



THE GRAPEVINE

NEWSLETTER
of the
Carpinteria Valley
Historical Society

www.carpinteriahistoricalmuseum.org

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January/February 2012

CALENDAR

January 25—Wednesday
Board of Trustees Meeting
6 P.M.



January 28—Saturday
MUSEUM MARKETPLACE
8 a.m. - 3 P.M.



February 25—Saturday
MUSEUM MARKETPLACE
8 a.m. - 3 P.M.



February 29—Wednesday
Board of Trustees Meeting
6 P.M.



March 31—Saturday
MUSEUM MARKETPLACE
8 a.m. - 3 P.M.



May 16—Wednesday
**Fillmore & Western Train
Excursion**
10:00 a.m. - 5:00 P.M.



VALLEY HISTORY

**The Historic Franklin Trail
and Early Adventures in the Back Country - Part II**
By Roxie Grant Lapidus

We're back on the trail again, with some new adventures ahead! But first, some good news from the Friends of Franklin Trail. Jane Murray reports that "With the outpouring of support from the Carpinteria community we made the Dec. 30 deadline to match the \$100,000 challenge grant from the La Centra-Sumerlin Foundation. We're just waiting to hear about another grant which, if received, will bring us to our goal." Meanwhile, turn the calendar back to 1924, and let's get hiking.....

The lure of a trail is strong, inviting a hiker or rider to continue on around one more bend and then the next, but the lure of striking out "cross country" can also be enticing, though much less certain. Travelers on the Franklin Trail rarely got lost, unless they ventured off the trail itself, as we will see shortly. To ensure the safety of his students, Curtis Cate went to great lengths to instill in them the art of "tracking." Every year on Washington's birthday he would cancel classes in favor of a day-long "Moose Hunt"—a sort of horseback hide-and-seek. Four students designated as "the moose" would ride off to a secret destination of their own choosing, anywhere from Rincon to Toro Canyon, including the Franklin Trail. One hour later, parties of "trackers" would gallop off in several directions trying to pick up their trail. The youthful exuberance of this game pulses through the account of the 1924 hunt, with flashes of local landmarks passing in a blur:

Down the highway [Casitas Pass Road] we moose rushed madly in clear sight of the rest of the school, which was perhaps on the roofs of the High House or on other points of vantage. At Lobero's mailbox we left the highway and headed toward the beach. The day before we had ridden over that road so that it was a maze of tracks leading in all directions. At a split in the road we separated, two going towards the beach but doubling back through the creek bed by a trail we had discovered, and joining the other two back of Bailard's place. Then all rushed through the walnut grove till we reached the highway at El Rosa Matorral [the Lescher place, where Casitas Pass Road turns east toward Lion's Club Park]. By 9 a.m. we had reached Mr. Fithian's place [Rancho Monte Alegre]. Juan Romero, the foreman, had already promised his

assistance. All the gates were unlocked, and left open. Up Fithian's canyon we rode, and through some grain fields until we reached a fence separating Mr. Fithian's land from Twitchell's.

Dismounting to close a gate behind them, they found a broken padlock on the ground, which they gleefully affixed to the gate, to fool trackers:

We spent the rest of the day vainly hoping that some pursuers, hot on the scent, would come to the gate, see the padlock, take the gate off its hinges, and then discover that it was really not locked!

They reached the top of the ridge by noon, and dropped their guard long enough to eat sandwiches—a near-fatal mistake, for 2 pursuers suddenly appeared, but were “captured.” They then rode toward Franklin Canyon, where “around a bend in the trail came a figure with a wide sombrero.” Luckily it was not more pursuers, but “some Carpinteria boys going to the Santa Ynez for the night.” The moose “hovered on the second ridge till almost 5 o'clock, in case some stray party might catch them,” then hurried back to the school by the 6 p.m. deadline—“free men and the first moose to really win!”

This ability to pick up another's track held them in good stead in future adventures, as we will see later.

Among the “Carpinteria boys” who went over the Franklin Trail were Roscoe Masonheimer and his younger brother Tom. Their father was foreman on the Bern Franklin ranch from 1926-28, and had no qualms about letting 13-year-old Roscoe and 12-year-old Tom go off alone into the hills. Roscoe later recalled:

We often went on camping trips in the mountains behind the ranch, usually on foot. We caught and ate a lot of fish on those trips. Water ran in the creeks all year round in those days, and almost every creek on the south side of the range had fish in it. The only exception was Mr. Franklin's creek, because it was a sulfur creek that fish couldn't live in.

