

# HODGE PODGE OF MISCELLANY

## Lompoc Legacy 111

Lompoc Valley Historical Society, Inc. Newsletter

November, December 2012 - January 2013

Hodge Podge Written and Edited by Carolyn Huyck Strobel

The Legacy Written and Edited by Vance Newcomb

### Christmas Dinner Reservations Inside

---

*Letter Written By Ethel Horn To Myra Huyck Manfrina*

*Edited By: Myra Huyck Manfrina*

Ethel Horn Smith and I started the genealogy collection for the Historical Society back in 1968 era, and we would correspond and compare notes constantly, she in Monterey, CA, and I in Lompoc. Then she would get to reminiscing, and most always it was informative and funny. Here is part of one of the letters. I have others which may come in following newsletters.

"My very first personal recollection about anything pertaining to High School was during the First World War, 1917 era. Representatives from the Senior and Junior Classes visited our Artesia School with the clarion call of "Clothes for the Starving Armenians." I remember my mother included an old leg-o'-mutton sleeved beautiful blue wool blouse, that in later years of masquerades, etc., we always wished she hadn't been so darned concerned with the "starving Armenians" and had kept those old fashioned clothes.

Prior to my time, country students had either stayed in town to go to school, used the train or horse, but in my day we drove our cars. [1920's]. We were the 2<sup>nd</sup> class to attend Junior High School in the old Victorian high school building and the new wing just south of that ancient structure. I drove our car one week, alternating the next with Alfred Beattie, son of Herb and Hattie and brother of Francis, John, Jim and Minnie. When he drove, I sat in the front seat with him, but when I drove our car, he would always sit in the back seat just as far away from me as he could possibly get, with

me doing a slow and beautiful burn. One day we picked up the little Winans children and let them off at Maple School [Horns lived at corner of Artesia and Central, Beatties lived on Artesia, and Winans lived on the SE corner of Douglass and Central.

Al's Uncle Ray Beattie came along just then and seeing Al in the back seat he yelled "What are you doing back there boy. Get up in front where you belong and act like a man." Poor Al obeyed and thereafter rode up front, but if the door had ever fallen off Al would have gone with it because he had that tight a grip on it with both arms and hands. I believe an elephant could have sat between us in that narrow car, with ease. There really was nothing wrong with me except that I was a girl.

Then there was the first bus, owned and run by Clint Winans, starting 1922-23. No, at first he had a wooden contraption he built on an old Reo truck body. It looked like one of the farm labor buses you see about the country, with rows of seats across, and each seat had a door. The windows were very narrow, as were the doors and the seats were hard as rocks. His route was down Ocean to Lynden School, back and across to Central on Union Sugar Avenue. The next bus he made was open and we sat on the sides. A rolled curtain on each side was dropped during bad weather and we got into this advanced form of traveling by mounting one high step at the rear.

Clint was a fine and conscientious man and an excellent driver. He brooked no monkey business on the bus and there was none, but he had one habit. He chewed tobacco. I have

white. He was kindly and we all loved  
There was no such thing as a cafeteria  
those days. We took our lunches and sat  
on the lawn, a carpet of white daisies in the  
summer. And during inclement weather the  
girls stayed in the classrooms. The boys sat  
on benches out of the breeze south of the old  
gym on good days and never did the two  
sexes eat together. There was always a  
gathering of boys and girls on the old porch –  
under that window that rained walnut shells  
– for the only wash basin near the school was  
there as well as a roller towel and a drinking  
fountain.

In my day there were several events  
that we accepted as eternally a part of school.  
You always knew there would be a Freshman  
Reception and the Freshman return parties.  
The Juniors always put on a play or dance to  
raise money for the Junior Prom for the  
graduating Seniors. There was always a  
Senior Play and there was always the Alumni  
Reception, also a dancing party in honor of  
the graduates. The latest graduates, now  
members of the Alumni Association, put on a  
yearly collection of dollars from all Alumni,  
no matter how long ago they had graduated –  
to pay for the glorious reception.

