

OLD TIMER'S NUMBER

The CARPINTERIA CHRONICLE

READABLE REPRESENTATIVE RELIABLE

VOLUME TWO

★★★★

CARPINTERIA, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1934

1050 Copies

NUMBER 2

In Early Times

Being a brief chronicle of the history of this valley, with accounts of the first settlers, together with names, dates and places.

Fifty years and two days after Columbus discovered America, and eighty years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, Cabrillo ordered his two ships, the San Salvador and the La Victoria, to drop anchor in the channel just off the coast from what is now Carpinteria Valley.

The date was October 14th, 1542, and on that day the famous Spanish explorer entered in his log: "... we saw many cabins and trees on the mainland, and anchored opposite a valley, beautiful and very populous, the land being level with many trees. To the ships came many natives with fish in their good canoes, which held twelve or thirteen Indians. . . They go covered with the skins of animals; they are fishers and eat the fish raw; they also eat agaves. On the 15th we held on our voyage along the coast and there were always many canoes, for all this coast is very populous, and many Indians were continually coming aboard the ships, and they pointed out to us the villages and named them by their names."

That Cabrillo meant none other than this valley of ours is indicated by several related facts and comments. It is generally accepted by authorities on the subject that his log entry of the preceding day referred to the mouth of the Santa Clara river. The description of Carpinteria valley tallies with later accounts, and in succeeding entries (from October 16th to 20th) he graphically describes the channel islands (the flats where Goleta is now situated and still later, Point Conception, which he named Cabo de Galera.

We are unable to find, in the accounts of later Spanish explorers any mention of what is now Carpinteria valley, so we are reasonably safe in assuming that the hospitable and numerous native Carpinterians were left pretty much to themselves until the advent of the padres, more than two centuries later.

El Camino Real, the path followed by the mission founders, is thought to have passed through the valley pretty much in the route now taken by Highway 101, and to have veered over Casitas Pass just east of modern Carpinteria.

The Catholic fathers, walking between Mission San Buenaventura and the Santa Barbara mission, were the first travellers to fully enjoy the valley's landscape, and to sense its fertility. In 1883 a chronicler observed: "The pioneer settlers report that the valley had previously been occupied by the Mission fathers as a garden, the Mexican troops also deriving sustenance in part from it, and the earlier English-speaking settlers had left mementoes of their occupancy in the shape of willow fences, or hedges, the trees of which had grown to the size of a man's body. Until 1860 the carpenter shop from which the district derives its name was the scene of activity in the manufacture of cart wheels and ox-yokes from the fine sycamores which then grew in the neighborhood. . . . The wheels were solid section of a thick tree, sawn across, and were perhaps 30 inches or more in diameter by at least a foot in thickness."

With the advent of the first Spanish rancheros the Indian tribes rapidly lost their identity. But the dons had little to do with settling Carpinteria valley. An early chronicler relates:

"The habit of the rancheros who occupied the valley until that time (1850), was to pass the rainy season in town (Santa Barbara), removing in the Spring to the ranches and spending a part of the year in the pursuit of agriculture. . . . The most frequent style of dwelling at

that date was the "hacal," a stick and mud shanty, called also "remeda."

The first records of a year-round resident making his home in Carpinteria are found in the following paragraph: "It is recorded that Henry J. Dally, of New York, arrived in Carpinteria in 1853, but probably never was identified with its history in any degree beyond the fact of his marrying a native Californian woman who then kept the eating house where Mr. Sutton now (1883) resides. The resulting family live in the county. The father was an otter hunter by occupation."

The quotation sounds a trifle snooty, we'll admit, but isn't it something to know that the valley's first resident was an "otter hunter by occupation?"

Two other families were added to Carpinteria's American population before the arrival of Russel Heath, best known of the earliest settlers. They were the Taylors and the Henry McDonoughs, "but," as an early historian puts it, "the details of their residence are not now procurable."

Heath came in 1858. He had come west with the gold rush, but a few years of the mad scramble had rendered him an easy convert to the quiet charm of Carpinteria Valley.

Not content with the easy going agricultural methods of the rancheros he turned his experiment mind to a quest for new crops to grow in the fertile soil of his 75 acres. Tobacco, bananas, coffee and other tropical plants failed to flourish encouragingly, but he kept at it until, with the planting of some "Persian walnut" trees, his efforts met with success.

Heath it was who planted Carpinteria's first walnut grove, being so impressed with the possibilities that he took out hundreds of thriving almond trees to make room for walnuts. To quote an early writer: "Heath's farm was purchased for \$10.00 per acre in 1858, was worth from \$100 to \$150 per acre in 1877, and in 1880 attained a much higher value. This place is pointed to as one of the grandest successes of agriculture in Southern California." (Try and buy it now for \$2000 an acre.)

Henry Lewis, father of Bessie Humphrey, now local librarian, turned the next page in the valley's agricultural history with his propagation of the lima bean, the story of which is told elsewhere in this issue. Following Lewis' success with the South American product, a good share of the farmed land in the valley that was not in walnuts was devoted to raising lima beans.

W. S. and Thomas Callis and John Nidever were among the next to move to the valley (1858) and were soon followed by O. N. Cadwell, who came here in 1868, the year the first post office was established. Lynn Cadwell, his son, and Harold Cadwell, a grand son, now have homes on the some property which he cleared of oaks.

Of O. N. Cadwell's farming methods an early writer states: "He has produced improved varieties to such an extent as to produce beneficial effects on horticulture throughout the whole section. . . ."

Among other early settlers of the period was Andrew Bailard, who came here with his family from Half Moon Bay in 1863. Two of his sons, B. F. and C. E., two daughters Katherine and Myrtle Bailard, and numerous grandchildren still figure prominently in the life of the valley. In speaking of his oldest son, John W., a historian of 1883 remarks: "Young Bailard seems to have inherited his father's energy and ability and is also raising famous crops. His highly cultivated place is romantically situated, the gray rocks of the mountains in the rear and the restless sea with passing vessels, in front."

Other settlers who came here immediately after the Bailards included: C. H. Fish, L. B. Hogue, Thos. Pye, E. H. Pierce, R. G. Pardee, B. B. Keeler and others, several of whom are discussed in accompanying articles.

While these early Carpinterians were acquiring farm lands the semblance of a village was taking shape

THE IRON HORSE



STAY close to mother, children—don't get near the wheels! Elmer, stop that crying! It isn't going to get you! There—see the engineer? Wave your hanky at him, Minnie Bell. Elmer! Where's the flag mamma bought you just to wave at the big train?"

On a fine day in '88, with a clanking of drive wheels, hissing of steam, billowing clouds of smoke, amid a scattered cheering, soothing of children and calming frightened horses, the Iron Horse came to Carpinteria.

And the villagers and valley-ites did themselves proud! A committee of Carpinteria's fairest be-decked the panting monster with flowers, flags and wreaths made by their own dainty hands, whilst the men, with an air of interested understanding, followed the fireman around the engine as he oiled the wheels importantly.

The coaches were filled with curious Carpinterians, and it caused a

pretty flurry, when Gideon Franklin—the wag—pretended that he was the conductor and called out for tickets!

One of the damsels, as the "Spirit of the Railway," or "Miss Southern Pacific," stood bravely on the engine as it puffed out for Santa Barbara, but by the time the train reached Ortega cut they took her off under the impression that she was a wandering member of a Dixie Minstrel troupe. For the Engineer of that first train, bent on making a colorful entrant into Santa Barbara had the fireman pile it on, and "Miss Carpinteria," on the deck just back of the smoke stack, absorbed most of the color as fast as it rolled out of the voluminous funnel.

Well, anyway, all the folks just like to died of laughing, but they had her face clean by the time they trotted the horses up to the depot in Santa Barbara, and the flowers and wreaths on the locomotive looked mighty purty, I can tell you!

OUR VARIED INDUSTRIES

Varied and at times quite fantastic have been the occupations of Carpinterians whose lives are parts of the mosaic that makes the history of the valley.

In 1879 a mineral soap mine, near Rincon, was a profitable enterprise as much as 200 tons of the mineral being extracted in one year, and sent to San Francisco to be manufactured.

In 1884 the presidential campaign of James G. Blaine had its local echo in agricultural lines. Blaine's campaigners referred to him as "the Plumed Knight," and it was Carpinteria industry that furnished a goodly part of the "plumes." Several acres of valley soil was planted to pampas, the white plumes of which were baled and sent to New York in great quantities, selling in some cases, at \$25 per hundred plumes.

The wife of a Doctor Hindley, who lived near the present Bliss Ranch, raised unusual species of cats commercially. A large building was filled with the caged animals, who ranged from manx, or tail-less felines, to Angora, Persian and other varieties. Mrs. Hindley experimented with cross breeding the animals in an attempt to obtain an improved type for fur-bearing. When she died her husband disposed of the cats and moved away.

Early in the '80s a French perfume manufacturer planted several acres of tuberose and jasmine where the Fithian ranch now is situated. Although the flowers grew and blossomed profusely, he was forced to abandon the enterprise because of the valley's high standard of living. "I can't compete with perfumers on the Continent who pay but 25 cents per day for labor, while I am forced to pay my employees as much as \$1.50 per day," he is quoted as saying.

About the time the perfumery ranch ceased operations, C. Lillingston started an Ostrich farm approximately where the Santa Barbara School now stands. Ostrich plumes were very much in style at that time, and the market was high, but the young birds failed to flourish in this climate, and the survivors of the flock were sold to the Cawston Ostrich farm in Pasadena.

The Shepard brothers, Simeon, James and John Henry, burst into prominence at about this time, due

to their remarkable success raising strawberries on the Shepard ranch near the famous Inn. The fame of Carpinteria's "strawberry kings" spread far and wide. When the Angelus Hotel, in Los Angeles, opened with an enormous banquet, Shepard's strawberries graced the menu, and on the quality market their Carpinteria-grown berries brought as much as 50 cents per box.

On the Salisbury Field, estate at Serena, once the property of Robert Loupis Stevenson, a rectangular reservoir still bears evidence of what was to have been a salt refinery. The plan was to pump ocean water into the tank, and evaporate the water by means of a large solar heater, and presto! Salt would remain to be sold at a nice profit. Whether "unusual weather" set in and precluded the solar heater's functioning, or whether the inventor became discouraged, is not known. But we can find no records of "Serena Salt" having been put on the market.

About 1906 Dr. Robert Cauch launched a novel enterprise. At that time a long slough extended from the Sawyer place to what is now the residence of Roll Ogan. Cauch "planted" a flock—or herd—or school—or drove of diamond-back terrapin (you'd have called them just "turtles" in the pond with the idea of raising them commercially, to be sold as the principal ingredient of turtle soup.

The industry lasted for about a year, when the bottom literally dropped out and the business went on the rocks, for the pond was drained by Clarence Sawyer as a part of a reclamation project he was carrying on, leaving Cauch and his terrapin high and dry.

The project had proved unprofitable, due, partly to the difficulty of securing herdmen who were able to keep the turtles within the bounds of their aquatic corral. Early Carpinteria spinsters had a two-fold purpose in looking under their beds before retiring—there might be a burglar there—or one of Doc Cauch's turtles.

The famous asphalt mines are discussed in another part of this issue. But the valley's versatility is by no means confined to agriculture. Cats, perfume, salt, strawberries, ostrich and pampas plumes—the early Carpinterians may have been primarily agricultural—but they had ideas.

Records Writ In Tar

Ages and ages ago—that's the proverbial beginning—when the islands were still glistening wet after their emergence from the Pacific, when Rincon still belched smoke and lava from the crater that even now emits sulfurous odors, when Carpinteria valley lay steaming beneath a murky haze—a dank swamp of primordial ooze and slime, a huge lumbering figure as tall as the Cerca del Mar clubhouse and a fourth as long, reared its massive head above the rocks that lined the seashore, spied some succulent growth at the edge of a black pool, and tried to wade across for his breakfast.

