



NEWSLETTER of the Carpinteria Valley Historical Society

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March/April 2015

Associate Editor: Roxie Grant Lapidus

CALENDAR

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



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



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



April 29—Wednesday
BOARD OF TRUSTEES
Meeting—6 P.M.



April 30—Thursday
Field Trip to the
NORTON SIMON MUSEUM
Special Exhibition:
Tête-à-Tête: Three
Masterpieces from the Musée
D'Orsay
10:00 a.m. - 5:00 P.M.



VALLEY HISTORY

School Days: Part I Aliso 1947 -1954

by Jon Washington '59 & Roxie Grant Lapidus '62

Going off to school for the first time is one of the great events in the life stories of each of us. Jon Washington recently asked schoolmates to recall the most influential people connected with their school days. Most of us could not limit ourselves to names, but were irresistibly flooded by memories of teachers, classmates, and events that had loomed so large in our formative years. We'll start with Aliso, where school began for many of us, and work our way up through Main School and Carpinteria High. We think there are stories here that will resonate with everyone, even those who did not grow up here. Grab your books and lunchbox and come along!

Riding the Big Yellow Bus

For those of us who lived outside town, the bus was a huge part of the school experience. In early September, parents would consult the bus routes published in *The Carpinteria Herald*. The route for the younger kids was shorter, but after 6th grade, the Summerlanders came to Main and the High School, and the entire route, accomplished by 2-3 different buses, stretched from Rincon Point in the east to Summerland in the west.

Genevieve ("Jenny") Windsor '59 lived down at Mussel Shoals, and her parents drove her to Rincon Point to catch the bus. She writes, "During all my years in Carpinteria schools, starting in 1949, I waited for the bus at Rincon Point. It was a relief to see it coming down the hill. Joe was the driver, and he was always cheerful and caring and safe." The bus would turn inland at that point, heading for the Casitas Pass Road kids. Jenny says, "Those rides, under the RR tracks and back into places we never went in the car were early lessons in botany and wonder at how different it was from where I lived at Mussel Rock."

Near the western end of the bus route, at Toro Canyon Road, Sari Small recalls riding the bus driven by Lincoln Veith. "For the longest time I thought he had eyes on the back of his head. But one day as I was walking up to disembark, I noticed the big mirror stretching the width of the bus. To test this new insight, I sat towards the back of the bus and

sneaked forward one row at a time. After the third row I saw him looking at me and shaking his head. I never again tried to change seats while the bus was moving. Once, while we were waiting for the bus, my brothers and I and Andy Oppe ran around in a farmer's newly plowed field. Lincoln, who had seen us as he approached, calmly pointed out the hardship we were creating for the farmer. When it was time to pick us up at school, Lincoln soothed my playground wounds, like the time I fell on the asphalt running to the bus to be first in line."

Roxie Grant recalls, "We would walk a quarter of a mile down the hill to the bus stop at Cravens and Foothill. The Sturmers and Koopie Meigs were usually there ahead of us. The Grants were always last—Gordon, Roxie and Sheila running down the last stretch with lunch boxes rattling as Lincoln waited with the bus door open. Sometimes we started so late that my mother drove us, speeding down the road between the lemon groves, while Gwyn & Gail Sturmer or Koopie alerted Lincoln, "There they come!" If we had completely missed the bus, my mother would turn east on Foothill and continue in hot pursuit. With luck, we might catch it at Ocean Oaks, along with Bernadine Church, the Logues and the Tisdels (and later the Clawsons). Failing that, we would continue on toward the Polo Field. The ultimate embarrassment was when my mother would honk the horn till Lincoln saw us and stopped. The bus seemed two stories high as we slunk along the dirt shoulder next to it, sure that every kid onboard was looking down on us with scorn. Later, when my younger brother Doug rode the bus, he was sure that when school closed on Feb. 12 for Lincoln's Birthday, it was a tribute to our long-suffering bus driver."

Bill Sylvester '61 recalls riding Lincoln Veith's bus to Aliso: "He made me sit right behind his seat so he could squeeze my knee when I misbehaved." "Lincoln was my hero," Roxie says, "on a par with Roy Rogers and the Lone Ranger. He looked so handsome in his tan uniform, and I could see his keen eyes glancing into the wide rearview mirror, keeping tabs on the goof-offs in the back seat. When I was in 3rd or 4th grade, Lincoln drove our class to the beach near Rincon for tidepooling and a picnic. Just as we were ready to return, I stepped on some coals in a buried campfire. Lincoln, my hero, carried me to the bus!"

