



South County Historical Society Heritage Press

Volume 10, No. 3

March 2006

Our April General Meeting becomes
a field day
at the

DANA ADOBE SATURDAY - APRIL 22, 2006

—10:am—

Program by
D.A.N.A. docents
followed by

**Lunch: Roast Chicken, Beans,
Tortillas, Ginger Bread
Price per person = \$7.50**

Please mail your check made to SCHS
to PO Box 633, Arroyo Grande, Ca 93421
call 929-1014 for more information

Make your Reservations by
March 31, 2006

Attendance is limited and only by RSVP

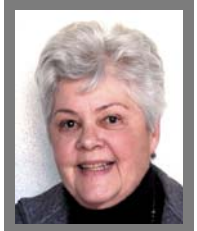
Our Phone Number for Society information
473-5077

Visit our Society's Website

www.SouthCountyHistory.Org

LOOKING FORWARD...

Jane Line - President



Jan Scott and I were guest speakers at the Grover Beach Rotary Club on March 21, 2006. This is a transcript of our presentation: "Good Morning Grover Beach Rotarians!

Thank you for this opportunity to share some of Grover Beach's history with you as well as a bit about the South County Historical Society.

Before I get into the history of Grover Beach, I would like to introduce our Curator, Jan Scott, who will share some of our artifacts with you in a moment.

First, let me - as a proud president - share some facts about the Historical Society with you.

We are the SOUTH COUNTY Historical Society which means we cover the eleven communities of SOUTH San Luis Obispo County. According to our seal, these communities are -

Grover City, Halcyon, Pismo Beach, Edna, Oso Flaco, Los Berros, Arroyo Grande, Nipomo, Huasna, Oceano, and Avila!!!



Our mission statement says we are "dedicated to research, restoration, and dissemination of information that our historical heritage may be enhanced and preserved."

THAT'S A LOT OF HISTORY and we've been at it 30 years this year!

We maintain five museums -

- The **Historical Hall** (IOOF) on Bridge St. - a 1902 yellow stone structure on the National Historical Society's Register serves as our main museum. This building will re-open in July after nine years of retrofit and renovation!

- The 1880s **Paulding History House** on Crown Hill, under review by the State of California for a State Historical designation - the home of the first permanent doctor in Arroyo Grande. The Paulding's would have been considered the area's "intellectuals." The home is just as they left it.

- The **Santa Manuela Schoolhouse** - a 1904 one-room school house which would be under Lake Lopez today

(Continued on page 4)

2006 ORGANIZATIONAL STRUCTURE

Directors and Committees

President	Jane Line	481-6510
Programs	Charles Porter	
Ways & Means— First VP	Jim Bergman	473-9757
Books & Publishing.....	Linda Shephard	
Tour Bus Coordinator.....	Barbara Freel	
Antique Show & Sale	Jim Bergman	
Annual Rummage Sale	Jan Scott	
Wedding/Social Coordinator	Doug LeSage	
Membership—Second VP	Michael & Colleen Drees	489-0295
Volunteer Coordinator		
Recording Secretary		
Corresponding Secretary	Edie Juck	773-4689
Historian & Sunshine	Ethel Gilliland	
Treasurer	Gary Hoving	929-3106
Publicity	Vivian Krug	458-3321
Community Relations		
Webmaster		
Paulding History House Curator	Chuck Fellows	481-3464
Paulding Committee	Jean Hubbard	
Museums Curator	Jan Scott	481-4435
Assistant Curator	Joe Swigert	
Heritage House	Joe Swigert	
Santa Manuela Schoolhouse	Kathleen Sullivan	
The Barn.....	Jim Bergman	
Property Management	Charles Porter	929-1014
IOOF Building Committee	Howard Mankins	
Vehicles.....	Edward Diable & Chet Thomas	
Gardening—Heritage House.....	Barbara LeSage	
Gardening—Santa Manuela Schoolhouse.....	Jane Line	
Gardening Paulding History House	Jean Bryant	
Docent Leader		
Docent Supervisor	Joe Swigert	
Heritage House Coordinator	Jeanne Frederick	
Paulding House Coordinator.....	Dee Trybom	
Santa Manuela School Coordinator	Kathleen Sullivan	
Barn.....	Joe Swigert	
Student Tours	Norma Harloe	
Information Systems	Ross Kongable	489-2885
Heritage Press Newsletter		
Computer Systems and Software		
Parliamentarian	Kathleen Sullivan	489-8195
Society Information	473-5077	
Heritage House	481-4126	
Paulding History House	473-3231	
Santa Manuela School	489-8745	
The Barn	489-8745	

Website— www.SouthCountyHistory.Org

Thank you so much for your generous contribution to the Central Coast Kidney Foundation in the memory of my late husband, **John Kalpakoff**. I really appreciate all the cards and sympathy notes from Society members and friends.