Classes graduated from the old Opera  
House, NW corner of Cypress and H, until  
the Gym was built in 1919. From then on  
everything, plays, dances, HiJinx,  
graduations and even the flower show, was  
held in the gymnasium. The stage held the  
graduates, the school principal and the head  
of the board of trustees. It's front was  
banked with flowers and gifts from friends  
and families of the graduates. It was not a  
good arrangement in my opinion, for there  
would always be one or two of the graduates  
who received perhaps one bouquet and one  
gift or none, and then you were sorry you did  
not know, for there were many flowers in the  
garden at home and little gifts that could  
have raised one person's spirits.

There were few cars at school in those  
days. Nearly everyone walked including the  
teachers. Some students had to use a car  
especially during football practice and some  
of us farm kids brought the family car to do  
shopping for the family after school. But the

occasions were rare and every child within the  
city limits of Lompoc walked to school.

One year our class went to visit the Meat  
Market. It was then operated by Charlie Lowry  
and John Kirkpatrick and boasted the only  
refrigeration system in town. We were invited  
into the area behind the "butcher shop" as every  
native son and daughter knew it called then,  
where our teacher and one of the proprietors  
traced the maze of pipes that made up the  
refrigeration plant. If our class retained  
anything of what we saw we must have taken  
notes, because today all I can remember is a  
jumble of pipes. What I do remember though is  
the dill pickle barrel. Today I have a sneaking  
suspicion that Lowry and Kirkpatrick lost  
money on that barrel of pickles for at least a  
third of them disappeared while we were there.  
There was only half the barrel left when we  
found them and in that large barrel it took a  
little diving to reach them. We managed, not  
once but several times, when we should have  
been looking at pipes.

Practically every student in High School  
was involved in the following. The Alpha Club  
had decided to stage a pageant. It was to be on  
Sep. 9, 1923, and must have involved every  
organization in town. It was to be the Historical  
Pageant to end all Historical Pageants, and  
would be staged in Miguelito Park. The fact that  
there would be a total eclipse of the sun at high  
noon on the same day would not interfere with  
the pageant. That too was a big event -  
astronomers and scientists alike and one of the  
most important areas to them was atop Mt.  
Tranquillion above the fog. [Interesting insert,  
Vance Newcomb's father was one of the  
astronomers on the top of the mountain that day,  
having traveled from Santa Cruz for the event].

Pageant preparations had been going on  
for months, publicity far and wide had drawn  
many families from other areas to see their  
relatives perform; the final dress rehearsal was  
over and all awaited the big day. And Sept. 10  
was a school holiday. Suddenly it was called off,  
well not exactly, there just was no one left to be  
in it or participate as an audience because a  
much larger attraction had presented itself to  
our town – the now famous tragedy of the seven  
destroyers, Sept. 8, 1923. That Saturday night  
we were at the Artesia School Social Club dance

noticed that tobacco chewers either have to spit or swallow and Clint DIDN'T swallow. Going to school was fine, as we went WITH the wind, but on the return trip we drove right into that Lompoc wind and the memory of all who rode that old bus is of getting sprayed with tobacco juice at one time or another. To my knowledge no one ever mentioned this in his hearing, we had been brought up to respect all the adult world, come what may. So he chewed and never swallowed, entirely oblivious to the ducking that went on behind him.

July of 1918 the school trustees decided on August 5 for school to begin, as the bean hoeing season would be almost over and pupils would not be needed to hoe beans until harvest time when a vacation could be arranged if the services of youngsters was really needed. So when school opened there were 29 freshmen entering high school, 15 boys and 14 girls.

I remember when Miss Lillian Williams became the High School principal. Along with her duties as principal, she taught Latin and Girls' Physical Education. Today's schoolgirls have no acquaintance with P. E. as we knew it. She taught classes in body building that would stun the Miss of today and we loved it. With Miss Scroggy at the piano we went through drills with wands, Indian Clubs and all that went with it – knee bends, deep breathing, etc. You can bet there wasn't a flabby girl in school with Miss Williams at the helm. After she left, end of 1921-1922 term, and we had a new PE teacher, we felt a deep personal loss for the classes were never the same. No music, no more drills. On several occasions of celebration in Lompoc Miss Williams put her Gym girls through their paces for the benefit of the town folk.

