



THE GRAPEVINE

NEWSLETTER of the Carpinteria Valley Historical Society

www.carpinteriahistoricalmuseum.org

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March/April 2012

CALENDAR

March 28—Wednesday
BOARD OF TRUSTEES
Meeting—6 P.M.



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



April 11—Wednesday
Museum Volunteers Field
Trip to S.B. Historical
Museum 10 a.m.- Noon



April 25—Wednesday
BOARD OF TRUSTEES
Meeting—6 P.M.



April 28—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 III By Roxie Grant Lapidus

We've heard about the perils of the highest section of the trail, as it approaches the 3,700-foot summit: treacherous footing on sliding shale, heart-stopping precipices, and a trailside nest of yellow jackets ready to attack. On horseback, it's a 4-hour trek; on foot it's even longer. Is it worth it? The answer that echoes down the decades is a resounding YES! Ward Small, CUHS '59 recently wrote that in reading this series "I relived the exhilaration of standing atop the range viewing the Pacific on the one side and the plunge into the Santa Ynez watershed on the other." Ray Ford, author of *Day Hikes in Santa Barbara* and a member of the Friends of Franklin Trail was quoted in the *Independent* in 2007: "It's absolutely beautiful up there. There are incredible views to the east, but because it drops off to the west, too, there are absolutely spectacular views in that direction as well."



Nine-year-old Joan Rock was awestruck at her first view of the back country from the summit of the Franklin Trail in 1934. Photo courtesy of Joan Rock Bailard.

Probably one of the youngest to be struck speechless by the view from the summit was 9-year-old Joan Rock, on her first "horse-packing trip" with parents Ruth and Jack Rock in 1934. "My parents loved to ride, and my mother always had her Brownie camera. I had gotten my horse Blondie the year before, when she was 4 and I was 8. My father rode his horse Chiquita. When we got to the summit we stopped, and my mother took a picture. It was my first view of the back country, and my father was so amused, because I was just stunned. Finally I was seeing the back country, and I was just standing there looking and looking. In the picture, my father is behind me, with a big smile on his face."

As she got older, Joan and Blondie rode the front country trails every weekend. She often rode with Carla Bradbury, who lived just east of Santa Monica Creek, north of Foothill, or with Joel Fithian's stepchildren, Benny and Bayeux Baker. "We'd ride up to the first ridge, and connect to the loop rides. If we turned west we'd get on partly Edison roads, partly firebreaks up to the highest foothills, where there were large meadows, then ride down through the woodlands to Santa Monica Creek, which we called "Fithian Creek." If we turned east on the first ridge, the trail was narrow and overgrown across the "C ridge" where there are all those white rocks, and then it would drop down onto Lillingston, but you couldn't ride down Lillingston, so we'd go through a gate and come down across the Russell Ranch."

The Rock Ranch was just a short distance away, on the south side of Casitas Pass Road, east of Lescher corner. Joan was the 3rd of 4 daughters, and her mother, Ruth, was active in the Girl Scouts. She also would chaperone Joan and her friends on overnight rides up the Franklin Trail to an "undeveloped camp" near Sutton Creek. The creek flowed year round, and had trout. Joan recalls "cold, nice swimming" in it.

On Easter vacation, 1939, Ruth Rock and her sister Edwina Hitchcock led a group of their daughters' friends on a 4-5-day trip up the Franklin Trail and down to Dick Morris's cabin on Morris Creek near the Santa Ynez River. Joan was now 14, and had not been to the summit since the trip when she was 9.

