

Presidents Message

We have so many things to share with you in this issue. Our new docent, Barbara, is a wonderful addition to help out at Magee House. The upcoming "For Members Only" special event will be a marvelous time to come and view our newest display, with a reconditioned antique display case, and its surprising historic contents. The event is by invitation only, with the unveiling of the display, and an excellent time to get together as a group once more.

Please reserve the date. We look forward to seeing you all there! It is an event not to be missed. - Ginny Unanue

Save the Date – Sunday, April 15, 2018 at 2 pm

Members Exclusive Event! New Display for Twin Inns Register

After several years, we are finally able to display our newly restored Twin Inns Guest Registers. We are very excited to share this opportunity with our members and the public. This is the first time these will be available for public viewing.

In 2016, two of the Twin Inns red leather-bound Guest Registers were donated to the Carlsbad Historical Society by Robert Burke, former owner of Neiman's and the purchaser of the Twin Inns Restaurant. He donated them to the Carlsbad Historical Society to be used for historical interpretation and display. The registers span the years from the 1930s to the early 1960s. One of the registers had the Twin Inns Chicken watermarked on each page. (The Twin Inns Restaurant operated between 1919 and 1984.)

Jo Geary, a member of the El Camino Real Chapter of the Questers, contacted our archivist and asked if we would be interested in their participation to pay for the repair and restoration of the two Twin Inns Guest Registers. We accepted their offer. The Questers located Margit Smith, known professionally as "The Booksmith", and who is the retired head of cataloging and preservation at the University of San Diego, Copley Library. Secretary Gutierrez drove the registers to Mrs. Smith where she worked on them for more than six months.

Once again, Jo Geary, Julian native and now Carlsbad resident, arranged for us to receive a donated cabinet from the Julian Historical Society. After many hours of labor from

Don Krepps, we now have a safe display for the two Twin Inns Guest Registers.

In March, invitations will be mailed out to our Members Only Event to view our new display. We hope you all can make it.

Sunken Ship Found Near Ponto Beach

Aerial photography taken by Drone-photographer Anthony Matta, Jr., has re-discovered the location of a ship that sunk off the Carlsbad coast near Ponto Beach, at the intersection of Pacific Coast Highway and Palomar Airport Road. It's believed to be the Glenn Mayne, a fishing barge that ran aground in 1939 about 3 miles south of Carlsbad Village.



Sunken Ship near Ponto – Courtesy of Carlsbad Magazine, December 2017 edition

John Kelly's Book Excerpt – from "Life on a San Diego County Ranch", circa 1925

But I started to tell you about my little dog Leach as a retriever. When he would see me getting the gun and ammunition ready, he knew there was a hunt on. And he would be so excited and so anxious to start that he would be shivering all over. When I finally shouldered my gun and started out, Leach would take his place about three feet behind my heels, and maintain that position through brush or cactus or over any other kind of ground. His watchful little eyes were on me all the time, and when he saw me stoop to sneak up on a covey of quail, he would slink down until his little belly was almost on the ground and fairly crawl along. The instant the gun cracked he would dash ahead, all excitement, and if there were any wounded

quail, that is quail with wing broken but still able to run with great swiftness, Leach would make it his business to attend to the catching of these, and allow me to pick up the ones that were dead. If there were several wounded birds he would rush after one, seize it in his little mouth and hurry proudly back to me with it, and as soon as I had taken it from him, he would rush off after another and come tearing back with it. Then when we had apparently gotten all that were killed or wounded gathered up, he would make several rounds all about the spot to see if there were any more wounded birds hiding in the weeds or bushes. And he would frequently come proudly back with another quail in his mouth after I had supposed we had all that had been killed or wounded. As soon as I started on he would take his position at my heels again, ready to dash out at the next shot. I have seen many fine hunting dogs since then – Pointers, Setters, and various other kinds, but I am sure I have never seen a better or more faithful one than the little Scotch terrier whose name was Leach. If I happened to be out without my gun, Leach would chase around through the bushes just as other dogs usually do, driving out rabbits and occasionally catching a ground squirrel or some other small game, but when I had my gun he knew his place and kept it – right at my heels.



