



# NEWSLETTER of the Carpinteria Valley Historical Society

[www.carpinteriahistoricalmuseum.org](http://www.carpinteriahistoricalmuseum.org)

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## CALENDAR

**November 24 - Thursday**  
**HAPPY THANKSGIVING!**  
Museum Closed



**November 26 - Saturday**  
**31st Annual Holiday Arts & Crafts Faire**  
10 a.m. - 3 p.m.



**December 5 - Monday**  
**MUSEUM DECORATION**  
9:00 a.m. - Noon



**December 10 - Saturday**  
**HOLIDAY OPEN HOUSE**  
2 p.m. - 4 p.m.



**December 25 - Sunday**  
**MERRY CHRISTMAS!**  
Museum closed  
**December 24 - January 2**



**January 1 - Sunday**  
**Happy New Year!**



## VALLEY HISTORY

### The Historic Franklin Trail and Early Adventures in the Backcountry - Part I By Roxie Grant Lapidus

*The Franklin Trail is very much in the minds and hearts of many in Carpinteria right now, as the Friends of Franklin Trail race to match a grant by December 30 that will further their goal of reopening the historic trail by 2013, its 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary. The trail has been closed since the mid-1970s, but adventures along its route and in the back country still burn bright in the memories of many people in this valley. The following account combines present-day interviews and conversations with archival material from the museum, including interviews by Helen Newbery and others, and Sadie Hales Johnson's history columns from 1960. I am especially grateful to Lawry and Joan Rock Bailard for sharing maps, photos and stories with me, and to Donna Ogan for welcoming me into her historic home and showing me family hunting memorabilia and photos. What emerges from all of this is a story of homesteaders and squatters, hunters and fishermen, early Forest Service workers, intrepid teen-aged horsewomen, and even a few brave honeymoon couples. It's also a story of memorable horses and mules who knew the trails and the back country and could get their riders to their destinations even in the dark. But most of all, it's also the story of the back country itself, that almost mythical land on the other side of the highest ridge behind Carpinteria, where names like Loma Pelona, Madulce Pine, Pendola, the Narrows, and Hidden Potrero fire the imagination and make the hiker or rider want to keep going around one more bend in the trail, up one more rise, down one more canyon, to see what marvels may be there. So put on your sturdy shoes, fill your canteen, and join us on our hike through the history of the Franklin Trail!*

**A**lthough people have been hiking up Franklin Canyon since time immemorial, the full 8.5 mile Franklin Trail with switchbacks near the approach to the "third ridge" and access down to Alder Creek near the Santa Ynez River dates from 1913. In the Chumash era, the local Indians apparently used either Romero Canyon or Rincon Canyon to cross the mountains into the back country, according to E.R. "Jim" Blakely, local botanist and back country aficionado.

In the late 18<sup>th</sup> to mid-19<sup>th</sup> centuries, during the Spanish and Mexican periods, these new inhabitants also frequented the local back country, leaving their trace in many of the place names: Agua Caliente, Escondidio, Camuesa Creek, Flores Flats, and the various "Potrereros" or open spaces amidst the dense chaparral that provide grazing for deer and livestock. Marcus Cravens, who worked for the Forest Service along the Santa Ynez drainage in the mid-1930s, recounts "One of the Romeros in

the early times used to run cattle up near the Narrows and White Ledge." Charles ("Pat") Catlin reported seeing in the 1920-30s "old claim markers up on the ridge north and east near White Ledge. People from Santa Barbara and Montecito: Maraga, Cota, Ruiz. Old Californians. Their camp was there where you camped. The old Spanish families would turn their horses loose up there."

Americans also staked claims in the local back country after the Homestead Act of 1862. According to Jim Blakely, the first homestead in the area was on Mono Creek, one of the main tributaries of the Santa Ynez. The property later became the Ogilvy Ranch, and is 4 miles above the Mono debris dam. The homestead was established in the 1880s by Mr. Hildreth, a "market hunter" who shot huge quantities of quail and other game to sell. "Hildreth Peak" is listed on modern hiking maps. Other market hunters were John and Jake Twitchell, whose "Twitchell Camp" became a back country landmark. Marcus Cravens met them in 1927, and recounts:

*The first trip I remember, when I was 15, I went with Dude Bailard and we went to the Indian Canyon and were hunting back there at what was known as Twitchells' Camp. It was above Peg Leg and the Indian, and these Twitchells in the early times, according to their stories, had been market hunters, and to hear them tell of the times, it was really something. I'll never forget that Jake Twitchell had just bought a brand-new Winchester repeating rifle, a .44, and he was so proud of that, but it shot a slug there that looked half as big as a pumpkin.*

Other "old-timers" who had cabins in the back country were the Pelches, who later ran a fishing and hunting store at the corner of State and Anapamu in Santa Barbara, and the Ords, who "had a place over on the Loma Pelona." Marcus relates, "One time I was chasing a deer and I found some ruins of an old place over there, and I told Jim Blakely about it, but he's never been able to find the spot." Near Mono Creek there was an abandoned adobe where hunters sometimes took refuge.

