



NEWSLETTER
of the
Carpinteria Valley
Historical Society

www.carpinteriahistoricalmuseum.org

Editor/Publisher: David W. Griggs

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September/October 2013

CALENDAR

September 19—Thursday
Field Trip to Petersen
Automotive Museum
8:00 a.m. - 5:00 P.M.



September 25 - Wednesday
Board of Trustees
Meeting—6:00 PM



September 28—Saturday
Museum Marketplace
8:00 am - 3:00 PM



October 19—Saturday
54th Annual Meeting
Potluck luncheon 12:30PM
Meeting 2:00 PM



October 26—Saturday
Museum Marketplace
8:00 am - 3:00PM



November 30—Saturday
33rd Annual
HOLIDAY FAIRE
10:00 am - 3:00 PM



VALLEY HISTORY

Back When They Were Service Stations:
Carpinteria Gas Stations, 1920s-1970s - Final Chapter
by Jon Washington
edited by Roxie Grant Lapidus

Once again, we've had a great response to the last installment! Fred Lemere CUHS '50 has added some memories of "the Shell lot" (as it was called back then), in the years immediately following World War II. As you'll see, boyhood pranks have never been out of style! In this issue we will complete our nostalgic journey down memory lane with stops at the service stations on the west end of town along Santa Claus Lane; we also will detour along the bumpy road which led to gas shortages, long lines at the pumps, and the changes that eventually affected our motoring experiences forever. We will conclude our trip by taking a look at what became of some of Carpinteria's landmark gas stations of the past.

The Shell "Lot" in the late 1940s

Situated right on what was then the Coast Highway, the Shell station in the 1940s was already a popular teen hangout. Fred Lemere writes:

"This was back when it was operated by Harold Heltman, before Ernie McCurry. We referred to it as the Shell Lot, and would park there in the evenings, particularly weekends, and watch the highway traffic pass through our small town. One night some of the boys (not me!) secured a detour sign and one of the old black oil-burning pots that the Highway Dept. used at construction sites as a caution light. They placed them at the intersection of Linden and the Highway, along with a barrier and an arrow indicating a detour up Linden towards the mountains. We sat in our cars and watched with glee as numerous trucks and other vehicles made the turn at Mill Drug Store and up Linden, only to return some time later (after finding a spot to turn around). We thought this was very funny! (Can you imagine what that would be like with today's traffic?!)"

The Santa Barbara Transit Co. had a bench on Linden adjacent to the Shell Lot. When I did not have a car, I would take the bus from that bench up the highway to Cravens Lane, and would walk up to our family home on Ocean Oaks Road. It was usually 10 or 11 at night, and I had to walk past the cemetery. The same pranksters from the Shell Lot would take the back way up Linden and Foothill, and park inside the cemetery, lying in wait for me. Their attempts to scare me were pretty predictable, as I hurried past the graveyard!"

The Shell Lot was also an exciting place when it was race night at the Thunderbowl. Fred remembers:

"On nights they were running jalopies at the Thunderbowl, it was the custom that the jalopies were pulled through town to and from the track by a passenger car or a pickup truck. As they passed the Shell Lot, the local boys would yell out "Are you pulling or pushing?"

Santa Claus Lane Stations

For high school kids, working downtown meant being at the hub of anything going on, while working out at Santa Claus Lane, especially on the night shift, could be lonely and even risky. It was probably about the time of the completion of the 101 project that 3 gas stations sprang up along Santa Claus Lane, an easy on-and-off from the freeway. Dick Pierce's Shell station was the first after you exited 101 South, followed by a Standard station managed by Frank Fortunato Sr. (1957-59), and Al Venner's Flying A. (Before the freeway project, Venner's Flying A had been in downtown Carpinteria, on the Coast Highway at Yucca Lane.) Out on Santa Claus Lane, despite the lonely location, Dick Pierce's Shell had at one time or another 5 employees from CUHS class of 1956: Marty Panizzon, Jim Lombard, Jerry Sauer, Bob Cherry, and Charley Condelos. Rudy Duarte and Phil Schuyler '57 also worked there.

Fran Gesswein '57 describes his "lonely nights at the Flying A":

"I started working at the Santa Claus Flying A during my junior year at CUHS (1956). I wanted the job to pay for gas for my newly acquired '49 Chevy. My friend, Phil Schuyler worked there, and told me there was a part-time opening. The station was owned by Chester A. (Al) Venner. Mr. Venner knew me, since his home was just a half a block from our house on 7th St. He had also known Phil, whose house was a half a block from his on Walnut.