Sincerely,
Lia Kalpakoff

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Susan Branch “A Taste of Home”
122 E Branch, Arroyo Grande 93420

Thomas Hayhurst—489-6275
765 Mesa View Dr #95, Arroyo Grande

Beatrice Hodges—473-1611
525 Gularte Rd, Arroyo Grande 93420

Virginia Howells—489-7298
306 Nelson St, Arroyo Grande 93420

Madeline Poulin
PO Box 2054, Pismo Beach 93448

George & Carol Wilcock—489-4780
661 Garfield Pl, Arroyo Grande 93420

Marta Willis—489-5868
509 Launa Ln, Arroyo Grande 93420

Condolences were sent to:

Johnnie Carver
On the loss of her husband

Mary Ann Feller
On the loss of her sister

Get Well Wishes were sent to:

Peggy Teague

Dorothy Schenck

From the Sunshine Committee
Ethel Gilliland

Check the EXP date on your mailing label

***Have you renewed for 2006?
If not, Please continue your support of the Society by renewing your membership.***

Director of Museums

Jan Scott



To GIVE or to LOAN?

I have been made aware of an incorrect and disturbing rumor that the Society accepts anything anyone gives and then disposes of whatever it doesn't want. *This is not true.* For the record, let me explain my policy as Curator regarding donations:

I only accept gifts that I believe will enhance our collection. If it won't help us, I refuse as gently as I can.

If a gift has been given to us by proxy (someone other than me or Joe Swigert has accepted the donation), and it is a gift that we cannot use, I call the donor to return the donation.

There are times when someone just wants us to "get rid of what you don't want" or they "don't care what you do with it." I always double check to make certain we are communicating clearly and that it is really okay for us to dispose of anything we can't use. If we have a clear understanding, we may keep the items for "props" in our museums, put them in the yard sale pile or give them to a local dealer for consignment to benefit our society. The donor benefits by giving a tax deductible gift to a non-profit and we benefit by raising needed funds.

We have *always* accepted everything regarding local history or local families. It is our mission statement to preserve our local history. There have been times when I helped a donor pass a gift on to an organization where it truly belongs, if it is not part of our history.

It has been my policy to return any artifact if the *donor* requests its return. I consider it a matter of goodwill in the community that we don't battle over ownership.

I suspect I know how this rumor began. We now use Past Perfect software, used by museums all over the country. As we process our gifts, we generate a form called the "Deed of Gift." This form establishes legal ownership of the artifact and includes wording stating that we can do whatever we like with the object, including selling or disposing of it. We did not make up this wording any more than your realtor makes up the wording on the contract for the sale of your house. It is standard. It does *not* signify our intent to dispose of it.

I repeat: It has been my policy to return any item to its *original donor* if requested. However, just recently we received a request from a nephew of a deceased donor, saying he would like an item returned because he wanted to give it to another local museum. His request sounded reasonable and, after much discussion among ourselves, we decided that we would give it to the other institution on permanent loan from our collection, thereby accomplishing his stated intent. When we requested information on the museum to facilitate the transfer, we never heard from him again.

We must keep a balance between protecting ourselves and our collection and being fair to our generous contributors.

But if the above explanation has not calmed your fears, won't you consider **loaning** us your family history? Our museum software allows us to accession an object even if we don't own it. It creates a tracking record stating that the object is a loan, not a gift and must be returned when requested. Indeed, we have a number of artifacts already that are *on loan*. This allows us to display important objects that belong to our local history *and* dispels any notion that we are out to misuse your trust.

In your service, I remain, your Curator

Jan

Curator's
Corner



*Our beautiful Heritage
House Gardens & Gazebo
are available for
Weddings, Receptions
and Social Events.
Visit our website for more
information or call
805 . 473 . 5077 x3*

LOOKING AHEAD (Continued from page 1) had the Society not rescued the building. and marched it into the Village of Arroyo Grande. Today it sits on the south side of Arroyo Grande Creek at the Swinging Bridge. Over 1,000 3rd graders each year sit in its desks and practice being students of 100 years ago.

- Another 1880s house - **Heritage House Museum** on Mason St. This museum is designed to reflect the lifestyles of earlier South County families - with each room exemplifying different eras and displaying artifacts from the Victorian era to a charming 1940s style kitchen.

- And our latest museum - **The Barn**, next to Santa Maria Schoolhouse, displays early fire equipment, tractors, seed separators, chaps, tack, bits, bridles, buggies, butter boxes and churns, even headstones from Francis Branch's land grant cemetery. This museum reflects the evolution of the Valley's economies.