Sheila Grant, '65 recalls, "We would walk up the hill from the bus stop. My mother had told us never to accept rides from strangers. One day Gail Sturmer and I were walking up the hill from Kindergarten, and a car pulled up and offered us a ride. At the wheel was a woman I didn't know, and next to her was Arleen Sturmer—Gail's mother and lifelong best friend of my mother. Gail happily climbed in, but I said no, I would walk. They

seemed surprised, but drove off. Later I learned that the "stranger" was Dee Browning, the Sturmers' friend. But I was obeying orders—no riding with strangers, even if Mom's best friend was sitting next to her!"

Aliso School

Up until the fall of 1947, Aliso had been an all-Mexican school, as John McCafferty '53 has documented in his 2003 book, *Aliso School: 'For the Mexican Children.'* Jon Washington '59 and many of his classmates had attended Mrs. Hamilton's Kindergarten at the High School in a small building near the tennis courts. But for First Grade, it was a different story. Jon writes, "I was part of the BIG experiment—the 'integration' of Aliso School in September 1947." In 1947 Aliso was K-4th grade, while Main School was 1-8th grade. (The Kindergarten at the High School continued for a few more years. Tom Groves '60 remember being in it in 1946-47.)

The Aliso classrooms were built around a central quadrangle which had a lawn and a flagpole. The principal's office was on the north side, and additional classrooms ran south toward the playground. In 1946, the school superintendent was Frank Wykoff, former Olympic gold medal winner. (Lescher Dowling '43 remembers when Wykoff assumed his position in Carpinteria in 1936. The old 2-story grammar school had been condemned, and the new Main School was not yet completed. The students were housed in tents for 2 years, but that's another story....) Ward Small '59 writes, "I remember Mr. Wykoff's occasional visits to Aliso, where he gathered students and mesmerized us with tales of Hiawatha."

Jon continues, "First grade was in a modular temporary schoolroom. It wasn't long before a Christmas choir was formed, comprised of 1st-4th graders. With wraparound robes and paper doily collars, we were herded into a school bus and taken to the Carp Woman's Club to entertain. By 3rd grade I had had enough instruction to become a 16-mm movie projector operator. This enabled me occasionally to go to other classrooms to show those incredibly boring black-and-white Encyclopedia Britannica films. Another 3rd-grade privilege granted me by Mrs. Geyer was daily distribution of the student cafeteria tickets. I would go from room to room, and was welcomed by everyone but Miss Robbins. I quickly learned to put her students' tickets in an envelope outside her door!"

Ward Small remembers how intimidating Miss Leila Robbins was, even to students not in her class. Like Jon, he was in Mrs. Geyer's 3rd grade class. Leslie Geyer '57 writes, "The biggest influence on my life was teacher Jessie Geyer. She taught 3rd grade in that landmark year [1946-47] when the classes were integrated for the first time. She also dressed beautifully and was so stylish in



Aliso School entrance as it looks today. Aliso was built in the 1930s in the Spanish Colonial Revival style. Photo courtesy of John McCafferty from his book *Aliso School "For the Mexican Children."*

her Chanel suits and designer clothes. She was also very kind. And she was also my mother." Leslie attended Carp schools through 5th grade.

Roberta Rollins '57 recalls, "One of my best years in school was in 3rd grade at Aliso when my teacher was Mrs. Rennie. I truly think she was the person who first helped me want to go to school. She was so positive and had such a happy nature. For many years I would see Mrs. Rennie grocery shopping, usually with her daughter. She never failed to recognize me and to give me her beautiful smile. I will never forget her."

Sari Small '60 recalls her traumatic first day at Kindergarten. "I insisted on riding the bus the first day, but when I got off I felt very much alone and scared. Mrs. Lee met me with a warm smile, but even after she wiped away my tears I was too frightened to tell her my name. Mrs. Anita Hodgins (a future School Board member) came to my rescue, and Mother arrived shortly thereafter."

