



NEWSLETTER of the Carpinteria Valley Historical Society

www.carpinteriahistoricalmuseum.org

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May/June 2015

Associate Editor: Roxie Grant Lapidus

CALENDAR

May 23 - Saturday

Memorial Weekend

MUSEUM MARKETPLACE

& ANNUAL PLANT & FLOWER

SALE 8:00 a.m. - 3 P.M.



May 23 - Saturday

A City is Born: Carpinteria

Celebrates 50 Years of Cityhood

Special Exhibit Opens



May 27 - Wednesday

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

MEETING - 6 P.M.



June 24 - Wednesday

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

MEETING - 6 P.M.



June 27 - Saturday

MUSEUM MARKETPLACE

8:00 a.m. - 3:00 P.M.



July 4 - Saturday

Happy Independence Day!!

Museum Closed

VALLEY HISTORY

School Days: Part II

From Aliso to Canalino & Main 1930s-1960s

by Jon Washington '59 & Roxie Grant Lapidus '62

We had a great response to our last article on Aliso, so we're almost ready to graduate to Main! But first, a few red check marks to be corrected: the 2nd Grade teacher was Mrs. Val Hales, of the pioneering Hales family, and the handsome 4th Grade teacher was Mr. Stan Kerr, later principal at Montecito Union. Also, John Fukasawa, CUHS '61, adds these memories of Aliso: *"One of my favorite teachers was Mr. Les Untersher, in 4th Grade. He played the Autoharp, and we sang a lot of Stephen Foster songs, western songs, and other old favorites."* John also remembers the epic marble games at recess: *"We played a game called 'one-sies,' and made up our own rules, like yelling 'Potatoes!' and stepping on your marble when it was about to be hit. The answer to 'Potatoes!' was 'Bombsies!' which allowed a person to drop his marble on top of the marble that was in the ground. Then someone would yell 'No spitsies or banana peels,' which meant no more rules."* As we'll see below, marbles were an age-old game at both Aliso and Main—a game with its own mystique, incantations, and varying rules.

From Tent Classrooms to Main School

Lescher Dowling CUHS '43 is a veteran of the "tent school" that existed for almost 3 years following the condemnation of the 2-story brick Carpinteria Union Grammar & High School, and before the opening of Main School in late fall, 1938. In a *Grapevine* article in 2006, he recalled the "luxury" of the new school after fighting dust and rain in the tents. *"Moving into this new school was quite an adventure, with the smells of fresh paint, the strange odors of floor tile, and, wonder of wonders, drinking fountains in the hallway. And we had new individual desks, instead of the six students per table back in the tents."* Lescher and his 23 classmates were in eighth grade, and theirs was the first class to graduate from Main, in June 1939. Lescher writes, *"The first winter rains brought out the marbles, jack knives and bottle caps, since it was easy to draw in the damp earth of the playground. For marbles, the two versions were the circle and the fish. With the former, a circle was drawn, 3-4 feet in diameter, and a 'lag line' was drawn about 10 feet*

away. Marbles were put in the center ('the pot'), and standing next to it, you tossed your large 'lagging' marble towards the line, to see who would go first. Then, standing at the line, you lagged at the circle, trying to knock marbles out of the pot. If you did, you had another turn, this time kneeling at the edge of the circle and 'shooting' with your special 'shooter' marble. I wasn't good at shooting, and didn't like to play 'for keeps.' Inevitably, about a month into marbles, some parent would complain to the principal that their little Johnny had lost all his marbles, and the game would be banned on the school grounds for the rest of the year." Lescher and his classmates were inventive, and simply moved on to a similar game with bottle caps. When a parent complained that it was "gambling," they moved on to the next game, a jack knife game called "cut the pie." That game was banned when one boy stabbed himself in the foot. (In today's world, it's hard to imagine young boys being allowed to bring jack knives to school. But read on, to see what John Fukasawa brought for "Show & Tell" in his 6th Grade class at Main!)



A group of boys play outside the "Tent School" of the 1930s, prior to the opening of Main School in 1938. Museum archive photo.