I went out to the station, and was hired to work evenings during the week, and some Saturdays and Sundays. After a short training period, my schedule was split with Phil. This made it great for both of us, since Phil was also a varsity football player, and knew

I would cover for him if necessary. The first thing I had to do was buy some uniforms: white long sleeved shirts and white pants. The shirt had to have the Flying A logo over one pocket and my name over the other. Suffice it to say the uniforms were difficult to keep clean! I could have sent them to a laundry, but my sweet mother did them for me for free.

During the week I started work at 4 or 4:30 pm. and closed at 10 or 11:00. Al usually left between 5 and 6, so I spent the time he was there cleaning and sweeping out the service bay. Once a week the entire blacktop portion of the station needed to be swept, which was a large chore.

The boss never liked the words "gas station." He operated a "service station." Although his was probably the least busy of the three stations, Al was very proud of his business. Included in the price of a lube job and oil change was all other fluids checked and filled, tires checked and inflated, entire interior vacuumed, (including the trunk) and all windows washed inside and out. Al was sure to check that the ash trays were all emptied. People got their money's worth!

A typical evening went something like this: My mom brought me some dinner between 6 and 6:30. I would try to get some homework done as early as possible. Some week nights business was very slow, and sometimes the cold winter wind off the ocean was chilling. The only heat was from a small portable heater under the office desk. Once in a while guys and girls who knew me would honk and wave as they passed by in the southbound lane of 101. Most week nights were lonely and boring. But I needed the money, so I stuck with it through my senior year. Gas was 33.9 cents a gallon when I started and 34.9 cents when I left.

One school day morning the office secretary came into a class Phil and I had together. She talked to the teacher and then asked Phil to accompany her to the office. A few minutes later he returned, talked to the teacher, then summoned me out into the hallway. He told me that Mr. Venner had been in a car accident and was in the hospital. Driving to work in dense morning fog, he had been hit broadside while trying to cross the southbound lane of 101 to get to Santa Claus Lane. Mr. Venner had no one else to run his business but Phil and me. Phil had been at the station the longest and had some experience with the administrative part of its operation. For almost a month Phil and I ran the service station. Our folks were proud of us for what we did for that man, and Al had enough faith in two high school kids to entrust them with taking care of his business."

A year later, Dave Goodfield '58 was working at Venner's Flying A: "My senior year, 1957-58, I

worked at Al Venner's Flying A station on Santa Claus Lane. I replaced Phil Schuyler, who had just graduated. Al Venner was a wonderful gentleman who I loved working for. He always carried a large wallet full of bills that stuck far out of his back pocket. I worried that someone would knock him over the head and steal his wallet, but no one ever did. He always counted the number of cars that pulled into the Standard station next door, and if he had serviced more at his station, he could hardly contain himself!

Because of the new freeway, vehicle traffic on Santa Claus Lane was sparse, particularly late at night when the shops were closed. All three service stations were staffed by high school kids; I remember Larry ("Arkie") Lawrence, Danny Velasquez and Clyde Hickman all worked at one or another of the three stations. Late at night we would take turns leaving our stations and congregating at one station or another to shoot the breeze and break the boredom.

If we saw a car pull into our station, we would simply run back and take care of their needs. Looking back on it today, I can't believe we thought it was OK to do that. It was so quiet and slow that we always had our cars on the station racks, tinkering with their undersides. I think all of us had the best lubricated and most waxed cars in the valley! It was a wonderful time."

Ward Small '59 replaced his friend Andy Oppele at Venner's Flying A at Santa Claus in the summer of 1957, and worked there for several months. Andy had warned him about the "quick change" customers who would sometimes claim they had paid with a twenty instead of a lower bill, or who would create confusion by changing their minds about what they had ordered, and ask for more than the correct amount in change. Andy had been duped that way, and had to make up the difference out of his paycheck. Ward adds:

"Though infrequent, there had been robberies at ours and the other two gas stations at the west end of Santa Claus Lane, particularly during evening shifts. To mitigate loss, Mr. Venner had us deposit all cash in excess of forty dollars through a slit into the ground vault under the office desk. I only hoped that any would-be robber wouldn't expect me to open that safe, for I had no knowledge of how to do so. Thankfully, my mettle was never tested by such an event."

