ISSN 0734-4988

Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
November 2014 Vol. 39, No. 4

WAR AND OTHER CONFLICTS

A Touch of Old Santa Barbara

Excerpts from: *Hand the Honor to the Doughboys*

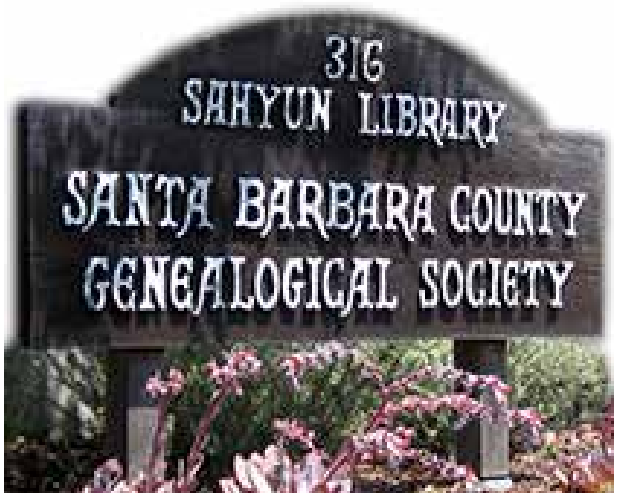
Pulp History: The Storytelling of Walker A. Tompkins

A Little Known Civil War Massacre

Investing in Genealogy

Name Switches and Aliases: Sumner Sylvester's Side of the Story

IMAGINING MAX MEYER: *or* CAPTAIN JACK GOES TO WAR



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

Mailing Address: P. O. Box 1303, Goleta CA 93116-1303

www.sbgen.org E -mail: info@sbgen.org

Sahyun Genealogy Library

(SBCGS facility)
316 Castillo St., Santa Barbara

Phone: (805) 884-9909
Hours: Tuesday, Thursday, Friday
10:00 a.m. – 4:00 p.m.
Sunday 1:00 – 4:00 p.m.

Membership: Benefits include *Tree Tips* monthly newsletter and *Ancestors West* (quarterly publication).

Active (individual)–$40; **Family** (2 same household)–$60; **Friend**–$50; **Donor**–$75; **Patron**–$150; **Life**–$1000 (one-time donation)

Meetings: Regular monthly meetings are held on the third Saturday of each month except August. Meetings begin at 10:30 a.m. at the First Presbyterian Church, 21 E. Constance Ave. at State Street in Santa Barbara. Prior to the meeting at 9:30 are sessions for Beginners, Help Wanted, Germanic Research, Italian Research, DNA Special Interest Group (SIG), and Genealogy and Technology.

Established in 1972, the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society (SBCGS) incorporated as a nonprofit 501(c) (3) organization in 1986. Its aim is to promote genealogy by providing assistance and educational opportunities for those who are interested in pursuing their family history.

Ancestors West is currently published quarterly in February, May, August, November. Articles of family history or of historical nature are welcomed and used as space permits (see inside back cover for submission details). As available, current and back issues are $6.00 each including postage. Library subscription to *Ancestors West* is $20.00 per year. *Ancestors West* is indexed in the **PER**iodical **S**ource **I**ndex **(PERSI)** published by the Allen County Public Library, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
effective July 1, 2014

Marie Sue Parsons
President

Jean Pettitt
Financial Officer

Robert Goeller, III
1st V.P. - Programs

Cathy Jordan
2nd V.P. - Membership

Deborah Kaska
Secretary

DIRECTORS AT LARGE

Rosa Avolio
Janice Cloud
Michol Colgan
Jim Friestad
Alex Grzywacki
Christine Klukkert
Marsha Martin
Kathie Morgan
Dorothy Oksner
Walter Orso
Jean Pettitt
Robert Rothenberg
Art Sylvester
Diane Sylvester
Jim Wilson
John Woodward

PAST PRESIDENTS

Robert Bason 2012-2014
Mary E. Hall 2011-'12
Art Sylvester 2007-'10
Michol Colgan 2003-'06
Sheila Block 2002-'03
James Friestad 2000-'02
Emily Hills Aasted 1998-'00
Janice Gibson Cloud 1996-'98
Cheryl Fitzsimmons Jensen 1994-'96
Carol Fuller Kosai 1993-'94
Beatrice Mohr McGrath 1989-'92
Ken Mathewson 1987-'88
Janice Gibson Cloud 1985-'86
Doreen Cook Dullea 1984
Norman E. Scofield 1983
Harry Titus 1982
Emily Petty Thies 1981
Bette Gorrell Kot 1980
Harry Titus 1979
Mary Ellen Galbraith 1978
Carlton M. Smith 1977
Selma Bankhead West 1975-'76
Harry R. Glen 1974-'75
Carol Roth 1972-'73

inside this issue...