We were gone sometimes for as long as ten days. When Mom worried, Dad would say, “Hey! Don't worry about it! Those kids know what they're doing. They're okay.” We always knew that when Dad needed us, he was going to come get us.

Dad had a pinto mule that he would ride when he went to the mountains. The mule wasn't very fast, but Dad could sleep in the saddle while the mule took him where he wanted to go. On one of our “between hoeing” expeditions, when Dad came riding his mule to find us, he lost our trail and didn't find us for a couple of days. All he took with him when he left home were the clothes he was wearing and a packet of raisins and parched corn. He lived on that for the two days he hunted for us.

Roscoe and Tom had more backwoods skills than some of the Cate School “Jimmies” (youngest students) of the same age. On Easter weekend, 1925, a group of them failed to return from a day-long “endurance hike” with one of their teachers. The rescue efforts that ensued give us a glimpse of the intrepid Mrs. Cate, who had recently joined the school.

In 1924 Curtis Cate had married his neighbor, Katharine Thayer Russell, widow of Howland Russell, the donor of the Russell Cup. She was an expert rider, a stalwart camper, and entered into the life of the school with gusto. Who else but Kate Cate would willingly ride over the treacherous switchbacks of the upper Franklin Trail (elevation 3,700 feet) at midnight? She was in her early 40s at the time, and loved wholesome adventure. This account is by one of the older boys who was camped at Billiard Flats, and took part in the search:

As the hiking party was supposed to be back at 6 p.m., members of the school began to feel worried when 9:00 arrived and there was still no sign of them. Mr. Eric Parsons walked as far as the three-cornered corral, while Charlie Troop and Folger walked nearly to the top of the mountains via the Stanley Park Trail. Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Cate sat up, awaiting the return of the endurance club. The suspense proved too much for Mr. and Mrs. Cate, who saddled their horses and left for the mountains at 1:30 a.m. They traveled through the red gate, along the power line to the Franklin Canyon Trail, and up this to the top of the mountains. While mounting the zig-zags they were surprised to see odd bits of clothing scattered here and there, and on reaching the top they found a tattered garment hanging from a piece of sagebrush. Descending slowly into the Santa Ynez, they arrived at the cabin at about 6 a.m., where they found a camping party sleeping soundly in their bags. Awakening them, they told them about the ill-fated endurance hike, whereupon the campers tumbled from their beds, cooked their breakfast, and were soon ready to start forth in search of the missing Jimmies.

The search continued all the next day, with one group riding over the Murietta Trail toward Ojai, while another pair, after tracking the hikers to a spot on the ridge where they apparently had left the trail, sent their horses back with some others and tracked the missing group on foot, through dense brush down toward El Dorado Creek (left fork of the Gobernador):

Stuffing our pockets with crackers, we started down the mountainside toward El Dorado Creek. After 5 miles through brush and blackberry vines, over rocks and in the water, we began to feel pity for the hikers, who had made the journey by night. After another 5 miles, we were cursing them for ever having left the trail. The canyon wound about even more than we expected. I had blisters from my cowboy boots. We pushed on, and after narrow escapes from falling down waterfalls, arrived at the three-cornered corral, and soon afterward reached the school. Here we learned that the hikers, unable to sleep because of ant bites and cold, had walked all night, arriving at the school at 6 a.m.

Another person who experienced the woes of leaving the established trail was Neil Bailard. East of Franklin Canyon is an area that old-timers called “The Hole.” There was no trail through it, and it was “tough to get in to,” but Neil had hunted in it before with his kinsman Bud Franklin. Son Lawry was along on a hunt in the mid-1930s, and recalls,

We'd been up the Franklin Trail and hunting on the main ridge with Juan Romero, Bob Bailard and Dude. The



Map of the Franklin Trail.

rest of us thought we'd head home on the Ojai Valley Trail, but Dad said "I think I can come down through The Hole." Well, he didn't get home till after dark, and he said that at one point he thought he'd have to shoot the old horse and walk out. He came to a place where it was almost vertical for 10 ft or so. But he had a wonderful horse, and he got it down, and rode on out.