The huge beast's four feet were well into the black mass before it dawned upon his slow brain that the pool was not water, but something that clutched and held. Mastodon Americanus, one of the beach park's earliest visitors, had signed the register as the Carpinteria asphalt pit's first victim.

Before the sun had climbed far in the torrid sky Aencyn Dirus, a pre-historic wolf that exceeded by several sizes anything that little Red Riding Hood ever encountered, was attracted to the pool's edge by Mastodon's roars of fear and helplessness. Aencyn was a notorious killer, but he was not above taking advantage of a handicapped mastodon steak for a snack.

Seeking an advantage point on a jutting rock above the en-mired monster, he leaped for the helpless hulk, fell short by inches and joined his intended victim in the merciless grip of the ebou lake.

Before noon they were spied by the great-great-great-etc. grandfather of Sam, the Sandyland Pelican, whose hankering for wolves done in oil got him into the tar pit when one of his immense wings touched the sticky surface of the lake. * * * *

Some thousands of years later, Oogluck, one of Carpinteria's earliest human settlers, established quite a reputation for himself as a boat builder. Oogluck's tribesmen looked to the sea for a fair share of their daily menu, and it was his discovery of the tar pits that enabled them to surpass neighboring tribes in constructing sea-worthy craft that carried them, in some instances, to the horizon's edge, where the islands rimmed their Indian world.

For Oogluck, something of an experimentalist, discovered that boats could be calked much more quickly and efficiently with asphalt than with pine pitch. And his descendants so followed his example that, when the earliest Spaniards explored these regions, they found the natives' chief occupation to center around the carpenter shop, or "Carpinteria," where they were busily engaged in building some of the finest Indian boats encountered by the Spaniards in California. * * * *

A couple of centuries later, P. C. Higgins, Carpinteria farmer, stomped into the house for lunch and announced disgustedly, that he wished he could plow a furrow without running into the plagued sticky stuff that seeped out of the ground and kept him unceasingly scraping his plowshare.

That evening, upon coming in from work, he was informed by his wide-eyed children that "the calf had gotten into that sticky lake and had tar all over her."

Right then and there P. C. Higgins decided that if he never saw another bit of asphalt it would be too soon. But he was mistaken.

Higgins lived to see scores of Chinese laborers digging in the same asphalt with red hot shovels, loading the smoking black stuff into wagons, to be hauled to Santa Barbara and transformed into that city's first paved streets.

His sons and daughters have seen those "plagued pitch pits" furnish the surface for the glassy highways that lead you into Santa Barbara in fifteen minutes, and by the time his grand-children were large enough to perch on a nearby fence and watch proceedings, Professor Loye H. Miller, of U. C. L. A., was directing excavations in the asphalt pits that uncovered the bones of Mastodon Americanus, Aencyn Dirus, Sam

A MURDERER'S FATE

Hanged By The Neck To An Oak.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

Students of Carpinteria High school today calmly eat their lunches in the shade of an ancient oak that played a part in one of the valley's earliest dramas of violence. For it was from a limb of this tree, which stands on the east side of the high school campus, that two bodies dangled in the wind on a night in the early 50s, the first ultimatum of early Carpinterians that they would tolerate no law-breaking.

Shortly before California passed from Mexican control, the government of Mexico exiled two men, one a convicted murderer, on the Island of Santa Cruz. But the outlaws refused to stay marooned. They built a raft, and with the aid of a crude sail and a south wind, contrived to cross the channel, landing near the mouth of Rincon Creek, where they constructed a rough shelter. For several months they made their living by a series of midnight marauding and sureptitious killing of stray livestock, until the valley rancheros, mistakenly believing that the thefts were being committed by their local Mexicans, threatened the natives with swift justice if the stealings did not cease.

The Mexicans, who had for some time suspected the two "ex-exiles," organized as vigilantes and proceeded to hunt down the thieves, who were routed out of their Rincon hide-out but were able to elude their pursuers for a time in the dense oak grovs that then covered the valley.

Legend has it that the vigilantes captured their quarry on the bank of what is now known as Carpinteria Creek, where they had gone for water.

The vigilantes made quick work of it, and from a limb of what is still called "Hangman's Oak" they strung up the culprits and returned to their patrons to inform them that Carpinteria's first Crime Wave had subsided.

Pelican's ancestor and a host of other prehistoric birds and animals that had met death in the block pool centuries before the first California Indian left his foot-print on the World's Safest Beach.

Careful study of the bones and fossils found at the Higgins mines has led Prof. Miller to the conclusion that this section was once almost without trees—a dank, steaming swamp that stretched from the still-shifting mountains to the ocean's edge. This period, he believes, was followed by one of dense forestation, when the valley was a veritable forest primeval. "The Carpinteria accumulation," he adds, "stands out as a sylvan coastal deposit singularly free from marine species."

The professor supports the theory that the tar pit was a trap in which live animals were caught rather than a place into which bones were washed by streams, with evidence of the preponderance of carnivorous birds which are represented.

Undoubtedly, he believes, they were attracted there by the bodies of other animals or birds caught in the tar, only to get stuck themselves.

James French Dorrance, lover of fantasy that he is, likes to imagine the ghosts of Mastodon Americanus, Aencyn Dirus and swarms of other pre-historic animals who lost their lives in the local tar pits, rising from the smooth pavement that formerly interred their bones to gaze in bewilderment at the shiny cars of Carpinteria rancher that today whirl over Highway 101.

"And," adds French a trifle sadly, "Modern polo ponies en route to the nearest polo field, may pound their hoofs on a pavement partially made of the bones of Equus Occidentalis—an old horse to you—in fact the last of the extinct American horses."

(Continued on Page Two)

IN EARLY TIMES.

(Continued from Page One)

at the corner that is now Santa Monica road and State Highway. The post office was established in 1868, and was run in connection with a general store. At first the stage coaches brought the mail twice weekly, but as conditions improved and more people moved to the val-

ley this was increased to daily service.

By 1888 a sizeable community, including two stores, a butcher shop, five saloons, and possibly three-score dwellings had sprung up. And in that year came the Iron Horse, the advent of which ushered in a new era for this section, terminated a 20-years battle on the part of far-seeing Santa Barbarans for rail communication with the outside world, and nearly caused a pitched battle

among ordinarily peace-loving Carpinterians.

Russel Heath owned the property which seemed best suited for the Southern Pacific's Carpinteria depot, in the heart of what is now Old Town. Unable to reach an agreement as to the value of the site, the railroad officials welcomed an offer made by L. B. Hogue and the Widow Laughlin to donate five acres of their property, a mile eastward for an S. P. depot.

And that is how Carpinteria happens to be located in Carpinteria instead of in Old Town. And that is what caused the tempest in the teapot.

The good citizens of the first town site could have tolerated, perhaps, walking a mile to see the steam cars "pull in to the deppo," although each shrill whistle of the Iron Horse ruffled their dignity like a particularly flagrant "razzberry" of derision. But with the railway station went the post office, for the Iron Horse replaced the stage coach as the mail carrier, and its engineer had no time to stop both at the station and at the site of the first post office.

The Old Towners mumbled in their beards and beneath their handle-bar mustaches. A few even suggested that the post office would never be moved past Carpinteria Creek without a struggle, but their cooler brethren reminded them that that would be "a-tamperin' with Uncle Sam's mail."

So the post office moved. The railroad had at last come to the valley—and had left the community high and dry.

At that time the principal buildings in the new town were, besides the shiny new depot, a Chinese wash house, a butcher shop and a few—a very few—residences. (See map)

But a year or two before the new townsite had been cleared of its groves of ancient oaks and dense undergrowth. Within a few years the empty fields began to fill up as the railroad brought new residents to Carpinteria and as the valley's population center shifted closer to its natural hub—the post office and the depot.

For a time the Old Towners hired a man to meet the train and bring the mail to the general store that persisted for several years in the town's original location. But the letters grew fewer, week by week, and finally even the stand-patters gave up the fight.

As the new Carpinteria became more closely settled the remaining trees and groves began to disappear. The 15-acre nectarine orchard that had been the pride of the Hogue estate—and the delight of the small, fruit-eating variety of Carpinterians—was cut down to make room for more houses (See map). Walnut groves were felled before the path of the families that moved in following the coming of the railroad.

Linden avenue took form as the principal business street of a budding village. In 1889 the crowning glory of the new community was



If this scene had been snapped yesterday you would get a glimpse of Stanley Shepard's house just back of that second telegraph pole. For it is the highway bridge over Carpinteria Creek, at the eastern approach to town.

When the Higgins family came here in '82 their team and wagon had to ford the stream, and a half mile beyond, on the spot where Highway 101 and Linden avenue now intersect, young Lucien jumped down off the wagon to open a big gate that kept the Sutton's livestock from wandering off.

erected, the "White Sulphur Springs Hotel," a three-story structure depicted and described elsewhere in this issue.

Where the bank now stands a shoe shop was built, and near the present site of the Rincon Garage, Peterkin's General Store dispensed general merchandise to the new townsmen.

With the development of the township came the need for a public hall of some sort, to house public and fraternal gatherings. The result was a 2-story frame building which first stood where the Standard Service station is now. Another civic need was met with the erection of a Baptist church, part of which is now utilized by the Sunday school of the Community church. The building stood on the present site of the Community church, and four years later, in '94 the Methodist congregation built the edifice still used by their denomination.

Not long afterwards the town hall was sold to Mads Christensen, who tore down the building and used the lumber in the erection of the house owned by Charles Treloar, at 418 E. Eighth street. The hall was replaced by a frame building put up by a man named Melick, who opened a general store next to which the main drag's first barber shop appeared, a small tent which covered timidly next to the store.

The valley's first telephone station and exchange stood almost on the spot where Carpinterians dedicated last July their new post office. Pearl Gay's barber shop, a store building operated by Ed Ballard and Howe Deaderick at 8th and Linden (now a vacant lot) Phil Doer's confectionery, other business houses, including a number of saloons, all followed rapidly as the town grew.

By 1912 Linden avenue presented a business-like appearance. In that year the Hickey Brothers completed their block, which housed, at the time, a dry goods and hardware store—both operated by Hickeys,—Tobey and Wescott's grocery.

The same year saw the organization of the valley's first bank, the Commercial and Savings bank of Carpinteria, first directors of which included Jerome Tubbs, W. D. Isenberg, C. B. Franklin, J. R. Fithian, W. C. Hickey, Col. J. G. Deaderick, Mads Christensen, H. B. Fish, and J. K. Catlin. C. O. Anderson was the cashier.

Across from the new Hickey block arose the Palms Hotel building, erected in 1912, and which housed the bank as well. Not long after, an addition to the Hickey block provided quarters for the post office, which was moved from the small building a block north of the depot, Kurtz' drug store, the Houk Meat Market and a garage.

In 1913 the town hall was burned to the ground, an event which provided the villagers conversational material for many months. The building was replaced by the present hall which is braced with street car rails that were hauled from Santa Barbara in wagons. By this time the Coast Highway was claiming attention as a business center. Automobiles were instrumental in the commercial drift to the thoroughfare. Cummins tire re-treading shop, Miller's gasoline station and other businesses catering to automobiles were but signs of the trend of the times, and local manifestations of a tendency exhibited by all towns to migrate towards traffic arterials.

Although two lives had been lost in a flood in 1879, the first modern "Act of God" to disturb the tranquillity occurred on January 24, 1914, when more than 6 inches of rain fell in 24 hours.

For six days the valley was cut off from the outside world by the

Lucien didn't mind jumping down a bit, for the whole Higgins family had been jumping ever since they'd left Punta Gorda early that morning. They had been forced to wait for low tide, so as to get by the rocks along the Rincon. The only available shelter was offered by an old barn, which proved to be pretty much full of fleas, many of which got on the Higginses.