Fast-forward a dozen years or so to 1949-1950 when Marty Panizzon was in 5th & 6th Grade at Main, and marbles were still "king." *"I had thousands of marbles, like a lot of kids then, and kept them in my dresser. I would get 'steelies' at Art Hebel's garage. I had a beautiful blue agate. We also had tiger eyes, boulders, and common marbles called 'dates.' I would compete with Jimmy Groves, and Jim and Ed Damron, among others. Most of us started out playing the classic game of 'Ringer' (similar to that described by Lescher Dowling). We advanced to 'Holes' or 'Poison.' And it was 'for keeps'—'winners keep, losers, weep!'"*

Meanwhile the 5th & 6th grade girls at Main were into jacks and tether ball. Margaret Washington

(Johnson) CUHS '57 recalls tetherball duels with classmate Hope Manning and with Jeanette Brooker (Munoz) '53. *"We were all tall, and that gave us a 'big' advantage!"*

New Schools A-Building

By the mid-1950s, Aliso, Main and Carp High were full to overflowing. A new elementary school was being built on upper Linden Ave., on the site of the former Monte Vista Dairy. Jenny Windsor '59 recalls that Aliso students voted on possible names. After much debate, it was called Canalino (a Spanish term referring to the local Chumash Indians of the "channel;" surrounding subdivision street names use Chumash words: *Tomal, Nipomo, Limu, Malibu*).



The mid-century modern lines of the new Canalino School were markedly different from Aliso and Main Schools' classic Spanish/Mission Revival-style of architecture. David Griggs photo.

As soon as the first three classrooms were completed, in the middle of the school year 1954-55, one class each of 1st, 2nd & 3rd grade from Aliso were shunted over there. Sheila Grant was at Canalino for half of 2nd grade and all of 3rd, before returning to Aliso. Koopie Meigs was there for 3rd grade. *"I liked it," she said. "I could ride my bike to school. There was no playground equipment, so we just played outside, maybe kickball—like baseball but by kicking the larger ball. Most of the kids were 'country kids,' not from downtown. My friends were Nancy Castile and Sandy Catlin. Nancy's family had an egg farm, and she had a hard boiled egg every day for lunch. She would always crack it on my head!"*

Jory Small '68 was among the early students at Canalino who were bussed by Lincoln Veith over to Main for lunch in the cafeteria. Sari Small writes, *"Eighth grade girls were assigned to help monitor the children, and frequently I was summoned from the playground ('ugh') to get my little sister to eat. Usually I was unsuccessful and Jory's crocodile tears would continue to flow. Lincoln came to the rescue, volunteering to eat lunch with Jory. She and Lincoln enjoyed many a lunch together that year, and my play during the lunch hour was uninterrupted."*

Shortly after it opened, Canalino School was the site of a historical event, when parents flocked there with their children to receive the new Salk vaccine for Polio. Polio was one of the great fears in that era. Three kids at Aliso had been stricken with it, and First Grade Teacher Jo Costantini walked with a metal brace as a result of Polio. (Miss Costantini was later known to generations of Aliso students, serving as principal there for decades.) Roxie remembers principal Mary Rystrom welcoming Connie Rodriquez back after her hospitalization, and encouraging her as she walked on her crutches. At the Canalino School makeshift clinic, the vaccine did not come as a dreaded shot, but as pink liquid coating a lump of sugar.

The new high school on Foothill was soon in the works as well. The school career of Ginny Sturmer '68 reflects the kind of shunting back and forth that school officials did to make it all work. Ginny started Kindergarten at Canalino in the fall of 1955. Aliso for 1st-5th. Back to Canalino for 6th. Then to the unfinished new high school for 7th & 8th. To the old High School for 9th and 10th, but with some classes over at Main School—much walking back and forth between the 2 campuses. Finally to the new high school for 11th-12th. Over those years, John D. Slocum was principal at Aliso, Mary Rystrom was principal at Main, and at the high school Denny Baylor succeeded Ray Berry as principal, followed by Bill Carty.

Main School

For those of us who had been in Mrs. Bowden's 3rd & 4th grade combination class, it was a huge change to find us ourselves at Main the next year with teacher Bill Hawkinson, who had been hired the previous year at Aliso. Our 4th & 5th grade class was



Main School as it appeared on a postcard in 1948. Museum archive photo.

at the NE corner of the school, set apart from all the other classrooms that flanked the long north-south hallway. From the very first, "Hawk" as we came to

refer to him, established that room as our own enchanted realm. Nicknames were his spontaneous way of making everyone feel they belonged to the happy group. Andrea Avery became "Andy," Michelle Buzard became "Mickey," Bertha Moreno was affectionately called "Bert," Joanne Goena became "Jo-Jo," and Clyde Duane Ewin became