The group of girls included Joan's cousin Bunny Hitchcock, Carla Bradbury, Helen Young, Marie Schweizer, Carol Beckstead, Fleurette Bates, Patsy Hendy and Pat Hales. They all rode, but were not encumbered with gear, since Jack Rock and Mr. Bradbury had agreed to bring everything in the pickup—"up Gibraltar Rd, down to Pendola Flat and

a little further up, where they parked and walked everything across the river and up a little trail to Morris's cabin." Meanwhile, Joan recalled the horsewomen's route:

We went through the canyon on the other side of the Hortons' house [descendants of the Franklins]. Beyond the house was the lemon orchard, then a little gate, which took



Ruth Rock with sister Edwina Hitchcock (front l-r) led a trip to the Dick Morris cabin via the Franklin Trail in 1939. The lovely teenage horsewomen are, from left: Joan Rock, Carla Bradbury, Helen Young, Bunny Hitchcock, Marie Schweizer, Carol Beckstead, Fleurette Bates, and Pat Hales. Photo Courtesy of Joan Rock Bailard.

you into that lovely oak woodland. The trail began at the far end of that. Up to the first ridge is quite easy—it's a little steep at the far end. But after you get out of some higher ceanothus, there's no shade going up the hill. Just chaparral. The switchbacks are very hazardous, a fearful part of the trail just before you come out at the summit. It was nearly vertical, and dangerous for the horses, with lots of crumbled rock and shale. It took us 4 hours to the summit, where we stopped and rested the horses. Then it was another

1-1/2 to 2 hours to the Morris camp. We rolled out our sleeping bags by the creek, and cooked outdoors. As mentioned in a previous installment, Dick Morris, being a blacksmith, had built "a beautiful barbecue and outdoor oven. My mother loved that oven."

The river was usually quite lovely by then-- sandy, fairly shallow, good pools, surrounded by willows. It was blissful. We'd swim, get tan, and spend part of each day grazing the horses. We'd go out bareback along the road toward Juncal. The spring grass would be up, and the horses adored it.

They also discovered the abandoned narrow gauge railroad that had been used

during the construction of Juncal Dam and Doulton Tunnel. *We found some of the little flat cars, still usable. The track was in good condition. We cleared away some brush, and checked the small bridges to make sure we weren't going to dive off. Then we pushed one of the cars uphill toward Juncal, climbed on, and coasted down almost to Pendola*



Joan Rock and her friends returned to camp at the Morris cabin in April, 1940, posing here on the abandoned Juncal Dam supply railroad car. Little sister Bambi Rock (pictured standing & leaning on railcar), was included on this second trip.

Photo courtesy of Joan Rock Bailard.

Flats! Back in camp, the girls played cards or mumbledy peg with jack knives. The days passed all too quickly, and on the last one, the 2 fathers arrived via Gibraltar Road, bringing steaks for barbecuing. *“They also brought my younger sister Bambi, who was too young to do any of this. They picked up all our stuff and we rode out. This trip, which we repeated the following year, was a highlight of our teenaged years.”*

Early Trail Closures

Some time in the late 1930s, the Franklin family reluctantly decided to close Franklin Canyon to picnickers and campers. According to Jim Blakely, this was due to a fire that broke out in the canyon, attributed to picnickers. Thereafter, the public accessed the Franklin Trail via the nearby Edison road. But with the US’s entry into World War II, the entire back country was officially closed for the duration. It was reopened in 1945, but new closures during fire season were imposed. This put an end to the golden era of deer hunting in the back country, though local hunters continued to hunt in the front country, including areas accessed by the Franklin Trail, up until the early 1970s. Also in the wake of World War II, Cate School abandoned its horseback program, which had helped to maintain the trails.



The Dick Morris cabin served as a honeymoon cottage for Reg & Donna Ogan in 1946. Note the large outdoor stove and oven (center-right of photo) that Ruth Rock had so appreciated.

Photo courtesy of Donna Ogan.

The Honeymooners

Dick Morris’s cabin continued to be used by family and friends. In June-July of 1946, newlyweds Reginald and Donna Ogan headed there for their honeymoon. Reg had made the trip on horseback over the Franklin Trail many times for deer hunting, but this time he drove his bride over Gibraltar Road in the battered family pickup. *“I’d get out and shove boulders out of the way, then climb back in,”* Donna told me, with a laugh. *“We drove down near the river bottom, and then walked in.”* They saw bear tracks, including fresh, wet ones on rocks along the river between Juncal Dam and the intake for the water tunnel. At the cabin, Donna took in the outdoor setup: stove and table, and an old bedstead with rusty iron springs. The mattress was stored inside the cabin, and they hauled it out and set up camp. *“The facilities were up a trail through poison oak,”* Donna recalled, and fairly primitive. Although there were bears and mountain lions in the vicinity, what troubled the honeymooners most were the yellow jackets. Donna had