Bob Westfall was not so lucky. He reports: "In 1957, Rudy Duarte and I were pump jockeys for Dick

Pierce's Shell station out at Santa Claus Lane. One night shift when I was there alone, I was robbed. Not at gunpoint, but by some slinky individuals. I gassed the car, cleaned the windshield, checked the oil and placed the money in the standard cash box that stood outside at the pump islands. There were 4 people in the car. They appeared to be leaving as I walked to the office. I was preparing to clean the restrooms when I heard them speed away. I suspected something was wrong, and checked the cash box. Just as I thought, it was empty! I immediately called the police, and told them I had overheard the suspects saying they were headed to L.A. Turns out this was just to throw me and the police off. They were arrested in Montecito and brought back so I could identify them. Thankfully I didn't catch them in the act, otherwise I would not be compiling this compelling story for you all to read. That pretty much ended my days of pumping gas!"



Once the lights of the shops along Santa Claus Lane went dark after closing, the Lane's service stations were lonely outposts with scant business during the nighttime hours. Museum archives photo.

Neil Ablitt '60 also worked at the Santa Claus Lane Shell station: "I worked at the Shell along with Stuart Prince and Denny Cox. That was probably the most popular station with the high school crowd. Peter Crane worked there too, and I'm sure he was the guy who drilled a peep hole through the wall into the girls' bathroom. One thing I can

honestly say is that I never peeked through it—really!"

Jim Campos worked at the Santa Claus Shell station in the early 1960s, when it was owned by Pete Helmus: "Pete hired me for one job and one job alone. I didn't check the water or the oil or pump gas. All I did was clean the windshields of the cars. Why? Because the grove of Eucalyptus trees on Lambert Road near Summerland were a monarch butterfly over-wintering ground. The grove was known well enough to have made it into the Grolier encyclopedias of the 1960s. We had a set of Grolier's, and I read about Summerland being one of the biggest over-wintering groves for monarchs in the world. Pete Helmus had a good thing going when the monarchs began to migrate. The butterflies crashed into the oncoming cars making visibility difficult. If you were going southbound, the nearest service station was the Shell on Santa Claus Lane. And while the driver stopped to have his windshield 'de-bugged,' he or she invariably filled the tank with gas too."

The 1960s & '70s: Gas Wars, Shortages, and Changes

By the late 1950s, change was in the air. The Flying A on Yucca Lane was replaced by West Coast Gas, "the first 'non-brand' station in Carp," according to Wally Ramirez '57. "I worked at West Coast for about a year," he recalls. "They had 2 sets of pumps. The station was run by Dick Smith. In the mid-1960s an Enco (later Exxon) station was built at the corner of Holly and Carp Ave. That lot is vacant today. Later Texaco built a station at Carp Ave. and Reynolds Ave. The one at Elm had been torn down, along with the Pine Haven Motel and Coffee Shop that had been next to Safeway."

Neil Ablitt writes, "I wonder how many remember the Walker Oil Co. station? In 1960 it was located across the street from Reyes Market on Carp Avenue. It was a cut-rate station and I worked there my senior year. I was able to pull two shifts and make some money, but then the gas wars came and they cut my pay almost in half. Gas was \$.25/gal and going down. Walker Oil Co soon went out of business, and I moved to Oregon."

The Chevron station at Linden and Carpinteria Ave. was run by Jerry Lind in 1959, when 15-year-old Brian Husted worked there. "I pumped gas, pushed a broom and cleaned bathrooms. I think my wage was \$1.25 an hour. My dad said I was overpaid. The following year I moved out to Hinson & Jackson Chevron in Montecito, where I got \$1.35 an hour. My brother Mitch later worked there too. Ray Hinson was a neighbor and close friend of the Husted family."

Classmate Clyde Ewin '62 worked at Chevron as well. "One day I was working there with a couple of other guys servicing a lady's car (tires, water, oil, windshield). She asked us how to get back onto the freeway, and spontaneously each of us pointed in a different direction, which made everyone laugh, including the customer!"

Clyde adds, "I always had a soft spot for the Seaside station owned by John Hofmann's and Bobby Groves' dads. They were very good to us, giving advice and letting us use the rack. Of course it was always fun to stop in at night and hang out with your buddy who was working, and watch Carpinteria's night life cruise by. Now it is hard to believe that Ronnie Brower and I scraped up \$.78 and bought enough fuel for his Model A pickup to keep rolling for a few more hours."



The modern new Texaco station built in the 1960s at the corner of Carpinteria Ave. at Reynolds Ave. was empty and for lease when this photo was taken in 1977. The lot is now Eye of the Day garden center. Museum archives photo.