We wore white blouses we called middies, and navy blue bloomers. The more yardage this apparel contained, the more chic. Sometimes the elastic broke and all the lovely sateen then fell in folds around the feet held at the knees by the elastic there. On our legs were black cotton hose and our feet were in white or black tennis shoes, mostly high tops. When an elastic broke the girl would suffer untold misery and embarrassment

even though she wore white bloomers b the gym pants, and was possibly more co than her granddaughter is today.

Our freshman year, 1923, the higher hills southwest of Lompoc were covered with snow. [the next time was 1949 it covered the valley floor] In Lompoc snow was a rarity, folks didn't motor about the state for skiing and such. Those that year who had ever even seen snow were greatly in the minority. Every able bodied upper class man took off that day for the snow. The rest of the school went about it's business, awaiting their return and the punishment they were sure to receive.

Miss Williams was a handsome, extremely intelligent and stern woman. Both she and Gertrude Bowen, our English teacher, wore no makeup. Their clothes were never frilly. They demanded respect and no monkey business. The Lompoc sons were gone most of the day. It was no easy hike to the snow, but they had been in snow and snow had fallen on them. Whatever punishment they had coming was well worth it to them. "Forty hours of make up time" was decreed by Miss Williams. So every day after school, for 40 hours, the culprits sat under the eagle but kindly eye of Miss Bowen in the English room.

My one personal contact with Miss Williams was short and to the point. Sandwiched between the rooms up and down stairs were long narrow coat and lunch closets with a window at the end. During the noon recess a few of the girls were in the girls room upstairs chatting, waiting for the bell and eating walnuts, and I casually tossed the shells out of the window. A few seconds later the door flew open and there stood Miss Williams, breathing fire and the look in her eye would have singed the feathers off a chicken at fifty paces. "WHO THREW THOSE SHELLS OUT OF THAT WINDOW?" she glared. We were all too stunned to really think, then I remembered so I said "I did." She pointed her finger at me and said "Will you please go down and pick them up. We have receptacles for such as that!" I did. Later we learned the shells landed on her head. To this day I do not throw anything out any window, upstairs or down – there is always a receptacle someplace, and I look for it.

Mr. Hebert was the school janitor, very elderly then and wore a long beard that was

## Karen's Chronicles

Labor Day weekend celebrated the class of '62 and there was a large turnout at the Elks and the Sunday BBQ at Ryon Park. It was great to see everybody.

The House is currently being decorated for the Holiday Season and hope that you will find time to visit Nov. 23, 24, Dec. 1, 8 & 15 from 10am to 1pm.

The reference room has been busy doing research for a book on Puritan Ice Plants publishing soon and an article on the steel head and Santa Ynez river.

One recent amazing find surfaced. Herbert Rios, who served in the medical Corp in WWI, then served with the Sea bees in the South Pacific in WWII wrote this dairy from Sep-Dec 1944 sending it back with a young sailor, William Bosely, where it sat in a trunk until recently in West Virginia. A Daughter in law using the Internet tracked down his family and sent the papers. Not having been censored it is amazing and we are looking for the right place to have it published.

My heartfelt thanks to you for condolences for my Mother, Carrol Paaske. She loved working at the historical society from the mid 1980's until recently and was thrilled when I continued her work.

---

The Old Lompoc Newspaper Preservation Fund

Contributions are Tax Deductible  
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Make Checks Payable To  
LVHS, PO BOX 88, Lompoc, CA 93438

\*\*\*

### *Memorial Contributions*

August, September, October 2012

Alvin Walker 1939 - 2012

Don Stalker 1924 - 2012

Stanley Hollister 1928 - 2012

Carrol Paaske 1917 - 2012

Mati Mesicap 1941 - 2012

5

From the Treasurer's Desk....

Jeannette Wynne

Holidays are fast approaching & calendars get filled up quickly. Be sure to mark yours for our December 10<sup>th</sup> Christmas Dinner ! Please have your reservations mailed so I receive them by November 30<sup>th</sup>. The church venue has a smaller maximum capacity and you don't want to miss our star entertainment and a fabulous dinner!! Use the reservation form elsewhere in this newsletter.