already been stung several times in college, shortly before their wedding, so when she was stung again at the Morris camp, her arm swelled up alarmingly. The couple piled into the old pickup and raced to the hospital in Santa Barbara. After an injection and reassurances, they rattled back up into the mountains and resumed their honeymoon. They drove around the back roads, and walked the trails. Now age 90, Donna remembers it like yesterday. What a lovely place for a honeymoon, falling asleep under the stars with the creek nearby!

The Back Country on Foot

In the mid-1950s, young Neil Ablitt (CUHS ’61) explored the back country on foot nearly every weekend. Since he lived in the Serena area, his nearest access to Juncal and Jameson Lake was via the Romero Canyon Trail.

He was interviewed in 1999 [for the museum’s oral history program] by Helen Newbery:

Around 1957 when I was about 14, I hiked to the end of Toro Canyon, turned left up what was then Tunnel Road (now Toro Canyon Road) and hiked up to Douulton Tunnel. It goes about 2-1/2 miles through the mountain, and was built during the construction of Juncal-Marietta dam and Jameson Lake. The tunnel carries water, and has a wooden train trestle, which is usually

used to have little railroad cars that went up Juncal Valley, carrying material and personnel. I had been as far as the entrance before, and this time I brought a flashlight. The gate at the door to the tunnel was broken, and I could squeeze through.

It was early afternoon, and I started walking through on the ties of the trestle, alone with my flashlight. Way at the other end I could see just a pinprick of light. It got kind of scary, all alone in the dark tunnel. It was damp, and I could hear the sound of water. About halfway through I got a little nervous, because that little pinprick of light wasn’t getting big very fast. I shone my light on the wall, and someone had written “Kilroy was here,” and that encouraged me. The wooden ties started to get rotten--they would break, and my feet got wet. It wasn’t very deep. I just kept going—it must have taken a good hour to go the 2 miles, but it seemed like forever.

When I finally got through, I swore I’d never go back. But I didn’t know where I was—it was the first time I’d been

at Juncal. There was a camp with a crank phone. I put the earpiece to my ear, and cranked and cranked, and my gosh, a Pendola Guard Station ranger answered. "Where am I?" I asked. It was a strange conversation, but it got me scared, because I wasn't sure I was supposed to be there. I remember hanging up and going straight up over the mountains on the fire breaks, to get up to the ridge to see where I was. I got home after dark, frightened, and in big trouble with the folks.

This adventure only whetted Neil's appetite for exploring the area. As time went by he drew his own maps, laid claim to an abandoned cabin, and even invented a back country legend which, years later, was repeated to him, to his great amusement. Descending from the Romero Saddle, he came upon what he named "Box Canyon," after that favorite ambush spot in cowboy stories and Westerns. "I used to make up stories for my friends that this was the Box brothers' canyon, and that they were all hung from this tree that had 3 branches. Years later I was rewarded when someone told me the story—it had come full circle!"

"At the base of that road where you meet the Santa Ynez River were 2 cabins, probably for the workmen back in the 1930s. It's about ½ mile below Doulton Tunnel. I took over one cabin-- put a stove in it, put a lock on the door. From there, if you went right you went up to Juncal, and if you went left you went down toward Pendola Guard Station. With my neighbor, Richard Baldwin, we would follow the river, which was usually pretty dry, down toward Pendola. On the mountain side of the river was a flat area with knee-high grasses called Tortilla Flats. There were the remains of what must have been a homestead—an old wooden cabin and a separate shed with some old vehicle—a car or a tractor. We were always looking for old newspapers, to get an idea of dates, and we found some, but now I can't remember the dates. From there we used to go out to an old Bailard property." [Possibly the cabin maintained by Dude Bailard and the McCloskey family near Peach Tree Canyon and Mine Canyon, north of Cachuma Lake, though this is quite a distance from Pendola.]