We lease two structures -

- **The Meat Locker** (next to the Arroyo Grande Meat Company on E. Branch) which serves as our main office, archival storage and everything in-between. And it really is a meat locker. Stop by some day and see for yourself!

- **Ruby's House** is another 1880s Victorian-style cottage which we are renovating for expanded office space and the beginnings of our first "Reference Library." When Ruby's facelift is completed, it will also have a Bride's Room for weddings next door at the Heritage House Garden and Gazebo. An Heirloom Garden will be designed around Ruby's House, where its 80-year-plus irises, snowball bush, and rose bushes will continue to thrive!

Our Society is facility rich as you can tell....and we maintain all these buildings, their old plumbing, roofs, and termites with no financial assistance from anyone other than our 500+ members.

Our archives, collections, and artifacts count over many thousands

and are catalogued via a state-of-the-art museum software - with volunteers doing the work!

To date, we have catalogued over:

- 10,000 photographs
- 5,000 objects
- 3,000 books
- 13,000 documents and newspapers -

with more documents and newspapers to scan into the system as volunteers become available.

Now Jan and I want to tell you a bit about **Dwight William Grover's** dream for a town on the Pacific Ocean coastline which, showing little modesty, he named for himself!

The Grover family was of Dutch origin, coming to the Americas before the American Revolution. The family achieved some wealth as a logging and lumber family in New England. Later, like many in 1848, three Grover brothers came to California to strike it rich in gold! One of those brothers would become one of the first white men to see Yosemite and one would become the father of our Dwight William.

By the 1860s, these three brothers would make their way to the northern coastal community of Santa Cruz. True success and wealth would come to them through a return to their previous profession. They would find their gold in the massive trees of the coastal redwood forests.

The Grover's developed their first mill in 1866 on Soquel Creek, eventually amassing over 2,000 acres and six mill operations! BUT though California was booming, the family business began to wane.

However, the combining of California's newest resource - people, with another great resource - land, caught D.W.'s eye as a potential new way to make some money. The new profession was called "city building" and it was really quite simple!

All you needed to do was buy a large tract of land, draw up a map subdividing the properties, and file that map with the appropriate county.

In 1887, 35 year-old D. W. Grover and his partner George Gates purchased 1,149 acres of coastal wetlands from 70-year old John Price, owner of the El Pizmo Rancho.

For this totally vacant property, whose sole inhabitants were jackrabbits and seagulls, Grover paid John Price \$22,982.20 in gold. Like John Price had done for the City of Pismo, D.W. took HIS land, subdivided it and filed his map for the Town of Grover with the County of San Luis on August 1, 1887.

There was only one missing ingredient! People. Masons and Odd Fellows were offered free lots if they would build in the area. The city was to be a temperance colony with liquor banned forever.

The Southern Pacific Railroad, on which he and other land speculators placed their hopes, dreams, and dollars, would bring customers "by the droves" who would buy up everything in sight. Hopefully.

In August of 1887, the first auction of lots in Grover City took place. The festivities resembled a July 4th celebration, and the crowd was estimated at 1,000. A band from San Luis Obispo provided music and an old-fashioned BBQ provided the food!

133 lots were sold bringing in \$15,000. A second auction sold 75 lots and netted \$7,500. With this encouraging beginning, a city was born!

I think I will stop right here and let Jan tell you about the artifacts she has brought from our collections to share with you.

(Jan's on stage: D.W. Grover's daughter's dress, map and photo (1925), city seal (incorporated in 1959), newspaper photo showing tree-lined Grand Avenue, etc.)

Jane

b

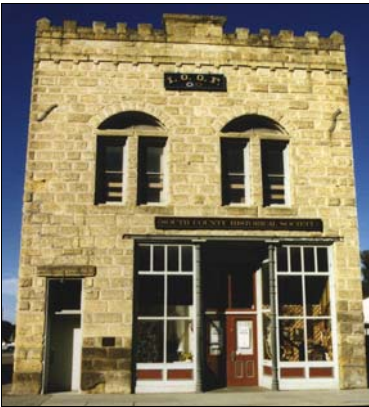
The Many Houses of South County Historical Society



Paulding History House — Crown Hill



Heritage House Museum — Mason Street



Main Museum — Bridge Street



The 'Meat Locker' - Branch St



Santa Manuela Schoolhouse — Short Street



The Barn - Museum — Short Street



Ruby's House — Mason Street

A Treasure Hunt in Modern Times -

Wanda Snow Porter

I can't believe it. After years of waiting to go treasure hunting, I'm finally going.