Large wildcat or bobcat

One very foggy morning, I was letting my flock of sheep and goats feed along through the bushes on a hillside, when suddenly I saw only a few yards ahead of me a large wildcat or bobcat wrestling with a half-grown goat, and trying to drag it down. I had my double-barreled shotgun with the one barrel loaded with thirty-six caliber pistol bullets and the other barrel loaded with number seven shot for quail or rabbits. Instead of shooting at once, as I suppose I should have done, which would have probably killed both goat and wildcat, I rushed in shouting at it, but with my gun ready to shoot it the instant it separated itself from the goat. At about this stage of the game, however, Leach suddenly rushed past me and leaped onto the cat. Before I had been afraid to shoot for fear of killing the

goat, and now I could not shoot for fear of killing my faithful little dog.

The big wildcat was far bigger than Leach, but what has size got to do with it when a Scotch terrier sees a prospect for a fight? All I could see was a rolling mass of dog and wildcat clinched in deadly combat and before I could do anything they were rolling down the steep hillside under some thick brush. I rushed down through the brush as fast as I could in an attempt to get to them in time to save my little dog's life as I thought the big wildcat would surely kill him. But the scrub oak brush was so thick that it was very hard for me to break my way through. By the time I got down to where I could see the fight again, the wildcat had evidently had all the fight he wanted for just then he managed to break loose and dashed away down the hill with Leach in hot pursuit. I had to rush back to round up my flock as they had been greatly frightened by the cat attacking one of their number. I got them rounded up and quieted down again and after a while Leach came back up out of the brushy canyon in an awfully exhausted condition. I rushed to him to see if he was badly hurt. There was a good deal of blood around his head and I could see that he had a number of scratches on his nose and ears but when I turned him on his back his little belly was a perfect mass of long scratches from the big cat's claws. Every wound on him however, was proof that he had kept his face to the foe. There were no wounds on his back.

Snow on San Clemente and Catalina Islands

In January 1882 we had a very unusual storm. It was on the twelfth of the month that we had a snow storm that not only reached clear to the coast, here in San Diego County, but snowed out on Santa Catalina and San Clemente Islands. The native Californians, who were all old men and women, had never seen anything like it before. The season up to that time had been very dry indeed. Practically no rain had fallen and it looked like we were in for a real old-fashioned dry year. On the eleventh of January a cold dry wind blew from the northwest. My brother Will and I were out that day with a bunch of men helping survey a road between Escondido and the coast. We did not go prepared for cold weather, as it was not blowing when we started. I did not even wear a coat or a vest. After we got up on a ridge where we were to begin work, the cold northwest wind began to blow. It was a very disagreeable day for this part of the world. But there was no sign of rain in sight that day. Just a cold dry wind and everything so dry that the dust was flying so you could hardly see. The next morning when we got up the sky was all overcast with heavy clouds and some drops of rain were falling. While we were eating our breakfast Mother went to the window and on looking out remarked with great surprise that it was snowing. Father said, "Snowing, be

hanged." But Mother said, "I have seen enough snow in my time to know it when I see it."

We all rushed to the windows, and sure enough it was falling in large flakes. We children were delighted to see anything so strange – for snow was something we had never seen before in this part of the country. The snow fell more or less all day, but did not stay on the ground long before it melted. Towards evening it turned to sleet and the weather grew colder. The next morning the hills about the ranch were all white, and every gulch was filled with snow and sleet.

When we went up on the hills, where we could see the country towards the mountains, everything to the east of us was buried deep in snow. And looking out to sea the Islands of San Clemente and Santa Catalina were white just as we had often seen the high mountains to the east of us, where snow in the wintertime is a common occurrence.

There were a great many sheep lost the night of the snow storm. One sheep man, whose camp was out in Rose Canyon, had thirty-two hundred head in his corral, and the next morning sixteen hundred were dead. Many other sheep men lost almost as heavily.

The trees, too, were badly broken, as they had grown up in a climate where snow was unknown before this time, and they were not accustomed to have such weight on them. We learned afterwards that this was a freak storm that drifted across from Kansas, burying the entire western part of the United States in snow. On some of the higher hills (such as those just south of the San Marcos Valley, on which we had never seen snow before) there was snow to be seen for two weeks after the storm. It is now thirty-nine years since that storm, and we have never seen anything like it since.