Neil was another who enjoyed Dick Morris's hospitality: "Constable Morris had a cabin halfway from Juncal Campground to Jameson Lake. It was in an ideal setting, on a creek with a waterfall behind the cabin. There were trout in the water. I stayed there with Richard Baldwin one night. Mr. Morris and his wife slept inside, we slept outside. Mrs. Morris opened a can of Dinty Moore stew,

and I thought it was wonderful. So we stocked our little cabin with it after that."

"One day when I was walking toward Juncal and Jameson Lake, a horseman came by wearing leather chaps and carrying a rifle. He looked like a real cowboy, and it turned out he was a Romero. He came down and asked me some questions. Later I was talking to others, and it sounded like he was one of the original Romeros, who gave their name to Romero Canyon and the Trail."

John Romero was working for the Forest Service at Jameson Lake in the 1950s, living in 1 of the 2 cabins there. It's likely that he's the Romero that Neil encountered there. John remembers seeing a condor once, back of Diablo Canyon, during that period. He also saw a bear at Juncal, coming across field. "You could smell him," he told me. "He was shedding."

Fishing Stories

Fishing and boating on Jameson Lake were prohibited, but enterprising young locals had been getting around this since the 1930s. A resident caretaker was on the lookout, but could be circumvented. "I would come in the trail the back way," Joe Wullbrandt told Helen Newbery. "I'd hike in with a Prince Albert Tobacco can full of worms in my pocket. I'd fish, then camp overnight, and hike back the next day." Lawry Bailard recalls, "Dad and I sneaked into Jameson Lake a couple of time for fishing. The caretaker would patrol in his boat, but there's a little neck of the lake where you'd hear the boat coming and could hide." Classmate Larry Smith, son of Frank L. Smith of the local hardware store, was an ardent fisherman, and one of the boys who would venture through Doulton Tunnel to get to Jameson Lake. There's no telling which "Kilroy" wrote the inscription that kept Neil Ablitt going years later. But not everyone was as lucky as Neil: Lawry recalls how avid fisherman Bud Franklin toted his gear the 2 miles through the tunnel only to find the door at the far end locked!

In the 1950s, Neil Ablitt and his friends made a little barge that they'd launch at an inconspicuous point on the lake. "I once caught a 28" rainbow trout in Jameson Lake," Neil says. "I've got pictures of it." He and his friends also caught 6-8" trout in the creeks, which they would cook for breakfast.

The Chaparral Returns

Neil was a friend and neighbor of the Small family, in Toro Canyon. Ward Small and his brother Tim were also avid explorers of the back country, usually on foot, but sometimes on Tim's dirt bike. Ward recalls:



Constable Dick Morris's cabin was a popular destination for back country campers. Olly Olivias photograph c.1959 from the Museum archives.

One spring afternoon in the mid 1960s, Tim and I mounted his Yamaha Trail 90 and headed up Romero Canyon Road to the saddle. We decided to head east along the firebreak in quest of the Franklin Trail. We first passed the Romero Canyon Trail. We had often crossed this point on foot, on our way to Blue Canyon. When we reached Franklin Trail, we paused to decide on our return route. We pondered heading down to Jameson Lake, Alder Creek, and Juncal, returning via Romero Road. But we had heard tales of an inhospitable caretaker skulking around Jameson Lake with less-than-friendly dogs and a shotgun loaded with rock salt. Since it was getting late, we opted to descend the Carpinteria side.

The trail was poorly maintained, with heavy overgrowth that we were able to crash through. About halfway down, the trail disappeared into a shale slide. Figuring we were beyond the point of return, we spent 20 minutes cautiously wrestling the bike across 40+ feet of slipping and sliding shale. We dreaded ending up at the foot of the slide—it would have been nearly impossible to haul the bike back up. Finally back on firm ground, we emptied our shoes and socks of shale debris, and proceeded down the remainder of the trail. We soon found ourselves on what appeared to be an Edison Company road. All was fine until we rounded a bend and were confronted with a locked gate. There was only one solution: we lifted the bike up onto the top of the gate, balancing it on the skid plate. One of us held it while the other scrambled over the adjacent fence.