Roxie Grant started at Aliso in 1949, in Mrs. Lee's Kindergarten class. "She played the piano, and we sang songs that I still remember. We would all stand and follow her lead as we did the gestures for 'I'm a little teapot, short and stout. Here is my handle, here is my spout. When I get all steamed up, then I shout. Just tip me over and pour me out!' We drank cartons of milk supplied by the school, and rested on mats on the floor. My new best school



Roxie Grant, Grade 2, 1952;

Mrs. Barringer's class.

Photo courtesy Roxie Grant Lapidus.

friend was Joanne Goena. I invited her to come over after school, and she had to bring a note from her mother to show to Lincoln, so she could ride the bus home with me."

Roxie and Joanne were among the kids in Mrs. Lee's Kindergarten who went all the way through school and graduated together in 1962, including Delores Chavez, Bernadine Church, Irene DeAlba, Timmy Granada, Connie Prendez, Connie Rodriguez, Mary Ellen Moreno, Tony Partida, and Nola Treloar. "Karen Carjola was also in that class," Roxie remembers, "and her mother was a 'room mother.' On holidays these ladies would appear like fairy godmothers, bringing magical refreshments. At Easter, the coconut-covered rabbits with paper ears were so beautiful that I couldn't bear to eat mine. I took it home with me on the bus to show my family. When Lincoln put on the brakes at my stop, the rabbit slid off the paper plate onto the floor. I just picked it up, and never said a word to anyone. My family was delighted!"

The following year, Gwyn Sturmer was in Mrs. Lee's class, but over the summer she had become "Mrs. Krienke," to everyone's amazement! Koopie Meigs was in her class the next year, but was disappointed that they were not taught to read, as she had expected. "They were using the 'Dewey System' which involved 'readiness' for reading. Our books had pictures, but no words. I found a book with words and was scolded for looking at them. But I met Ranell Hansen in Kindergarten, and we have been

friends ever since!" By the time Sheila Grant was in Mrs. Krienke's Kindergarten, pupils paid 3 cents for cartons of milk, and the floor mats for resting were gone. "She would give us each a sheet of scratch paper to put on the table, and then we were supposed to lay our head down on it and rest." As for Koopie, she was happier in 2nd grade with Mr. Val Hale, who encouraged art in his students, and let her bring her pet duck to class! Gwyn's lasting memory of 2nd grade with Miss Hobbs was how that lady wore nylons that she would knot just above her knees. "She would back herself up to the desk, then hitch herself up and sit on it, swinging her legs. You could see these knots just above her knees!"

Cafeteria Days

The big difference between Kindergarten and First Grade is not just reading, but staying for lunch! Even those of us who brought our lunches had to eat them in the cafeteria, sitting on benches along the walls. Gwyn Sturmer '63 recalls, "Mother said we had to have hot food for lunch or we wouldn't be able to think. So we always bought lunch. My least favorite was broccoli and macaroni and cheese. The broccoli seemed like it had been on the back of the stove for 4 years. But you couldn't be excused from the cafeteria till you raised your hand and the teacher-monitor came around and checked your tray. I learned to bury the broccoli under a little mound of macaroni."

The grass always looks greener on the other side of the fence! For those of us who brought sandwiches, the cafeteria fare looked very good. Roxie recalls, "My brother Gordon and I had blue metal lunchboxes, with glass-lined thermoses. After a while, the thermoses would take on a sour-milk smell. I remember my mother consulting Mrs. Carjola about possible remedies. Nothing worked that well. One day I dropped my lunchbox on the sidewalk and the thermos shattered. I was in tears, and Sari Small, one of the 'big girls,' put her arm around me and comforted me. I also remember the rare day when I bought lunch in the cafeteria. I dressed for the occasion—favorite blue dress, bright pink sweater, and red plastic bead necklace! I thought the food was wonderful. The ladies in the cafeteria were always smiling and cheerful, and sometimes when there were extra muffins they would bring trays around the room and share them with the lunch box crowd."