The menfolk of Carpinteria's pioneer families began hunting the hills on this side of the range as soon as they arrived, starting in the 1860s. James Simmeral Ogan (1869) at one time had 22 hunting dogs. His granddaughter, Elizabeth Ogan Morris, told Sadie Johnson, "When Grandpa hunted, he painted his dog's head red, and wore a red-painted helmet himself for safety." The men would hunt mainly quail, dove, pigeons and deer.

These early settlers also went hunting and fishing over the mountains into the back country, probably via the old Indian trail at Romero Canyon. For family camping trips, they would take wagons over San Marcos Pass. In the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> centuries, the Franklin, Thurmond, and Bailard families often camped at the fork of the Santa Ynez River near Los Prietos, according to descendants. The Ben Bailards, Bern Franklins and Lawrence A. Bailard families camped down river at Chalk Rock. Grandson Lawry Bailard recounts, "In June after the beans were cultivated and hoed, and school was

out, the whole family would go camping near Chalk Rock on the Santa Ynez, near present-day Cachuma dam, for a couple of weeks. It was a lazy, happy time."

Our history of Franklin Canyon dates from 1876, when Columbus Bernard ("Bern") Franklin arrived from North Carolina with his brother Gideon and sisters Mildred and Sallie to join other family members already here. Bern and Gideon bought adjoining properties on either side of what became known as Franklin Canyon, and Mildred acquired most of the canyon itself. That first year, Bern bought 100 head of cattle from Russell Heath. But then the drought struck, and feed dried up. While other ranchers slaughtered their herds, Bern sought a solution "over the first range." He later recounted:

*An old Mexican had a few head of cattle also, and we drove them over the first ridge of hills back to where they could find some grass. It took us two days to make the four miles, the cattle were that weak.*

There must have been some kind of trail back this far, which doubtless was later incorporated into the official Franklin Trail. Bern eventually brought his cattle back, sold them at a good profit, and added to his acreage. He married into the Bailard family and built his home on the west side of the canyon. His brother Gideon and family settled in a home on the east side of the canyon.

In the late 19<sup>th</sup> century the oak-shaded canyon was a popular hiking and swimming destination for young friends of the Franklin family and

others around the valley. Teenager Ada Lescher wrote in her diary in April 1893, "Aunt Josie & I went up the Franklin Canyon. It is a beautiful place. We got some wild flowers & ferns." Two months later she and her brother and some friends "Went up to the falls & Lover's Leap." Many Carpinteria old-timers remember "Lover's Leap," the steep vertical rock cliff as you come up out of the canyon along the beginning of the Franklin Trail. In July of 1893, Ada's brother Royal "went up to Franklins & made a swimming hole."

By the turn of the twentieth century, Franklin Canyon had become a popular picnic and camping spot, thanks to the hospitality of the Franklin family. Upper Linden Ave. was known as Franklin Canyon Road, and the canyon was the site of Sunday School and 4<sup>th</sup> of July picnics, school plays, and other public events. The Woman's Club installed picnic tables and benches. There are many accounts and photos of festivities in the canyon. Bern's niece, Miss Mary Gwyn Franklin, recalls the lengths to which the family went to maintain this hospitality:

*During the picnic season there was a ranch chore every Monday morning when the men had to go up and repair the arrangements at the source of the water supply, at the spring where Uncle Bern had put in a tunnel. The children would play and change the watercourse. Sometimes even the faucets had to be repaired. But the family put up with it because of all the pleasure given to so many people.*

*Picnics in the canyon were apt to be Sunday School picnics. There were foot races afterward. Climbing the paths up the*



**Back from a hunting excursion to the back country, brothers John H. and James W. Ogan with a large buck return to the Ogan's Carpinteria ranch.**

*Photo courtesy of Ogan Family.*

*side of the hills and going up the trail to the rocky place called "Lovers' Leap" was fun for the young ones.*

According to Mary Gwyn Franklin, "Mrs. Mildred Franklin Oglesby (sister of Bern and Gideon) was the owner of the canyon who extended this generous courtesy to the picnickers, although some of the hillside property of Bern and Gideon was often climbed over too."