With both of us on the Carpinteria side, we lowered the bike to the ground. We found that we were not far from the present site of Carpinteria High School. We made our way to Foothill Road, and rode on home to Toro Canyon.

Some time in the 1970s or '80s, the Forest Service demolished the Dick and Harb Morris cabins, along with others in the area. A few years ago, Lawry and Joan Rock Bailard drove to Middle Santa Ynez camp above Pendola and walked to where Dick Morris's cabin had been. "All we found was the 6-8" pipe they [Montecito Water District] use to capture water from that creek down to Doulton Tunnel," Lawry said.

The Last Hunts

By the late 1960s, deer hunting was on the way out. "We got in on the last of the deer hunts," Johnny Brown told me recently. "My brother Tony and I were lucky

enough to be invited by Frank Thayer on a hunt he was organizing with his friends Jess Skinner, Clark Land, and Johnny Rodriguez. Frank was Stanley Shepard's son-in-law, and a crack shot. The story was that during a childhood illness he would lie in bed and shoot flies off the walls with his BB gun. Everybody would take their deer rifles to Frank to sight the rifling. Sometime in the spring of 1967, Frank was with some friends in Blue Canyon, but decided to leave the group and hike home via the Franklin Trail. He hadn't been on it since a fire a few years earlier, and was excited to discover that suddenly the access to the infamous "Pocket" ravine area [also known as "The Hole"] was much easier. Back in Carpinteria, he told his friends "This is the chance we've been waiting decades for!" Tony and I were 17, and were invited along because Frank wanted to teach the younger generation about the hunt, before it was all gone. We were also invited because we had a hunting dog, Rusty, and a mule—"Red," who had spent his earlier years on the Bailard place at Peach Tree Ranch in Santa Ynez. But mainly, we were included because we were young and stupid, and could help flush the deer out for the older hunters! The other two teenagers invited along were David Garcia and Frank's son Stanley.

It was hot August weather by the time of the hunt. We left on a Friday afternoon, the older hunters riding, the younger ones hiking and trailing our mule. Johnny Rodriguez couldn't get away that early, but said he'd catch up with us later. The chaparral was thick around the trail, and when we finally got to a point above "The Pocket," the only place to roll out our sleeping bags was right in the trail itself. Later that night, we heard Johnny Rodriguez approaching on his horse Lindy. "Don't move," he called out. "She won't step on you." And sure enough, she stepped carefully over each one of us!

The next morning, Frank took a stick and drew out the plan in the dirt of the trail. Jess, Clark and Johnny would sit on point above The Pocket. Frank would go further up, almost to the summit. We kids would take the dog and go down in the ravine and make a lot of noise, to run the deer up the hill. It worked like a charm! We watched a buck running up, and wondered why the hunters didn't shoot. "Never shoot till he crosses the trail and is above it," they told us later. "You don't want to have to haul him uphill.



Syd Hall and Virginia Bailard try their luck fishing the Santa Ynez River in this undated Bailard Family photo, c.1930s. Museum archives photo.

This way you just roll him down and load him up.” They got that one, and later Tony and I got another one—I hit him in the leg, and Tony finished him off. We got a total of 3 that day, and by 11 a.m. were eager to be heading home. It was hot, and the deer would spoil if we didn’t hurry. We looked down at the Carpinteria Valley, shrouded in fog, and couldn’t wait to get back down there. When we got to Jess Skinner’s house on Palm Avenue, Stanley Shepard showed up to watch the skinning and butchering. So it was a 3-generation affair, and for the older ones it was a happy reminder of earlier hunts.