"Dewey," a nickname that stuck. Clyde writes, "Mr. Bill Hawkinson (5th grade) was a guy who made me look forward to leaving the house every morning. He was the biggest kid in the room, and no doubt a Navy vet during Korea, thinking back." Hawk would entertain us with stories of things he'd done over the weekend, often with embellishments. One Monday morning Hawk excitedly asked who had seen the Davy Crockett movie on TV that weekend? About half the class had, and sang along with Hawk:

*Born on a mountain top in Tennessee
Greenest state in the Land of the Free
Raised in the woods so's he knew every tree
Kilt him a b'ar when he was only three.
Davy, Davy Crockett, King of the wild frontier!*

This was the beginning of the great "Davy Crockett craze" that swept the country in 1955. Boys acquired coonskin hats and fringed leather jackets, and the lines of the song were sometimes garbled, coming out "Killed in a bar when he was only three!"

In Hawk's class we wrote and put on plays in the school auditorium. In *Tom Sawyer*, John Franklin was the hero, and Andrea Avery was Becky

Thatcher. One of the more memorable lines, toward the end, was when Andrea said, "Oh Tom, how could you be so noble?" We all swooned with delight! Later we wrote another play whose name is lost in the mists of time, but Andy Kirkes gave a memorable performance as a card sharp dealing out the deck and saying, casually, "I learned the game in Shanghai, back in ought-three."

Another time, Clyde remembers, we came in from lunch and Hawk said he'd seen a long, black Cadillac parked out front, and a guy with long sideburns leaving our room. And then, lo! here was this tape that had appeared on his desk! He put it in the tape player, and there was "Elvis" Hawkinson singing for us! Clyde credits Hawk with inspiring him to become a teacher, which Clyde/Dewey did for 37 years.

Jon Washington writes, "When I was in 6th grade at Main School, the student council organized a pet show. One of the categories was 'ugliest pet,' so I entered my dog Buster. He was my best friend and a wonderful mongrel, but without question the ugliest dog in the world. Imagine my chagrin when the judges handed me a PAPER 'Honorable Mention'



Over 10 million coonskin caps were sold in America during the Davy Crockett craze of the mid-1950s. Internet photo.

ribbon! I unhooked Buster's leash from the fence and ran home, in tears. Buster was unfazed by it all, but my mother comforted us with a trip to Foster Freeze for ice cream."

Jon also remembers his one and only school fight, as a 6th grader: *"In 1952 Dwight Eisenhower was running against Adlai Stevenson. During morning recess, Mateo Fabbian and I got into a political shouting match. I yelled 'I like Ike!' Mateo shouted 'Stevenson!' As we grappled on the grassy area near the steps, I felt a sudden pain in my chest. It was a piece of lead from Mateo's sharpened No. 2 pencil. We pulled apart before any teacher arrived on the scene. Mateo had to make another visit to the pencil sharpener, but Ike won. I still have that lead 'souvenir' in my chest!"*

Jenny Windsor remembers being in Mr. Stevens' 6th Grade class. *"He read us a wonderful story about a dolphin. It was a haven of kindness for me at a particularly tough time. We studied Hawaii and Alaska. Melody Kimes and I performed the hula, and I got to share some of the things my grandmother had sent from Alaska over the years."*

Bill Sylvester '61 writes, *"At Main School, Ken Kesson was my 5th grade teacher. He drove an open Ford woody with surf boards on top. He would show us surfing movies in class. The ladies in the cafeteria were great—it was always all you can eat."* Ken Kesson came to Main the same year as 8th-grade teacher Tyson Willson, in the fall of 1955.

Classmate John Fukasawa writes, *"I rode the bus with the Goenas, the Blisses, and others who lived near Gobernador Canyon, where we grew up. The Frankey Ranch, where I grew up, had a tack room for the saddles and guns belonging to the ranch owner. Among the guns was a souvenir, fully operational Japanese machine gun. The only thing that prevented it from being fired was a metal piece welded into the receiver where the shells would have been loaded. One day I took this Nambu air-cooled machine gun to school for Show & Tell. I think it scared the teacher, and I was told never to bring it again!"* John doesn't mention who the teacher was, but it could have been Mrs. Stombs, Mrs. Herald, Mrs. Rennie, or Mrs. Fertig.