From the Editor

David Petry

OUR THEME THIS ISSUE, War and Other Conflicts, brought an excellent set of contributions to *Ancestors West*.

War in our time is increasingly remote and abstract. We send decreasingly small contingents of soldiers to places many Americans cannot find on a map, and attack with drones driven by consultants in industrial parks in Phoenix and Birmingham. At the same time, the purpose of war, and those who communicate such things to the public, seem more and more fickle and indistinct.

But in our muscle memory is a time when hundreds of thousands went to wars that truly mattered. We may have dragged our heels going in, but once in, we became the steam and wires and rivets of something unexpected and inspired. There was a standing call for heroism, a basis for ethics and accountability, a confirmed place in which we could give pride a home. The works of genealogical research and discovery in this issue return us to those more noble wars, and the men and women in our families who fought, as well as those who wished not to.

Enjoy the journey!

Columnaria

A solid journal, like a solid building, needs at least four columns. This issue we start with one written by Margery Baragona, "A Touch of Old Santa Barbara." Margery has already been writing for *Ancestors West* in the vein of old Santa Barbara families and events. Her column will explore the theme in greater depth.

Other columns might be on writing and publishing, tools and websites, DNA, regional genealogy (Irish, Italian, German, etc.), wars, an Ask <insert your name here> column, or the history of genealogy. A column allows a writer to explore a topic in greater depth over multiple journal issues, and create a dialogue.

Let us know if there's a column in you.

Squarical

Ancestors West should, like a warm breeze, travel. Authors and subscribers should be able to share articles online using links that show the article title, author, a thumbnail image, and a summary. How else can we share our works that reference or reflect on distant, and sometimes unknown, relations if we cannot link the work on the Internet? In the same vein (I know, I tapped the vein metaphor already), we would like Google searches to find their way into *Ancestors West*. The search capability is available in the corpus of online AWs, but in testing, even quite specific searches for names, phrases, etc., do not return the *Ancestors West* content.

To that end, we hope to convert the AW to an online journal. It can still be printed and mailed to those who want it in their mail slots. But it would be an online-first publication. The important distinction is that each article would live on its own online page, and web search engines routinely "walk" the web, indexing every page they encounter. They do not index PDF content such as the current online AWs.

Consider it a dream. We can't square the resources and effort and time. But don't be surprised either. It might be one of those things that opens easily to an epiphany or a tool or a bout of sheer impatience.

Cylindricus

All that said, I made an effort to replace myself as editor of this journal recently. I am unable to devote as much time in the coming year. This issue is arriving late to your mailboxes because the deadline came, the articles rolled in, and I was unable to give them time for nearly a month. My time constraints will only get worse in the year ahead.

One member did assure me: "You're the editor. It comes out when you put it out." In other words, don't sweat it. So we could put out 4 issues a year, 3, 2, 1 or if it came to that, zero. But, I believe a healthy journal, like a healthy human being, needs a consistent digestive flow. Otherwise, why the name "digest" for so many journals and magazines? And made of such excellent fiber, both intellectual and real!

If you're interested in editing this journal, even in just editing the pieces as they arrive, the assistance would be welcome.

Momboid

The next issue will be Volume 40, Number 1. That's forty years of *Ancestors West.* You should be proud of yourselves. I believe there are founding members among us. It would be of interest to us all if someone were to write about the founding of the Society - remembered or researched, or both in the coming months.