"Later on I worked at Elton Castile's Standard station at the foot of Santa Monica Road by the northbound 101 on-ramp. Brooks Institute of Photography students used to like taking pictures of the station at night with all the lights on, then in total darkness. One day four black guys who had been drinking rolled in and wanted to know how much further it was to Tijuana. They had left Los Angeles a few hours before and still hadn't arrived!?? Another carload of guys came in when my friend Mike Parker was working, and when the driver gave him the charge card, the name on it was "THE CHAMPS." Mike asked, 'Which one?' and a deep voice came out of the back seat and said, 'Tequila.' And who could ever forget getting a card from a man named Precious Dewberry?"

One day we did a lube and oil change for Jimmy Meacham's ('63) dad, who returned to the station about as quickly as he had left. Fortunately he was a very aware driver and noticed that we had not replaced the engine oil we had drained out! And he never told Elton Castile about our potentially expensive error."

The Chevron station at Santa Monica Road was later run by Fred Payne, and then by Dave Breland.

Best friends Doug Grant '68 and Peter Small '67 both worked at Fred Payne's Chevron in the mid-1960s. When Doug was fired after a difference with their employer, Peter resigned too, in protest. Last December, though terminally ill, Peter wrote, "I will add some of my memories regarding the Chevron at the foot of Santa Monica at Via Real. Doug Grant and I worked there from '66 to '67 for Fred Payne. Around '71 I returned for a year or so, and this time I worked for Dave Breland, with whom I became friends and whose wife Marilyn, years later, made it possible for me to become a Planning Commissioner." Sadly, Peter passed away in Sisters, Oregon, in January 2013.

At Groves Seaside, the boat business gradually declined. John Hofmann '62 reports, "After the boat business waned, my brother Bob '58 opened a slot car track in the old boat/bike building. It was a lot of fun, but the fad did not last, so he sold the track after a couple of years." In 1969, Don Groves and Bob Hofmann sold their Seaside station to Carl Lapolla. John Hofmann wrote, "Don and Bob sold the business after Phillips Petroleum bought Seaside. I remember Don bragging to me that he had gotten a job working at a carburetor specialty shop in Santa Barbara at the age of 67 ("Not bad for an old guy!"). Bob went to

work for Jensen's Chevron in Montecito, working on high-end foreign cars. The most fun he had there was rebuilding the engine of a Lamborghini some rich kid had driven on the beach, ruining the engine with sand. Even after retirement, many of the old time farmers would call him to come out to fix a tractor or something, and this lasted into his late eighties."

Tom Groves adds, "Don left the station in 1969, after 25 years in business at that location. Eventually, the Seaside station became a Mobil station. Finally around 1987 environmental regulations forced the property owner to remove the gasoline storage tanks, and the station building was later demolished (January, 1988), ending 40+ years of a service station on that corner."

1972 was a turning point--the beginning of a series of crises in the oil and gas industry that led to the decline of full service stations. In 1973 OPEC raised the price of oil by 70%, followed by an oil embargo, to punish the US for supplying arms to Israel. President Nixon asked gas stations not to sell gas on Saturday nights or Sundays, on a voluntary basis. Most stations complied, resulting in long lines at the pump on weekdays. A year later the 55 mph speed limit was imposed, to conserve gas. Year-round daylight savings was another conservation measure, from 1974-1976.

In Carpinteria, Groves and Hofmann had gotten out just ahead of these crises, but others had not. In 1972 Frank Fortunato, Sr. had taken over the former Moyer Chevron station. He had worked for Standard Oil since 1951, and had a station in Santa Barbara for 8 years before coming to Carp. His son, Frank Jr., worked for him, and in 1987 took over the station at Linden and Carp Ave. He ran it for another 11 years, until 1996, when Chevron did not renew his lease.

Ed Macias and Ernie Villalpondo eventually sold their Union '76 station. Ed became a mailman, and was active in community affairs. Carl Lapolla ran the former Seaside station for a while, then moved to the Texaco at Reynolds and Carp Ave. His son Paul recently recalled, "The gas shortage of 1972 changed the way gas stations operated. Once the gas shortages were instituted by the oil companies, self-service came in to cut operation costs, pretty much canceling customer service."