#### The Franklin Trail is Built

A crucial event of 1899 was the creation of the Santa Ynez Forest Reserve, precursor to Los Padres National Forest. The area was closed to homesteading, private property, and mineral exploration. No more unregulated market hunting; there were hunting and fishing seasons, limits, and licenses. Deer taken had to be tagged and reported. The Forest Service began building a network of trails in both the back country and the front country. In Carpinteria, the existing Rincon Trail was improved in 1904. A few years later the Coldsprings Trail was built in Montecito. And in 1913, the Forest Service began work on the Franklin Trail. On March 7, 1913, *The Carpinteria Valley News* reported:

*The new Franklin Trail is being pushed rapidly toward the top of the range. The construction crew has already passed the crest of the first range and the expectation is to have the work completed by April 1. The appropriation made by the national and county authorities is not ample for the purpose, and a subscription list is now at Hickey's store for funds to be placed in the hands of Supervisor Deaderick for use as needed.*

The trail apparently progressed in a timely manner, but funds fell short for the final leg down from the crest to Alder Creek. On April 18, the local paper ran this headline, which current fund raisers can appreciate!

#### Need \$115 to Finish Work

#### Trail Down to Santa Ynez to be a Good One—Drop in to Hickey's and Help the Work Along With a Contribution

*It will cost \$600 for the trail down from the summit. The government will pay half. Deaderick in his zeal for the good cause volunteered to assume the full \$300 which had to be provided by the people. He has secured \$185 in subscriptions, as follows: Joel Remington Fithian, \$100; Curtis Cate, \$50; A. Neiland, \$10; H.S. Deaderick, \$10; W.C. Hickey, \$10; J.O. Franklin, \$5.*

*The trail will take you to the Juncal in a few hours. The brush is being removed for a width of 12 feet and the trail itself is 3 feet wide. It is about the best trail anywhere across the range. It will connect with the ridge trail and so with the other trails along the range. Drop in at Hickey's and lift a little.*

A month later, on May 16, the paper reported: *The trail is now about at the top of the range, and the camp will be moved soon to the other side of the range in order to carry on the work in the Santa Ynez territory down to the Juncal. Heretofore this has been called the Franklin Canyon Trail, but the Forest Service has agreed that the most appropriate name would be "Carpinteria-Juncal Trail."*

Among those hired to build the last leg of the trail was "Old Man Ramey" (possibly spelt Raimey or Raymey), a

squatter who had a camp near Alder Creek, on the back side of the range. Pat Catlin went to school with Ramey's sons in Carpinteria, and as a teenager in the early 1920s once or twice accompanied one of them over the mountains to visit "Dad Ramey." In a 1978 interview, Pat told Jim Blakely some of the lore about this backwoods recluse:

*Old Man Ramey was character. He had a family in town, but he spent a lot of time in the back country. He had built a quick trail of his own down Alder Creek to a camp he had there, a spot that later became Alder Creek Camp. He built the trail on down to the Santa Ynez River. Later when there were too many people in the Alder Creek area, he moved across the river to the north side, to Escondido Potrero, a big grassy meadow just north of the present Juncal Dam. I used to ride over with my friend to see "Dad Raimey" When we got back there, the old man had a lot of carbide cans sitting around, filled with corn. He claimed he kept it to feed his burros. He told us, "Never go down by the spring (by Morris Creek), it's full of rattlesnakes!" Well, one day we went down there, and saw a small still. He was making home brew, and supplying hunters.*

*His place was like a way station, a refreshment stand. He had some goats, a little garden. He used to do work for the Forest Service, keeping the trails up, keeping an eye on things. He was like a self-appointed protector of the back country.*

This is reflected in an account of a trip over the Franklin Trail to Billiard Flats in June of 1921 by Cate School boys, who related that "Going to Honeycomb Falls we found that the trail by Raymey's springs had been washed out, and a new one built

higher up." Probably the handiwork of Old Man Ramey.

1913, the year the Franklin Trail was completed, also saw the publication of the *Santa Barbara Guidebook*, by Leila Weekes Wilson, published by Pacific Coast Publishing Co., Santa Barbara. In it we read:

*Carpinteria-Juncal Trail, a new trail, from Franklin Cañon, Carpinteria, over the mountains to the upper Santa Ynez River, is now complete. "This is a trail that will appeal strongly to every resident of Santa Barbara County. From the summit one may turn and look toward the Pacific Ocean and the islands, and the Eden of Santa Barbara County, the lovely valley of Carpinteria, at your feet. While looking east [actually north] are rugged ranges that drop down to the beautiful Santa Ynez River, where trout fishing is good, and camping facilities ideal."* (unattributed quote in her book.)