Local Archaeologists Make Big Waves



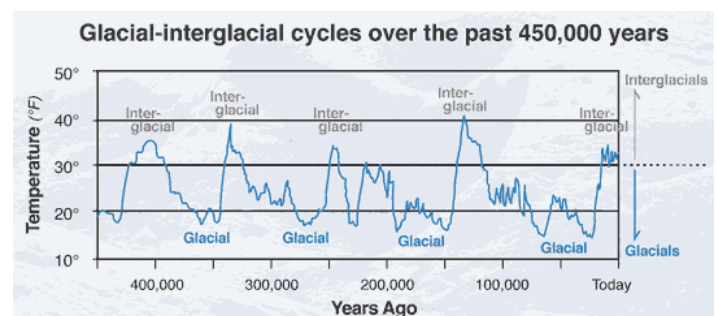
Richard Cerutti and Tom Deméré

Two local San Diego archaeologists, Richard Cerutti and Tom Deméré, made the cover of the Sunday December 24th edition of the Los Angeles Times. The story is about the paper they published in the journal **Nature**, concerning their theory of evidence of human activity in San Diego 130,000 years ago, that is making scientists very uncomfortable. Any time there is an unexplained event, and a new argument is presented, the established intelligentsia reacts with suspicion.

The initial report that appeared in the San Diego Union talked about scrapings found on mastodon bones, and nearby stone tools. The full report covers more important discoveries: large femur bones cracked in half by large stones found next to them; with the stones not belonging to the location. This indicates that they would have been brought for the specific purpose of breaking the bones to get to the bone marrow. Also, the heads of the femurs were detached and split in half. Such things do not happen without the intervention of an animal that can handle tools, and furthermore make tools.

An important concept presented by Cerutti and Deméré is that often one has to have a question before an answer can be found. More specifically, now that there is a need to find what caused the findings, paleontologists will be focusing on looking for human remains in that area, or in the time frame.

On related news, the journal **Science** reported in January this year that the oldest human remains, outside of Africa, have been found in a collapsed cave in Israel. They are estimated to be around 175,000 years old.



Around 130,000 years ago, the world was between ice ages.

[In its Annual Best Places Issue, Sunset Announces its List of 20 Towns that "Redefine the West"](#)

["Carlsbad, CA: A Seaside Silicon Village"](#)

If towns were people, Carlsbad would be that friend you want to hate but can't help admiring: smart, sporty, really good-looking, and ambitious. It's why Google called this small city, stretching along nearly 7 miles of sandy coastline between Los Angeles and San Diego, a "digital

capital of California." When personal technology blew up in the early '80s, the idyllic beach location and perfect weather attracted high-tech start-ups that one by one planted themselves here: for instance Via sat, whose satellite provides Wi-Fi on Jet Blue and Air Force One; and, more recently, biotech companies like Thermo Fisher Scientific and Genoptix.

In the past few years, this technology hub has upped its game to embrace both its inner geek and its outdoor enthusiast. An office complex near the water, called Make, houses tenants like GoPro and Verve and has incorporated shipping containers into an indoor-outdoor working space that includes a fitness center, food trucks on Tuesdays, firepits, surfboard racks, and outdoor showers (for, you know, your lunchtime surf break). This spring, Bloc will debut a big, bright coworking space with custom desks, coffee on tap, and local art in the heart of Carlsbad Village, the six-by-ten-block commercial center. No wonder more than 650 patents were issued here in 2016. Call it the Golden Tan Rush circa 2018.

By the Numbers

- Population: 113,952
- Median home price: \$745,800
- Unemployment rate: 4.3%
- IT companies: 261
- Parks: 31 "



Carlsbad Beach at Grand Ave.

Kenneth Langen, New Board Member

Kenny Langen has joined our board as 1st Vice President. He is a long-time resident of Carlsbad. His family moved here from Minnesota in the 1950s. His wife is Patricia (nee Ferris) also from a Carlsbad family. They have two daughters: Catalina and Olivia. Kenny and his brothers have been playing as the Langen Brothers Band for many years. They entertained us in 2016 at the Kelly hilltop house.



Patti and Kenny Langen

New Docent at our Museum

Barbara Greenbush joined us about six weeks ago as our new docent. She has been for years involved with the Santa Margarita historical society in Camp Pendleton and is interested in the history of Carlsbad.

Annual Dues

We will be contacting members that did not send us their renewal checks in over 12 months, to remind them that we would like to keep them as members.

Individual membership is \$25, family memberships are \$35, and business memberships are \$50. Please consider upgrading to a Life Membership for \$250.

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### CHS BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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Open Friday, Saturday and Sunday 11 to 3 pm.
 Private Tours with Tea are given
 Monday through Thursday
 BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

www.carlsbadhistoricalsociety.com