Jon Washington recalls trading lunches with Raymond Lane. "He lived right across the street on Cramer Tract. He brought tortillas with rice or beans, and I traded my sandwiches to him. We both thought we got a good deal!" Later Jon, Ward Small and Dick Tisdell worked in the cafeteria for free lunches. Jon recalls, "We would clean off the trays as the students finished lunch. This sometimes led to finding a few pennies, an occasional nickel and even a rare dime. The for-sure reward was a free ice cream (our choice)!" Ward recalls how they salvaged popsicle sticks and assembled them into various-shaped "popsicle stick bombs." The triangle bomb could be achieved with 5 sticks, while the square one required 6. Either way, "they were assembled without glue and flicked at a fleeing adversary in the same manner as a Ninja would cast a star. Upon contact, the bomb exploded, sending popsicle sticks flying in all

directions!" John recalls that Mrs. (Miyeko) Fukasawa rose from cafeteria aide to manager of the cafeteria, and ran it efficiently and well.

Reading. "Sharing." Playing

Donna May Peterson (Adler)'59 wrote, "*I remember back to 1st grade at Aliso, where Miss Mikos taught me to read the first week of school, and that opened the door to a whole new world. I am an avid reader to this day.*" Three years later, Miss Mikos taught Roxie to read. "*We sat in little green chairs in a circle. First it was We Look and See. Then We Work and Play. Then We Come and Go, with the difficult word 'through'! I loved the pictures of Dick and Jane and Baby Sally, plus Spot and Puff. I remember sniffing the sweet-smelling ditto sheets Miss Mikos handed out, fresh from the mimeograph. For art projects, everyone got a folded paper towel with a dab of library paste. There were always the class showoffs who would eat some and claim it was delicious!*"

Starting in First Grade, "sharing time" was a big deal. "*I remember sharing about my new baby brother, Doug,*" says Roxie. "*Or about new shoes. Later, when I was in my cowboy-crush stage, I recall sharing about a weekend picnic at my cousins' ranch in Santa Ynez. All of that was true, but later, on the bus ride home I embellished it for the sake of anyone in earshot, endowing myself with fictional relatives in Texas, strings of horses, and more. I had an ongoing fantasy about the bus—that one day instead of leaving us down at Foothill, it would turn and drive up the hill and into our driveway, and everyone aboard would see my dad driving the tractor, wearing his denim jacket and straw hat, and see my baby brother Doug playing on the lawn. The kids on the bus would sigh with admiration! Of course it never happened, and we would trudge up the hill, except on lucky days when Koopie's dad picked us all up in his truck, or we hitched a ride on the flatbed with John Perez, who worked for the Sturmers' grandmother, Bertha Thurmond.*"

"Kindergarten baby! Born in the Navy!" was the chant that older kids would sing in those post-World War II years. But all that ended with First Grade, when we shared the playground with the big kids, and became aware of what was going on in the rest of the school. The playground stretched back all the way to the railroad tracks, and sometimes at recess we would see hoboes walking along. Immediately to the west were the tunnel-like Quonset huts of the migrant labor camp. The workers were never there during school hours, being out in the orchards picking lemons. Bill Sylvester recalls "*There were big mounds on the dirt playground behind the school which were perfect for riding bikes over. There was a dog that was always there, and he would go down the slide.*" Jon Washington remembers the dog: "*That was Rover, owned by Steve Duarte, younger brother of Rudy*

Duarte. The Duartes lived across the railroad tracks near Aliso. Rover came to school every morning with Steve and waited patiently for recess, lunch, and the end of school. When we played speedball, Rover would be in the middle of the action!" Bill recalls that the *Carpinteria Herald* even ran a photo of Rover on the slide.

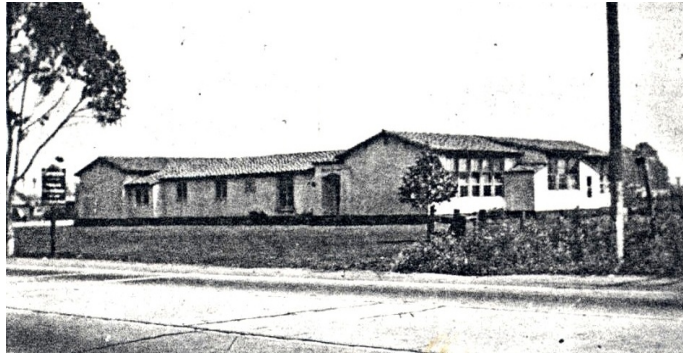
Other attractions on the playground were the tether balls to the east of the cafeteria, the monkey bars, and the tall structure with a ladder up to the fireman's pole, plus rings and swings. There was a deep layer of beach sand under the play structures, and Roxie remembers John Franklin in second grade closing his eyes and rubbing his face in the sand, claiming it felt great! Koopie/Katy Meigs recalls twirling over and over the horizontal bar until she was told to stop.