The author goes on to dispense some "Advice to Hikers"

1. *It is well to wear your oldest clothes and riding togs on these trail trips. At certain seasons—from May to November—these trails are very dusty. At other times they are very wet, and the overhanging bushes wreak much damage to hats.*
2. *It is not well to allow your horse to feed along the trails; it is an easy matter for a horse to unconsciously back off a trail—and that is a situation distinctly unpleasant for his rider!*
3. *Let the slowest walking horse in the party lead the way.*
4. *A drinking cup is a chief requisite.*
5. *If you are overtaken by night along the trail, what is better than a bed of finely-broken twigs of the lovely red-stemmed Manzanita and the Ceanothus, both of which grow in*



*A picnic in Franklin Canyon, c.1915. Museum archive photo.*

*luxuriance in the cañons and mountainsides. Above these spread layers of glossy ferns, five and six feet long; when it is finished, this is a couch not to be scorned.*

The author's notion of an impromptu bed of twigs and ferns seems quite fanciful, but Joan Rock Bailard recounts making beds of ferns along the Franklin Trail in the late 1930s. Accompanied by her mother, Ruth Rock, she and a group of young horsewomen would take overnight trips up the trail to a flat woodland area on Sutton Creek. "It was like a miniature Franklin Canyon," Mrs. Bailard told me. "We called it 'Lizard Glen.'" The girls would put layers of bracken ferns beneath their sleeping bags. "Nothing smells better!"

Reginald Ogan, who hunted in the back country with his father Rol and grandfather James Washington Ogan and others, gave a good description of the trail as it was in the early 1930s:

*We'd go up the Franklin Canyon Trail, through beautiful Franklin Canyon with picnic tables, go past the old temperate sulfur mine and past Lover's Leap, and on up over the narrow crest where the Edison road now crosses the first knoll. Then we'd drop down into Sutton Creek, up the other side of Sutton, and parallel the Botte property for several miles, and on over the top of the main ridge of the mountains back here, west of Noon Peak, and we'd descend down the Alder Creek on the other side. Once you got about a quarter of a mile out of the old Franklin's Creek campground, you're in a lot of natural spring water. We were always glad when we got halfway down the Alder Creek to have water that you didn't have to take out of a canteen.*

He makes no mention of the caves down in Franklin Canyon, nor of the series of 11 switchbacks near the top of the last ridge, built on treacherous, slippery shale. More than one horse slid off it. My Aunt Vi Tuckerman, a lifelong horsewoman who grew up on the family ranch at the end of Cravens Lane, used to ride the Franklin Trail in the late 1920s with her friend Virginia Edwards. Virginia's family owned the former Russell Heath ranch, near present-day Eucalyptus Park (Heath Ranch Historic Park). A few years ago, at age 94, Vi told me of an adventure they had on the Franklin Trail, around 1927-28:

*Virginia had an "all-around" horse named Gray—he would pull a carriage and also trail ride. We were going up the Franklin Trail, and we came to the upper part that is like shale. Gray's 2 rear feet slipped off the edge. Luckily, Virginia was very athletic, and was able to climb up over his shoulders and onto the trail. She took the reins and was able to get him back onto the trail. Otherwise, he would have fallen about 100 feet.*

More dramatic is a story Lawry Bailard told me. He recalls returning from a hunting trip in the mid-1930s and coming upon the Ramey boys and their friends the Whites descending the switchbacks:

*Coming back from one trip they were ahead of us—they used to walk, and had 1 pack horse. They'd been camped at Alder Creek for 4-5 days, where there was almost no feed. The horse was pretty run down, had a huge pack, and going down the switchbacks, he got to about the 3<sup>rd</sup> from the bottom, then fell and rolled all the way down over the first switchback and*

*stopped in heavy brush, just before going over a 100-150' drop. When we came along, they were working to get him out. They had hauled the pack and the kayaks (saddle bags) up to the trail. One or two of them were on the trail, the others were down with the horse, giving him some feed and water. The horse was down in the brush there for about 2 days. The Rameys had to build a trail to get it out. Later my cousin Marcus Cravens bought that horse, and thought it was the most wonderful horse he ever had. His name was Choppo, and he lived to be 34-36 years old.*

When the Franklin Trail was completed all the way to the Santa Ynez River in 1913, among the first to take advantage of it was a group of Carpinterians who had decided to take up homestead claims in the Cuyama Valley. In 1914, Rolland & Myrtle Ogan, Rol's sister Elizabeth and her husband Harb Morris, Joe Alvarado, Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Ogilvy, and Jack, Don & Gordon Miller decided to try homesteading in Cuyama. Some of the men were going to go ahead on horseback, build

some cabins, then bring the women over. Unfortunately, their departure coincided with the great flood of 1914. Rol told Sadie Hales Johnson:

*"We took all our stuff to the Southern Pacific warehouse in order to ship it to Maricopa, but then it rained for 20 days straight and we weren't able to leave here with our horses until Dec 21. Harb, Joe Alvarado and I then went through the mountains, but there was snow and it took us 3 days. The first day out we made it to Mono Campground, and the next morning the sky was black as coal. It started snowing and we had only 2 days' rations with us.*

*Luckily, I shot a nice forked-horn deer. We almost froze to death at night. I had a big 2-year-old colt. He decided he wanted to roll in the snow, so he did, and he rolled down the north slope out of sight, and we figured he was gone. When we got to the bottom of the ridge, we heard him nickering and found him there without a scratch. After getting into the Cuyama we went to Maricopa for supplies and to unload our things from the freight car. We loaded up some lumber and then decided to stay all night, but an old timer told us that if we were ever going to get over that mountain we had better go right away, so at 4 p.m. we started out and got to the Cuyama Valley at midnight. The horses led us to the O'Day place, where they had been before. We unharnessed them and crawled into the hay barn to spend the night and keep from freezing to death."*