As an armchair archeologist, I've read everything I've found on ancient sites and old lore, exploring the world through books. I drove Sam Burton crazy when I found out he had a metal detector and liked treasure hunting at old houses and barn sites. "I think I know where a treasure's hidden. But I don't know who lives there now," I said. That's when I found out Sam knew the owner of the twelve acre farm where I grew up. What a stroke of luck.

"I heard the old barn's fallen down and the house burned down, but I know where they were. We'd better look soon. Can't wait too long. They're building new houses on the farm next door. Tractors will soon start tearing up my old place too. There isn't much acreage left close to town that's undeveloped. Something's buried at that old place. I just know it."

"Sure, I'll talk to the guy," Sam said. Poor Sam Burton, he didn't know I'd been waiting over forty years to look in that old barn and would pester him to go. Even though I'd searched around the old barn for the hidden treasure, I never found any more coins. "Where do I start?" I said to myself, looking around the barn. It seemed impossible to find anything. It was at least thirty feet wide and fifty feet long. My fantasy of a strongbox hidden by stage robbers inspired me to dig around here and there. I never found anything. Perhaps it was buried under the cement slab where I couldn't dig? The old barn's mystery had lasted a lifetime, and now my mend and I were going to search.

After Daddy died, Mama sold the twelve-acre farm to some doctors who wanted an investment. I mourned when we left our little farm. I didn't want to leave that special, magic place. Climbing the oaks, walking the deer paths, sitting on the ledge that overlooked the valley covered with

coyote brush, listening to the calls of quail, hawks, and doves, smelling the musky odor of lupine mingled with sagebrush, had given me a feeling of joyous freedom. I had become part of that little farm. When we moved, I felt like I was losing a piece of me.

Luckily, Mama kept my horse, Babyface, and boarded her on a pasture where I could go riding. But it wasn't the same. Like Daddy, country living was in my blood. I've always liked living in the country. Loving horses, I've always owned one. Riding, raising, and training them have given me the chance to meet people and traverse trails I wouldn't have done otherwise. I think my husband married me because I could ride. Managing a cattle ranch, he figured I'd be a free ranch hand.

The cattle ranch is miles out of Arroyo Grande. To get there, I've passed my old home many times. Reminding me to ask Sam every time I saw him, "Have you asked the guy who owns the twelve acres yet?"

One night he called. "I got permission to go up there and look around. When do you want to go?"

I wanted to go right that minute, but of course 7 o'clock Saturday evening wasn't a good time. "When does it work for you?" I asked him. We set a time, and I was so excited I could hardly wait. When my husband came home that evening, I danced around singing, "I'm going treasure hunting with Sam."

So here I am, driving to Sam's house along my old racetrack, Stagecoach Road, now paved. The sound of clattering hoof beats won't echo here again. Acres of houses clutter the hillsides; pastures are gone; lawns have taken their place. No more grazing cattle and horses, just rooftop after rooftop, each looking different, yet the same. Getting closer to Sam's, the houses thin out, and I see a little more open land. But I still can't recognize any landmarks. They're all gone, crushed under wheels of progress. I wonder if anything will be the same on the old farm. Will I be able to find where the barn was? Driving into Sam's yard, I get out and knock on his front door. From his porch, I can see for miles. His house

sits on a hill with a view of the farm fields below. How long before these fields too are covered with houses?

Sam's wife, Norma, opens the door. "Hi, come in. Sam is putting his boots on. He'll be out in a minute. How about some coffee?" Walking into their kitchen, I sit at the breakfast bar to wait.

"No, thanks, I've had my quota for the day." The kitchen is clean and cozy.

"We'll take my Blazer. It has four-wheel drive," Sam tells me when he enters the kitchen. I didn't think about driving up to the barn. I've brought my camera and planned to take pictures while we walked up the dirt road.

"Do we need four-wheel drive?"

"Sure, I got all this stuff and the road's pretty rough." Sam slaps his hat on and starts out the back door. "Come on. I'll show you some of the stuff I've found metal detecting." We walk into a tidy garage. Shelves line the walls with big glass jars filled with a mishmash of strange objects. "I've gone all kinds of places looking for stuff I found this out on the desert at an old abandoned shack. This stuff isn't worth much. I just enjoy looking. Sometimes, that's the best part of treasure hunting, the looking." He fingers through unrecognizable pieces of broken little trinkets and bits of old metal. I can't believe all the different things he's found—little pieces of toys, spent bullets, even rocks.

Climbing into the Blazer, we head back the way I came. At the main road, turning left, we travel about half a mile father out of town until reaching my old driveway. Turning in, we pass the old house site. All that's left is an old kumquat tree. "I bet there's lots of stuff around that old house site," I say. "It feels strange to see only weeds where the old house sat. I loved living here when I was a kid. I've never forgotten how great it was to run barefoot in these hills and gallop Babyface madly around the pasture. I've never forgotten the mysterious feeling of the old house and barn, and the treasure I was sure was just under the next shovelful of dirt."