So if you, today are bothered by the tiny critters, you can blame the Higgins family, for they brought the first fleas that history records in our fair valley.

damage caused by "the Flood" an event that has come to be used as a mark on the sundial of Carpinteria history by reminiscing old timers.

Carpinteria, Rincon and Santa Monica creeks were raging torrents, washing away their banks and carrying trees, chicken coops and out-buildings to the sea in floods that caused thousands of dollars worth of damage, washed out scores of acres of Carpinteria farm land and kept the nerves of the natives on edge for two days, while the deluge continued.

A Southern Pacific train, filled mostly by members of a musical comedy stock company en route to Santa Barbara, was marooned here when the approach to the railroad bridge at Cerca del Mar went out shortly after the train had passed over it.

Valleyites whose homes were on low ground, or adjacent to the swollen streams, were "put up" for the week in the homes of those whose houses were high and comparatively dry.

At the height of the deluge a barn belonging to C. O. Anderson, then cashier of the local bank, burned to the ground despite the down-pour. The fire was thought to have been started accidentally by hobos trying to seek shelter from the storm.

In 1918 this tendency was given impetus when the bank (which meanwhile had been absorbed by a Santa Barbara institution) erected its present building. The following year M. A. Martindale moved his drug store from its location in the Hickey block to a new structure across Linden from the bank, the same which is now occupied by McMartin's drug store and Verner's Market.

Everyone in Carpinteria valley was out of bed by 7 o'clock on the morning of June 25, 1925. Some were almost thrown out, others fell out and many found themselves standing in their front yards clad only in their nighties—but ask any old timer—they were all up and about!

For a few minutes before the Santa Barbara earthquake struck and local residents awakened to the clatter of breaking china, crumbling of chim-

neys and the deep rumble of successive shocks that, in the span of a few seconds, took the lives of more than a score of Santa Barbarans and caused millions of dollars worth of damage in the southern portion of the county.

Such community corner-stones as the town hall, the school building and various stores were badly cracked and damaged, but no local buildings were totally demolished.

Slides on the Rincon paralyzed railway and telegraphic communication from the south for a time. The shocks continued spasmodically and with varying intensity for several days, and for weeks a large portion of the townspeople camped out in their back yards. Buildings were not utilized until the shocks had ceased recurring and building inspectors had approved their condition. When it was found that no local lives had been lost and that no irreparable damage had been done, Carpinteria proceeded to take a unanimous vacation until the shocks had definitely stopped and normalcy returned.

For a good chuckle, ask any old timer what his emotions and reactions were on that summer morning when the quake made headlines all over the world.

In 1927 the Alcazar building was erected, and since that time a large part of the business district's development has centered on the highway.

ABOUT MR. CHARLES CURTIS.

Those ranchers who over-look no bets and plant peas between their rows of lemons in the winter and beans in the summer may have derived the idea from Charles Curtis.

In the early '90s Charley was the proprietor of an ice cream parlor, which stood on the highway near Linden avenue. When the weather grew too cool for ice cream Charley converted his ice cream parlor into an oyster grotto.

And when the Home Telephone company brought the telephone to Carpinteria, it was the Curtis establishment that the switch-board was installed. Charley acted as operator, and had a buzzer fixed to call him to the board when a number was wanted. Later, when the Pacific Telephone company brought long distance lines here, their "toll" board was erected beside that of the Home company's—and Charley ran them both, while he wasn't waiting on his ice cream and oyster customers.

The Home company at first dominated the local field with a grand total of twelve customers, while the Pacific had the edge on the long distance service.

At that time Shepard's Inn was the most frequent called telephone number in the valley. Traveling men with reports to telephone, outsiders calling for reservations—all in all, the Inn was Charley's best telephone customer. And the fact that a call would come in on one system for a party who subscribed only to the other company deterred the Carpinteria operator not one whit. He simply reached over and plugged the number in the competitor's board.

In order to take care of night calls, the Curtis residence was "wired for sound." If Shepard's Inn wished to place a call after the Curtis bed time they took down the receiver and a buzzer rang over Charley's head. Whereupon the intrepid operator would arise and trot the two and a half blocks to the switchboard and handle the call.

Do you wonder that Charley still bustles, even though he's headed for no place in particular?

Our Cuisine is the Delight of Epicures.



Connoisseurs the Valley over have returned time and again to partake of our dainty and appetizing dishes.

Proof of this statement lies in the fact that we have consistently maintained the standards connoted in our Motto:

"THE HOME OF GOOD COFFEE"

To further increase trade we have just made a dicker for a new and moderne broiler. We now offer for your approval, delicious BROILED Steaks, temptingly seasoned and exactly cooked.

Featured on our Breakfast Bill-of-Fare are our famous Krisp Kooked Waffles, served with plenty of delicious creamery butter, old-fashioned syrup and unvaryingly fresh Silex coffee with pure cream.

Come in and hear the latest popular cylinder of "Cohen on the Telephone" played on our new Gramophone.

HUBER'S

"The Home of Good Coffee"

The Mission

ICE

Company

is pleased to number

MOST OF THE "OLD TIMERS" in Carpinteria

among its continuous customers.

THEY ARE "perspicacious"

The ability to distinguish—

NECESSARY expense from waste,

NATURAL methods from unproved theories, and

To analyze correctly a proposition unswayed by high-pressure sales promises—

INSURES that STABILITY that one requires to weather through and be an "old timer."

Our new CONTRACT ICE Plan—

Is PROVEN REFRIGERATION offered to fit the budget and give you REAL refrigeration AT LESS THAN HALF THE COSTS OF ANY SUBSTITUTE!

An Example:

A MODERN, STEEL, INSULATED REFRIGERATOR with rounded corner porcelain enamelled floor, with 9¾ square feet of shelves—

INCLUDING ALL THE ICE YOU NEED

for only \$3.75 per month and later reducing to \$2.25 per mo.

Drop us a card and we will call and go over this with you.

Shakes for Your Lean-To

Clap-Boards for That New Residence

THE LATEST IN GINGER-BREAD DESIGNS FOR THE CORNICES & GABLES.

Many of the Valley's most luxurious residences are builded of materials purchased in our establishment.

We respectfully solicit your patronage.

Carp. Valley Lbr. Co.
TELEPHONE NUMBER 279



HERE for the first time under one canvas we offer a group of early Carpinterians. Before you go any farther, stop and see how many you can recognize.

Top left corner—The humanization of "his master's voice" trade mark should, by a process of association, be easy. Think now, a dark haired young fellow who evinced an early fondness for music, and who later dispensed no small amount of it himself via a pipe-

shaped instrument with jiggers all over it.

Top center—This one's a cinch. Although the hat might serve to camouflage him somewhat, for the top of his head has changed perceptibly since this picture was taken he still has a good deal of the small boy about him. He probably knows as many people in this part of California as anyone in the valley. We'll give you a few hints. A stingaree stung him once, he was one of the valley's earliest automobilists, and is a confirmed baseball addict.

Top right—We bet you'll never guess this one, although it's a good likeness and her face has changed but very little. She doesn't, however, wear her hair in that fashion any more. Think hard. She drives a big coupe, is an active church worker and is usually seen with her sister. And we've a hunch she's going to be surprised to encounter her photo in these columns.

Center row, number one—Here's a harder one. Since this was taken he's removed the handle-bar mustache and the New Departure cravat. But even in those days the mustache wasn't grown that was big enough to hide the Irish in that face. Maybe this will help you. He's a slicker at solo and penny ante and drives a new sedan purchased not so long ago.

Center, number two—This should be easy. His father was a well-known old timer, too. He hasn't changed a lot, and he's one of the most hospitable people in a region noted for its hospitality. He has a nickname for every boy and girl in the valley—there, you've got it—and he possesses a big booming voice. As long as we've thrown out so many hints we might as well tell you that he was long a prominent county official, and still has his name on several bridges around the county.

Center, number three—"Beware, Jack Dalton! I warn you, enough is too much!" Can't you hear him say-

ing than in an amateur theatrical? He's another subject who has since almost waited too long for Herpicide, and the mustachios we no longer have with us. But wait! Don't give up—listen. He's related by marriage to subject number one, in the upper left hand corner. Try and dope it out.

Lower, number one—This is really the easiest of the lot, partly because they were always seen together and partly because it was taken only back in 1918. They're all in the lemon-growing business now, although one of them has lived aboard since this was taken. Perhaps you'll guess all three if we tell you that they used to stage impromptu road races in their stripped down flivvers around the valley, and on one occasion, held an obstacle race at the street fair.

Lower, number 2—Here's a well-loved old timer who used to be in a business that made every kid in town want to work for him. He and his wife had a store that was a magnet for any boy or girl who had a nickle to spend. The ice cream cones they sold in vacation period would have reached from their store to the asphalt pits—and by the way, he used to have on display the skeleton of some prehistoric animal. Now do you know who it is? Another hint—he's the only early member of the men's club who drew two cards to a flush.

Lower, number three—Her hair is bobbed now and she has a daughter that looks just like her. And she still likes roses, grows beautiful ones and distributes them generously to less skilled gardeners. Also she makes the sweetest cake you ever sank a molar into. And no one ever caught her without a quick come-back.

Lower, number four—Ah, there! You see him many times a week, and we'll bet you don't recognize him. But isn't the picture a dandy? Only that stray lock of hair disturbs the pristine sweetness of this photo. Look and guess again. The life of the boat ride and known all over town as a gay fellow everywhere. Here's a big hint—"Quick, Watson, the needle!"

Ball Team—And here's the Sanford-Benet test to determine just how much of an old timer you really are. If you can name all of these you're almost a pioneer. A count of eight out of ten makes you an old timer, second class, while any score less than fifty per cent brands you as a rank new comer.

Study them awhile and then look on page six for the names.

LEMON HISTORY

Being a short resume of the origin and growth of the lemon industry in Carpinteria valley.

The first lemon trees planted in Carpinteria valley came from the padres' gardens in the old mission at Santa Barbara, and were brought here as part of the small family of orchards that were typical of valley ranches at that time. Each rancher had, close to his house, a small grove of varied fruit trees, and the padres augmented these with gifts of cuttings and young trees from their gardens.

Russell Heath experimented with slightly more than an acre of wild lemons in connection with his wide agricultural tests, but he did not concentrate on the commercial possibilities of citrus growing here.

In 1890 S. F. and J. H. Shepard planted 6 acres of lemons near Shepard's Inn, the first commercial grove in the valley, and which is now owned by Nelson Smith. In the same year P. C. Higgins planted 15 acres where the Higgins ranch is today. In 1893 T. G. McLean set out 5 acres where the Chronicle office now stands.

By 1900 J. R. Pithian had the largest grove in the valley, about 500 trees. Higgins had increased his lemon acreage and his orchard was second in size. The Shepard brothers had thriving orchards on both sides of Rincon creek, and other groves were owned by Russell Heath, A. McAndrew and J. H. Morris.

A short time later Higgins constructed the valley's first lemon packing house, the upstairs of which served, until the erection of a town hall, as one of the valley's social centers. Home talent plays, stereoptican shows and dances were held in a room not much larger than the Chronicle's office.

Lemon shipping on a large scale developed locally when C. D. Hubbard purchased the Higgins plant, added to its equipment and was instrumental in organizing Carpinteria growers.

The valley's advantages as a lemon region increased citrus acreage here rapidly from then on and in 1926, a second citrus association, the Mutual Citrus Association, was formed.

In 1932 the valley produced 600 cars of lemons valued at \$900,000. The past 15 years have witnessed a rapid reduction in walnut acreage as local ranchers turned from nuts to lemons, until today there are nearly 1500 acres of lemons in the valley.