The Lore of the Hunt

As Henry Brown wrote in *The Grapevine* in 1991,

The traditional fall hunt in Carpinteria meant much more than putting meat on the table. It was an annual return to the wilderness without which the year would not have been complete. It was a respite in early Carpinteria, when all the farming had been done and the lima beans had been threshed.

The Ogans were real devotees of the mountains, as were Frank Thurmond, Dudy Romero and Juan Romero. Stanley Shepard, Morris Beckstead and Jake Hales didn't care where they went, as long as the hunting was good. The Bailards took groups across Santa Ynez Canyon to Indian Creek and to Santa Cruz Creek.

Jim Blakely describes how each family group had its own hunting territory:

The old timers, during hunting season, would pack up mules and horses for 2 weeks to a month. Each group established a territory, that was theirs. The Ogans had a hunting area in the Juncal Lake area. Pat Catlin and the Lamberts hunted in upper Diablo Canyon, which was at its best after the Matillija Fire (1932), which opened up a lot through the early 1930s and 1940s. Dude Bailard originally hunted in the Diablo with the Catlins. Then he went further back in the Caliente, up to La Jolla Potrero, where he had a hunting camp. Everyone respected the other's territory. Harb Morris would no more think of going up into The Indian, which was the Twitchells' hunting area, than they would think of going over into Cave Canyon, "The Devil's Den," Harb Morris's cabin--his secret Shangri-la type canyon which is still very hard to find.

The lore and traditions of the hunt were passed from father to son—from John Joseph Rodriguez to his son Johnny, from Juan Romero to his son John, from Lawrence A. Bailard to son Neil and then to grandson Lawry, from Mark Cravens to son Marcus. Donna Ogan showed me mounted antlers from 3 generations of Ogan men: her husband Reginald, his father Rolland, and grandfather Jim. This last set of antlers bears this inscription: "Killed by James Washington Ogan at age 73 years + 6 months, in the head of Blue Canyon, Aug. 5, 1930." Along with the traditions, hunting stories were passed down. Lawry Bailard told me one about his grandfather, the earlier Lawry, who hunted with his brother-in-law Mark Cravens in the 1890s-1910 in the Pendola region of the Santa Ynez:

One time they were camped there in cold weather. They built a fire against a rock ledge, so it would be safe. Lawry was leaning against the ledge near the fire when a large

rattlesnake crawled out of a crack and coiled up within striking distance. It was quite a tense situation. Mark picked up his 30-30 deer rifle and shot it. Otherwise I wouldn't be here today!

The Morris Brothers' Cabins

One of the great destinations for Carpinteria hunters crossing the Franklin Trail in the 1920s-1930s were the cabins built by Dick and Harb Morris. Dick was a blacksmith and later Carpinteria's constable; Harb farmed the family ranch on Cravens Lane. Both were avid deer hunters.

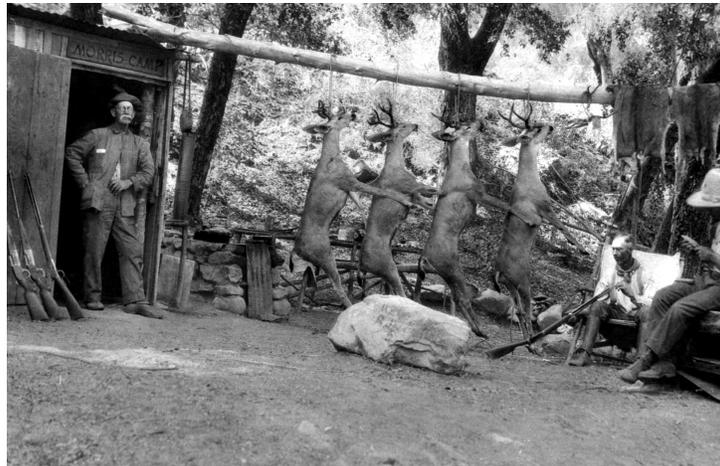
Dick built his cabin on the south side of the Santa Ynez River, on the first creek east of the present Juncal Campground, a creek now listed on maps as "Morris Creek." Harb Morris's cabin was on the north side of the river, hidden away in a secret spot called Cave Canyon, in a little valley above a waterfall. He called it "Devil's Den." The men would pack building materials over the mountains, and the cabins became more elaborate as time went by. Old photos show that

