

# Up the Coast...

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A land of green - gold  
sprouts . . .

Of pale fog fingers poking  
in from the bay, of whales  
spouting offshore, of track-  
less beaches whipped by wind  
and wave . . .

Of seagulls wheeling on the  
breeze, and tired old ranch  
houses along the way Portola  
trekked almost 200 years  
ago.

This is "up the coast" to  
old timers — and fall is the  
best time to go to see it.

Here and there the sprout  
fields are arched over with  
whirling water sprinklers  
running full circle. Pickers  
workin' yellow rain slickers  
against the silver spray.

## A Friendly Place

Down through a highway  
cut, Davenport appears, look-  
ing gray and misty even on  
a clear day. The town rests  
on a gray hillside in a gray  
world of fog and dust—but  
with a magnificent view of  
Monterey Bay.

And it's a friendly world.  
Neighbors are people who  
know each other. They meet  
at Gregory's country store,  
at the church, at the school,  
at the corner. They take  
pride in being neighborly.

"You remember when the  
woman was killed in New  
York and people watched it  
happen but no one would  
help her? That just couldn't  
happen here," commented  
one Davenport.

## "Whaleburgers"

At the coffee shop you can  
order a "whaleburger"—  
it's really a whale of a ham-  
burger—and watch the bay

for telltale spouts as you eat.

Davenport is proud of its  
wholes. They spout close off-  
shore, and sometimes may be  
seen rolling or lifting a huge  
tail fluke in the deep channel  
which runs past the cliffs.

Visiting the post office is  
a social event too, in a way,  
and Myrtle Garaventa lends  
a sympathetic ear to all com-  
ers.

"If you've got a problem  
you talk it over with  
Myrtle," one woman said with  
a chuckle. "I tell her she  
ought to put in a couch and  
charge for psychiatric ser-  
vices."

This is the kind of com-  
munity which gathers itself  
together to give aid where  
aid is needed when a family  
gets burned out or a death

occurs . . .

"Davenport may not look  
like much but most of us  
wouldn't live anywhere else,"  
another resident remarked.

## Tent City

Davenport really began in  
1905 as the "tent city" of  
Santa Cruz Portland Cement  
company (now Pacific Ce-  
ment and Aggregates.) By  
1906 a hotel, store, homes  
and dormitories for workers  
were built and by 1907 the  
plant fired up its first kiln.  
300 men worked there. A  
peaceful place, the jail wasn't  
even built until 1914.

Present-day Davenport  
takes its name from Capt.  
John P. Davenport and from  
his original settlement known  
as Davenport's Landing. A  
ghost town today, it is located

about a mile north of the  
cement plant town.

## Ghost Town

Capt. Davenport, a whaling  
man from Rhode Island, in  
1867 settled in the little cove  
which became Davenport's  
Landing. There he built a  
450-foot long wharf at the  
mouth of the Agua Puerca  
creek. From it he shipped  
lumber, lime and tan oak  
bark. Ships tied up to huge  
iron bolts sunk deep in the  
reef rock.

Capt. Davenport also or-  
ganized the Davenport Whal-  
ing company, operating from  
Monterey and Moss Landing.  
By 1875 the "landing" boast-  
ed two general stores, one  
run by William Purdy; two  
hotels, two blacksmiths,  
a butcher, a post office and

three saloons. Capt. Daven-  
port was listed as the "pro-  
prietor" of Davenport's Land-  
ing in the county director of  
that year.

Fires raged through the  
little town in 1915 and 1924,  
destroying most of the build-  
ings. In 1886 the post office  
was moved to Laurel Grove  
(Swanton today.) Today only  
the Agua Puerca schoolhouse  
and the Pinkham home re-  
main at Davenport's Land-  
ing; they belong to Mr. and  
Mrs. Douglas DeJesus.

## Mysteries

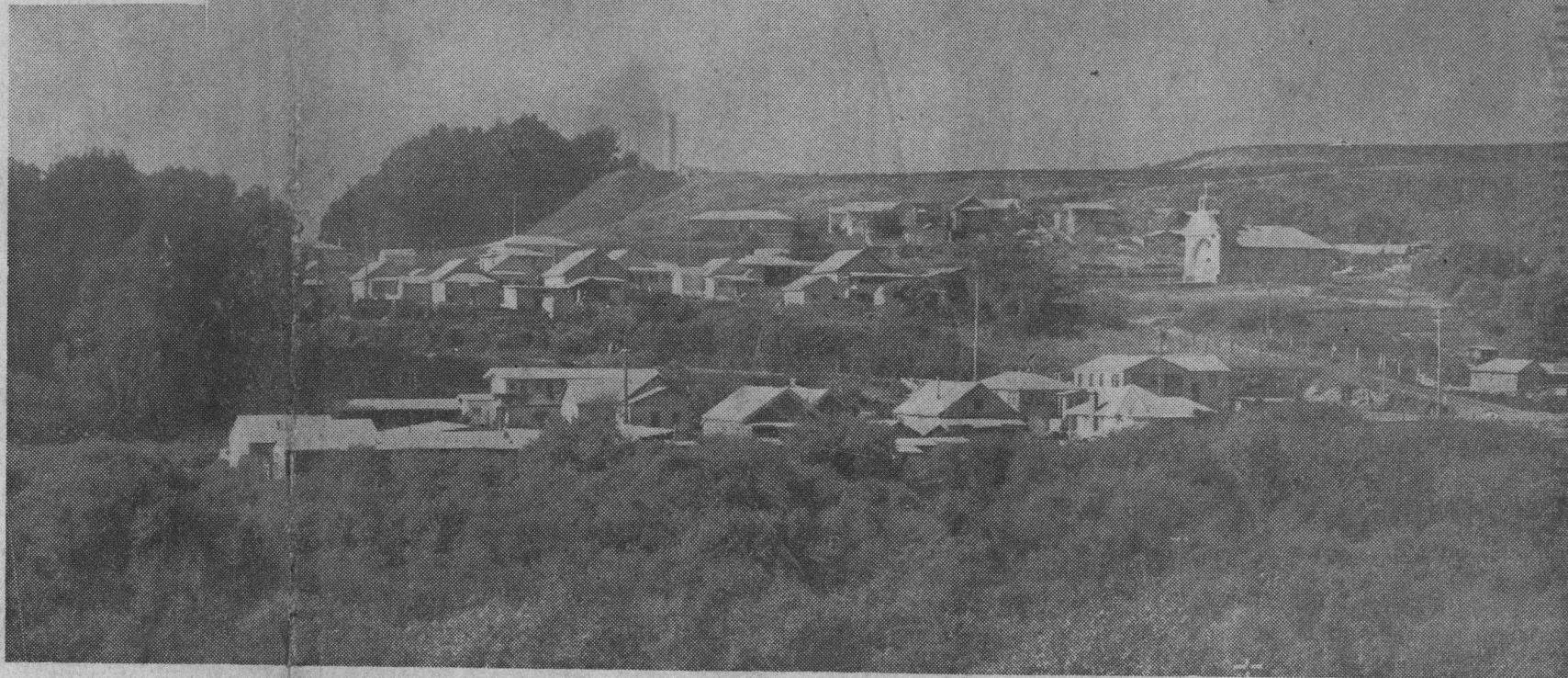
"Up the coast" is rich in  
lore and mystery. Agnes  
Trumbo McCrary's father  
told her of a ship which dis-  
appeared in broad daylight  
many years ago. The crew  
tied it up at Davenport and