On the playground, sometimes we played class-organized games like "Drop the Handkerchief," "Red Rover," or Dodge Ball. Or it was free play, where kids could show off their prowess on the monkey bars and more. As we got older, girls would play hopscotch and jump rope. The sing-song chants that went along with jumping rope are still embedded in our minds: "*Ice cream soda, Delaware PUNCH, tell me th' initials of*

your honey BUNCH. A-B-C-D..." or, "*I was born in a frying PAN, and I want to know how old I AM: 1-2-3-4-5-6...*" or, the ultimate speed jumping of "*Mabel, Mabel, set the TABLE. Don't forget the RED...HOT...PEPPERS!*"

As for the boys, they had their own repertory of rhyming taunts. "*Liar! Liar! Pants on fire! Hanging from the telephone wire!*" was one of the more repeatable ones. The one for tattle-tales was ruder. Girls who played on the monkey bars were likely to hear, "*I see London, I see France, I see someone's underpants!*" These chants had doubtless been handed down from generation to generation of school kids. There were a few, though, that referenced the not-so-distant World War II, which so many kids' fathers had participated in. When we played in the sand, the boys' warning cry was always "*BOMBS OVER TOKYO!!*" as they rained down destruction on whatever we had built. In that same vein, Koopie Meigs remembers that in Mrs. Elliot's 4th grade class they sang lots of military songs: "*Off we go, into the wild blue yonder flying high...*" and "*From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli, We will fight our country's battles, on land, on air and sea...*" In those days we pledged allegiance to a flag that had 48 stars, and the Pledge did not yet contain "under God."

In Halloween costumes, we paraded around the back playground, or on the paved bus turnaround in front of the cafeteria. That's also where, with reluctant partners, we performed Mexican dancing that involved holding hands, swinging the arms, and clapping (the *Chapanequez*) or jumping from foot to foot (the *Laraspas*). That music is still part of our collective memory, as are some of the moves!



Aliso (Spanish for alder tree) School soon after building completion. This grainy photo was taken by Reg Ogan with his Kodak Brownie in 1939 to be included in a school report he wrote on Carpinteria. It is the only image of Aliso we have! Readers with vintage shots of Aliso are encouraged to share them with the museum. Museum archive photo.

A rare treat was the occasional assembly when some quasi-educational entertainer would go through his routine. There was the man who had a German Shepherd that allegedly could read and talk. The man would hold up signs that said SIT! or ROLL OVER!, and as soon as the dog saw them, he would obey! We could hardly wait to hear him talk! The man said, "What is the name of the top of the house?" and the dog replied, "Roof! Roof!" Then the man asked, "Who is the greatest baseball player of all time?" and the dog replied, "Roof! Roof!" We were a bit disappointed, but it was certainly better than having a spelling test.

By 3rd grade we were struggling with stick pens dipped into inkwells built into the old desktops. Hard to believe that practice survived until the mid-1950s! No one at home was using archaic stick pens. Ballpoint pens hadn't arrived yet, but most people used fountain pens.

John Fukasawa '61 writes, *"One of the things I remember from Mrs. Bowden's 3rd grade class was being in 'the Goon Squad' with three other boys, and classmate Buttons Tobey in charge. Every afternoon for about 45 minutes she would walk us around the inside perimeter of the Aliso School yard. Years later, I finally asked Buttons why we had to do this. She replied that today we three boys would be termed hyperactive. Back then, Mrs. Bowden's solution was to have*



Mrs. Betty Bowden, Aliso Grades 3 & 4 teacher. Photo courtesy of Roxie Grant Lapidus.