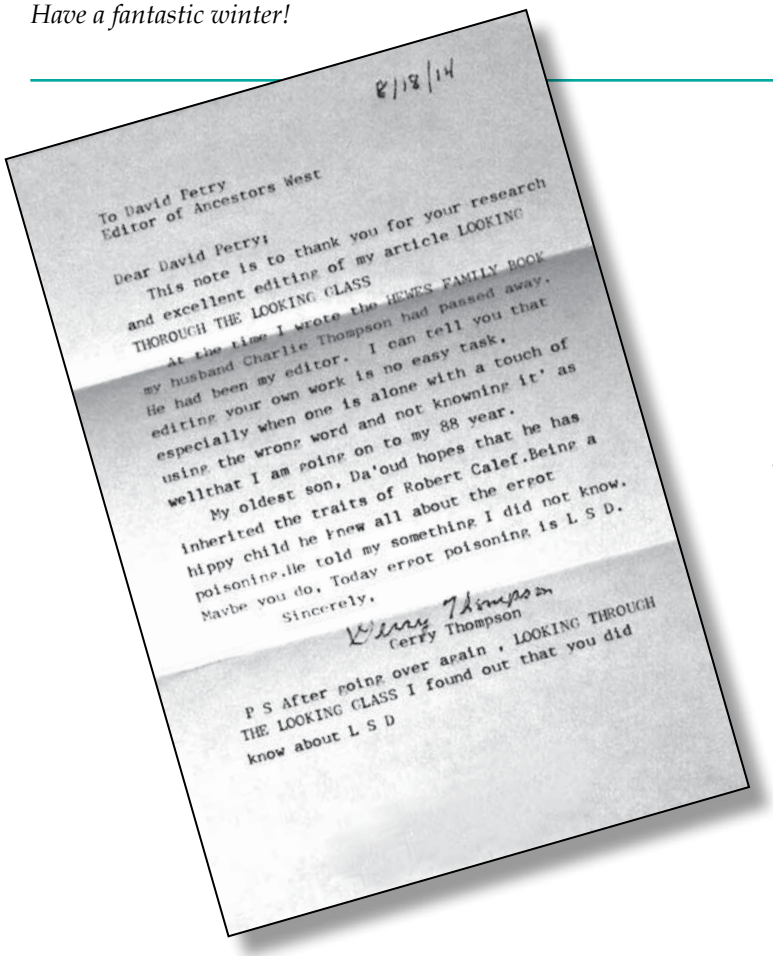
The theme for the next issue is Women. For most of us, our genealogies are dominated by the names and lives, the careers and battles of fathers. But with every generation, our lines are salted with a new surname, a new bloodline: a mother and usually a wife as well. And though these names do not grow like the patriarchal vines, they often wield the greater influence. So, we'd like to know about the great influential or wise or

crazy or patient or flamboyant women you've discovered up your tree.

We all love having images with the articles. Please remember, images for a print magazine must be "big," have a "high resolution," and have "many pixels." It all means pretty much the same thing. Most images online are too small to print. If you look at the saved image file on your computer and it is less than 1 MB (e.g., 250 KB, etc.) it is generally too small to print! You can: scan it at high resolution (many dots-per-inch or DPI), photograph it with a camera and send the image, or bring the image to the Sahyun, leave it in my box in the mail room (make sure you identify the image and an email address of who left it), and I will scan it for you sometime around January 10 and inform you when it's done.

Deadline: January 10, 2015.

Have a fantastic winter!



8/18/14

To David Petry
Editor of Ancestors West

Dear David Petry:

This note is to thank you for your research and excellent editing of my article LOOKING THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS. [AW vol. 39, no. 3, Fall 2014]

At the time I wrote the HEWES FAMILY BOOK my husband Charlie Thompson had passed away. He had been my editor. I can tell you that editing your own work is no easy task, especially when one is alone with a touch of using the wrong word and not knowing it, as well that I am going on to my 88th year.

My oldest son, Da'oud hopes that he has inherited the traits of Robert Calef. Being a hippy child he knew about the ergot poisoning. He told me something I did not know. Maybe you do. Today ergot poisoning is L S D.

Sincerely,
Gerry Thompson

P S After going over again, LOOKING THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, I found that you did know about L S D.

A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA

By Margery Baragona

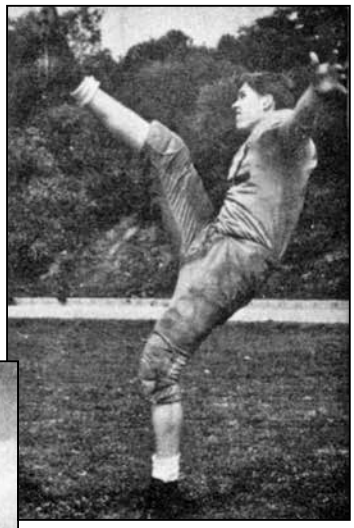
Once a Don Always a Don

IF ONE IS NEW TO SANTA BARBARA they must wonder when they hear the chant, "Once a Don always a Don" – what could that possibly mean? Its meaning is significant; it honors our school, Santa Barbara High School.

