<sup>th</sup> and F St. and the Japanese ballpark at Riske Lane written by Pool and Fischer respectively. Other live interviews with many notables from the Broderick, Bryte, West Sacramento area added to the "new" resources to get a more complete picture. Too many to name here, but as I tell their stories we'll read more about the authors.

## THE BALLPARK

The Japanese ballpark at Riske Lane was used exclusively by the Japanese in the mid 1920's and local teams in later days. Below are articles about the presence of the ballpark and some pictures showing the location. Not much history has been located. I made a few calls and searched the Internet, but no good leads. Just the articles from Pool and Fisher. Marino Pierucci and Raul DeAnda remember seeing it as children and Ken Collins in Bryte said his dad played there (see Fisher article below). The pictures below can get close, but we still don't have a picture of the park. Fishers article describes it as being modeled after Moreing Field which became Edmonds Field at Riverside and Broadway across the river. Through other photos of the area I concluded the ballpark was gone around 1930.

Prior to the creation of the Garden Street Gateway exit into West Sacramento and Raley Field, the Riske Lane exit off of old Hwy 40 was the home to a baseball park modeled after the old Edmonds Field on Riverside Blvd in Sacramento (Target Store). Unfortunately, not enough information was known to the exact location therefore was not mentioned in any historical studies of the area. Since then the Newsledgers "Pages From The Past" describes a baseball game held in 1925 drawing 2500 spectators. Local Japanese from the Sacramento area played a team of Japanese college all-stars. Not much information has been found except for the articles in the Newsledger. It was just recently I discovered Fishers article giving the location of the ballpark being Riske Lane.

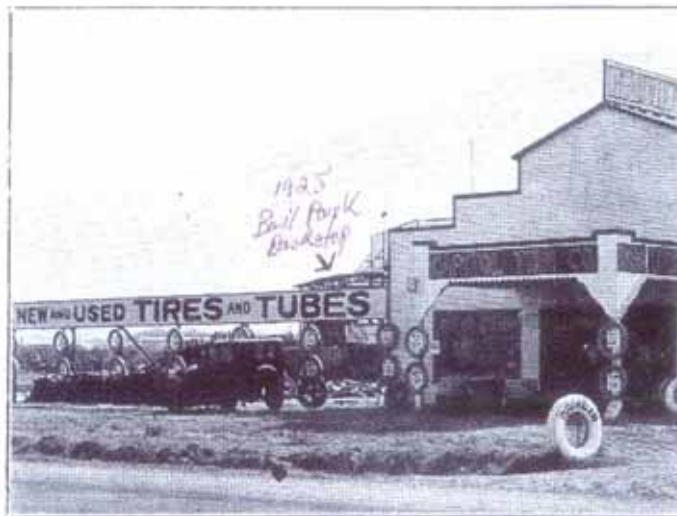


West Capitol Ave ca 1935 looking east. Building on right of road is Capitol Tires warehouse located where the Roadway inn is now. Straight ahead underpass before Welcome Grove Trailer Park. The location of the ballpark was to the right of the warehouse (behind). Picture below shows what appears to be a grandstand behind the warehouse.



Main  
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## CAPITOL TI



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Closeup of tire shop at Riske Lane and West Capitol. Structure in rear appears to be the grandstand at the ballpark. The underpass then was located east of Welcome Grove about 5<sup>th</sup> Street. and West Capitol.

# PAGE FROM THE PAST

Started Today

## JAPANESE BALL GAME DREW GREAT CROWD YESTERDAY AFTERNOON

Not less than 3000 people and at least 1000 automobiles were present at the Japanese ball grounds west of the Fifth street subway on the state highway yesterday afternoon when a picked Sacramento team met the team of the University of Japan in a ball game contest.

The game was interesting because at many points the University of Japan team had been winners and had shown a great aptitude to play professional baseball.

Meeting the Sacramento team for the first time, the university team went down to defeat by a score of 6 to 4 in favor of Sacramento.

The surprising part of it was how so many people took time, nearly all Japanese, to attend a ball game on a working day afternoon.

Nevertheless, a splendid crowd of about 3,000 people crammed the grandstand and filled the bleachers even onto the field.

Last night in Sacramento the visiting team was banqueted and a general celebration was held by the Japanese of this district to show their good will to the visitors.

**Westgate**  
The estimated production of 5,125,000 tons of hay was damaged in some extent by late May. The W. C. T. U. of old a picnic at the West-lands yesterday, which by a great number of old and young children. Unfor- tunately of the afternoon because that the ladies were to their homes instead of the cool of the evening and entertainment. The new home in Westgate is now considerably settled although Super, who is employed by there, has his family on it his home is not entire- ally has been out of for days but is expected (Friday) morning. son and wife have left West Sacramento to go on a trip for a couple of days. He has gone to his friends in Kansas to visit friends and expects to be ab-

**Completion of Work:** All construction work shall be completed within **One** month.

INDEPENDENT-LEADER FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1920

### BOOTH ROOKS FOUND IN

Marty, a husky, one of the men instrumental in the construction of the handsome school building, entered and discovered the men making lock- ers ready. Both invaders started to make a quick getaway, Marty taking after one of them down the levee.