Twenty years ago there were 1500 acres of walnuts, as compared to between 150 and 200 acres today. The few remaining walnut trees are disappearing rapidly as lemon acreage continues to increase.



CARPINTERIA BRANCH

Coast Highway & Linden Ave

COMMERCIAL TRUST SAVINGS ESCROWS SAFE DEPOSIT

D. SAFWENBERG Manager

SECURITY-FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES

R. W. Morris 
GENERAL BLACKSMITHING

Interfering, Forging, Stumbling Stopped or your money cheerfully refunded.

NICKLE-PLATED HORSESHOEING
A Specialty.

In Business here Since 1911

EXTRA COPIES of this OLD TIMER'S NUMBER may be purchased at JONES THE DRUGGIST SEASIDE PHARMACY and at THE CHRONICLE OFFICE 15c the copy.

The Modern "Old Timer" Store for Carpinterians

1898



1934

This is your nearest store to buy Nationally-known brands of CLOTHING, HATS and FURNISHINGS for MEN and BOYS at standard prices.

EVERYTHING GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTORY SERVICE



Eisenberg's White House INC.
701-703 STATE STREET



OLD TIMERS WATCH OUR WINDOWS

SPECIAL PRICES on POPULAR SELLERS

Friday and Saturday MARCH SECOND and THIRD

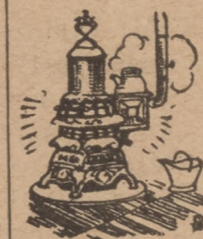
JONES the Druggist
Stuart McMartin, Propr.

A Sale of Velocipedes

These fashionable velocipedes for ladies & gentlemen are some we may have had years ago. We still have them—they're bicycles now.



- also
- PLOWS — HARROWS — HARNESS — HORSE-SHOES — NAILS — BUGGY WHIPS — CIDER PRESSES — BRANDING IRONS — COAL OIL LAMPS — LANTERNS — FOLDING BEDS — GUNPOWDER — SHOT — WAGONS — WINDMILLS — GRAMOPHONES — ORGANS — SICKLES — SCYTHES — MAGIC LANTERNS & "FEARLESS" THRESHERS.



A special bargain on this new "Admiral Dewey" Baseburner stove this week. Come in & inquire about it.

F. L. Smith Hdw.

Linden Avenue and Seventh Street

THE CARPINTERIA CHRONICLE

READABLE REPRESENTATIVE RELIABLE

Published Thursday Mornings, with complete coverage of Carpinteria Valley, Summerland and Rincon

LINN UNKEFER Editor
"SEEBEE" DAVIS Shop

115 E. Coast Highway Telephone 4461

Subscription, \$2.00 per year in advance
Display advertising rate, 30c per column inch

If you fail to receive your Chronicle on Thursday morning, telephone 4461 and a copy will be delivered at once

If you enjoy this Old Timer's Number the credit is due the Old Timers who made it possible.

So much has happened in this valley of ours since little Peter Pre-historic heard the primitive ancestor of the big bad wolf knocking at the door of his dwelling, that it's like writing the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin to get it all into this tiny publication.

The research entailed has led us to the most of the old attics in the valley. And if you've any doubts concerning the kindness, hospitality and helpfulness of the people of Carpinteria, you're mistaken. We've bothered them at all hours with all manner of requests and questions, and not once did one of them evince anything but a spirit of interested cooperation. Up and down stairs they've trudged, bearing boxes and even small trunks of half-forgotten things from their store rooms in the hope that they might have something to contribute to this number.

They've racked their brains, written their relatives, and re-read their old letters in an effort to help. They've loaned us old pictures that are priceless family heirlooms. They've telephoned suggestions, offered friendly tips and criticisms. All in all, their labor, interest and assistance have put upon us a responsibility that is a bit disconcerting.

And so, here it is. The work it has cost is insignificant compared to the fun it has been, for the research has almost resembled an Old Settler's Picnic. If this issue of your newspaper gives you a few chuckles, holds your interest for a time, and perhaps causes a touch of nostalgia for the mellow leisurely times that are gone from this valley, then the Old Timer's Number will have served its purpose.

Doubtless you'll find some mistakes—a wrong date, a misspelled name, an error in locale, or the omission of an old family. A few such errors are inevitable in any attempt to cover such a wide era and in dealing with such evanescent stuff as memories are made of.

We've tried to check and authenticate the data in this issue, and to keep errors and omissions down to a minimum. It is your decision as to how well we have succeeded. If it fails to meet with your approval then the fault is ours, for the material and cooperation certainly were not lacking.

In an attempt to carry out the Old Timer's theme of this issue we have utilized, as you may have noted, a number of type faces and advertising decorations that were current in the Gay Nineties. We have endeavored, too, to follow the front page make-up of newspapers of the period when Carpinteria was only an embryo community.

If we have succeeded to any noticeable extent, much of the credit is due a gentleman who has no more than a vague idea as to just where Carpinteria is situated.

His name is Ear Hayes, and his occupation is unusual enough, we think, to prove of interest to you.

When the script of a Hollywood scenario calls for the hero to spill his breakfast coffee upon encountering in his morning newspaper the headlines that announce his lady-love a suicide (close-up of Chicago Tribune dated April 14, 1921) the property man telephones the Earl Hayes Printery and orders a copy of the newspaper called for by the script. Next day the Chicago Tribune dated April 14, 1932, is delivered to the studio, bearing a blazing streamer that proclaims "SOCIETY BEAUTY SHOOTS SELF."

The fact that on April 14, 1921 the Chicago Tribune actually carried no mention of such an event is beside the point. The script calls for it and there it is. And that is Earl Hayes' business—to provide Hollywood movie studios with anything in printed matter that may be conjured out of the tortured brain of a scenario writer.

The actual printing of such material is trifling compared to the research, data, files etc. required to make the imitations correct in every detail.

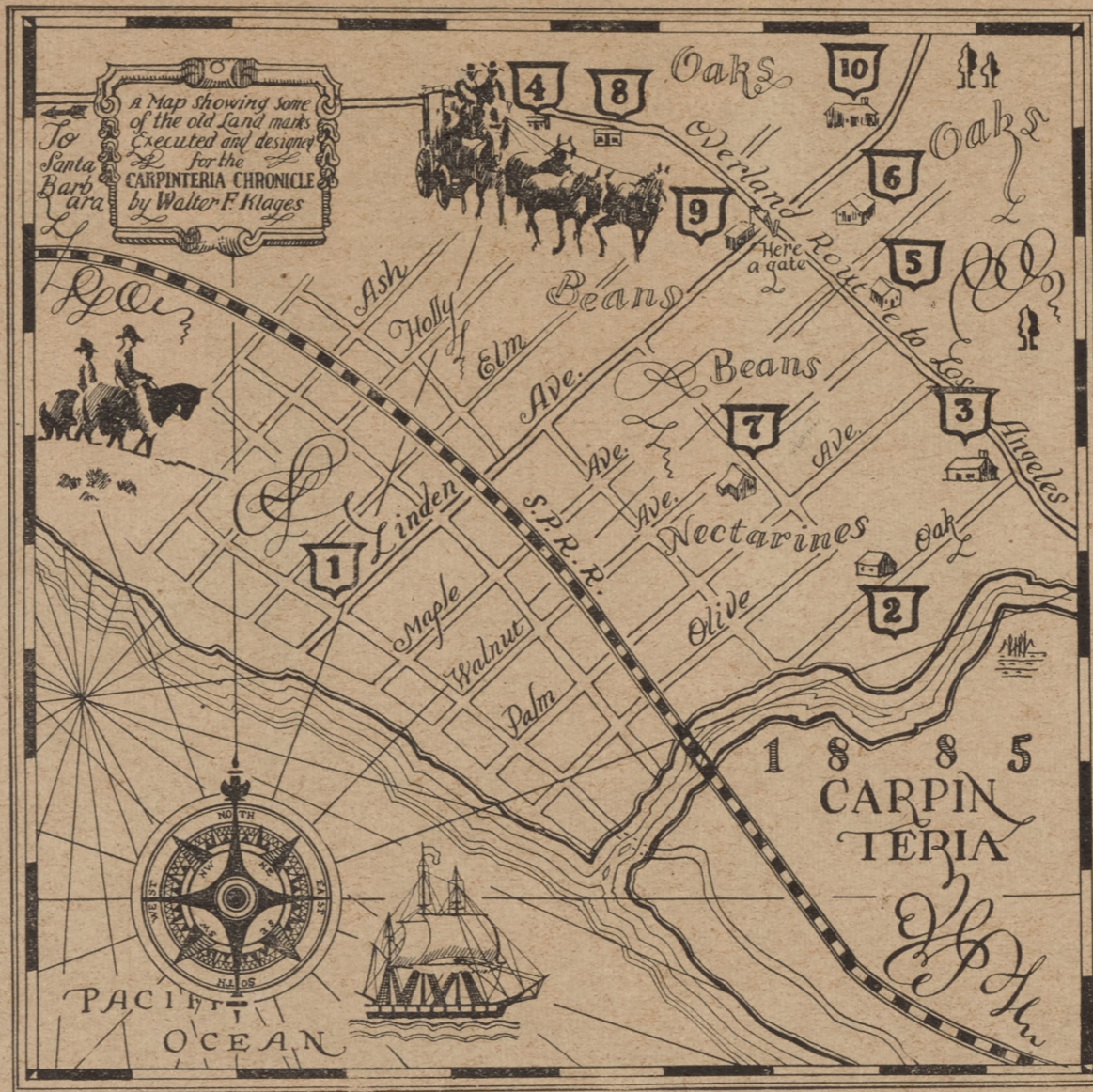
For Journalism and Typography have their fads and fashions, as varied and extreme as milady's hats. In the last century the writer of heads looked upon it as his duty to moralize while identifying his subject matter, or to comment as to the right and wrong of the events to be related. The nervous staccato of today's headlines was unknown and "streamers"—bold lines of type crossing the top of the entire page—were never used until the last quarter of the 19th century.

Hayes has filed away actual and photostatic copies of newspapers from all over the world, and as ancient as 1796. When he receives an order for the reproduction of a newspaper of a particular date and country he consults his files for an actual copy of the issue desired and proceeds to emulate its make-up and typography. So that when an irate but uninformed director storms that "The script calls for an extra on Lincoln's death and you ain't even got head-lines," Hayes trots out his file containing a copy of the actual issue in question—and there isn't any question any more.

The Hayes Printery does no commercial printing. It requires the full time of the proprietor and four assistants to meet the demands made by the movie studios alone.

Now that you know his occupation we'll explain our con-

THE CARPINTERIA TOWN-SITE IN THE EIGHTIES



THE above map, depicting the town of Carpinteria as it was about 1885, shows the first buildings to be erected in the community.

The railroad is shown for purposes of orientation, and did not reach the valley until three years after the period here described. All other characteristics are as nearly accurate as we were able to establish.

1. One of the earliest buildings to grace the community was a Chinese wash house, which stood almost on the spot now occupied by the Dorrance apartments, Linden and Dorrance Way.

2. The Olmstead home. S. H. Olmstead was one of the first three settlers to build in Carpinteria proper. The house stood within a few yards of the dwelling now occupied by Wesley Hearn, just off of Eighth street.

3. The Faucet property was situated on what is now the school ground. The house was later moved to the corner of Seventh and Maple, and is occupied by Joe Lobero and family.

4. Where Motor Lodges now stands the old stage coaches formerly stopped to feed and rest their horses, and, in bad weather, to stable them until the storm blew over.

5. "Wardholme," formerly a private school for girls in the days before the valley had a high school. Here now stands the largest Torrey Pine in the world, which was planted in 1890. It stands 100 feet high and is 12 feet in circumference at the base and 3 feet 10 inches in diameter.