(Continued on page 7)

Treasure Hunt (Continued from page 6)

Sam's truck slows and starts trudging up the hill road, bouncing and bumping along, until getting to an iron post marking where the gate once hung. "Does anything look familiar?" Sam asks. Off to the side, I see that the cement trough is still here. "Yes, there's the old water trough. It's empty, no water or polliwogs, but it's still here. Concrete lasts."

Reaching the hilltop where the barn once sat, I get out. With the barn and bunkhouse now collapsed and the debris cleared, weeds and empty space have replaced the old buildings. The little dairy next door has turned into a tract of huge homes. At the edge of our old horse pasture, where cows once roamed, new houses loom over us. "That's where the guy lives that owns this property now." Sam points at a two-story house sitting just the other side of the fence next to "adventure rock." The houses look out of place; they shouldn't be here overlooking this little plateau, staring down on my sacred ground.

Not sure of the exact location of the barn, I check to see if the cement slab is still there. Finding it, with the initials and date still etched in one corner, I can now figure out where the walls stood. "Here's where the door was." I show Sam. "I've located the old corner stone," I say, pointing to a big rock I've found near the cement slab.

"That'll be a good place to start looking," Sam says, starting to unload the metal detector from the back of his Blazer. "The old bunkhouse will probably be the best place to look. Where people might have dropped something. Like at doorways. When they open doors, they lose things. Stuff falls out of their pockets. Where do you think the bunk house was?"

Looking for signs of the bunkhouse proves harder. Kicking around the dirt, I find a few pieces of broken boards. "It's right about here somewhere, but the sagebrush seems to be growing where it sat. It's completely disappeared, like it never existed."

"Here," Sam says, "let me show you how to work this detector." Sam squats down and places two coins in the dirt, a dime and a penny. "It'll beep differently when it finds different metal. Listen." He holds the detector an inch from the ground and skims over where he placed the coins. Beep. Beep. The thing starts beeping as it trails across the ground. "Look at the register and listen to the beeping. That's how you know if you've found something."

Watching and listening, I don't think I've got the knack of it. I can't tell the difference between rusty nails and silver dollars. "The needle points to silver, gold or copper, and it will tell you what you've found. Hear the difference between silver and copper when it traces over the ground?" Sam asks. His ears seemed to tell him stuff that I just don't hear. All the beeps sound the same to me.

"Here, you try." Sam hands me the detector and shows me how to hold it. "Just so far from the ground, then slowly wag it back and forth. Hear it, hear how the dime beeps are different from the penny beeps?"

"I don't think I've quite got it. I don't think treasure hunting is going to be easy." "Just listen, and you can tell," Sam reassures me. "Now run it over the ground where you think the building was. Just slowly cover the ground."

Trying to get the hang of it, I grasp the handle using both hands to keep the round disk attached to the bottom of the detector from touching the ground. At the top of the handle, a brace wraps halfway around my arm, helping to support its weight and hold it steady. "Keep it from touching. It won't pick up signals if it's too close to the ground," Sam says. Maintaining the right distance from the ground isn't easy. Running the detector back and forth yields nothing. Starting to get tired, I switch arms and throw the whole thing off again. Sam readjusts it for my left hand, and I again vacuum the earth, back and forth, back and forth. Nothing.

"Let's try the barn," Sam suggests.

We walk over to the cement slab. Locating where I think the big door once swung, I repeat my efforts. Suddenly, the thing starts beeping. Excitedly, I trace over the same area until the beeping is at its loudest.

"Looks like we've picked up something. It sounds like iron. Let's see." Sam bends down on one knee and with a digging hoe gouges out the earth's surface. I run the detector over the area again to see if the signal is louder. "Yeah, this is the spot."

Sam scraps deeper and deeper. The search is getting exciting, we're uncovering the past, knowing that something is just under the surface, something that's been buried for years. "It's iron all right." Sam pulls up a big rusty hinge, old nails still clinging to it.

"You're right. This must've been where the door was." "It fell off right where it held the barn door on," I say.

Despite the emptiness of the barnyard, holding the rusty, old hinge stirs my imagination. I sense a ghostly presence. Ghosts left by people who lived here before—the farmers who built the old barn, the ranch hands who occupied the bunkhouse, the Indians who crushed acorns on the rocky ledge, even the little girl who wandered here, riding Babyface. "Yeah, must have."

Sam's voice pulls me back. Taking the hinge out of my hand, Sam walks over to the Blazer. "I'll put it in the back. Save it. Your first find." Wagging the detector over the grassy ground, excited now by my "find," I once again hear a loud beeping, warning us to look, look, dig here, as if it has a finger and can point. Sam retrieves his digging hoe and starts scratching the spot where the beeping is loudest.