they were wooden, with metal roofs. Their main purpose was for storing supplies, so that the hunters could come and go without hauling all their gear each time. The men would cook and sleep outdoors, and lock everything away when they left. Remington Treloar recalled, "Dick Morris's cabin had big boxes that he'd built—he got leftover material from the dam after they were through, and he had a lot of old blankets & covers so that he could hang the deer out overnight in a bag, let it get real cold." Dick Morris was generous about lending his cabin to family and friends, and many Carpinterians stayed

there. Joan Rock Bailard, who camped at Dick's cabin as a teenager in 1939 and in 1940, recalls "the beautiful outdoor barbecue and oven—iron things he'd built, being a blacksmith. My mother loved that oven!"

One of the more memorable parties camped at the Harb Morris cabin was in 1925, when the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History was collecting wildlife specimens to mount and display in its Mammal Hall. Harry H. Sheldon, a former field naturalist with the U.S. Biological Survey, had the permits to collect a buck, a doe, and a younger deer for the display. He just needed the marksmen to help him. He turned to the Morrises and their kinsmen, the Ogans. Donna Ogan showed me a framed photo taken by Harry Sheldon at the Harb Morris cabin in 1925. Every detail is clear, from the "Morris Camp" sign over the doorway to the 3 rifles leaning against the wall below it and the canteen hanging from a rafter. Four deer are strung up on a horizontal pole, and 6' 6" James Washington Ogan towers in the doorway while his son Roland, wearing gaiters to protect from snake bites, sits cleaning his rifle, and Harb Morris sits atop the stone oven, cutting something with his hunting knife.

Donna and I compared the deer in this photo with those in the final display at the museum, shown in another framed photo. We concluded that none of the 4 deer in the first photo made it into the display. The caption on the back of the photo



The Harb Morris cabin. This 1925 hunt yielded the animals used as taxidermy mounts for the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History exhibit, still on view today. Hunters included James W. Ogan, Roland Ogan, and Harb Morris (left to right). Photo courtesy Donna Ogan.

of the museum diorama (unchanged today), reads: "Rol Ogan and Harb Morris were in party led by Museum of Natural History. They killed these 3 deer shown mounted at the museum." Dick Morris was part of the group as well. The 1925 photo of the Morris camp was later included in Harry Sheldon's book, *The Deer of California*, published in 1933 by the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History.

Trophies from various hunts would be displayed publicly and privately; in the *Carpinteria Valley News* of 1912 we read that "Floyd Hickey and Cecil, Fred and Frank Lambert had great success on their hunting trip. According to reports the number of deer varies, but the horns in Hickey Brothers' window tell the story of at least three." The same issue of the paper reported that "J. Alvarado killed a rattler one day this week which is now on exhibition at Pearl Gay's shop," and "One of the Wegge boys on the Casitas killed a mountain lion a few days since. Mark Cravens is exhibiting the skin." The heaviest deer ever taken was reportedly a 197-pounder, taken in 1904 by one of the Treloars. The one with the biggest antlers was taken by Bud Franklin. "I saw it once in their house," Lawry Bailard told me. "It had 7 points on each side. I'd never heard of more than 4 on a side. Dad said it was not the biggest deer he ever saw, but it had these huge antlers. Bud's daughter, Jane Bianchin, probably still has the mounted head." Locals used a taxidermist named Rhett, who also did work for the Museum of Natural History.

Juncal Dam and Jameson Lake

The halcyon days at Billiard Flats ended in 1930 with the completion of the Juncal Dam, which flooded the area to create Jameson Lake. The Montecito Water District had been working on the project since 1921, in tandem with the excavation of the 2.2-mile Doulton Tunnel (1924-28), which went from Juncal campground, through the mountains to a south portal above Toro Canyon Road. Riding parties from Cate School had continued to use the cabin until around 1929, but as completion of the dam approached, the District cancelled their permit and commandeered the cabin for use by construction workers. It was torn down just before the lake filled, lest some boat get hung up on its ruins. But one of the lake's caretakers told Jim Blakely that in drought years, when the water is low, you can still see the ruins beneath the water. The two Morris cabins were spared, being down river from the lake.

The Morris cabins also survived the historic Matillija fire of 1932, which burned from Topa Topa Peak behind Ojai all the way to Jameson Lake, directly behind Carpinteria. It

burned for 10 days, opening up a lot of previously inaccessible country.