Thanks to everyone who so promptly paid their membership dues this year. I really appreciate it. Our membership year runs from Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> to Aug. 31<sup>st</sup> the following year - the same as our fiscal year.

I've received many memorial donations in the recent past. We send notes of your donations to the families of the deceased. If your check is \$250 or more, I will mail you a receipt according to law. Otherwise, your check can be your receipt for tax purposes. Thank you for your generosity. Any questions? you can always call me at 737-1170.

---

---

### *Total Membership 474*

#### *New Members*

\*Don Fletcher \* Robin Bronson \*  
\*Jon Picciuolo \* Reed and Rose Elms \*  
\*John McReynolds\* John Wyers\*  
\*Teresa Jansen\* Dee Schuyler \*  
\*Deborah Downing \* Robert Lingl \*  
\*Roy and Laura Belluz\*

#### *Maintenance Projects*

*The Historical Society members, Jesse Jones and Harvey Wynne spend hours giving their time for the maintenance of the property and buildings at 207 No. L St. During the end of year closure Jesse and Harvey will be updating the lighting in the carriage house. Plans are being discussed for an additional storage building.*

*A committee has been appointed to design an area for additional memorial roses to be planted.*

*Thank You for all your dedication and work.*

*Patricia Stillman Cook  
Memorial Gardens*

A memorial contribution of \$75.00 was received from Oscar Cook for the maintenance of the Stillman Gardens. A gracious "Thank You" to Oscar for your donation and the many years of support to the Lompoc Historical Society.

The gardens and roses at the Historical Society are carefully cared for and maintained by Jo Hoag, Lorraine Schuyler Richardson, and Dan Dutra. Thank You Very Much!!

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

*Thank You Beverly Preece*

The Memorial and Membership records were maintained carefully by Beverly for many years. Recently she relinquished her roll in the Historical Society after many years of dedication. Thank You Beverly, your roll in the Historical Society is greatly appreciated.

**Executive Board**

**Karen Paaske - President**  
**Ardeanne Machado Eckert - 1<sup>st</sup> Vice President**  
**Harvey Wynne - 2<sup>nd</sup> Vice President**  
**Debbie Schuyler Manfrina - Secretary**  
**Jeannette Miller Wynne - Treasurer**  
**Julie McLaughlin- Corresponding Secretary**

**Directors:**

**Barbara Mundell Cabral, Edward Everett, Maury Hoag, Myra Huyck Manfrina, Vance Newcomb, Rose Machado Roberts, Readon "Donnie" Grossi Silva, Carolyn Huyck Strobel, Jesse Jones, Dan Dutra, Steve Martinez, Brian Donelson, Irma Galway, Gale Fuller**

**\*FOR SALE\***

The Lompoc Historical Society has a selection of publications, books, pamphlets and various historical items for sale in the Reference Room at the Fabing-Mc Kay-Spanne House, 207 No L St and at T & T Sweet Repeats, 110 W Ocean Ave in Myra Huyck Manfrina's vendor space.

\*\*\*\*\*



*Tomb of the Unknown Soldier*

Soldiers guarding the Tomb of the Unknown Soldiers did not abandon their post during the recent turmoil of Hurricane Sandy at Arlington National Cemetery.

Tomb Sentinels from the Army's Third Infantry Regiment's "The Old Guard" have guarded the Tomb for 24 hours a day, 365 days a year since April 6, 1948 regardless of rain, sleet, snow or hurricanes,

The Tomb is the resting place for unknown soldiers who sacrificed their lives defending America in World War I, War II and the Korean War.

They stayed on duty during Hurricanes Isabel and Irene as well as the 2010 blizzard which shut down the capital for days.

The Guards of Honor at the Tomb of the Unknowns are highly motivated and proud to honor all American service members who are "Known But to God,".

The Guards of the Tomb deserve the respect of all Americans for their unflinching determination to do their duty in the face of one of the worst storms Washington D.C. has ever faced.