At Main in the mid-1950s, the fad among the 6th-grade girls was knitting spools--wooden spools

with 4 nails, where, after hours of labor, you could produce a long knitted tube, which you then wondered how you could use. Among the boys, it was marbles and yoyos—"Around the World," "Walk the Dog," and more. For the girls, Four-Square was the great ball game, the object being to put someone out so someone else could come in. Roxie remember playing it with Summerlanders Ella Brooks and Debby Duncan. *"We wore dresses, of course. A big deal for us girls was the one day of the year when we could wear jeans to school."*

Roxie also remembers, *"In 6th grade I was one of the people helping to paint a mural in the front hall, just opposite the office. We would take turns working on it, during class time. Everything was great until I knocked over one of the milk cartons full of poster paint. I was given a big unwieldy mop, and the next thing I knew I had knocked over two more cartons of paint! I felt like an idiot. Custodian Lester looked pretty grim when he arrived on the scene."*

"Junior High" at Main

After 6th grade, we were part of the "Junior High" component of Main, down at the southern end of the corridor. This was the domain of some legendary teachers.

Mr. Cailliez (pronounced Ky-yay) always wrote his name on the blackboard the first day of school as

"Yippee Cailliez!" His 7th-grade class soon learned that he had been born in Paris, but came to the US as a child. His real name was steeped in French history: Charles Clovis (for 2 French kings) Verdun (the famed battle of WW I) Cailliez. When she heard this, Sari Small raised her hand and quipped, *"First came Charles, then Clovis, and then they Ver'dun! The class was dead silent until Mr. Cailliez burst out laughing, indicating that it was one of my better puns."* Anne Tarman admits to naming

one of her Storybook dolls "Clovis" in his honor. Ward Small writes that Mr. Cailliez's tales of *"traveling aboard a troop transport during WW II in a fierce storm that shook the hull each time the prop left the water as they dropped down a swell was certainly captivating boy stuff."* Classmate Tony Perez adds, *"Sixth grade with Mr. Stevens (my first male teacher) was not exciting. But in 7th, in came Mr. Cailliez—war stories, fun, completing an*



Main School's entrance in 2007 remains unchanged from 1938.
David Griggs photo.

agenda, and I won the school spelling bee!" Ward notes, *"Aside from Miss Holmes' Word Wealth books, Mr. Cailliez did more to enhance my vocabulary than any other teacher. He had a way of slipping new words in on us, be they fictitious or real. I'll not forget buttinski or proboscis!"* Anne remembers him teaching them the difference between "acute" and "a cute." *"He said that acute referred to angles, or something like acute pain, but then, for example, 'Irene Reveles is a cute girl!'"*

Betty Kirkpatrick (Jamison) '62 writes, *"My favorite teacher in junior high was Mr. Cailliez. Current events back then were: the Middle East, Egypt, Israel, and the Suez Canal. Mr. Cailliez often got sidetracked from regular curriculum and talked about the countries and the tension between them. Still current! He also was a great encourager. He allowed me to write articles for our little school paper, and helped me compose and deliver the junior high graduation speech. His gentle and kind ways helped me gain much needed confidence."* Betty went on to teach elementary school for 29 years.

The greatest legend of Main School, of course, was Mrs. Margaret Carmichael. She held court in the room at the southeast corner of the long hall, and struck fear in the hearts of many. Roberta Rollins '57 writes, *"I remember the morning that I walked that block to Main School to see room assignments. When I saw my name was assigned to Mrs. Carmichael, I ran home and begged my mother to get me out of that class. I was so afraid of the woman, for unknown reasons. Of course I didn't get very far with my mother, and had to march myself into that classroom. This wonderful woman opened a new world for me. She was able to instill in me a love of reading that previously had been lacking. She encouraged us to read about things outside the scope of what we would normally read. I realized I didn't have to continue reading Nancy Drew mysteries. I read about Osa Johnson and her experiences in Africa. I read about deep sea bell diving. We were told we had to pass the infamous "Constitution Test" in order to go on to high school. This started as a chore, but became a favorite subject under Mrs. Carmichael's skills, and has been an asset over the years. I found that after entering the school year in tears, I ended up leaving in tears as well. I didn't want the school year to end. Mrs. Carmichael*

seemed a born teacher, with skills to make me want to learn."