The Cate boys continued to ride the trails in the front and back country. In 1933, members of the school's "Riata Club" drew a large and very accurate map of the trails and creeks between Romero Canyon on the west and the Ventura River on the east, including Santa Ana Canyon, where they had a "shack."

The Forest Service and the CCC

In the early 1930s, the Forest Service was developing campgrounds in the back country. Everything had to go by muleback over narrow winding trails. In 1934, 22-year-old Marcus Craven went to work for the Forest Service as a packer. The mules were kept in corrals at Los Prietos Ranger Station, and some of the pack trips were 40 miles and more. Marcus later told a Forest Service historian about packing timbers for camp tables and pipes for developing springs up on the Roma Potrerros. They also packed "ice cans"—the metal forms used for blocks of ice in refrigerated railroad cars. These were recycled for Forest Service stoves:

I packed timbers, and these ice can stoves and hay and grain and pipe and a redwood tank that was knocked down. I packed them into the Santa Cruz along the 40-mile stretch. That's from Little

Pine over into the Santa Cruz Camp there. We used that as a base, and from there we packed them up into the Roma Potrerros. Some of those timbers were 14-16 feet long. We'd have to sling and have 2 mules in tandem—one in front, one in back. The mules would have to learn to keep their heads down, because if they didn't, they'd get banged up. A few of those first trips, it was like a circus going in there! Some of the turns were real sharp, and we did have problems getting around them. One time in one of those narrow spots, a rattlesnake started buzzing right there and really did stir things up! That's the only time that we almost lost some animals. Sometimes we'd meet other people along the trail—I remember running into some of the old timers, the Pelches, but thank goodness they were going the same way we were, or we would have had real trouble. Another old-timer we ran into on those trips was Van Winkle-- a real character.

Another "old-timer" who worked for the Forest Service was Willie Forsyth, who lived on a ranch right across from Los Prietos Station. Marcus recalled him as "a real fine gentleman, who helped when I first started out, showing me a lot of hitches I'd never heard of."

Willie's daughters Annie and Mabel "could throw a pack as good as any man."



The deer diorama exhibit in the mammal hall of the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History shortly after its original installation.

Photo courtesy Donna Ogan.



Hugh Thurmond on a successful hunt ca.1930s.

Photo courtesy Gwyn Stummer Colson.

In 1935 Marcus and his bride Rowena had been married for only a month when he accepted a job as a Forest Service patroller at Hidden Potrero, not far from the newly built Buckhorn Road, which was still “pretty rough.” The honeymooners set up housekeeping in a tent there. Rowena brought along her cat, which soon became fast friends with Marcus’s horse. “The cat would chase after the horse and then the horse would chase after the cat!” Meanwhile, the Civilian Conservation Corps was busy in the area, building debris dams on the Mono and the Caliente. Marcus recalled,

The CCCs were going and they had one of those crank telephones in there. My wife used to answer it when I was out, to get clearance from down at the Oso gate up to Hidden Potrero so there wouldn't be any mixup of trucks meeting on those narrow roads.

One of the CCC truck drivers at this time was former Carpinterian Roscoe Masonheimer, who later recalled:

On one of my shuttle runs, coming down the road from Hidden Portrero to Upper Oso on some very steep switchbacks, the right spindle of the front axle on my truck broke. The wheel went rolling down the road ahead of me until it finally bounced down into a canyon about half a mile from where I was stopped. I was unable to move the truck, which was blocking traffic in both directions. I hiked down to the Santa Ynez Ranger Station, and by the next day I was back on the road again.

Marcus resumes his tale of patrolling the back country on horseback:

There were telephone spots here and there along the line, which was one wire strung between poles. Every now and then they'd nail a box on the pole and hang one of those crank phones there. Up toward Loma Pelona the poles went up this steep place, and in some spots they would hum. Now whether the bears thought there were bees there, or whether it just annoyed them, I don't know, but they'd just tear those poles all to pieces and chew them up. You could tell how tall a bear was by how high he could either reach with his claws, or just bite a big chunk out of the pole.

On one patrol ride Marcus came across Indian cave paintings. Some 30 years later, in the 1960s, when my father, Campbell Grant, was researching his *Rock Paintings of the Chumash*, Marcus took him and Cliff Smith to the site.