The fellow gave fight, and it was reported to Sheriff J. W. Monroe that the bootlegger and purveyor fought back and forth, tumbling about the levee, until Marty had his man subdued. Constable Frank Wilson at Frederick was located and rushed to the assistance of Marty, returning the prisoner to the Washington jail for court hearing.

The second bootlegger took advantage of the fight between his company and Marty and left for other points. Effort to locate him proved futile. Constable Wilson could not be located yesterday to either give the man's name or give the details of the condition in which the school room was found. It was reported, however, to Monroe that a complete moon-shine still with plenty of mash and some of the product were scattered about the place.

The authorities declare that there are a number of traveling bootleg- gers in Yolo county who have intrud- ed horses and vacant places to make a supply of illicit liquor, meeting on as they found it convenient.

The business of the men in intrud- ing the brand new school house to manufacture their contraband liquor was held quite unusual—the first case of the kind in the section of the valley.

Miss Adele P. Marty was instructor at the Montross school last term.

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# The Old Town Baseball Team

BY RAY W. FISHER

Conservation Chairman,  
Federation of Fly Fishermen

This is sequel to the lead article News-Ledger (May 14, 1975) which reminisced about the Bryte baseball team through the mid-1920s about when I became involved when the Bryte Athletic Club was formed during the great depression. Mike Shevchenko, Pete Martinelli, Alvin Collins and others founded the club for the main purpose of financing and fielding a town team. When I joined, meetings were in Mike's one-car detached garage on Solano Street. Some winter nights the weekly meetings were very cold but this was shrugged off as an inconvenience we were all used to anyway in those harder living times. The weekly dues was two bits (25 cents) which went to finance the excellent wool uniforms and felt lettered club name thereon as well as bats and balls. This revenue was supplemented by "passing the hat" to spectators at the games which were well attended in those times when baseball was one of the most popular sports to follow locally. People did not have the great mobility and choice of diversions so abundantly available now and following the home-team on Sundays was a regular thing to do.

About a year prior to my joining the club it initially entered the Sacramento Winter League where it won the Texas Division championship in its first year. It moved right on up to the American A Division which was the second highest next to the National Division. It competed in American A regularly for a good many years and later also in the Sacramento County League which was practically semi-pro level. I was a utility outfielder playing only infrequently and then only for a few innings until the regular showed up. My caliber as a player was a bit lower than needed to qualify as

a regular but I paid my dues and, otherwise, my most important contributions were as an expert scorekeeper and writing up the games for the two large metropolitan daily newspapers. My real play as a regular was on The River Lines company team as right fielder for a number of years in the several lower leagues they competed in.

A number of Bryte team incidents come to mind. Before official baseball uniforms were required in the American A Division the team members dressed as they saw fit. I remember Alvin Collins playing right field in blue denim overalls and a broad-brimmed straw farmer hat! Players and spectators alike were much amused by his unique baseball "uniform." The fellows told about one Texas Division game in early morning fog so thick outfielders could hardly see the plate and largely played the ball by ear and guess. In those depression times money was scarce and lower league teams used old baseballs oftentimes kept playable with black mechanics' tape. When the ball was wet it was lead heavy and the glove was little protection against hands being bruised painfully. I have a right hand bruise which is still there after these many years.

The Florin infield was very hard granitic soil and a ground ball rifled at an infielder like a shot and, on occasion, bounded "a country mile" into the outfield. In the Orange League (Orangevale, Fair Oaks, etc.) games were played on Auburn Boulevard in Citrus Heights area — the diamond was a vacant lot across from an oldstyle two-story frame country store building which may still stand on that corner. The left field was short as there was a sizeable leveed irrigation ditch between it and a vineyard beyond. There was no ground rule that a drive over the ditch was a double so the left fielder had to play the ball. In one game either Mike Shevchenko

or Pete Martinelli played a long-fly — it was funny seeing him negotiate the ditch up-down-up-down to disappear from sight to come up after a bit of a pause, it seemed, with glove hand high and baseball in the pocket. It was argued as to whether he had actually caught the ball but the umpire was unable to tell otherwise.

That game at the 16th and C Streets diamond in Sacramento with its short fenced left field conceded by the opposing team at about the sixth inning with Bryte ahead about 21 to 1 from a barrage of home runs due to no ground rule limiting to doubles in effect. One at McClatchy Park when it was about 110 degrees in the shade and heads literally splitting from the heat called off by agreement after about five innings.

Bryte was in the County

League when World War II was nearing. Our home diamond was the old Japanese ball park in West Sacramento about where Riske Avenue is today. It was an almost exact replica, grandstand and all, of Moreing Field in Sacramento where Pacific Coast League games were played. The only game I played in was when center fielder Mike Shevchenko was late and I actually got to bat once. A high inside bad ball which I drove long and high between outfielders almost to the left center wall. "One-for-one," I "batted a thousand" for my whole County League career! I felt real big about hitting it off a tremendous athlete, Nick Bican, who was pitching for the opposing team. I never had opportunity to score because Mike showed up just after to replace me as the runner on second base.

Japanese Ballpark

These remembrances hardly scratch the surface of the solid identity Bryte had as a real baseball town over many years a half century and more. There is enough for a broad and exciting history which I'm seriously considering writing before time and opportunity to interview oldtimers slip away. This will do for now but the idea of "more to come" is urging me to do more about the old town baseball team.