Johnny and Tony went on another hunt with Frank Thayer the following year, when the group included Ray Goena, Alan Fogliadini, Leroy McIntyre, and Frank’s son Bill. This time they drove part way up the trail in pickups, trailering the horses. *“Tony and I were hanging on in the back of the truck, and when they’d hit those creek crossings, the trailer would lift about a foot in the air. But the horses were savvy and would plant a foot in each corner of the trailer and wedge themselves. Fogaldini took movies of that trip. It’s rough, brutal country for deer hunting.”*

Johnny Rodriguez, being an electrical contractor, had a key to the gate on the Edison Road. His daughter Melissa (CUHS ’73) used to ride the Franklin Trail with her father when she was 14-15. *“We would go up past the Rodriguez house behind the high school. The Edison gate was locked because of fire danger, but Dad had a key. The trail was getting overgrown, and Dad & I would take hand saws and go work on it so we could ride on weekends. We’d get up there, tie the horses, and start clearing. A couple of other people were working on the trail as well. Dad and I would sometimes go into the creek and fish a few little trout.”*

Melissa rode an old deer horse named Danny, lent by Joe McDonald. Only once did she venture all the way to the summit. *“The last ridge is really rough and scary, with sliding shale. I got off and walked the horse. On top it’s desert-like—not much vegetation.”*

One day Melissa accompanied her dad and John Romero on a ride. *“We took the 4-wheel drive truck and the horse trailer to a flat on the first range. There’s a trail down through the creek and up other side, toward the second range. I didn’t normally go with them hunting—the idea was to go on a picnic. In the center of the second ridge there’s a creek with huge rocks and a waterfall. But they brought their rifles, and around 11 a.m. Dad shot a deer down in the canyon on the second range. He and John gutted it, and took Danny down to load it up. I went down too. It was a deep canyon, almost straight up and down. There was a nest of yellow jackets down there, and they swarmed around the deer carcass and began stinging*

Danny. He bucked all around the canyon, and ended up above the trail, tangled in a Manzanita bush. He was just hanging there, with his legs caught, and I thought they were broken. Dad got under him to keep him from falling. Then he sent me out of the canyon. I was sure they were going to shoot him. I started down the trail alone, sure that they had killed my horse. But somehow they got him out, and he was OK, but the heat ruined the deer.”

Melissa never saw the family of wild horses that ran in that area, but her dad had seen them—a stallion and 3 mares. The story was that a man named Burrows near Stanley Park had bought 3 of them at an auction, and turned them loose back there. One of the mares had since had a foal. Johnny Rodriguez and John Romero had come upon them when hunting in the area with Marcus Cravens. *“They got all excited when they heard them in the underbrush, thinking it was deer,”* Melissa recalled. *“Imagine how surprised they were to see those horses roaming free!”*

Trail Closure and Rebirth

The first edition of Ray Ford’s *Day Hikes in Santa Barbara*, published in 1975, included the Franklin Trail. But shortly thereafter, some of the landowners whose property was crossed by the trail closed their land to public access. The ranchers’ concern was avocado root rot, transmitted on the feet of hikers and horses. For decades after, the County Riding and Hiking Trails Advisory Committee and the Montecito Trails Foundations urged the Supervisors to obtain easements to reopen the trail. But the situation was complicated, and meanwhile the chaparral inexorably choked the trail.

It was only a few years ago that hope was rekindled, when the owners of Rancho Monte Alegre (former Fithian Ranch) granted an easement for the section crossing their property. Around the same time, Bill and Glenna Horton also granted an easement for the trail that historically crossed their ranch, though not including the old Franklin Canyon picnic grounds, closed since the 1930s. Finally, the Persoon family also agreed to allow access across their property [former Rodriguez ranch] above the high school. It was then that the Friends of Franklin Trail formed, under the leadership of Bud Girard and Jane Murray.

Ray Ford wrote in the *Independent* in March 2008 of the excitement of searching for the vanished trail:

Kalon Kelly prevailed upon me to head up with him to the top of the mountains to see if we could find the upper trailhead where it crossed over the mountaintop. This wasn’t an easy task. First of all, it is 8 miles of OHV trail across the ridge to where the trail crossed over and not easy to reach. Once in the general area we’d then need to see if we could find any traces of it: in the past we’d heard



The old Forest Service sign marking the Franklin Trail still exists near Jameson Lake.

that even Forest Service crews hadn't been able to spot it. But there was Kalon with his trusty Flash Gordon style wrist GPS which he took everywhere with him. He'd entered the GPS coordinates from the National Geographic TOPO program into it before I'd hardly had time to park the truck, and was out scouting the hillside to see if he could find the spot where his GPS said the trailhead ought to be. Not too surprisingly, he found it before I had my day pack on and was ready to go. We had a great time that day, not only in finding the trail but by cutting our way down it a quarter mile we discovered that the tread was still there and in good shape. All the trail needed was a bit of brushing to get it in shape once again.