A Father-Son Hunting Trip in 1936

Lawry Bailard made his first hunting trip over the Franklin Trail in 1931, at age 9, riding his mare Dolly, who had belonged to a former Cate school student. But the trip that stands out most vividly in his memory is one made 5 years later, when he was 14:

Some of Dad's cousins had started to hunt in Diablo Canyon, an eastern tributary of the Caliente, which runs into the Santa Ynez River at Pendola Flats. We started hunting there in 1936, four years after the Matillija Fire. Deer are attracted to a new burn after a few years, when the chaparral starts to come back.

Our first trip into the Diablo started at Juan Romero's house on the Fithian Ranch. The group included Dad (Neil), Juan, John J. Rodriguez, and Fred McCloskey, who lived in Goleta but had an orchard in Carpinteria, and the 4 sons, ranging from 22-year-old Johnny Rodriguez down to 12-year-old John Romero (we called him "Juan Chico"). I was 14, and Chad McCloskey was 13. The day before, we had all met over at Juan's house to pack the alforcas or kayaks--the rawhide bags that hang on each side of a pack saddle, and must be balanced.

The next day before daybreak we met at Juan's house to pack the animals. We had one for each 2 people, with supplies for 10 days. The kayaks were hung on the pack saddles, bedding went on top, then a canvas, and the whole was tied to the cinch. Dad fancied a diamond hitch, but we eventually settled on the boy hitch, which was easier to tie and worked better on the box-shaped kayaks. An axe and a shovel topped the load.

It was still dark when we rode over to Franklin Canyon and started up the trail. We rested the animals about every 45 minutes, as it was fairly steep. We'd check the packs and tighten ropes as needed. It was a good 4 hours to the top of the mountain. As you get up near the switchbacks, you get up into some rough, rocky formation. There was a yellow jacket nest right on the trail there, and they would always get very perturbed. You didn't want to be the last horse in the string! With 8 of us plus 4 pack animals, it was quite a rodeo for the last several horses and riders!

From the summit our route took us down Alder Creek. We skirted Juncal Reservoir, then rode down river to Pendola Flat where we ate lunch. We then headed up Caliente Canyon, riding in the dirt road that led to the CCC camp just below the hot springs. The CCC boys were building a debris dam at the narrows above the springs, to keep debris and sediment from flowing into Gibraltar Reservoir. The trail above the dam went several miles up the stream to the junction with Diablo Creek. We rode in the stream bed, but had to detour 2-3 times when the going got too rough. Our camp was about 2 miles up the Diablo. The whole trip in took about 11 hours.

The next day we fixed up camp under a large oak tree. It had been burned by the Matillija fire, but was coming back. There was a small spring, and we put our bacon, eggs and butter in the shade near it. There was a Forest Service stove made of an ice can cut into two, about 1' x 4', with a hinged door and a smoke stack with a screen. Open fires were prohibited.

It was hot back there in August, and we boys always built a swimming hole. The creek was not large, but had enough of a flow that we could make a dam and develop a pool deep enough to submerge in. One year we built one about 5' deep. It was always refreshing, especially after coming in from hunting.



Chad McCloskey, John Romero, and Lawry Bailard (l-r) at Diablo Camp, 1937. Photo courtesy Lawrence Bailard.

We had a routine of hunting one day and making jerky the next. The day before hunting, it was the boys' job to gather the riding horses. We would take some oats to entice the horses close enough to catch several. We'd ride them bareback, driving the rest up to camp. That first year in the Diablo we had strung 2 strands of barb wire across the canyon narrows 2 miles below camp. There was enough natural feed that the horses and mules were content not to wander.

The day of the hunt we would get up before sunrise. The first chore was to give the horses some oats, then cook breakfast and begin saddling up. We would not leave until there was pretty good light, since we might see deer only 10 minutes out of camp. Usually each father and son would go together in their own direction, although sometimes different groups hunted together. The area we covered was 10-12 square miles. The group usually shot 3 or 4 deer in total, though one morning Dad killed 3 by himself. We would load the deer onto the

horses and head to camp. After a swim it was time to take care of the deer. We would hang them from a small log strung between two trees. They had already been field dressed, so the first chore was to skin them, then trim any meat spoiled by the bullets. Next we would split the carcass, and put the two halves in a cotton bag to keep off the flies and yellow jackets. They would be left hanging all night to cool off.