Buttons walk us around until we could behave. This is the same class that had a fight with balls of modeling clay when Mrs. Bowden was out of the room. When she came back someone had fallen through the top of the pueblo we were building in one corner of the classroom, and there were balls of modeling clay stuck in the Venetian blinds and on the walls. Somehow paint had gotten on the walls and ceiling. I guess our reputation followed us, because my brother Paul, 5 years behind me, told me that when he got to Miss Holmes' class at Carp High she made him sit right in front of her desk, saying she remembered me, and had heard that Paul was even worse. The Fukasawa boys made their teachers earn their pay!"

Others remember building cardboard structures in 3rd-4th grade. Ward Small was in Mrs. Mary Stewart's 4th Grade class, and recalls, *"Though I was academically mediocre, Mrs. Stewart helped me gain self-assurance, and to understand that what I contributed was valued and appreciated. I had a hand in designing and building the accoutrements that adorned the mock Ranchero gracing a corner of our classroom. With saws, hammers, and paintbrushes we made an ox cart, sawhorse horses (a borrowed saddle mounted on one), and a hacienda. Everyone brought in cylindrical Quaker Oats containers, which were cut in half, painted tile red, and attached to the roof of our hacienda."*

Two years after John Fukasawa's misadventures in Mrs. Bowden's class, Clyde Ewin and Roxie Grant were in her 3rd & 4th grade "combination" class, along with 4th graders Andy Kirkes, Frank Castelo, Gaylia Solano,

Eddie Husted, Susie Bliss, Delores Chavez, Bertha Moreno and Joanne Goena. The 3rd graders included Twosy Wardell, Bobby Callaway, Nancy Chunn, Jennifer Anderson, Barbara Morris, Michelle Buzzard, Rae Jimenez and Joyce Bowen. When it was time to study Indians and build a pueblo, someone brought in a large cardboard box, formerly containing rolls of toilet paper. Roxie recalls, *"The logo on the outside was a large drawing of a dappled fawn, very much like Bambi. Some other girls and I were in charge of painting the box with brown poster paint. The fawn was so cute! We hated to paint over him. So we painted over everything except his eye, so that he could still watch what was going on."*

Speaking of Indian lore, Jon Washington remembers how classes would receive visits from "Chief Hailstorm," a county schools employee who told Indian legends. Jon also remembers *My Weekly Reader*, the kiddie newspaper full of interesting info that was distributed in the classrooms. Many got their love of reading from Mrs. Bowden, who would read aloud to her students after recess until they calmed down. A memorable book was *Three without Fear*, about a boy shipwrecked off Baja who swims ashore and is befriended by a Mexican boy and his sister. The trio live off the land as they make their way north. Roxie & Clyde talk about that book at every class reunion, and how wonderful it was!



Clyde Ewin, Grade 3 Aliso School, 1953. Courtesy Roxie Grant Lapidus.

"Mrs. Bowden also introduced me to Laura Ingalls Wilder's 'Little House' books," Roxie recalls. "I devoured those stories of pioneer life, and became convinced that I had been born too late! The 1950s seemed slick and consumeristic by comparison. When my mother contemplated buying an electric dishwasher, I lobbied against it, promising to do all the dishes myself, like out on the prairie. No luck! But such is the power of literature, which captures your imagination and transports you to other times and places, and makes you see your life in a different light."

Fire drills were a part of school life, and often a welcome break from the task at hand. How exciting to file noisily out of the classrooms and onto the playground while teachers counted heads and the principal consulted his stop watch. The teachers probably had been alerted ahead of time, but for the kids, it was always a total surprise when the bells started ringing their deafening alarm. However, there was one memorable day at Aliso when even the teachers were taken off guard. The next day, there was an assembly, with a talk by Principal Mary Rystrom, more serious than we had ever seen her. "Someone could not resist the temptation of money" was the solemn message. Everyone looked guiltily around, feeling somehow responsible. SOMEONE, we were told, had offered money to SOMEONE else if he would set off the fire alarm. This was very, very serious. End of assembly. Of course, we were all abuzz to know more. Word leaked out and traveled like wildfire that the happy-go-lucky culprit had been offered the incredible and

irresistible sum of five dollars to set it off. The name of the cash-flush instigator has remained classified info, to this day.