They eventually built cabins and the ladies joined them there. "World War I came and went quietly for us," Myrtle Ogan said, "and except for the premium price of wheat and the occasional drafting of a neighbor, we were hardly aware of the war. Mail was delivered once a week, and it was a 16-hour roundtrip to Maricopa for groceries." Her sister-in-law Lizzie Morris had a harder time of it, since her husband Harb would ride his horse back and forth over the mountains to take care of the home farm on lower Cravens Lane (Risdon-Ellinwood place), leaving her alone a lot. The Morrises left Cuyama in 1916; the Ogans stayed another 3-4 years, long enough to prove up on their claim, leaving Cuyama around 1919-1920. Their daughter-in-law, Donna Ogan, just recently sold the last 19 acres of the Cuyama homestead to a rancher there.



**Boys from the Cate School ready to set out on a back country pack trip in 1918.** Photo courtesy Cate School archives.



### Cate School & Billiard Flats

In 1913 when Curtis Cate plunked down \$50 at Hickey Brothers store toward the completion of the Franklin Trail, he surely was thinking of the opportunities the trail would open up for his students. Two years earlier he had moved his fledgling boys' boarding school from Santa Barbara to Carpinteria, where he rented the Stewart Walcott ranch (later the Barnard/Whitney ranch) on Casitas Pass Road. In 1913 he bought 150 acres in the Lillingston Canyon area, and the new school was built at the base of the present mesa site in 1914.

Mr. Cate was an advocate of cold showers and rugged outdoor experiences, and every student was required to have a horse. Small groups of boys rode the local trails every weekend, either toward the Casitas, or up the Franklin Trail and over into the Santa Ynez River area. It wasn't long before they established a camp and then obtained a permit to build a cabin on a 5-acre parcel at Billiard Flats, a grassy area on the north side of the river, a short distance east of where the Alder Creek trail comes in. Billiard Flats got its name from the quantity of perfectly round stones there, mostly the size of cannon balls. It was a good area for fishing native trout and steelhead, and afforded good hunting. According to Remington Treloar, who hiked there as a teenager in the early 1920s to hunt quail or to fish, the Hickeys and several other Carpinteria families used to spend summers at Billiard Flats, packing in their animals and tents.

The Cate School cabin was built largely of river rock, and teacher Lorenzo Bull reportedly spent 2 years packing bags of cement over the mountains with a horse and mule and helping the boys build the 10' x 12' cabin. The boys called him "El Toro," and the cabin was sometimes referred to as "Casa del Toro." It had a fireplace, some bunks, and some folding tables. The back of the door had racks for pots and pans. There was a stove outside, where the cooking was done in good weather. The cabin was a weekend destination, and also a way station for longer trips to Big Pine Mountain.

The boys would often write about their trips for the school newspaper, *El Batidor*, so there is a rich record of their adventures. In the fall of 1917, one teacher and 4 students rode over to the cabin on a Friday:

*On arriving at the cabin, it was discovered that the wrong key had been taken. The party, therefore, had to get along with the few utensils, supplies and sleeping bags that could be fished through the window. A rainless summer had made the river drier than it had been for at least 4 years, and had left very poor feed for the horses. On Saturday, the entire party rode under a sweltering sun to Pendola's ranch. The swimming in a pool near the ranch was splendid.*

Other trips that year report catching some 29 inch trout, killing a rattlesnake on the trail, seeing signs that a black bear had visited the camp but done "little damage," shooting at squirrels, foxes and wild-cats ("no hits"), and hearing "several mountain lions" as they rode by moonlight. One teacher reportedly returned to the school on foot in "2 hours, 13 minutes." He probably headed east along the top of the ridge, and dropped down to the school via Lillingston Canyon.

In 1920, a student who was about to graduate and leave the area wrote nostalgically:

*One cannot possibly forget certain moments associated with camping: that first smell of frying steak, the first meal prepared in the twilight after the long ride over the Coast Range, and, next morning, the keen exhilaration of a plunge*

*into the Santa Ynez. What can be finer, on the return trip, after the exhausting climb up the north slope of this last western range, than reaching the summit and looking out over that wide vista of coastal plain, the blue Pacific, and beyond, where the mists of morning still hang over them, to the Channel Islands.*

In 1921 two students spent Easter vacation riding to Big Pine Mountain, trailing a recalcitrant pack mule and the school dog. They spent the first night at the cabin at Billiard Flats, and the second night 15 miles down the river at Mono Flats, in a camp often used by the Deane School and the Santa Barbara Girls School. The third day they continued up Mono Creek:

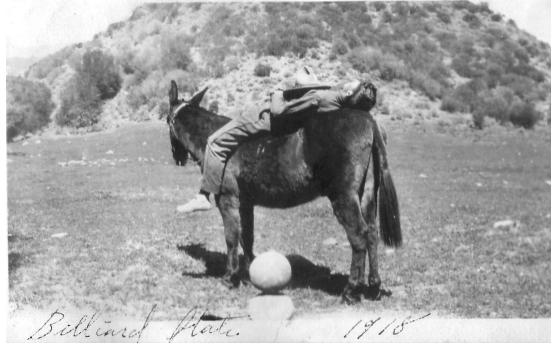
*The country was extremely rugged and vegetation was sparse. The trail crossed and re-crossed the creek at least 50 times. The day was cloudy, and at about 3, just as we had reached the foot of Loma Pelona, the landscape was shrouded in heavy fog, with rain, although a high wind was blowing. The trail faded out, replaced by myriad sheep paths and cattle trails. I had been in this country 2 years before, and knew where there was a fine potrero to camp, on the other side of the mountain. The problem was to cross in the right direction. This was hard to do, as the fog prevented our seeing more than 100 feet in any direction. On reaching every hilltop, the wind whipped the*

*rain in our faces, drenching us and chilling us to the bone. After 2 hours of slippery going, we got our bearings through a rift in the fog. It was not long before we crossed Loma Pelona and descended to our camp grounds. We swung a riata between 2 trees and swung a 20 x 20 tarp in a V Shape over it and staked it down. We soon had a big fire going and supper was not long after. Hot soup, hot pork and beans, bread and butter, fried ham, dried apricots and Fig Newtons tasted mighty good.*

*The next day we connected up with the so-called "Flower Garden Trail" that went up Big Pine Mountain. The day was crystal clear, and the views on the way up were never to be forgotten. We reached the top sometime around midday. There was a raw wind that rushed and roared amid the great pines, carrying the poignant odor of pine needles down to us. It was as though we were on the roof of the world, for we could see for a hundred miles. The Cuyama Valley, the narrow Sisquoc, the sawtooth formation, Loma Pelona way below us now, the Coast Range to the southwest, the Channel Islands, and way beyond the endless breast of the Pacific, glistening beneath the sun like a sheet of gold.*

We'll pause along the trail here, catch our breath, and resume in the next Grapevine, where we'll hear about deer hunting in the 1930s, intrepid women riders, and adventures in the 1940s-70s. Meanwhile, we can recall John Muir's advice: "Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energies, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves." ☘

**Readers who would like to participate in the efforts to reopen the Franklin Trail can go to [www.FranklinTrail.org](http://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](mailto:jane@murrays.com).**



*Resting on a mule at Billiard Flats, 1918. Note namesake round stones in foreground. Photo courtesy Lawrence Bailard.*

## MUSEUM NEWS

### WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

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

*Sally Graham  
Carol Kelm  
Jean McNulty*

and a very special thanks to members who renewed at the LIFE MEMBER level:

*Gary Villalba  
Dave & Theresa Wykoff  
Yolande Whitmore*

**Just a reminder to send in your membership dues for the 2011-2012 membership year which began on October 1st.** Your dues are critical in helping us to meet our operating expenses. Many thanks to those of you who have already renewed, with an extra special thanks to the *very* positive response of the membership to our appeal for an increased level of support. *Thank you!!* ☺

### ANNUAL MEETING REPORT

Even as the sun and pea soup fog vied for dominance throughout the afternoon, over 60 members attended the 52nd Annual Meeting of the Historical Society. The cool weather was outshone by the Carpinteria cooks who provided a bountiful and varied potluck luncheon, which made for a most enjoyable afternoon.

**Welcomed by President Dorothy Thielges**, members present elected two new trustees to the board: Meredith McCurdy and Ruben Organista. We sadly announced the recent death of our dear friend and immediate past society president, Mary Alice Coffman (see *In Memoriam*).

Re-elected to the board for the 2011-2013 term were Mary Crowley; Kim Fults; Steve Garcia; Phyllis Hansen; Emily Miles; and Herman Zittel.

**Memorial Tiles** were dedicated in loving memory of **Neal & Flora Furby** and **Vern & Edna Mesick**. In addition, new **donor tiles** recognized the generous financial support of **Betty & Stan Woodworth** and honored **Mark E. & Ann M. Zanella**.

**Treasurer Phyllis Hansen gave a realistic report**, stating that while we exceeded projected expenses in a few categories for the year, revenues also exceeded budget in several areas, particularly member support and donations. We would have ended in the black except for the, once again, recent volatility in the financial markets and a year-end loss in our endowment fund investments. We will develop another no frills budget for the upcoming year, but anticipate more tight times ahead. Foundation grant funding was disappointing this past year as several annual grant requests again went unfunded. Attempts at securing new grants from other foundations also were met with disappointment. We still remain in sound financial position, however, with healthy reserves and without dependence upon unreliable government support—thanks to you, our membership!!