Looking Back on the Legacy

Today the old service stations are gone. Bob Groves '63 wrote, "Only one of the 11 gas stations that I remember remains at the same location—Union 76, at Carp Ave. & Maple. All the rest are vacant lots or other businesses." Jim Campos '66 also made an inventory, including Santa Claus Lane, totaling 22 stations in the late 1960s. Today only 6 of the sites still have gas stations. Bob and Jim describe the transitions: McCurry's Shell is now Giovanni's Pizza; Moyer's (later Lind's, then Fortunato's) Chevron is the Coffee Bean & Tea Leaf; Groves' Seaside is a farm stand, and the boat shop is the Friends of the Library Used Bookstore; Pine Haven Texaco is Peggy's Used Treasures; Venner's Flying A on Carp Ave. at Elm is a tire shop (original building); Sanders' Flying A (later Bill Starnes' Phillips 66) is Rite-Aid; Richfield at Baker's Triangle is condos; Richfield across from the old high school is Zooker's restaurant; Exxon on Casitas Pass is McDonald's. Out on Santa Claus Lane, Shell is a clothing store, and the other 2 sites are empty lots.

Although Fred Risdon's Mobil station eventually became Danny's Deli and Carwash, the Risdon family has continued in the automotive business right up through the

present day. Son Jack '57 bought his dad's Bowes Automotive Supply in 1974. Jack partnered with his sons in Risdon's 76 Service at Santa Monica and Via Real (son Don), and Risdon's Auto Care Center on Palm Ave. (son John), at the site of the old Lemon Assn.'s truck repair shop. Jack died in Oct. 2012, but his sons and grandchildren carry on the work, making 4 generations of Risdons in the business.

Frank Fortunato Jr. reflects on the loss of employment for high school students. "The sad story is that there are no places like the old service stations where a young person can go to work their first job, shy and inexperienced, and learn how to deal with life. Their first job is their first time dealing with people, having to take orders, having responsibilities, dealing with money, getting yelled at by a customer and having to take it, getting yelled at by a boss, and getting a paycheck." Brian Husted echoes this: "I learned to deal with the public, which really helped me when I became a teacher/coach. I will never forget this experience and those I worked for and with."



Unidentified high school students sit atop the pumps at the popular service station run by Jerry Lind at the southwest corner of Carpinteria and Linden Avenues in this photo from the 1969 high school yearbook "Chismahoo."

Museum archives photo.

In the end, it's the people who stand out. The first 3 men to be named "Carpinteria's Man of the Year" were gas station operators who also contributed to the community: John Moyer in 1958, Melvin L. "Pop" Haggin in 1959, and Ernie McCurry in 1960. A generation later, several Carpinterians of the Year could trace their careers back to working at local gas stations: Jack Risdon (1971), Chuck Kelsey (1981), and Lou Panizzon (2012), among others.



Bill Starnes' Phillips 66 replaced 'Bud' Sanders' Flying A station at the corner of Linden Ave. & Eighth Street. Museum Archives photo from 1967 high school yearbook *Chismahoo*.

Many of the contributors to this story no longer live here, but are still very much a part of this unique small town. Eric Miller '67 wrote, "*Carpinteria was a great place to grow up in. It's been many (too many) years since I was back. I have some old friends I need to look up. New places can be fun, but it's the people that make this life so interesting.*" Bob Groves echoes this: "*My greatest memories are of all the people whose lives intersected ours as a result of Dad's enterprising ways: employees, jobbers and customers like Holmes Penn, who would be hard to forget. In the 1950s, the partnering with Karl 'Bob' Hofmann brought his family into our lives. There were many employees over the years, some forgotten, some stand out: Dave Hudson, Louie Cobb, Don Fisher, Charlie Munro and Oswaldo Heredia, the refugee from Cuba whose family the Community Church was sponsoring. My earliest memories as a small boy would be 'Nash' Gallardo and Marty Macias, two larger-than-life heroes who'd hoist me aloft on one of their massive arms in an aroma of oil and grease.*"

Charlotte Prince '58 also has fond memories of the aroma of gas (before "all the additives"), and contributed a poem entitled "Chugalug" about Pop Haggins' station at Toro Canyon and the Coast Highway:

Saturday, and Dad wears a blue work shirt,
sleeves rolled, and dungarees.
I clamber into the old '46 Chevy pick up
with three on the floor.

It's a mile down Toro Canyon,
a long mile when I walk.
A quick ride with Dad
to the Richfield station

where I breathe deeply
enjoying the rich aroma
of gasoline,
but it is the icy cold bottle

of Delaware Punch
that flows down my throat—
glug glug glug—
easy no choking bubbles

that I crave.
Our household never
stocked soda pop
or un-necessary items.

One Christmas my godmother
gave me a perfume bottle
of gasoline.
They laughed. I sniffed.

Gasoline with all the additives
doesn't smell the same now
and I haven't seen a Delaware Punch
in decades.