"Run it over here again," he says.

Beep, beep, beep.

"Okay," Sam says, "let's dig."

To be continued



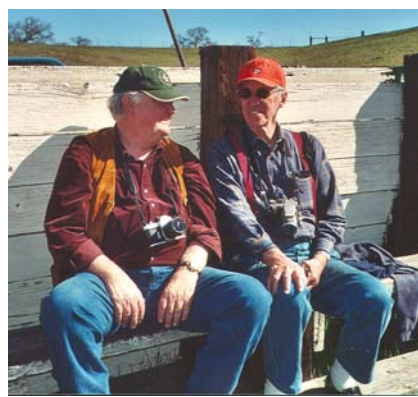
Spring Roundup at Porter Ranch

(site of our Annual Charter BBQ in June)

From top left clockwise

Over 250 cows and calves were rounded up and brought to corrals where they were separated. The calves were then roped and branded and given 4 vaccinations, and Charles clipped and tagged the ear. As each calf was roped, it was as if choreographed—one horse each at the fore and hind legs, two cowboys dropped it on its side, two more holding the calf, three came out with syringes, one with the branding iron, and Charles with the ear tags. If the calf was male, two more castrated him. When he was released, everyone returned to starting position awaiting the next roping. Every ten or so calves, the

ropers switched off to give their steeds a rest. After all was done, the tired bunch of cowpokes were given a BBQ feast. (Martin Line and Ross Kongable tried to record the event)



RAMBLINGS FROM ROSS

DIRECTOR OF INFORMATION SERVICES



Our member **Howard Louis** called in response to last month's article about Lesley Gerber Benn. He knew her in their younger days, and was happy to hear about her activities, and her donation. So in response, Howard sent a generous donation to us also. ***Thank You, Howard!***

Our **player piano** in **The Barn** has been an attraction to passers-by, so I went searching on Ebay for more music rolls, and we now have over 100 to select from. Many of the rolls, though of delicate paper, play beautifully, and most are from the 1910's through 1940's. If anyone has more to add to our collection, please bring them down to The Barn on the weekend. More are available on Ebay, so if you would like to donate to the bidding pool, call me—**489-2885**.



While reviewing (playing) these rolls on Friday and Saturday morning at The Barn, I noticed many coming across the Swinging Bridge and disappointed to see that our museums were not open. Families from North Dakota, Hawaii, Fresno, the Bay area, Southern California were not staying over, so I would open the Schoolhouse and the Barn. They were all very impressed with Heritage Square, and I was frustrated that I couldn't also show them our Heritage House Museum/.

We desperately need additional docents on Fridays and for earlier hours on Saturdays, and with summer coming—even on other days of the week. Won't you please consider "sitting in" for just 2 or 3 hours a day. Please call

Kathleen Sullivan ☎ 489-8195 for the Schoolhouse

Joe Swigert ☎ 305-7940 for The Barn

Jeanne Frederick ☎ 481-9546 for Heritage House

Dee Trybom ☎ 473-2278 for Paulding History House

With the completion of the renovation of **Ruby's House**, we will be establishing a network through the internet which will facilitate digital communication between sites, as well as provide the beginnings of our research engine for the public. This will require additional computer equipment, so if you would like to donate towards this activity, please earmark your contribution "Networking". This will also facilitate 'homework' for those volunteers who would like to assist in our cataloging efforts from home, rather than coming in. (**Dick Jackson** and **Ruth Kodaj** currently scan documents, then bring them in on CD or thumb-drive to update the database.) That, with the new Reference Library room at Ruby's, will bring us much closer to fulfilling our goal of public information and education.



If you've never had the opportunity to visit our current "main office", currently known as the "Meat Locker", drop by. The Reference Library is in the right rear corner. You'll understand why we're anxious to see the completion of Ruby's House.



Publicity

Vivian Krug, Director

This month we are concentrating on our efforts to have the Historical. Hall (I.O. O.F. Hall) Grand Opening this

summer.

As we get closer to opening we will be doing some outreach, holding pre-opening fundraising events and making preparations to thank all of those individuals and firms that have made it possible to restore and refurbish the Hall.

Below is a list of the generous supporters of the Hall, people that have made financial contributions, gave of their time and or labor in the efforts to reopen this beautiful historic building.

The dream of reopening has been underway for quite some time and without the efforts of all these fine people, reopening the Hall could not become a reality.

Unfortunately over time, some of the paperwork with names, contributions, etc., have been lost. If you have made a contribution of any kind to the Hall, financial, In-Kind work and services, volunteering, etc., please contact me as soon as possible at 458-3321 or via email at: Vivian@emotionscards.com.