Jenny Windsor writes, *"Mr. Cailliez's easy-going ways did not prepare me for Mrs. Carmichael in the 8th grade. She was tough, but she also provided some exciting learning. Putting out the school newspaper on a mimeograph machine was challenging. Once a week we made music. There was a lot of drawing in free time. I mostly copied pictures from books, while Rod Soria showed his gift and skill at drawing from his imagination. I was in awe of his ability and his perception."*

Ward Small remembers music time in Mrs. Carmichael's class. *"Seated near a partially open window, I could not see the playground, but fantasized that Anne Tarman would be nearby. I loudly projected the lyrics to such classics as When the Saints go Marching In, Marine Corps Hymn, and Swing on a Star, in hopes that she would be cognizant of my presence."*

Classmate Tony Perez writes, *"In 8th grade it was on to Mrs. Carmichael, my task master, with a heart. Preparation for high school in no uncertain terms—a good thing, and introduction to college thoughts and actions—definitely maturing here!"* Clyde Ewin '62 wrote, *"I didn't appreciate Mrs.*

Carmichael till I'd been teaching for 37 years!"

Gwyn Sturmer '63 recounts, *"My grandmother, Edith Sturmer, belonged to a bridge club. One Saturday afternoon when it was her turn to host, I went to her house to help out. I was stunned to see Mrs. Carmichael sitting there at one of the 4 card tables, laughing and chatting. To me she had always been this stern and distant figure. I was speechless! Blanche Hamilton, the Kindergarten teacher, was there too, but she had never been as intimidating as Mrs. Carmichael."*

Sheila Grant '65 remembers the lavender roses that Mrs. Carmichael would bring from her garden to grace her desk. Sheila remembers the influence of Mr. Dayton: *"He taught us about the human body, about the muscles and bones. We had to keep notebooks that he would check, and they had to be perfect."* She also remembers that Alan Coates, future first mayor of Carpinteria, taught social studies to eighth graders at Main.

Leo Martinez '60 has always been grateful to Main School Principal Mary Rystrom. *"In junior*



The legendary Mrs. Margaret Carmichael, stern-looking as ever. Barbara Cisneros stands in front in this image cropped from the 8th grade graduating class photo of June 1960.

Museum archive photo.

high, I was watching a speedball contest during lunch hour. When the ball came towards me, I picked it up, and the players yelled 'pile on!' They all 'piled on,' and we heard a loud crack. Someone yelled, 'The ball popped!' but it was the sound of my leg breaking. I was taken to Dr. Coshow, who determined that it was broken in 2 places. After getting out of the cast I limped, because my leg was stiff. Mrs. Rystrom used to take me into the principal's office every day and make me lie on the floor. With her help, she would make me bend my leg at the knee. She would push my leg back, and it hurt like hell, but if she hadn't done that every day, taking time out of her schedule to help me, I don't know where I would be physically today."



Main School principal Mary Rystrom, c.1959. Museum archive photo.

Several people recall the attempts to teach junior high students the etiquette of dancing in the school cafeteria/auditorium. Maggie Munro '63 wrote, "Does anyone remember the ballroom dance lessons in 7th or 8th grade at Main School? I remember that dance instructor of many moons ago saying, 'one-two cha-cha-cha, three-four cha-cha-cha...' Ward Small recalls 'a mixed PE dance session involving both Main School 8th grade classes, where there was a definite reluctance among the boys to become involved. They would rather be playing baseball, football, basketball or kickball. Exasperated, P.E. teacher James Condon declared, 'Those of you boys who won't participate will be sent outside to play the sissy game,' (meaning volley ball, considered a girls' sport). Much to his consternation, there was an immediate exodus to the volleyball nets."

Another event held in the cafeteria/auditorium was the annual spelling bee. In the spring of 1956 it was held in the evening, so families could attend. There was great excitement as the younger students were eliminated and finally only a few 8th graders were left. Finally it was down to Dick Reddington, from Mrs. Carmichael's class, and one opponent. The word to spell was BOUILLON, as in bouillon cubes. Dick flubbed it, and so did his opponent. The Master of Ceremonies turned to the audience and asked, "Can anyone here spell bouillon?" There was a pause, and then an elderly man rose to his feet. Without hesitation he spelled out B-O-U-I-L-L-O-N. There was thunderous applause, Roxie recalls, and "My brother Gordon turned to me and said, 'That was Dick Reddington's grandfather!'"

Everyone remembers 8th grade graduation from Main School. The girls in their beautiful pastel-colored dresses and white shoes, the practicing of "step-lock, step-lock" around the sidewalk in front of the school, and finally the real event, to the stirring strains of "Pomp & Circumstance" on the field of the high school, next door. For the class "graduating" from Main in 1958, this was followed by a party in the cafeteria auditorium on the theme of a Hawaiian luau. Inspired mothers had made a buffet table where dry ice gave off mysterious vapors around the various dishes. The girls in their pastel dresses hung back as the boys shunted bits of dry ice across the floor. We were growing up, but we weren't there yet.... 🌺

Tune in next time as we graduate to memories of Carp High!