6. The home of T. G. McLean stood in a dense oak grove on the property now owned by Bert McLean, son of the early settler. The house now occupied by the Sheldons stands where the original McLean residence was built in 1878.

7. L. B. Hogue's home was situated in a 15-acre nectarine orchard. When the township was first surveyed it was found that Hogue's house straddled two lots. The site is on Seventh street near the house in which Del Barrick and family are living.

8. John Doerr's butcher shop was situated just about on the present

site of the Carpinteria Valley Lumber company and was one of the first business enterprises in the new town.

9. Melyck's General Store was built shortly after the date on this map, and stood on the corner now leased by the Standard Oil company, at Linden and Coast Highway. In 1885 a large gate blocked what is now the heaviest traffic corner in town. Actually, before Melich's store was built the gate was removed, but we have depicted them both on the map as a sort of milestone in highway history. The gate's passing was symbolic of a new era's beginning, for the valley was well sprinkled with fences and gates dividing the early ranches, so that the job of the first rural mail carrier, John Rockwell, consisted largely of opening and closing gates as he drove from ranch to ranch.

10. The Sawyer home stood on the edge of a large pond, which is pictured elsewhere in this issue. What is now the ranch of Clarence Sawyer was largely composed of low marsh land, much of which stood under water for days following a rain of any extent.

Sawyer decided that a system of tile drainage was the only practical way to reclaim the land. The undertaking was of such wide scope that he built his own tile manufacturing plant, where he made the tile used in draining and reclaiming what is now promising lemon land.

FRANKLIN'S PUMPKIN.

Here's a story Bern Franklin, one of a well-known family of old timers who came here in '76, loves to tell about Carpinteria farming.

Shortly before the San Francisco Exposition in 1915, he was approached by the county horticulturist, who asked him to make a special effort to grow a large pumpkin for the county display at the fair.

Bern carefully fertilized a plot and planted his pumpkin, attaching a home made irrigation system in the form of a tin can tied to a stick and placed just over the plot. The can was punctured so as to drip very slowly and keep the ground moist.

How successful the device was is

viction that he is a craftsman and a gentleman. We had heard of Hayes and his unique business but had never given it particular thought until we realized that to really keep the tone of our Old Timer's Number authentic we would need a number of old types and illustrations. Obtaining Hayes address from a telephone book we looked him up, introduced ourselves and explained our problem.

Hayes didn't know us from Adam, except for our attire, but he gave us a good hour of his time in searching his files for suitable material, turned his shop over to us, in effect and said "Pick out what you need, and let me know if I can help you find anything."

Which is why we are convinced that craftsmanship still lives, and that Earl Hayes of Hollywood is a gentleman of the Old School.



OUR HAIR DRESSING keeps OLD TIMERS YOUNG

GLADYS LEE BEAUTY SALON
Phone 4331, Alcazar Bldg., Gladys Britain, Propr.

that's a mistake. That pumpkin doesn't weigh 246 pounds." "Be quiet," was the reply. "Nobody here can lift it and prove it doesn't." Bern adds that they were selling seeds from his prize pumpkin for 10 cents each: "—and after I came home," he chuckles, "they sent down three times for more seeds to sell!"

WATT OBITUARY.

By Rev. C. P. Moore.

Albert Watts, a native of Missouri died in Carpinteria on February 23 at the age of 72 years.

When a young man he united with the Deciples of Christ (Christian) church the church of his parents. He held its membership in the church at Corona, California. He was also a member of Corona Lodge I.O.O.F.

He was married twice. His first wife and three of his four sons by that marriage preceded him to the grave. His second marriage was to Grace Bradford, of Carpinteria, and to them were born two sons, who together with the son by the first marriage, survive. He is also survived by one sister, Mrs. Chase of Oakland.

For some years later Mr. and Mrs. Watts have lived in the State of Washington. The removed to Carpinteria in January, 1934. He had been in declining health for some months and passed away on the morning of the 23rd.

Advertisement.

Does the following mean anything to you?

Melody and Moonlight, darting, penetrating light; caricatures; color; savages; movement; Lilliputian; legends; Mae West; cute girls; clever girls; blondes and brunettes; love honor and obey; triangle; Burma; soft lights, then darkness.

If so "we'll be seein' you" at the Woman's Club on March 9th at 8 p. m. Admission 35c. Children's matinee Saturday at 2 p. m. admission: 15c.

Just say—"I saw your ad in the Chronicle."

FROM A NEW COMER TO ALL THE OLD TIMERS

DR. J. B. LAPE
Dentist.

Will establish his residence and open offices in Carpinteria.

DATE TO BE ANNOUNCED LATER



THE ATTENTION OF

GENTLEMEN & GENTLEWOMEN

who may be strolling along Linden Avenue, or perhaps driving to the wharf, is respectfully directed to the novel & interesting display of

EARLY RELICS

of this locality, shewn this week in our store window.

As the oldest valley "Old Timers" in business at present, we solicit your patronage.

TOBEY'S
The Oldest Established Store in the Valley



THEY crowned her Queen of May, tra la!
Don't get the impression from the expressions on these children that they weren't having a jolly time. But they took this photograph pretty serious and it was enough to worry a body, that man getting under the curtain that was hooked onto the camera box.

The picture was taken just after little Mary Thurmond (now Mrs. Ben Bailard) had been crowned queen of the May. The solemn look-

ing king, standing beside her throne, is none other than Howe Deaderick. The little boy whose sister is steady-ing him a bit for the event, is—nope—guess again! It's Tom Fish! You didn't know him because he had his hat off. The little fellow at the left of the picture, whose hat is very much on, is Ed. Moore, and he forgot and left his mouth open when the man pressed the bulb. The little lady at the extreme left, bearing a small bouquet, is now Mrs. C. R. Sawyer.

See the Maypole in the back-ground? Some fun, eh, kid?



JUST about where the center of the pond is in this picture, little Judy Goetchall now plays all day without getting wet. For this is the site of Dr. Cauch's diamond-backed Terrapin plantation, the sad story of which is related in greater detail under the heading "Varied Industries" on page one of this issue.

The pond reached for a quarter

of a mile west-ward, and the natives tell us that for every turtle "Doc" Cauch raised there were thirty-five bass-voiced bullfrogs.

The grove of beautiful oaks—and poison ivy—which grew on the bank of the lake is gone, as are most of the bull frogs and all of the turtles.

And the Goetchall family live in a house that stands where this picture was taken.

THE GIRL MARINERS.

By James French Dorrance

When the first white settlers drove their ox-teams along El Camino Real in the early '70s they found Carpinteria's velvet beach as decorative as it is today, but it is doubtful if they considered it any great asset. The old Pacific, with its unending procession of tides coming in or tides going out was then as it is today, the "most moving" feature of the valley of enchantment on which they had set their hearts and in the fertile soil of which the planted their hopes.

In the early years Carpinteria's first settlers did not make much use of the ocean that lapped their front doors. They had little spare time, for one thing; most of them were from inland states for another; folks to whom the sea was something of a mystery that should be entered into or travelled upon with care.

A few of the first families, in course of time, tired of changing into bathing suits behind sand dunes and bath-houses appeared. These were roofless structures, built of rough planks, sans windows, without paint and generally floorless, but invariably partitioned in the middle. They had two doors, these shacks in the dunes, which bore the signs "He"—"She," "Mr."—"Mrs.," "Him"—"Her," regardless of pronoun grammar, or more specifically "Male"—"Female." Without doubt, they served their purpose well.

Even so, Carpinterians did not really appreciate their matchless beach in these early days. They did not realize that it was the safest bathing place on the California coast and they could not foresee that it would be a magnet to draw vacationists by the tens of thousands.

No man Jack of the lot ever dreamed that an outgrowth of the beach would spread Carpinteria's fame and name not only across the continent, but around the world. At that time the Girl Mariners had not even been thought of, the far-seeing women who founded the organization were not born.

The glory of the old home town, with its matchless beach of velvet sand and a stretch of saw-toothed mountains to serve as back-drop, is being carried with a full spread of sails across the Seven seas by the Carpinteria Girl Mariners, the first—in fact the only movement of local birth that has attained nation-wide scope. Formal national organization, local Mariners say, is the next anchorage and the harbor thereof lies just around the next headland.

Nor will te craft of girdom stop

summer on and off the "Jolly Roger." They cruised the Santa Barbara channel in all sorts of weather and had a summer camp on Santa Cruz Island.

The Girl Mariners movement owes its being to the inspiration and energy of Miss Jean McKenzie, now a Girl Scout director in New Jersey, and to Mrs. Francis C. Wymond, former leader of the high school group of Girl Scouts in Carpinteria. In the summer of 1930 Miss McKenzie attended a Canadian Girl Guide camp, where she met many of the Canadian Sea Guides. She brought back the idea of establishing sea scouting for American girls. With the hearty cooperation of Mrs. Wymond the first program was worked out and a summer camp established on Santa Cruz Island.

HOWE OBITUARY.

Mrs. Mary Dennis Howe, 88, widow of Rev. Charles Marion Howe, died Wednesday evening at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Henry Berrien Fish, following a week's illness.

Past president of the Carpinteria Woman's Club, past president of the Presbyterian Missionary Society, her life had been an active one since she came here in 1912.

She is survived by her daughter, Mrs. Fish, and a son, Lucius Howe, of the Long Beach post office staff.

Deceased was born near Iowa City, Iowa on December 1, 1845.

Funeral services were held Thursday at Holland's Funeral Chapel, and interment was made at the Mount View Cemetery in Pasadena that afternoon.

AN ACCIDENT.

Little Martha Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Miller, spent her sixth birthday, yesterday, very quietly in bed—and didn't complain about it a bit.

Thursday afternoon Martha took the school bus to visit her grandmother Fisher, who lives opposite the airport. When the bus stopped to let her out she alighted and started across the highway, when she was struck by a car driven by George Fox of Ventura. The force of the impact threw her nearly thirty feet, and the shock knocked off both her shoes. Almost miraculously she was not fatally injured, but her injuries consisted of only a slight concussion and light body injuries that will keep her in bed for a week or so.

SHOW A SUCCESS.

The bridge party and style show sponsored by the Woman's club Saturday was largely attended, eighteen tables being reserved for bridge and many coming later for the show and tea. Prizes were won by Mrs. C. P. Visel, Mrs. E. D. Solari, Mrs. R. J. Marker, Mrs. Roy Eichelberger, Miss Wilma Crawford and Arleen Thurmond.

The style show directed by Mrs. George DeTroy, showed many styles in coats, dresses, suits and beach wear. Mrs. DeTroy was assisted by Mrs. Estelle Hebel who was in charge of the make-up and the following models: Mrs. Frank L. Smith, Mrs. Joseph Schweizer, Mrs. Marc Latham, Mrs. W. C. Winter, Dr. Genevieve Shorkley, the Misses Virginia Billman, Flora, and Ruth Bliss, Helen and Betty Furby, Grace, Jean

and Mary Shorkley, Bonnie Shepard, Clara Winter, Katherine DeTroy, Mary Shepard, Jean Safwenberg, Polly Catlin and Eleanor Gottschall.

EXTRA COPIES of this OLD TIMER'S NUMBER may be purchased at JONES THE DRUGGIST SEASIDE PHARMACY and at THE CHRONICLE OFFICE 15c the copy.

DANCE
Saturday Night
AMBASSADOR
BALLROOM
Howard Gabbert
and his orchestra
General Admission
10c

YOU NEVER KNOW HOW GOOD A STEAK CAN BE 'TIL YOU'VE HAD ONE OF—

"mando's"

FAMOUS FOR BROILED STEAKS AND CHOPS
SPANISH DISHES — SEA FOODS IN SEASON

12 Miles South on the Rincon Phone Ven. 26222

FAIL NOT

To call us upon the telephone for radio service.