Phyllis announced her retirement from the office of treasurer effective January 1. We wish to thank her for performing this important duty for over 10 years. Phyllis has managed the checkbook—paying bills and depositing all revenues, balancing the gift shop cash box, and preparing

monthly reports. We so appreciate her countless hours devoted to this job. **Thank you, Phyllis!!** Good news is she will remain on the Board and the Finance Committee.

The “**Volunteer of the Year**” award was presented to **Gina Zanella**. Gina has served the museum for over 25 years, beginning as a docent, and later co-chairing the docent committee, helping to train new recruits, and scheduling the monthly docent work calendar several times a year for well over a decade! Gina joined the board of trustees in 1995 and just retired this year. Gina can also be counted upon to help set-up the used treasures booth for the flea markets, serve as docent during these busy events, and generally fill-in wherever needed. Never seeking the spotlight, Gina has worked quietly and steadily for this organization through the decades, while also providing generous financial support along the way. Fortunately, Gina will continue to serve as a museum docent, and we are so very grateful to her for all of her many contributions. *Thank you, Gina, and congratulations!!*

We then enjoyed a fascinating program entitled “**Carpinteria State Beach....The Good Old Days**,” presented by Carpinteria State Beach **Supervising Ranger, Scott Cramolini**. Ranger Scotty, as he is known, gave a fact-filled illustrated lecture covering the fascinating beach history from its beginnings as a private auto camp operated by the Fish Family in the 1920s to the state park campground now enjoyed by a million visitors a year.

**The Annual Report** of the Historical Society and Museum is available at the front reception desk, or you may call us to request that one be mailed to you. ☺

### ASPHALTUM PITS OF CARPINTERIA

**A new exhibit has been installed** to replace the recently closed La Conchita exhibit. This new exhibition chronicles the commercial development of the vast deposits of naturally occurring asphalt which was mined at the local Las Conchas and Higgins mines and used as superior road pavements throughout the U. S. in the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> centuries. Also explored is the myriad of early native uses by the Chumash Indians, with many never before seen artifacts from the museum's collections; also, some notable Ice Age relics recovered from the deposit and dating to at least the late Pleistocene, more than 10,000 years ago!



*Mining asphalt, c.1912*

### HOLIDAY ARTS & CRAFTS FAIRE

**The 31st Annual Holiday Faire will be held Saturday, November 26 from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.** at the museum. The Faire features 80 outstanding artisans from throughout central and southern California, providing an unequalled opportunity for all of your holiday gift shopping and decorating needs. We have many new artisans this year, so for that truly different and unique gift, you must visit the Holiday Faire! Also offered will be plenty of food and baked goodies, live folk music and mellow jazz, face-painting, and even a visit from Santa Claus for photos and free candy canes. Fun for the entire family and out-of-town guests too!

**This all-important fund-raiser** could use your help as well. Other than membership dues, we do not make any other direct appeals for support from our members. Please **remember, we are completely self-sufficient from any government funding**, and instead rely on fund-raising, grant-writing, investment earnings, and the contributions of the community and especially our membership. Local residents

will receive a call requesting donations of baked goods and jams and jellies. Please drop them off at the museum on Friday the 25th, or even as late as Saturday morning before 10 a.m. (although it is tough to find parking then!).

**Something new** (or revived) this year is a museum operated booth selling **hand-crafted items donated** by our members and friends. If you are a crafter, artist, seamstress, or otherwise creative soul who would like to donate some of your (new) work to this cause, **please call museum trustee Kim Fults at 684-9996** and leave a message. Kim will contact you and arrange to collect your donation. Thank you!

**If you don't bake, or live out-of-town, we also appreciate cash donations** to help defray the cost of sponsoring the faire and support museum operations — **just fill out the coupon on the back of this newsletter and drop a check in the mail.** Your donation is 100% tax-deductible. This is our biggest fund-raiser of the year and **serves as our annual appeal to membership for extra support**, so however you can help out is truly appreciated — but one of the most important ways is by attending! Admission is free. **We hope to see you at the Faire!** ☺

## MUSEUM DECORATION DAY

On **Monday, December 5 at 9:00 a.m.** the museum will open to volunteers to put up the fresh pine boughs, holiday decorations and the Victorian Christmas tree. If you no longer decorate your own home for the Holidays, you can still enjoy that excitement by helping to brighten up the museum. Come on down and lend a hand — there will be plenty of refreshments and lots of fun! ☺

## HOLIDAY OPEN HOUSE

The Board of Trustees invites all of you, your families, and friends to attend the Museum Holiday Open House on **Saturday, December 10 from two until four** in the afternoon. There will be hot wassail, hor d'oeuvres, sweet treats, happy company and beautiful music from a flutist and harpist duet. Please join us! This event is sponsored by the Trustees in appreciation of the support of the membership throughout the year and is free to all. Look for your invitation to arrive soon! ☺

## GIFT SHOP GOODIES!

**Don't forget the Museum Gift Shop for your holiday gift-giving.** Gift shop manager Emily Miles has restocked the shelves with all the popular items, such as the wind-up tin toys. We also carry a line of old-fashioned die-cut three-dimensional Christmas cards, story books, and other Christmas theme items. From our great selection of books on local history to *Carpinteria Then and Now* DVDs, you're sure to find a great gift for the history lover on your list.