Please also let me know if any corrections need to be made. We are sorry if we have left anyone out and will be posting the list in its entirety prior to the Grand Opening events.

Until Next Month.....Stay connected!

Historic Hall Contributors

- Achadjian, Katcho
- Addison, Alice
- Alonzo, Mark
- Ambrose, Rick
- American Equipment Services
- Andreini, Gary
- Angell, Kim
- Arroyo Grande I.O.O.F Lodge
- Arroyo Grande Fire Department:
 - Chief Terry Fibich, Captain
 - Carl Brandt, Engineer Greg
 - Stumph, Engineer Ryan
 - Ripley, Fireman Scott Wirz,
 - Fireman Justin Vanderlinden,
 - Fireman Matthew Palm,
 - Denielle Montijo, Winston
 - Tullis

- Arroyo Grande Village Improvement Association
- Arroyo Grande Well Supply
- Bailey, Gary - Custom Masonry
- Baker, Keith -Local 1800
- Bakke, Max
- Bassi, Janet L.
- Bathe, Mary Ann
- Benn, Leslie Gerber
- Bergman, Jim
- Bett, Randy
- Bevan, Robert
- Bolterman, David A. & Dorine
- Bornino, Bruno
- Bovma, John & Gill
- Boydston, Shirley
- Bratcher Roofing Co: - Bratcher, Stephen & Colbry, Donald, Escalante, Jack, Jimenez, Jess
- Bratcher, Stephen - Bratcher Roofing Co.
- Brisco Mill & Lumber Yard - Mankins: Howard, Blair and Mark
- Brooks, Marjory A.
- Brown, Bob
- Bryant, John
- Campodonico - Acquistapace-Turnry Familes
- Canby, Aaron - Aaron Canby Welding
- Cannon, Thomas R.
- Carpenter, T.W. & Susan K.
- Kramer, John - Certified Freight Lines
- Ciaffardino, David
- Coast Rock - Will, Joe & Jake
- Coffman, Roy - Trusco Tank & Steel
- Condict, Greg - Local 1800
- Conrow, Mike
- Cooper, Larry
- Cramer, Jon Certified Freight Lines
- Crescione, B. Joseph A.I.A.
- Curry Cattle Company
- Dempsey, Martin
- DePue, Nancy
- Docherty, Gary and Rosemary
- Donnelly, Michael
- Doose, Bill & Helen
- Drexler, Ethel
- Drube, Douglas
- Dwight, Tom - Dwight Construction
- Ekegren, Madeline M.
- Evans, Jan & Clifford
- Evans, John H. & Kathryn L.
- Fairbanks, Marilyn M.
- Fairbrothers, Mike - Fairbrothers Construction
- Fay, Bob - Malarkey Roofing Co.
- Fellows, C.E. & L.L.
- Fernamburg, Frederick
- Fernamburg, Bob
- Fernamburg, Evelyn
- Fink, Francis and Mary Lou
- Flood, Daryl
- Flood, Steve
- Floyd, Bill
- Folkrod, Mike - Geo Folkrod & Sons Inc.

- Frederick, Dennis
- Frederick, Vern and Jean Family Trust
- Frederick, Vernon and Jeanne
- Frisby, Deanse
- Garner, Beth
- Garritano, Gene M. & Bonnie
- Gates, Eva Swall
- Gilliland, Ethel
- Glende, Patricia B.
- Gold Coast District Council of Carpenters Union Local 1800:
- Larson, Dennis, MacKay, Bill, Condict, Greg, Kilimnik, Randy, McAllister III, Jim, Baker, Keith, St. John, Jean
- Graham, Barbara L.
- Grant, F. Bryon
- Gruchy Docherty, H. Gary & Rosemary M.
- Gullickson, Don and Doris
- Haak, Margaret
- Hart, Bill
- Hart, Corbin
- Hart, William
- Hemerick, Wilma
- Hill, Ken
- Hill, Patrick - Professional Concrete Pumping
- Hitchen, John -Eagle Communications
- Hizey, Carol and Family
- Holm, Ray & Roxie
- Hoving, Gary
- Huffine, Ken and Carolyn
- Hughes, Ira
- Hunt, James
- Ikeda, Saburo and Shizuwa
- Jacobs, Michael
- Jacobs, Mike
- Jones, Randy
- Jones, Stephen
- Kacsi, Betty Lou
- KCOY
- Keagle, Don
- Kilimnik, Randy
- King, Hubert W. & Pauline E.
- Kirshner, Marion Swall
- Kiwanis, Greater Pismo Beach
- Knights of Pythias
- Kobara, Ken & Mari
- Kongable, Ross
- Kraatz, Virginia
- Krovius, Sadie
- Krug, Vivian
- KSBY
- KXTZ
- LaCouague, Doug
- Larson, Dennis Mgr. - Local 1800
- Layman, Bud
- Le Sage, Doug and Barbara
- Lee, Jim
- Loomis, John
- Loomis, Patricia
- Lyon, Kenneth R. & Jeanne Q.
- MacKay, Bill - Local 1800
- Madsen, Clara