The next day was jerky day. After a good breakfast of bacon and eggs or pancakes with syrup from those log cabin-shaped cans, we would start cutting up the venison. The men did the butchering and the kids sliced the meat into strips about ½ inch thick. These were sprinkled with salt and pepper, then put into a 5-gallon can with more salt and pepper, added in layers. The salt preserved the meat and the pepper seasoned it but also kept the flies off when the pieces were spread out on a clean canvas to dry. At night the canvas was rolled up and secured from predators. There were bears and mountain lions in the hills, but they never bothered us. The jerky usually dried in the sun for 3 or 4 days. One year it was so hot it was done in a single day. Then we'd pack it up in a clean cotton bean seed sack.

We boys were in charge of gathering firewood and washing dishes, while the men did the cooking. In the evenings, they would talk about their farming, but much of the talk was of old hunting trips and experiences. This

campground had been used at the turn of the century by members of the Romero family of Montecito. One of the older generation Romeros later told me of hunting in the area before it had burned, when they usually killed 3 or 4 deer in the open grassy areas. He also claimed to have found some gold one day while hunting, but could never find the spot again. I suspect this was a typical back country yarn!

On a later trip an old mountain lion hunter, Charlie Tant, told us of recuperating from a broken leg at this camp. He used to follow his dogs on foot, and had a fall and limped back here where his horse and gear were. He eked out his supplies with some that we had left in a metal box built for storing gear and extra canned food.

John Romero ("Juan Chico") also remembers Charlie Tant (or Tent): "He had 5-6 bloodhounds. He was hired by the Forest Service, he got a bounty for each lion." John adds that on trips to the Diablo they would cut alder branches to make mattresses beneath

their sleeping bags. Lawry concludes the tale:

Another kid chore was to haul water to sprinkle on the dust in the camp. This kept the dust down, and made the camp cooler for an hour or so. We also played cards and read magazines. Cowboy stories were a favorite. We kept busy and it was a fun time. A trip usually lasted 10 days including the rides in and out. It was not unusual to kill 12-14 deer. A week or so after we left another group of hunters from Carpinteria—friends and relatives--would come in and have equally good luck. We hated to finally pack up to head home. We went back over the Romero Canyon Trail, and rode along Foothill Road to Carpinteria.☺

We'll pause here, but will continue along the Franklin Trail in one last installment, covering the late 1930s right up to the present, with many more adventures to share!

Readers who would like to participate in the efforts to reopen the Franklin Trail can go to www.FranklinTrail.org, or send a tax-deductible check payable to the Land Trust for Santa Barbara County (LTSBC) and mail it to: LTSBC, Attention Franklin Trail Fund, PO Box 91830, Santa Barbara, CA 93190-1830. Donations by credit card can be made by calling the Land Trust at 966-4520. For more information please contact Jane Murray, co-chair of Friends of Franklin Trail at 684-4405 or jane@murrays.com.



"Ice Can" stove and kitchen set-up at La Carpo Potrerros camp.

Photo courtesy Lawrence Bailard.



Harb Morris, who favored the line-drying method, tends to venison jerky at camp in the 1930s. Note fires built on two sides, probably to repel flies and yellow jacket wasps rather than smoke the meat.

Photo courtesy Lawrence Bailard.

MUSEUM NEWS

MUSEUM RECEIVES THREE GRANTS

The Museum has been awarded a **\$5,000 grant from the Wood-Claeysens Foundation** of Santa Barbara to be used for general operating expenses to supplement revenue from membership dues, endowment fund earnings, and our fund-raising events. Another grant of **\$5,000 has been received from the Smith-Walker Foundation**, also to be used for general museum operations. We thank historical society member and Smith-Walker Foundation trustee, Jean Goodrich, for her generous support of our work. Additionally, a grant of **\$500 has been received from the Agnes B. Kline Memorial Foundation** in support of our free educational programs for children. We truly appreciate the sustained support shown the Society by the above noted foundations.