Now that the Friends of Franklin Trail have met their fundraising goal, thanks to the generous support of so many in the community, they expect the targeted section of the trail—up to the Los Padres Forest boundary—to be open by the beginning of 2013, the 100th anniversary of the trail. This is cause for rejoicing by those who still remember it, and by new generations who look forward to getting to know it. Once you have hiked or ridden a trail, it becomes a part of you. When former Cate School boy Bourne Haynes was interviewed 50 years after his 1921 horseback trip over the mountains and all the way to Bakersfield, he said, “I could take you there today!” And when I recently talked to Joan Rock Bailard about her trips up the Franklin Trail in the 1930s, she said, “I have this feeling I could find it all if I were still able to get there—I would know exactly where it went.” For a new generation of riders and hikers, this is a promise of the life-changing joy of getting out on the trail and actually experiencing it. Wonderful times are just around the bend! 🐣

MUSEUM NEWS

FILLMORE & WESTERN RAILWAY EXCURSION

Our exciting trip scheduled for May 16 aboard a vintage train traveling between Fillmore and Santa Paula in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley is currently fully booked! If you had intended to reserve passage, please do not send your reservation form included in the last newsletter. You may, however, call to be placed on the waiting list, as there are often cancellations on trips planned this far in advance. To get your name on the wait list, please call David at 684-3112. 🐣

SPRING MUSEUM MARKETPLACE

The **Museum Marketplace** will be held on **March 31 from 8:00 a.m. to 3:00 P.M.** Bargains and treasures abound from our 70 vendors of vintage goods, antiques, collectibles, plants, books, clothing, jewelry, furniture, and much, 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 **April 28** and **May 26**. 🐣

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

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

Carole & Jesus Arellano
Julie Boller
City of Carpinteria
Clark J. Kendrick Family
Richard & Carol Ketchpel
Sara Mecham & Family
Doris McCloskey
Robert & Jody Rodd
Linda Zimmerman

and a special welcome to new LIFE members:

Paul & Mary Foley

Thank you to those who have responded to the recently mailed reminder to send in your delinquent membership dues for the 2011-2012 membership year which began last October 1st. **Those of you who have yet to renew will notice a RED DOT on the mailing label of this newsletter;** please renew today to continue to receive your newsletter and other benefits of membership! For any questions regarding your membership status, call David at the museum. 🐣

MUSEUM SHOP OFFERS EASTER GIFTS

Our gift shop offers whimsical Easter cards and booklets with beautiful Victorian graphics and verse; as well as old-fashioned papier-mâché egg candy containers; cute, furry rabbits, and a variety of basket-stuffers such as old-fashioned jump-ropes and wooden tops; and wind-up lithographed tin toys, including little pecking chicks, rabbits pulling carts, vintage cars & trucks, and robots! (Wind-ups not recommended for children under 6.) **Easter is early this year, falling on April 8,** but you still have time to come in and pick-up something for those special young ones in your life (or for the young-at-heart!) 🐣



MEMORIALS

CATHERINE “CASEY” ANDERSON: Betty Swain; Donna & Tim Anderson.

SYBIL BARNES: Betty Popnoe; Phyllis Hansen.

MARY ALICE COFFMAN: Pat Griffith.

ROBERT S. DE LAND: Lana Heaney De Land; “Sud” De Land.

ELEAZAR RUIZ: Phyllis Hansen.

PATTI SIM: Angelo & Marie Granaroli.

HAROLD SMITH: Claire Roberts; Lawrence Bailard.

CARPINTERIA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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