



## Vacation with Pay

**P. W. BUSSMANS** Res. Phone S. R. 1095-W  
Ranch Phone 10-Y-23

**HOPS**  
Res. 705 College Ave.  
Santa Rosa, Calif.

**Directions to Place from Santa Rosa:**  
Go 4½ miles north on Highway 101 then turn west on  
East Fulton Road — Go to Fulton, then on Woolsey Road  
2½ miles west.

**TELL YOUR FRIENDS**  
(Over)

**HOP PICKERS WANTED 90 ACRES**

**VACATION WITH PAY**

Good camp grounds, free tents and wood. Grocery store on the place. Hot and cold showers and laundry trays. Lights in the camp ground. Tables and benches for you. Prevailing prices paid. Bed spring and mattress for you to sleep on. Bring your own blankets, lights and cords. Hop picking starts about August 18.

Write for further information.

As many of you know, we house our tasting room and wine making facility in two big red barns along River Road in Sonoma County. These turn-of-the-century buildings were once used to bale and dry hops decades ago, the last hops were picked here in 1957. The train still rolled by in those days, on its way to the small towns of Forestville, Guerneville, Cazadero, and Duncan's Mills, picking up lumber, wool, beef, other agricultural products, as well as delivering giant sacks of mail. One regular stop on the trestle was at the big red hop barns, and a team of horses hauled the large bales of dried hops to be loaded and hauled to breweries.

The Bussman family owned the farm during the heyday of hops and invited folk to come and work the hop fields. Hand bills were sent out, see the actual copy of front and back above, advertising "VACATION WITH PAY". There were camps divided into sections according to ethnicity, gender, marital status, and families with children. In fact, children often helped picking hops. One family of eleven traveled here by train from San Francisco in the 1920's and lived and worked in the camp three summers in a row, picking hops, doing the camp's laundry, etc. Francis, who was one of the children in this large family, came into the tasting room one day and gave me the hand bill that she had saved all of these years. She educated and entertained me with many stories of what happened on the hop ranch of yester year. A general store sat on the property where the field workers could either use coupons or cash to buy food and other necessities. When the old general store was finally removed to build a tractor shed, my father collected hundreds of old coins from under the floor boards. The hop camp was its own self-sustaining little community. When dusk fell and the crickets started their nightly chirping, someone would break out a stringed instrument or an accordion, and the dancing would begin.

The fields of hops have since been converted to grapevines, but something does remain the same on the site, music and dancing! Surrounding where this old hop camp once lived is where my father, Lee Sr., planted the Hop Camp Vineyard Syrah. My brother and sister-in-law, Lee Jr. and Pamela, were married there ten years ago and since we have held many family gatherings there. This past June my siblings and I gave our parents a dual 70th Birthday party. It was a grand affair with 140 people in attendance, spanning generations

from 3 year olds to 73 year olds. There was a pig on a spit and a whole spring lamb on the bar-b-que, music by our favorite band, vino galore including some new releases and some older vintages gleaned from Leno Martinelli's basement, individual short cakes for all, topped with real whipped cream for Dad, a three layer chocolate espresso cake for Mom, ping pong, horse shoes, and even buggy rides. My brother, Lee Jr., paraded my parents through the festivities in Giuseppe & Luisa's old surrey, using his ATV. (Nowadays most farmers have an all-terrain-vehicle nearby as horses are a thing of the past, them being unpredictable and such.) The guests cheered as the buggy's tassels swung from its faded roof and the occupants smiled hugely while little children and plenty of dogs ran alongside, all the while the band playing George Jones', "The Race is On." The ol' train track is tarmac now and officially called "River Road", but still winds its way through the small country towns along the Russian River

This merry land still sings and dances to the jolly tune of memories current and past.

*Enjoy the Syrah and don't forget to dance! Cheers, Julianna Martinelli Fall 2009.*