Headquarters for Philco and Tiffany Tone brand wireless type broadcast reproducers.

Also best quality parts and reproducers supplies.

Our work is **WARANTEED** to give satisfaction.

See us to be informed about the above.

Shell Martin Radio Service
709 Linden Ave. Phone 233.

CHARLES T. HOLLAND
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Funeral Chapel—15-17 East Sola Street
SEDAN AMBULANCE SERVICE
Member NATIONAL Telephone 4482
SELECTED MORTICIANS SANTA BARBARA

Oak Wood, per tier **\$6.00**
Walnut Chunks, per tier **\$3.75**
Coal by the sack or ton
--WE DELIVER--
SOUTHERN PACIFIC MILLING CO.
J. C. SMALLING, Local Agent . . . Telephone 218

OLD TIMERS and NEW TIMERS set an ALL TIME record for GENERAL PETROLEUM

JANUARY GASOLINE SALES:

General Petroleum Corporation's gasoline symbol is "PEGASUS, the Winged HORSE" and its total gallonage for January emulated that figure by jumping to more than 27 million, topping all others:

	Total Sales
GENERAL	27,200,363 Gallons
Second Company	25,001,407 Gallons
Third Company	19,876,237 Gallons

EVERY TIME YOU NEED GASOLINE STOP AT A GREEN and WHITE GENERAL PETROLEUM STATION.



We are proud of our Carpinteria Station. Call on Phil Mills—Let him service your car and arrange with him for a Courtesy Card. Then you may always be sure of getting GENERAL.

WHEN WAS YOUR OIL LAST CHANGED?
—AND YOUR CAR LAST LUBRICATED?
Ask Phil Mills why MOBIL-OIL and MOBIL-GREASES are better and safer for your car. He will tell you and he's got the finest equipment to take care of your needs in an expert manner.



GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION of California

For Those Track Meet Vitamins



So essential to keeping your youngster healthy these wintry days.

NOTHING REPLACES MILK
Delivered Fresh and Pure
12c Per Quart

Monte Vista Dairy

PHONE 3441 NORTH LINDEN AVE.

GARBAGE, RUBBISH AND TIN CANS COLLECTED
RESIDENCE RATES
Once a Week \$.50 per month
Twice a Week 1.00 per month
CARPINTERIA GARBAGE CO.
PHONE 3724 300 W. SEVENTH ST.

OLD TIMERS and NEW COMERS

Lots of you are my friends. I know that because many patients come into my office from Carpinteria Valley and say they have been sent by these friends. ALL OF THEM ARE SATISFIED PATIENTS.

They have not neglected their teeth. DON'T NEGLECT YOURS. There is no obligation to come in and have your teeth checked over. I will be glad to do it and take care of you at prices and on terms that you can afford to pay.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY

Note These Prices

- Any Tooth Filled—Silver, Cement or Amalgam **\$1**
- Any Tooth Extracted without pain **\$1**
- Any Plate Repaired **\$1**
- Crowns—Genuine Porcelain. Reg. \$10.00 **\$3**

CREDIT

Work finished at once. Pay later in small weekly or monthly payments. No interest—no red tape.

Dr. Bacheller

DENTIST

717 1/2 STATE ST. PHONE 7852

Open Evenings



VERNER'S CARPINTERIA MARKET

CHAS. D. VERNER — 103 COAST HWY. WE DELIVER PHONE 214

SPECIALS for FRI. & SAT., MAR. 2 and 3

Boneless Shldr. Beef Rsts., lb. **17c**

Ground Round Steak, lb. . . **19c**

Brookfield Butter, lb. . . . **31c**

EGGS, strictly fresh, med. doz. **22c**

Peets Powder, large, **21c**

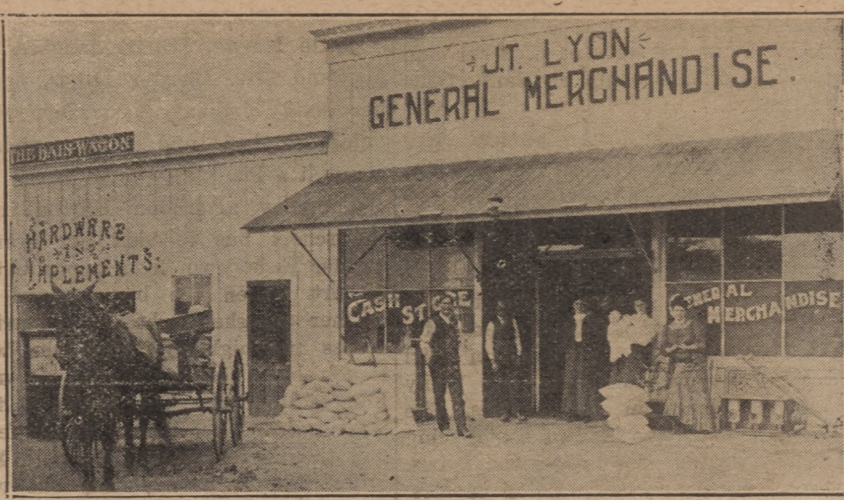
With One 23 oz. Package FREE.

Luna Laundry Soap 12 bars **25c**

Thoro Water Softener, lg. . . **30c**

Heinz, Gerbers Baby Foods 2 for **25c**

ALSO OTHER SPECIALS ON DISPLAY



If you happen to pass the corner pictured above you'll be likely to see a stream-line sedan taking on a load of gas, just about on the spot where, in the photo, Old Dobbin waits patiently for Tommy Lyons to climb aboard the delivery wagon, when off they'll dash in a cloud of dust to deliver a peck of potatoes and some lamp chimneys to the White Sulphur Springs Hotel. The frame building was one of Linden Avenue's first marts of trade,

CARPINTERIA - CRADLE OF THE BEAN INDUSTRY



SPENCER W. MEDFIELD

The first lima beans to be grown in California were produced at an early date in Carpinteria valley.

One sunny morning in 1868 M. McAllister, one of the valley's first American ranchers, hitched a team of bays to his snappiest buggy and set out for Santa Barbara, twelve miles to the north, and a good two hours drive.

The sailing ship "Spencer W. Medfield" was due to dock at Stearns' Wharf in Santa Barbara that day, weather permitting, from South America, and it had been nearly a twelve-month since McAllister had swapped stories with his old friend Julius Carter, master of the brig.

McAllister's patience was given a couple of thumps when a herd of 200 long-horn steers detained him just before he reached Ortega hill. He scowled at the half-breeds who herded the cattle past his shiny buggy, leaving a coat of fine dust upon the flanks of his horses and on his sombrero.

Reaching the hill's summit he clucked petulantly at the team, for the masts of the "Medfield" were plainly discernable, already tied up to Santa Barbara's first wharf. So smartly did he trot the bays that in less than fifty minutes from Ortega hill he was leaving his rig and horses at the livery stable, washing away the dust from the long-horns with a glass of rye, and had found Captain Carter in the crowd that had turned out to see the "Medbury" come in.

Several hours later McAllister paid his bill at the livery stable, bade good-bye to his sea going friend, and headed the bays towards Carpinteria, for it was past three o'clock, and he disliked driving after sun-down.

His coat pocket bulged with two handfuls of beans that were to change the agricultural figures of two counties. Captain Carter had given him some beans he had brought from Lima, Peru, with the quip—"Here, take these and see if they'll produce the crops you California ranchers claim for your pink and navy beans!"

Nearing the spot where a towering neon beacon now proclaims the merits of "Richfield," McAllister stopped his team for a brief chat with Henry Lewis, a new-comer, who had recently purchased 100 acres of Pueblo lands from the county of Santa Barbara for \$1.25 per acre. Lewis rested his labors of clearing the land of oaks and leaned on the wheel of the buggy.

"Some old neighbors of mine will soon be moving down from Half Moon Bay," said Lewis as he mopped his forehead. "People named Bailard. Quite a large family of them. Good farmers, they are. Had a letter from the Pysters up there, and they've set their hearts on coming too, as soon as they're able to dispose of their property up north. What's in your pocket, sweets for the family, Mac?"

McAllister brought out a handful of the beans that Captain Carter had given him.

"Here," he said. "You're always experimenting with new crops. Plant these South American beans and see what luck you have. Friend of mine brought them up from Lima, Peru. Said they're nearly as common down there as pink beans are

and just out of the picture, adjoining the "Hardware & Implements" department, was pitched a small tent, the shop of one of the first tonsorial artists in the village.

Reading from left to right the above figures are—or were: Old Dobbin; J. T. Lyons, proprietor; Charles Curtis (himself); a lady who dropped in for a push album; Mrs. Lyons; young Thomas Lyons; and a lady who just perched on a vinegar barrel to have her picture

here. Queer looking things, aren't they?" * * * *

Years later a bean buyer from Ventura inspected several sacks of "Lima" beans that Henry Lewis, by careful selection and propagation had grown.

"I may not be able to switch the Ventura growers from their navy and pink beans," the buyer said, "But I believe there's more future in raising these big fellows. I'll take all of your next year's crop but what you want for seed, and I'll give you a good price for them. We'll call them the Lewis Common Limas."

The Ventura growers were not the only ones to "switch" from their stand-by crops of pink and navy beans. Henry Lewis' neighbors were quick to perceive the possibilities of the new bean, and before long it had crowded other varieties into the back-ground.

VITICULTURAL MONSTROSITY

If any one thing can be said to have given Carpinteria Valley worldwide publicity, made its name a by-word for fertility and been the subject of a million tourist's questions, it is the great grape vine that grew on the property now owned by J. R. Peterson.

Although its origin has been enshrouded in the roseate haze of a score of romantic legends, the vine was actually planted in 1842 by a Spanish woman named Joaquina Lugodi Ayala. Contrary to many stories the lady was not en route to her wedding, nor did she leave a grape cutting upright near a spring as a signal for her lover. Mrs. Ayala simply liked grapes, so she planted a grape vine.

She sold the land and the vine in 1877 to a Mr. Wilson. At that time the vine was enormous, and the new owner continued to give it the care and attention it had received from its first owner.

The first election under American rule in Santa Barbara county was held beneath its grape-burdened branches, and the people of the neighborhood used its shade and shelter for public meetings.

In its prime, about 1895, the vine's trunk measured more than eight feet in circumference and its branches, some of which exceeded three feet in circumference, were trained over a ponderous frame which covered nearly half an acre of ground. In that year the vine yielded a fraction over 10 tons of Mission grapes, not including countless clusters carried away by sight-seers.

During the Chicago World's Fair the owner was offered \$1000 to permit the vine's removal for exhibition purposes, but he refused. In 1915 J. R. Peterson who then owned the ranch, declined a similar offer from the San Francisco Exposition.

Not long afterwards the vine ceased to flourish. Although experts were consulted and repeated efforts made to save it, the famous old monstrosity at last gave up the ghost, about 1920.

When all hopes of reviving it had been abandoned the huge trunk was moved to Aliso school grounds on the highway, where its base was set in cement and a number of grape cuttings planted around it to give it a semblance of life. But by that time tourist pressure was at a high pitch, and the repeated cuttings and clippings of souvenir hunters kept the little camouflage vines from growing and scarred the trunk disgracefully.

After a few years the shell of the grand old vine that had been the mecca for countless sight-seers, met an ignominious end. One day a big truck backed up to the school yard, a crew of men loaded the old trunk aboard, and the former lord of all the vineyards was dumped unceremoniously in the sand dunes at the foot of Palm avenue. Sic transit gloria.

OUR FINE SCHOOLS

The first Carpinteria school district was formed in 1868. Prior to that time the valley's educational opportunities were confined to private tutoring for those who could afford it.