Speaking of money and temptation, no account of Aliso is complete without a glance at the den of iniquity right across the street. The candy store was part of a run-down gas station in the triangular spot where 7th Street intersected the Coast Highway (present Carpinteria Ave.). At recess or lunch time, daring kids with a few cents in their pockets would wait till the yard duty teacher was way back near the railroad tracks, then dart across and slip beyond the sagging screen door. Inside was an array of wares, mostly made of edible wax: miniature bottles of colored sugar water, big red lips to wear and then consume, ditto for the black handlebar mustaches and the protruding false teeth. And realistic-looking boxes of candy cigarettes, plus all the usual candy bars. These daredevils would dash back to the schoolyard, usually undetected, and flaunt their purchases among their more cautious schoolmates.



Located across 7th St. from Aliso School, what Frank Gonzalez's single pump filling station lacked in automotive amenities, he shrewdly made up for in his confectionery offerings, capitalizing on his little neighbors' sweet teeth! Museum archives photo.

The long-suffering people cleaning up after pranks and paint spills were custodians Mr. (George) Senteney, who seemed quite elderly, Leo, who was nimble and friendly and efficient, and Lester (Kohler), later at Main School. Over the years, the staff also included men who doubled as bus drivers for the Casitas Pass route, including Ray (Goena) and Sal (Campos). Barney Church sometimes drove the Foothill-Summerland route. There was also a kindly school nurse, Mrs. Norma Streeter, who is best remembered for having one blue eye and one brown eye.

In the fall of 1951, Dan Kerr was hired to teach 4th grade. Sari Small remembers, *"When I left home to go to school I was clean and neat. However, when I arrived at school my hair was usually a mess, my socks floppy, and my skirt twisted or my dress smudged. Mr. Kerr gave me a brush to keep in my desk, would not let me enter the classroom until I fixed my socks and straitened my skirt. As a reward for being neat, I was appointed class courier. This meant that every day I ran errands for office staff, and collected absent reports from each classroom. On Mondays I collected the lunch money envelopes. I was*

one proud girl, for this job was usually given to a boy." Dan Kerr went on to become long-standing principal of Montecito Union School.

Other Aliso teachers from that era were the very popular Mrs. Ida May Edwards, and Mrs. Vera Latham (Bensen), Mrs. Kuizenga, Mrs. Clawson, and the much-feared Mrs. Corlette. ☺

We have to recess for now, but will report back with more on this assignment in the next issue with memories of Main School and the new Canalino School. Your memories of attending these schools are welcome!

MUSEUM NEWS

SPRING MUSEUM MARKETPLACE

The **Museum Marketplace** will be held on **Saturday, March 28 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 25** and **May 23 (Memorial Day weekend - NOT the last Saturday of the month!)**. ☺

MUSEUM SHOP OFFERS EASTER GIFTS

Our gift shop offers whimsical Easter cards and booklets with beautiful old-fashioned graphics and verse, as well as old-fashioned papier-mâché egg candy containers decorated with 19th Century graphics of Easter rabbits. We also carry a variety of basket-stuffers such as old-fashioned jump-ropes and wooden train whistles; and a great variety of wind-up lithographed tin toys (Not recommended for children under six.) **Easter will be here soon on April 5**, so hurry in and pick-up something for those special young ones in your life (or young-at-heart)! ☺



VOLUNTEERS NEEDED!!

With the director/curator as the only paid staff, it would be impossible to maintain the museum and its programs without the skill and talents of its large family of volunteers. The historical society is especially seeking volunteers to serve as museum docents. This dedicated group opens the museum to the public Tuesday through Saturday from 1:00 to 4:00 PM.; answering visitors' questions, giving tours, and making gift shop sales.

Volunteers may choose to work once a month or as often as once a week; your time commitment remains totally flexible. The museum will provide individual training, as well as a docent handbook for personal study of local history.

Come help maintain our beautiful museum while discovering the personal rewards that come with contributing to your community's well-being, as well as the camaraderie of our fun museum family!