It's our common memories that link us all together. By sharing what we remember, we remind each other of people and times now gone, but not forgotten. Anyone who has ever lived in Carpinteria is part of this community—a community of survivors and story-tellers who have come together in this wonderful enterprise of passing on "how it was." Many thanks to all! 🍷

Editor's note: Author Jon Washington and associate editor Roxie Grant Lapidus have collaborated for several years now, bringing to readers of this newsletter wonderful memories of our more recent history by reaching out and involving those who experienced it, sharing with us their memories and perspectives. While Jon takes a break (hopefully short) from his contributions, he continues to gather memories of the Russell Cup Track Meet for a future article on the occasion of its 100th anniversary. During his hiatus, we reach out to you, our members and readers, to step up and pen a story about your Carpinteria neighborhood growing up, your school and family life, or any other topic concerning life in Carpinteria—a favorite event, activity or business, etc. By contacting Jon Washington at jonwashington@hotmail.com Jon can share his email contact list of Carpinterians present and past, living all

over the country. You can then put out a request for information and memories about a specific person, place, or event and develop a story for publication. Roxie is an accomplished and professional editor who can work with you to polish your story, and I will track down photos and other graphics to support your tale of Carpinteria's past. Please consider this plea, as it is the only way we can continue to bring "fresh" history within living memory to the pages of this publication. *Thank you!*

—David Griggs

MUSEUM NEWS

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

We sincerely appreciate the many ways in which the membership supports the work of the Society and Museum throughout the year by attending fund-raising events, contributing items to these benefits, and generously donating to the Memorial Fund.

Now is the time to reaffirm your commitment to the preservation of Carpinteria Valley's cultural heritage by renewing your membership in the Society. You should have received your renewal notice recently by mail. Those of you who have joined the Society and Museum within the last five months will not receive a notice as your new membership is good through the 2013-2014 year, which runs from October 1 through September 30 (as does our fiscal year).

You can be proud of your association with the Society and the creation of our beautiful museum. Each increase in the level of your membership will further assist us in providing educational and cultural opportunities for you, your family, and the community.

A prompt response to our request to renew your commitment to historical preservation will also save us the expense of mailing reminder notices, allowing those funds to work for their intended purpose.

We truly value your membership and thank you for your loyal support. 🍀

FALL MARKETPLACE

Our Fall Museum Marketplace will be held **Saturday, September 28 from 8:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.** on the museum grounds. Nearly all 75 spaces have been reserved by the eclectic mix of vendors that make this event such a treasure hunter's paradise.

Tax-deductible donations of your used items for the museum's rummage tables increase the revenue generated by this monthly benefit. The markets consistently raise over \$2,700 per month to help with museum operating costs. Donations are accepted any time prior to the day of the market and are greatly

appreciated. *Thank you* to our many donors. Admission to the Marketplace is always free! The **last market** of the year will be held **October 26.** 🍀

54TH ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING & POTLUCK LUNCHEON

The Annual Meeting of the Historical Society membership will take place **Saturday, October 19.** We will begin with a **potluck luncheon at 12:30 p.m.** Next we will recognize the "Outstanding Volunteer of the Year." A brief business meeting will begin at 2:00 P.M. Membership will elect trustees to the board and receive the annual report of the Society and Museum.

Also on the agenda is the dedication of recent additions to the Donor & Memorial tile wall. Tiles memorializing loved ones or recognizing the gifts of donors may be requested anytime during the year, with installation and dedication taking place at the annual meeting. The \$500 per tile donation benefits museum programs.

This year's meeting program will be a presentation by home-grown internationally acclaimed **artist, John Wullbrandt**, discussing his career and fascinating life as a muralist commissioned by wealthy clients around the world. John is the talent behind Carpinteria's beautiful "World's Safest Beach" mural downtown and will also talk some about the history of the surrounding neighborhood in which he grew up.

We ask members attending the luncheon to bring either a main dish or a salad. The Society will provide table service, beverages, and dessert. Look for your invitations in the mail and please plan to attend this special event! 🍀

MEMORIALS

TONI BORRELLO: Chuck Treloar.

TOM COLSON: Katy Meigs.

WALTER HURD: Phyllis Hansen.

CHARLES "CHUCK" THOMPSON: Wilja Happé; Marie & Dan Spiegle; Nola & Carl Stucky.

JOHN TISSOT: Jean Bailey & John G. Bailey; Dave & Annie Goodfield.

OLLIE YOUNG: Wilja Happé.



CARPINTERIA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Contributions are tax deductible.*