MUSEUM NEWS

MEMORIAL WEEKEND MARKETPLACE TO INCLUDE FLOWER & PLANT SALE

Don't miss the big Memorial Weekend Museum Marketplace on **Saturday, May 23 from 8:00 a.m. to 3:00 P.M.** on the museum grounds (Note: This is NOT the last Saturday of the month as usual).



Flowers and plants galore await shoppers at this year's Memorial Weekend Museum Marketplace sale. David Griggs photo.

The annual plant & flower sale is also planned for this event. Nearly thirty local nurseries will donate many, many varieties of cut flowers, orchids, garden and houseplants to this museum benefit. Your purchases will be supporting the work of the historical society while beautifying your home and garden! **The marketplace also features a large array of antiques, collectibles,**

hand-crafted gifts, and bargains on used & vintage goods of every description including furniture, jewelry, clothing, kitchen and household items, tools, toys, books, and much, much more! Nearly 70 vendors will fill the museum grounds, parking lot, and Wullbrandt annex for this popular fund-raising event.

We always need donations of your quality used items to this event, so now is the perfect time to clean out the closets, under the bed, and the back of the garage! Items may be left on our back patio at any time and are greatly appreciated (and tax-deductible!).



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

We wish to extend a warm welcome to our newest members of the Carpinteria Valley Historical Society & Museum:

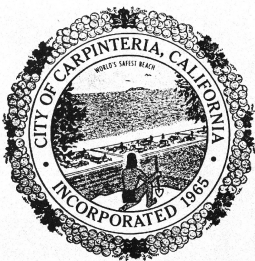
Mary Breunig
James A. Capitano
Allen & Carol Cox
Gaby & Seldon Edwards
JoAnn Lutz

and a special welcome to new LIFE members:

Kathleen & Patrick O'Connor



NEW EXHIBIT CELEBRATES 50 YEAR ANNIVERSARY OF CITYHOOD



A City is Born: Carpinteria Celebrates 50 Years of Cityhood, a new museum exhibit, opens on May 23 just in time for the Memorial Day holiday weekend. The exhibit chronicles the city incorporation debate; victorious election of September, 1965; the various

temporary city halls; creation of the city's seal; and the formation and eventual dissolution of the city police department.

Artifacts included in this special exhibit include the first flag to fly at city hall, an early city hall sign from its location at 601 Maple Ave., the original police department sign and the police chief's badge, and memorabilia from anniversary celebrations of the last 50 years.

Be sure to plan a visit to your museum to learn more of our community's municipal history and share in our proud celebration of the creation of our fair city! The exhibit will remain on view through the end of the year.

CONTRIBUTE YOUR MEMORIES TO THIS NEWSLETTER

We hope you have been enjoying the many stories and memories presented on the pages of this newsletter. These reminiscences are very well received by the readership, and we appreciate all of your compliments and kind words of support.

We especially wish to thank contributing authors Jon Washington and associate editor Roxie Grant Lapidus for their amazing stories spun from the memories and contributions of so many Carpinterians.

To keep this current theme of articles going, we once again ask that you consider penning your memories of life in, or visits to, Carpinteria—special people, places, activities, and events that stand out in your mind. You don't need a degree in English, as we have some great editorial help to polish your contribution. Please call David at the museum or email at david@carpinteriahistoricalmuseum.org to discuss a story you may wish to share. *Thank you!!*



MEMORIALS

MATTHEW HALES CLIFFORD: Eva Jo Hales Rode; Roxie Grant Lapidus.

NINA COMACHO: Bambi R. Bashore; Anita Lewis.

JOHN A. RODRIGUEZ, II: Ward Small, III; Andy & Carol Bailard; Francis & Diana Gesswein; Margaret Rau; The Hansen Family; Barbara Giles; Mary Ota & Family.

ANNIE VAN EYCK: Betty Brown.

We truly appreciate the support afforded the museum by the above named donors in memory of friends and loved ones. To make a tax-deductible donation in someone's memory you may simply write In Memory of: in your check's memo line. If you wish the family of the memorialized notified of your kind support (never the amount donated), include a note of whom to inform along with their name and address, and a card will be sent letting them know of your contribution in their loved one's memory.



CARPINTERIA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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