For that person who already has everything, **consider a gift membership in the Historical Society.** We will send the recipient acknowledgment of your gift, a membership packet including a letter of welcome; the latest *Grapevine* newsletter, museum brochure, events schedule, and an annual report to help bring them up to speed on our work. (For an online membership form: [carpinteriahistoricalmuseum.org](http://carpinteriahistoricalmuseum.org).)

**The gift shop is open during regular museum visiting hours: Tues. - Sat. 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. Also most mornings Monday through Friday from 9:00 am to noon** — just knock on the front door or come around back! **Don't forget to ask for your 10% member discount!** ☺

## IN MEMORIAM

All of us at the museum, as well as the community at large, mourn the passing of Carpinteria matriarch **Mary Alice Coffman** on October 9 at the age of 88.



*Mary Alice Coffman*

Mary Alice had been a museum docent for the last 25 years, serving as Docent Chairwoman most of that time. She conducted one-on-one training of new recruits, scheduled the monthly calendar of docent staff several times each year, filled in frequently last minute as needed, and served as the President of the Board of Trustees for two terms from 2004-2008. Mary Alice (Hebel) was born, raised and lived her entire life in Carpinteria; and was so very devoted to this organization. She was honored as *Outstanding Volunteer of the Year* in 1997.

Following her Memorial Mass at St. Joseph Chapel on Nov. 5, friends and loved ones gathered here at the museum for a beautiful reception and celebration of her memory and life. We shall truly miss her calm and gentle "mothering" of the museum and its volunteer family.

## MEMORIALS

**JACK BARNARD:** Mimi Putnam.

**GARY CASTRO:** Bonnie Milne.

**MARY ALICE COFFMAN:** Betty Popnoe; Anita Lewis; Bonnie Milne; Emily Miles; Pat Lemere; Esther Mansfield; Pat Latham; Angelo & Marie Granaroli; Claire T. Roberts; Wilma Heidenrich; Ollie Nellis; Jean Bailey; Fred & Donna Lemere; Phyllis Hansen; Fran Davis; Jerry & Allie Pressman; Mike & Susan Bell; Lila Anne Bartz; Herman & Betty Zittel.

**FLORA BLISS FURBY:** Barbara Brown.

**DON HATHAWAY:** Angelo & Marie Granaroli.

**LAURE KENDRICK:** Mimi Putnam.

**HENRY MEDEL:** Fred & Donna Lemere.

**BILL PETERS:** Clarence Peterson.

**EVERETT "BILL" ROWE:** Ilse Rowe.

**MASA SATOW:** Angelo & Marie Granaroli.

**ROY WHITTAKER:** Mr. & Mrs. Charles Thompson.

*Tax-deductible donations to a loved one's memory are acknowledged to the family as directed; funds support museum operations. We are most grateful for the generosity of the above listed donors.*

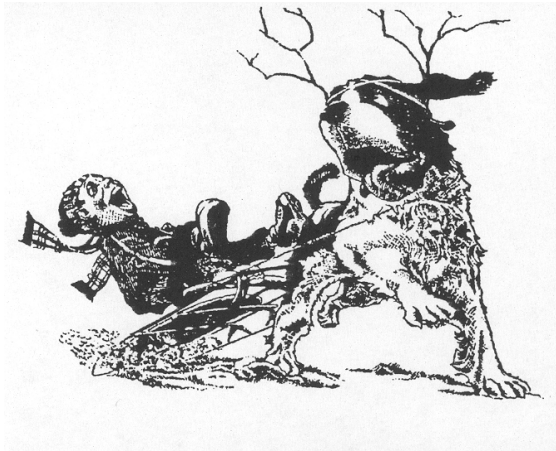


# CARPINTERIA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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## *Holiday Faire Donation*

*I can not contribute baked goods to the Holiday Faire, but please accept this donation in the amount of \$\_\_\_\_\_ to support this important annual fund-raiser.*

Name\_\_\_\_\_

Address\_\_\_\_\_

Please enclose your **100% tax deductible** donation with this form and send to:

Carpinteria Valley Historical Society,  
956 Maple Avenue, Carpinteria CA 93013

**...and Thank you!**