went ashore for food. A few  
hours later they went back  
to the cliffs—the ship was  
gone without a trace.

"China Ladder" is a  
treacherous bit of cliff near  
Greyhound Rock where the  
Chinese climbed down on  
ropes to harvest abalone. One  
Chinaman was trapped there  
to drown when he got his  
fingers caught under one of  
the big mollusks.

In more recent years a  
50-foot sloop went on the  
rocks near Davenport. It was  
forced by the waves into a  
cave in the cliff and battered  
to pieces there—a wierd  
sight, according to natives.

"Up the coast" is a place  
for exploring—for dreaming  
—for neighboring—on crisp  
fall days.



GRAY, friendly little town . . .

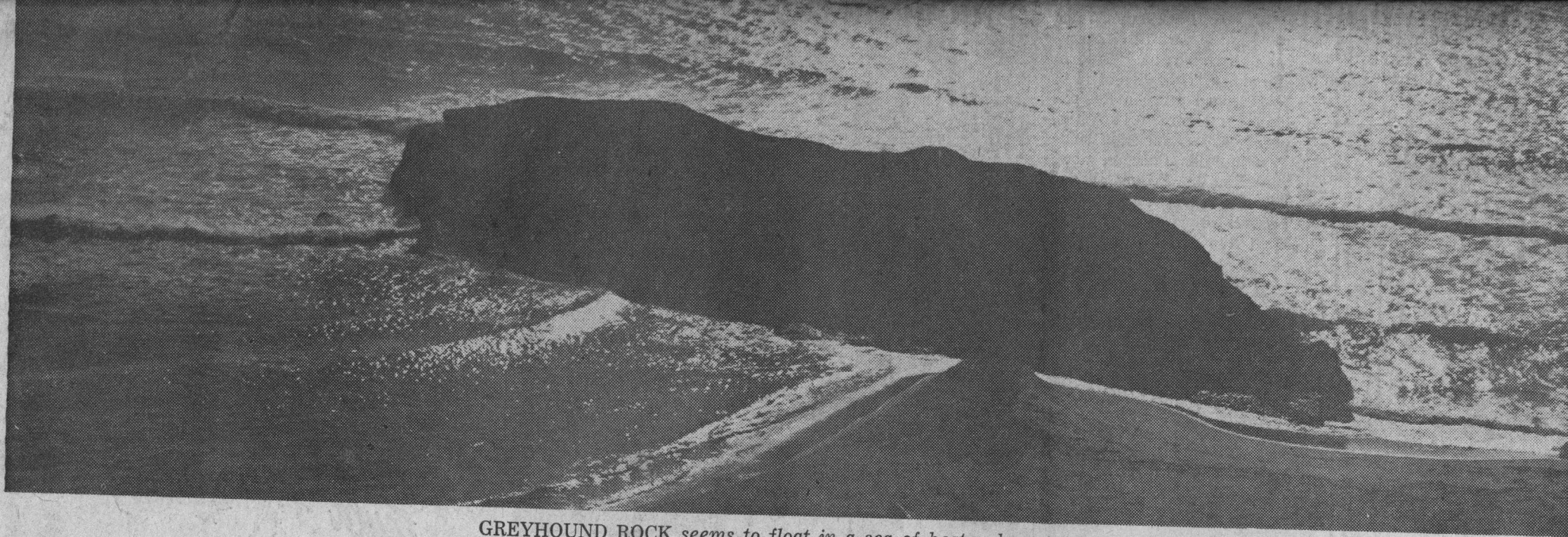


IRON BOLT in rock at Davenport's Landing

Photos by  
Vester Dick

Tref'n'Sea  
Living





GREYHOUND ROCK *seems to float in a sea of beaten brass . . .*



AGUA PUERCA schoolhouse (above).



WADDELL LAGOON . . . with the sea wind  
at their backs two anglers try their luck.



SPROUTS . . . the coast's green-gold



PINKHAM HOUSE, Davenport's Landing (below).