The first school in the valley was built in 1868 on Santa Monica road, on a piece of property which adjoins the old Catholic church and is now vacant. A small frame structure it was replaced two years later by a stone edifice, which in turn was supplanted by a larger frame building which stood until 1912, when it was torn down and the material used to build the now empty two story structure that stands across Seventh street from the Palms Hotel.

Ed. Thurmond, Miss Theo. Woods, Mat Moore, Miss Ella Bowler, Miss Florence Lemmon, Parsons Evans, John Young and Miss Abbie Frater were some of the early teachers.

In 1873 the valley divided into three school districts: Carpinteria, Ocean (at Serena. The building is now used as a Girl Scout house. Early teachers included Gideon Franklin, Melvin Snow and David Conrad), and the Rincon district, at the east end of the valley.

The trustees of the latter district experienced some difficulty in agreeing as to the dimensions of the Rincon school, and finally settled the argument by allowing each one of the three to decide on one dimension of the structure—that is, one the width, one the height and one the length. The resultant structure stood on the site now occupied by the Boy Scout house.

Early teachers at this school included: John Blackman, Frank Cauch, Miss Mattie Colby, Miss Rose Everett, John Gammill, Miss Nellie Woods, Miss Anabelle Oglesby, Fred Green and Francis Figg-Hoblyn.

The Aliso district, organized several years later, was situated on the present site and in the same building it now occupies.

The early schools in the district developed a rivalry that extended, at times, beyond the field of athletic endeavor. One early bone of contention was a set of encyclopedias in 15 volumes. To settle the argument impartially the board finally divided the set three ways, giving 5 books to each school.

So that if a pupil needed information on "zebras" and attended the school possessing volumes "Aug to Gurk," he was forced to visit the school which had volumes "Qua to Zen" to get his information.

In 1912 the three schools were consolidated and housed in the building which the grammar school has occupied ever since.

The valley's first high school dates back to 1883, when John Young opened a school for higher

education on the west bank of Santa Monica creek, in a building owned by the "Good Templars," an early temperance society. Later, when the Carpinteria school on Santa Monica road was enlarged, two rooms were provided for the "high school."

Other "post-graduate" courses for grammar students were offered by such private schools as that of Miss Daisy Wiswell (later Mrs. G. A. Franklin) at the Lescher ranch on Casitas Road, and later that of Miss Antoinette Ward at "Wardholme," where Miss Ward and Miss Ariana Moore instructed a number of pupils.

With the consolidation of the valley schools and the construction of the new building, the high school was organized and occupied part of the upper floor, with Francis Figg-Hoblyn as principal. The first graduating class, in 1916, consisted of three members, Dorothy Henderson, Vera Rasor, and Willis Bailard.

The rapid growth of both schools increased the housing problem, and after several attempts to cope with the situation by the erection of temporary frame buildings, bonds were voted in 1930 for the first unit of the new high school.

THE NAMES

OF GROUP ON PAGE THREE.

Top Row—

1. Mel Curtis.
2. Jack Bailard.
3. Myrtle Bailard.

Second Row—

1. Ned Pendergast.
2. Howe Deaderick.
3. Charley Curtis.

Third Row—

1. Willis Bailard, Stanley Shepard and Bud Franklin.
2. Phil Doerr.
3. Rae Cadwell.
4. Bert McLean.

Ball Team—

- Reg Thomas, Lou Doerr, George Senteny, Frank Olds, Logi Terry Wall, West Hickey, Smith, Jack Bailard, and Dick Morris.

ALCAZAR THEATRE

Admission 10c and 25c
Two Shows Nightly at 7 & 9 p. m.

THURS. - FRI. - SAT.

Marie Dressler and
Lionel Barrymore in
"HER SWEETHEART"

— also —

COMEDY
"A Cook's Tour"

— and —

Second Chapter of Serial
—★—★—★—★—★—

SUN. - MON. - TUES.

Programme for these days
will be announced during the
showing of—

"HER SWEETHEART"

MARCH SPECIAL!

Half Soles & Heels **\$1**
for Men's Shoes

Half Soles, Heels **80c**
for Ladies' Shoes

—All Work Guaranteed—

ALFRED GARIBAY
SHOE REPAIR SHOP
612 Linden Avenue

Some Old Time prices on Carpinteria Farm Lands

1867	\$ 14.00 per acre
1876	80.00 per acre
1882	175.00 per acre
1888 (R.R. boom)	400.00 per acre
1898 (hard times)	260.00 per acre
1908	625.00 per acre
1912	1000.00 per acre

RECENT SALES

1929-33 \$1400 to \$2250

I can now offer similar land at prices ranging upward from \$850 per acre.

H. C. HENDERSON
813 Linden Ave.

BEAVER'S Meat Mkt.

710 Linden Ave. Phone 216

QUALITY MEAT
AT REASONABLE PRICES

Fresh Dressed Poultry -- Fish on Fridays

THE GILLUM COMPANY

(State Licensed)

TREE SURGEONS & SPRAYERS

Ornamental and Commercial Spraying—Tree Surgery and Ornamental Pruning

— TELEPHONES —

Res. S. B. 21627
1412 Mountain Ave.
Santa Barbara

Office S. B. 94061
Summerland
California



ESTELLE BEAUTY SHOPPE

514 East Eighth Street



You too can look like Lillian Russell, the Gibson Girls, or any member of the Floradora Sextette if you will allow yourself the luxury of a day in our shoppe.

INS. CARRIED ON ALL PATRONS

Call us up on the Telephone—Number 3722

Kerosene, Distillate, Fusel Oil & Whale Oil

For your Parlour Reading Lamps, and Hand Lanterns.

Also Seaside SILVER GULL (with Tetraethyl)

FOR YOUR 8-LUNGER

—at—

SEASIDE SERVICE STATION

Les Carter, Mgr.

Harold Heltman, Ass't.

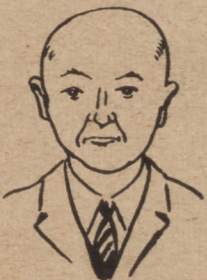


DRESSED FOR THE OPERA

in "Mission Cleaned" clothes—and they're clean!

Mission Cleaners & Dyers.

Alcazar Bldg., Coast Hwy.



Before



After

TONSORIALISTS TO THE ELITE

WE'VE BEEN HERE SINCE 1911

SPECIAL RATES TO HOUSE OF DAVID

RODRIGUEZ TONSORIAL PARLORS

Linden Avenue

Opposite the Peeph

CALLING ALL LOVERS

of SEA FOOD

out to

FRANK & RUDY

AT MUSSEL ROCK
6 Miles South on the Beach

Dinners—50c and 85c

You'll Love Our Famous CLAM CHOWDER

Choice Wines and Beer, of course.

That Is All



Look For This Sign

THE GASOLINE BUGGY IS HERE TO STAY!



GALA day in 1909 it was, when the above galaxy of horseless carriages gathered for an "Automobile Picnic," just a stone's throw from the site of the air show that is soon to be staged at the Carpinteria Airport. (The air show has been postponed for a short time, however. Watch the Chronicle for announcements as to the new date.) And the air show won't be a bit more noisy than were these speed demons, as they rolled up to Higgins' ranch in their linen dusters,

goggles, driving gauntlets, auto viels and rakish caps. Seated fearlessly at the wheel of the foremost car: his natty "Reo" moored safely beside a bevy of early Cadillacs, sits Phil Reynolds, and down the line a bit, stands Lonnie Buell, predicting such rash things as a state-wide system of oiled roads, electrically lighted autos, and even self-cranking attachments. "Yessir," he was probably saying when this was snapped, "You'll live to see the day when these contraptions will do sixty miles an hour right along!" Lonnie always was an imaginative youth!

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS HOTEL



HERE the home of Warren Tobey now stands, this imposing three-story hostelry once reared its gingerbreaded gables, the pride of the new township.

Built in the late '80s, it aided considerably in spreading fame of early valley hospitality.

Named for a sulphur spring that still exists on the property, the hotel was a mecca for many an invalid and run-down patient in search of quiet and curative mineral waters.

Neath the spreading roof of that verandah, chairs tilted back and feet perched on the ornate railing, traveling salesmen passed away many a happy hour swapping stories and gazing across the bean fields that

would soon be replaced by houses and business buildings.

The famous old establishment met its end through the habits of a lowly Chinese cook who slept in a tiny room on the third floor. Early one Sunday morning the bell of the Presbyterian church pealed long before time to call the good people of the village to worship.

The big hotel, the only three-storied structure in Linden avenue's history was a mass of flames. It burned quickly, despite the efforts of volunteer fireman, and in a short time the pride of Carpinteria was a pile of smouldering ruins.

The blaze originated in the room of the Chinese cook, who had a habit of smoking his pipe in bed, and who was never seen again after the business district's first holocaust.

SERENA WHARF

Maybe you've forgotten it—or perhaps you didn't know—that the valley once boasted a wharf that was 800 feet long and which served as the principle shipping contact with the outside world long before the Iron Horse came to this part of the state.

The dilapidated stump of what was once the center of Carpinteria's commercial activity still projects seaward for a few feet beyond the tide line at Serena like an aged finger pointing rheumatically toward an important and colorful past.

A contemporary drawing of the "F. and J. M. Smith's wharf at Carpinteria," which appeared in an early history of the county (1883) depicts a jaunty side wheeler (the smoke from its huge funnel blowing south, while the flag at its mast flaps violently northward) tied up amidst a scene of bustling action.

Six men trundle small carts bearing sacks of lima beans on board the vessel in moving contrast to the serenity with which a derby-bedecked gentleman and his lady friend hold their fishing poles beyond the pier's end.

Half-way shore-ward a prancing horse hauls to the warehouse a load of articles just unloaded from the steamer. In the background the high road runs close to the beach, and is at the moment being pounded by the four steeds that draw the stage coach towards Santa Barbara. A telegraph line flanking the road lend as a touch of modernity to the scene, and beyond a modest row of young eucalyptus give promise of the mammoth size they will attain by 1934. The contemporary historian has this to say of the wharf:

"Like all wharves on the unprotected portions of the coast, it has experienced many mishaps, and like all has had to be rebuilt, after, at least, one severe storm. Experience however, has aided in putting it into a substantial condition, so that it now serves the wants of the community in the shipments of grain

and fruit. Large and commodious warehouses with a 1000 ft. railway connecting with the sea end, making shipping comparatively easy and safe. The wharf proper is 800 feet long and reaches water deep enough for any vessels navigating the coast. It is sheltered from the trade winds by islands and from the northers by projecting points of coast to the west.

"The warehouses are 20x40 feet and 36x42 feet respectively, and are provided with the Buffalo platform scales. Principal shipments are corn beans, nuts and fruits and aggregate yearly about 3,000 tons. No wheat is shipped. The soil of Carpinteria produces good wheat, but it is of more worth for the valuable fruits, such as walnuts, oranges, lemons, and limas. Lima beans constitute a large element in the productions of Carpinteria. It is believed that steamers will soon make regular trips between this port and San Francisco to carry to market the

of 250,000 feet of lumber are landed yearly at the wharf, which is mostly used for building and fencing." Members of "Carpinterians," modern business men's organization who are striving strenuously to secure a wharf for the valley may take heed. Keep trying, you newcomers, the old timers did it!

HERE Milady will find



in addition to the recent models illustrated herewith, numerous articles to suit her dainty whims, to modestly enhance her modishness—

- BUSTLES
- BODICES
- CURTAINS
- PEARL BUTTON SHOES
- LAPROBES
- HORSEBLANKETS
- RED FLANNELS
- MUNSWINGWEAR
- HAT PINS
- OSTRICH PLUMES
- TICKS
- VEILS and
- PARASOLS.



Dorothy Dress. Violet Dress.



Brunswick Suit. Belle Apron. Norfolk Jacket.

De Troy's

Department Store--Linden Ave.