To learn more about volunteer opportunities please call David at 684-3112 or visit our website: www.carpinteriahistoricalmuseum.org and click on Volunteers for an application of interest. **Thank you!!** ☺

EXCURSION TO NORTON SIMON MUSEUM

We still have a few seats available on our exciting excursion to view the world renowned collections of art at the Norton Simon Museum in Pasadena on **Thursday, April 30.**

The Norton Simon Museum is known around the world as one of the most remarkable private art collections ever assembled. Over a 30-year period, industrialist Norton Simon (1907–1993) amassed an astonishing collection of European art from the Renaissance to the 20th century and a stellar collection of South and Southeast Asian art spanning 2,000 years. Modern and Contemporary Art from the former Pasadena Art Museum also occupies an important place in the Museum's collections which include:

South and Southeast Asia: A world-renowned collection with superb examples of this region's sculptural and painting traditions. On permanent display are holdings from India, Pakistan, Nepal, Tibet, Cambodia and Thailand, as well as selected works from Afghanistan, Burma (Myanmar), Bangladesh, China, Indonesia, Sri Lanka and Vietnam.

Masterworks of the Early Renaissance, the High Renaissance and Mannerism make up the Museum's extensive collection of 14th- to 16th-century European art. Representing both Northern and Southern Europe, the collection includes a large selection of devotional and religious paintings, as well as secular subject matter.

European Art: 17th-18th Centuries The advent of the 17th century is heralded by the Museum's early Baroque paintings from Italy and Spain; the Northern Baroque collection is profoundly expressed in the works of Peter Paul Rubens. The remarkable group of 17th-century Dutch genre, portrait, and landscape paintings is crowned with three portraits by Rembrandt.

Impressionist and Post-Impressionist: The most significant collection in Southern California, reflections of modern life captured by Claude Monet, Pierre-Auguste Renoir and Edgar Degas are displayed alongside the vibrant palettes of Vincent van Gogh, Paul Cézanne and Paul Gauguin. Complementing these works are Auguste Rodin's monumental bronze sculptures displayed in the Museum's gardens. Paintings by Ingres and Goya mark the beginning of the 19th century and lead to superb examples of mid-century Realism executed by Corot, Courbet and Manet.

Modern and Contemporary Art: an extensive collection with seminal works by Pablo Picasso, Georges Braque, Henri Matisse and Diego Rivera are on permanent view.



"Portrait of the Artist's Mother" by James Abbott McNeill Whistler.

A SPECIAL EXHIBITION, Tête-à-Tête: *Three Masterpieces from the Musée d'Orsay*, will be on view during our visit, offering a rare chance to view perhaps the single most recognizable image in the history of American painting—the spare interior of an artist's studio, a gray wall, a Japanese curtain, an aging subject, soberly dressed and seated in profile. **James Abbott McNeill Whistler's** portrait of his mother, painted in the fall of 1871, marks the high point of his career. Officially titled *Arrangement in Grey and Black No. 1*, it is also known as *Portrait of the Artist's Mother*. Given the painting's iconic status in American culture, the fact that it resides in France may come as a surprise. Whistler lived almost his entire life abroad. Whistler's portrait of his mother is one of three masterpieces loaned by the *Musée d'Orsay* for this special exhibit. Joining the Whistler are Édouard **Manet's** heroic portrait of his friend, Émile Zola, and Paul **Cézanne's** rapt, meditative *Card Players*, painted near the end of his life and at the height of his powers.

Our group will depart Carpinteria at 10:00 a.m and return by 5:00 P.M. on Thursday, April 30, 2015. Cost for the trip for historical society members is just \$49; and \$59 for non-members. This fee includes motorcoach (with restroom) transportation, general & special exhibition museum admission, and snacks & refreshments aboard the bus. No-host lunch is available at the museum's Garden Café located in the celebrated and serene sculpture garden.

Don't miss this opportunity to view one of the world's great art collections! Call David at Carpinteria Museum, 684-3112 to check seat availability and to reserve, then you may fill out the reservation form on the back of this newsletter and return with your payment. ☺

MEMORIALS

ANNIE VAN EYCK: The Way Family.

TOMMIE LOU MCIONTYRE: Joyce & Harry Powell; Emily Miles; Bonnie Milne.

JOHN A. RODRIGUEZ, II: Angelo & Marie Granaroli; Lou & Susanne Panizzon; Clyde Rockwell.

MARGARET THORNGATE: Angelo & Marie Granaroli.

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



CARPINTERIA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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

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The Norton Simon Museum

Trip Date: Thursday, April 30, 2015

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 @ \$49 _____ Non-members @ \$59 _____ TOTAL: _____

Return this form with check payable to: Carpinteria Valley Historical Society or (C.V.H.S.)
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