On another note, we also wish to recognize the **generous contributions made by our board of trustees** which provides most of the refreshments enjoyed by the those who attended the annual Holiday Open House. Thanks, also, to **Trader Joe's**, which donates a wonderful variety of fare, and an extra special thanks to **Case Van Wingerden** and **Westland Floral** for donating the beautiful poinsettias to dress up the museum for this beloved traditional community event. 🍷

GREAT TREASURE-HUNTING

The popular benefit **Museum Marketplace** will resume its *last-Saturday-of-the-month* schedule on **January 28 from 8:00 a.m. to 3:00 P.M.** The market features over 70 vendors of vintage goods, antiques, collectibles, handcrafted gifts and jewelry, plants, books, furniture, clothing, household items and much more!! As always, we appreciate your tax-deductible donations of items to the museum's used treasures booth. Donations may be dropped off at the museum's back patio at any time. Future marketplace dates are **February 25** and **March 31**. 🍷

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

We wish to extend a warm welcome to our newest members:

John R. Curtis
Silvia Echeverria
Patty & Steve Hill
Marjorie Miller
Judy Sturmer
Alexandra Van Antwerp

Just a reminder to send in your membership dues for the 2011-2012 membership year which began on October 1st. Please save us the expense of mailing out reminder notices, and save resources, too! Your dues are critical in helping us to meet our operating expenses. For any questions regarding your membership status, call David at the museum. *Many thanks* to those of you who have already renewed.



ALL ABOARD THE FILLMORE & WESTERN RAILROAD!

Step back in time in the historic "Heritage Valley" of Ventura County aboard the Fillmore & Western Railway. **We have planned an exciting excursion for Wednesday, May 16 from 10:00 am to 5:00 P.M.** Boarding a vintage pre-1950s train in historic



downtown Fillmore, we will depart the station to travel through the beautiful orchards and agricultural fields of the Santa Clara Valley. Once underway, we will enjoy a full 3-course "Heritage Valley" lunch during the trip to downtown Santa Paula. Our special luncheon consists of a garden salad, orange glazed chicken breast, rice pilaf, vegetable, roll & butter and coffee, tea or soda. Docents will meet the train at the historic Southern Pacific Santa Paula depot and guide our group on a walking tour of a few of the downtown murals on our way to the California Oil Museum and then the Santa Paula Art Museum, or to the new California Farm Museum, situated right next to the tracks in Railroad Plaza.



Vintage gas pumps on display at the California Oil Museum.

Back onboard, our next stop, *Loose Caboose Garden Center* where you can browse the variety of unique "stations" on the 6-acre property. Visit the Gift Shop, indulge in honey tasting and products from Bennett's Honey Farm, enjoy garden art, koi ponds & supplies, fountains, pottery, one-of-a-kind art glass, the UpsideDown Gardens, an aviary, plus a myriad of plant life. During the return trip to Fillmore relax as we are served dessert onboard the train.



Plein air painting by C. Botke at the Santa Paula Art Museum.

A minimum group of 40 people is required to book a date, so let us know right away if you would like to reserve. This trip is a little more expensive than many of our excursions, but is all inclusive. **Price for historical society members is \$79; and \$89 for non-members.** Trip price includes bus fare to Fillmore, train ticket fare, lunch aboard the train, admission to two museums in Santa Paula, and dessert! Actually a bargain! Call David today, 684-3112, to reserve or for more information; or, you may return the form on the back of this newsletter with your check. This exciting, beautiful, nostalgic, and educational trip is not to be missed—reserve today! 🍷

MEMORIALS

MARY ALICE COFFMAN: Lawrence Bailard; Lou & Susanne Panizzon; Betty Woodworth.

MARTHA ANN GRAHAM: Susan & Charles Samuel.

HENRY MEDEL: Lawrence Bailard.

DON SCHROEDER: Anita Lewis.

CARPINTERIA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

956 Maple Avenue • Carpinteria, California 93013 • (805) 684-3112

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Permit No. 1016



The Fillmore & Western Railroad and California Oil Museum & Santa Paula Art Museum

Trip Date: Wednesday, May 16, 2012
Depart Carpinteria Museum 10:00 a.m. Return 5:00 P.M.

FIELD TRIP RESERVATION FORM

Name(s) _____

Address _____

Zip _____

Phone _____

Number of reservations:

Members @ \$79 _____ Non-members @ \$89 _____ TOTAL: _____

**Return this form with check payable to: Carpinteria Valley Historical Society or (C.V.H.S.)
956 Maple Avenue, Carpinteria, CA 93013**