Chek-Chart Lubrication at Pine Haven Ser. Sta.

Since 1924



WE'VE BEEN SERVING THE OLDEST OF THE VALLEY'S "OLD TIMERS!"

LOOK AT THEM—

They're all still young and healthy!

SOME OF IT'S DUE TO THE CLIMATE—

A LOT of it is BECAUSE of OUR COOKING!

CHARLIE RUTH'S
T-Bone Cafe
Alcazar Bldg. Chas. Ruth, Propr.

OLD TIMERS & New Comers

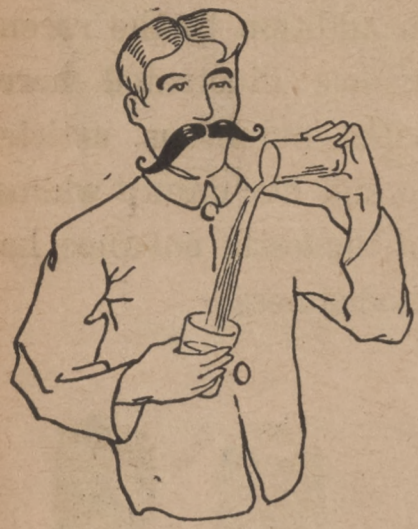
HAVE CONFIDENCE IN THE RELIABLE DRUG STORE SERVICE RENDERED BY

Ye Olde Seasyde Apothecary Shoppe
"TOR" NIELSEN BUZZ 3534

A College-Trained Pharmacist in charge at all times. Our training and experience establish us as "Old Timers" in the practice of Pharmacy.

YE OLD SEASYDE PETROL DEPOT IS NEXT DOOR TO US

CARPINTERIA REALTY CO.
 111 E. State Highway Phone 3142
THE BEST IN INSURANCE
 Now, if ever, you NEED Insurance!



TIE UP AT
 OUR
HORSE TROUGH
 and
Refresh Yourself.

BOARDERS TAKEN IN CHEAP.

CHAS. & PEARL'S

East Coast Highway

Carpinteria, Calif'a.

SHEPARD'S INN
 No review of Valley history would be complete that failed to mention Shepard's Inn, the hub of early Carpinteria's gaiety and long a rendezvous for Southern California lovers of good living.

Built in 1894 by the Shepards, who had lived on the ranch since '78, the Inn's reputation for comfort, hospitality and cuisine soon rivaled that of Mattei's Tavern, famous since stage coach days as the acme of rural hostelry.

Tallyho parties, composed of young blades from Montecito's millionaire colony, often made the Inn their southern terminus, and the register, still preserved by Frank Shepard, reads like a "Who's Who" of the period.

In 1912 one writer stated: "Travelers and guests come from all parts of the world to this secluded nook with its fruits, flowers, majestic trees and ideal climate. Here you live upon the products of field, orchard and dairy."

"The Inn uses the best of Jersey milk and cream and butter from its own herd, small fruits from its garden, and oranges and lemons from its own trees. The home cooking is famous, the cottage cheese and steaks being particularly popular. There is nothing lacking here to give com-



JUST a few of the local reasons why the hearts of early Santa Barbara damosels went pitty-pat. For it was a bright spot in the life of the county seat when Carpinteria beau brummels came to town.

And at least four of the high-hatted slickers pictured above were local products. In the front row, extreme left, his topper just a wee bit jauntier than the rest and his inevitable pipe in hand, sits Benny Bailard. The old smoothie with the sardonic smile and faintest suspicion of a mustache, standing second from the left in the back row is

Ed Bailard, long before avoirdupois set in.

Laury and George Bailard are on the right, in the front and back rows respectively.

The custom was, among the Carpinteria blades, to leave their high hats at "The Great Wardrobe." Then when they came to town they went in, had their hats pressed, donned their promenade attire and went right out and gave State street a treat. Yes, indeed. Even in the '90s there were several reasons why Santa Barbara couldn't get along without her neighboring valley.

fort and pleasure. A trip without stopping here is not complete."

The Inn was open to the public until a few years ago, when the proprietors sold the property to Solari and Schweizer and moved down town.

lunch for many a foot-weary padre.

The valley's first religious services were started by Mrs. O. N. Cadwell, who founded a Sunday school which met beneath one of the big oaks on the Cadwell ranch, and which was attended by such early settlers as the Nidevers, Ogans, Woods, Bloods, Callis and Lewis families.

VALLEY CHURCHES

The earliest harbingers of religion to reach Carpinteria valley passed, for the most part, right through. The padres, intent on developing their missions in centers of Indian population and a day's walking distance apart, made their way through the early oak groves without stopping to convert the first Carpinterians.

As the influence of the missions spread, the Catholic fathers had more time for the peaceful Indians in this locality, whose assistance they later enlisted in cultivating small gardens here. Nearly equi-distant between the mission of San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara, Carpinteria's early gardens furnished the

Circuit riders sometimes conducted the services which were otherwise led by volunteers.

Among other transient—and more violent—faiths to which early Valleyites were exposed were the annual camp meetings held by revivalists, who came through regularly for a number of years in wagons, holding their meetings in a tent which they set up at a spot only a few yards from the present home of the Woman's Club, on Vallecito road.

Doubtless the revivalists were convinced, after their annual visits here, that all the Christian martyrs were not dead and that the younger generation of the valley stood in sore need of exhorting, for a number of the old timers can tell you of the

tribulations which set upon the early evangelists here.

The shoutings and gesticulations of the camp meetings held a peculiar fascination for the small boys of Carpinteria, and seems to have prompted them, in some way, to numerous youthful acts that seared the souls of the revivalists.

During one meeting the local boys sent one of their number into a tent for conversion. When enthusiasm within the tent was running high the lad went forward as one who wished to be saved. When the exhorter instructed him to kneel and pray for that which he need most, the bare-foot lad asked loud and earnestly for a pair of shoes. Hardly had his voice been raised when behold! A pair of shoes descended from the mastpole of the tent, dangled above his head and plumped down upon his shoulders. And from just outside the tent a sacriligious giggling hinted that perhaps something much closer than Heaven had been responsible for the miracle.

The convert's henchmen, from an oak limb above the tent, had lowered the shoes on a string.

On other occasions the meeting was broken up when a large Irishman who was quite full of religion and other spirits, was upset by the explosion of a cannon cracker which had been slipped under the tent flap and placed beneath his bench. The way of the Faith was indeed a thorny one in those days.

METHODIST

The first Protestant church to organize locally, the Methodist, was formed prior to 1868. Services were conducted by Rev. J. E. Miller, first in the Carpinteria schoolhouse on Santa Monica road, until 1872 when a church building was erected on an adjacent lot. Rev. J. D. Franklin succeeded Miller. In 1894 the building was sold to the Catholic church and the Methodists moved to "new town," after moving a church building from Santa Barbara and re-erecting it at the corner of Eighth and Maple, where it still stands.

BAPTIST

Carpinteria Baptists first organized in 1870. H. S. Olmstead gave a lot for the church building, which was erected but a short distance from the Chronicle's office. Rev. T. G. McLean, father of Bert McLean, became pastor of the church in 1878, working as district missionary with a parish that extended from Montecito to Hueneme. McLean left for several years, returning in 1904 to reassume the pastorate, and making his home in the valley until his death in 1918. Following his death the church disbanded, the building used by various denominations until it was moved to become a part of the Presbyterian church.

COMMUNITY

Although what is now the Community church was for some years the Presbyterian, it had its inception as a non-denominational group when a group of early settlers who found it a trying distance to reach the Methodist church on Santa Monica road, held meetings on Sunday afternoons in the Rincon school.

The meetings, at first not regular services, were attended by several denominations, until the attendance warranted an organization and a building.

The Baptist church building, then not utilized regularly, was used, and a Presbyterian church organized, largely through the efforts of Henry Fish, Col. Deaderick, Mrs. E. W. Thurmond and Mrs. Albert Read. Rev. Earl Lockard, father of Kieth Lockard, architect for the new Aliso school which was started this week, was the first minister of the new group.

In 1930 the Presbyterian merged with the newly organized Community church, which continues under the pastorate of Dr. Leon Kirkes.

EPISCOPAL

St. Andrews Episcopal was organized largely through the efforts of Russell Heath, and was first formed by the Parsons Livingstones and Moores. Heath donated the ground for the building and was an active worker in its organization until his death. The present congregation is meeting temporarily with that of the Church of All Saints in Montecito.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

The Church of Christ, Scientist, had its inception when a little group began holding meetings in their homes, in 1911. In 1916 they organized for services, which were held in the Masonic Temple until 1923, when the present church was erected on Walnut avenue.

EXTRA COPIES

of this
 OLD TIMER'S NUMBER
 may be purchased at
 JONES THE DRUGGIST
 SEASIDE PHARMACY
 and at
 THE CHRONICLE OFFICE
 15c the copy.

When OLD and NEW TIMERS sift their Laundry Problems . . . They Discover NEW METHOD!

We have a few Flour Sifters that we will be glad to give to Thrifty Housewives FREE. If you are now using NEW METHOD LAUNDRY ask Eddie the Driver for yours. If you are not a NEW METHOD LAUNDRY customer you may still have one. Just send a postcard or telephone 3923. Eddie will bring one to you and pick up your bundle. You will not be obligated in any way when you accept this New Method Flour Sifter except to try our splendid service.

WE HAVE OUR OWN PURE, SOFT, DEEP-ARTESIAN WELL WATER AND OFFER COMPLETE SERVICE — ROUGH DRY, DAMP WASH AND FINISH.

NEW METHOD LAUNDRY

215 East Haley Street

Phone 3923

Santa Barbara

CONTINENTAL STORES

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MARCH 1st, 2nd and 3rd.



GROCERIES

BUTTER
 CHALLENGE
 Better quality foods really satisfy. We guarantee this butter the highest grade obtainable in California—92 score or higher.
27c

Toilet Tissue
 Waldorf 3 for **11c**
 Scott Tissue, 4 for **25c**

SOAP SPECIALS
 White King Powder **27c**
 Bar Soap 10 for **25c**
 White King Toilet Soap, 3 for **12c**
 White King or Mission Bell

CANNED GOODS
 Del Monte Corn, 2 for **25c**
 Del Monte Peas, 2 for **25c**
 Del Monte Peaches No. 2 1/2 cans **13c**
 Grape Fruit 2 for No. 2 cans **19c**

FLOUR
 PRIDE 'O WEST 24 1/2 lb. Bag **79c**
GRAPE NUTS
 Reg. Size **15c**
POST TOASTIES
 2 for **15c**

EGGS
 LARGE FRESH Per Dozen **21c**

MILK, Crescent, Tall Cans 4 for 21c

Sugar Fine Granulated 10 lbs. for **43c**

Diamond Crystal SALT 2 for **15c**

Heinz VINEGAR 16 oz. bottle **9c**

COFFEE
 SANKA . . . 39c lb.
 BEN HUR . . 31c lb.

MEATS

Luer's Lard, Bulk, lb. **7 1/2c**
 Luer's Sausage Lks, lb. **20c**
 Canadian Bacon, per lb. **22c**
 Rib Veal Chops, lb. **17 1/2c**

BACON
 Luer's Hygrade 1/2 lb. Packages Each **11 1/2c**

Merchandise
 MINCED HAM WEINERS
 CONEYS
 BOLOGNA
16 1/2c lb
 SIRLOIN STK. BACON SLAB
 RIB ROASTS
 BEEF LIVER
19c lb

ROUND STEAK Per Pound **12 1/2c**
 Fresh Ground Shoulder Veal Roasts, lb. **10c**
 Chuck Beef Roasts, lb. **12c**
 Cracklings, lb. **10c**
 Fresh Pork Liver, lb. . . . **9 1/2c**