(Continued on page 11)

HISTORICAL HALL CONTRIBUTORS (continued)

(Continued from page 10)

Mainini, Anna Jane
 Malarkey Roofing Company -Fay,
 Robert
 Mankins, Howard
 Mann, Earl L.
 Marsalek, Paul
 McAllister III, Jim - Local 1800
 McCaslin, Herb (Mac)
 McColm, Brent
 McDermott, Effie and Mac
 McGill, James
 McKay, Bill
 Mclean, Patricia R. & James D.
 McLintock's Saloon - Hutchinson, Phil
 McMullen, Stuart
 McNamara, Francis E. & Patricia B.
 Meyer, Leslie C. & Dorothy D.
 Mick, Beverly J.
 Mid State Bank
 Mier Brothers
 Mier, Mike (Owner) - Rickson, Kevin
 (Mgr) - Mier Bros Landscape Products
 Miller, Jim
 Minor, Eddie & Judy
 Mitchell & Power Heating & Sheet
 Metal
 Moore, Patricia
 Morrison, Steve
 Nicholson, Loren
 Nicholson, Bernice
 O'Laughlin, Brad

Osty, Ken and Linda
 Page, Otis
 Parsons, Tom
 Petrie, Roberta
 Pilkington, Derrill
 Porter, Charles
 R&S Roofing Supplier - Ayers, Jack
 Rai, Don & Lori
 Rancho Arroyo Grande
 Rancho de Guadalupe – the
 Campodonico, the Acquistapace and t
 he Juarez families
 Rancho de Guadalupe Historical Society
 Rauch Drilling Company
 Reding, Tom - Reding Signs
 Reed, Alice W.
 Richardson Garcia, E.L. & Anita J.
 Rivas, Mary B.
 RLA Engineering - Ambrose, Rick
 Rotary, Five Cities
 Rouse, Ken - Trusco Tank & Steel
 Royle, Clyde & Carol
 Runels, John
 Runels, Tom
 Schwarz, Maryann
 Seeberg, Ethel Evans
 Shaw, Ken
 Shepherd, Sharon
 Shepherd, Shaun
 Smith, Bill
 Smith, Jack
 Socha, Marie V.

Sommeneyer, Bill
 South County Realty
 Southern California Gas Company
 St. John, Jean - Local 1800
 Steffan, Randy - Four-Way Floors
 Stevens, J.L. & B.J
 Storer, Roy
 Swigert, Joe
 Taylor, Sean
 Teague, Arnold and Peggy
 Trusco Tank and Steel - Coffman, Roy,
 Rouse, Ken
 Turner, Garth
 Turner, Larry & Judy
 Biggi, Mike - Unocal
 Verboon, Gary
 Vitaz, Mike
 Vokal, Donald P. & Joanne C.
 Warner, Charles D. & Carol H.
 Watkins, Jeff - American Equipment
 Service
 Watson, Grace
 Weinstock, Marya
 Welles, Florence
 Wersen, Tom
 West Linda
 Curry, Stephen
 White, Gary
 Williams, Michael
 Wood, Karen

more to come



Dues Schedule—2006

Individual.....\$15	Family w/children under 18.....\$40	Patron (business/individual)...\$200+
Couple.....\$30	Sustaining (individual)\$100+	Life (individual).....\$500+

MEMBERSHIP SOUTH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

RENEWAL NEW

Name(s) _____
 Address _____
 Home Tel: _____ Work Tel: _____ Email: _____
 Type of Membership _____ Amount Enclosed: \$ _____ Check No. _____

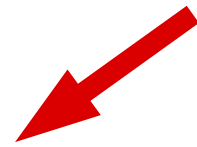
Please make check or money order payable to SOUTH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



PO Box 633
Arroyo Grande
CA 93421

Our next General Meeting
will be held at the

DANA ADOBE
SATURDAY - APRIL 22, 2006



Patrons of the South County Historical Society

PATRICIA LOOMIS

CAROL HIZEY

SUSAN BRANCH 'A TASTE OF HOME'

DOC BURNSTEIN'S ICE CREAM LAB

HOWARD & AILEEN MANKINS

BILL & CHERYL MILLER

SOUTH COUNTY REALTY