Until the 1960s, the sole public high school in Santa Barbara was Santa Barbara High, home of the Dons.[1] We who graduated from there have deep nostalgic feelings for our Don athletes in their olive and gold uniforms. The Dons were really more than just our mascot, though. The Dons symbolized what was special about our school. Opened in 1875, Santa Barbara High is among the oldest in California. Known for academic achievements and for its long recognized athletic prowess, Santa Barbara High has always reveled in its diverse student body. The least advantaged and super advantaged pupils have always united behind their teams and the school activities. Each year a distinguished alumnus is honored by being added to the Wall of Fame. The first to be so honored were Martha Graham[2] and Leon Litwack.[3] Later, Charles Schwab,[4] Eddie Mathews,[5] Karch Kiraly,[6] and others who went on to noted careers, were honored.

I graduated in 1948 and I am sure every year a graduate can relate what they thought was weird in their time. We could only wear a sweater with a blouse underneath. Sometimes we cheated and wore a dickie. Boys and girls could not lunch together but we could cruise the halls with our current boyfriend. Our major school dances were girl-ask-boy. Without this perhaps we would not have had escorts. Ever loyal as Dons we did not rebel in any way.

Two-thousand-fourteen is the centennial year of *The Forge*, the school paper, an award winning publication. Nineteen forty seven, the year that I was on the staff, is memorable: Leon Litwack with his passionate views was Editor; Jack Hayward, a truly amazing writer was Feature Editor; and my future husband, Tony Baragona, was Sports Editor. I wrote the gossip column.



Dwight Anderson

Bob Rutherford. The Rutherford family was important to the development of Santa Barbara

Afternoons in *The Forge* classroom were magical: seeing how a paper was put together, deadlines, laughter, interesting conversations, and even prohibited trips off campus to the dairy on Milpas (home of the famous cow). It was fun! Rereading those long ago issues is very revealing to me as to how talented this group was. Leon went on to become a renowned historian and winner of a Pulitzer Prize. Jack's sophisticated writing should have led to literary success. Tony became a creative director in advertising. I look back and realize what a wonderful learning experience being on *The Forge* was and how fortunate I was to be a part of it.

I and thousands of other grads feel great loyalty and recite "Once a Don Always a Don" as if it were a spiritual mantra. Even today when you call the school, the answering message is, "*Home of the Dons!*" To reinforce this there are t-shirts and sweat shirts emblazoned with this motto. Santa Barbara High is, and has always has been, a very special school.

A girl-ask-boy dance, Spring 1948

ENDNOTES

[1] A Don is a Spanish term, used as a title of courtesy preceding someone's first name, e.g., Don Juan.

[2] (1913) Internationally-known pioneer of modern dance.

[3] (1947) Pulitzer Prize winner for History for his book *Been in the Storm So Long.*

[4] (1955) Founder of the Charles Schwab discount brokerage firm.

[5] (1945) Baseball Hall of Famer, "greatest third baseman of all time."

[6] (1978) Three-time Olympic gold medalist (indoor 1984, 1988; beach, 1996) in volleyball.

Name Switches and Aliases: Sumner Sylvester's Side of the Story

By Arthur Gibbs Sylvester

Introduction

IN A PREVIOUS ARTICLE[1], I explored the genealogist's bugbears, name switches and aliases, and gave two examples from two Civil War ancestors. One of them, my great-grandfather Sumner Sylvester, enlisted under that name but came out of the war as Charles A. Kimball. How did that happen?

According to family tradition, Sumner said he was in Andersonville prison in a tent with three other prisoners the night before there was to be a limited parole. One of his tent mates, who was on the parolee list, died in the night, so Sumner and the other two men drew straws to determine who would show up and answer for him. Sumner pulled the long straw, and the next morning when Charles A. Kimball's name was called, Sumner stepped up and said, "Here." The guards said: "You are free to go." Then, according to the family story, he walked back to Maine and then later enlisted in the U.S. Navy.

According to Sumner's U.S. Army pension records, however, Sumner deserted and so was denied his pension.

At the Society's 2013 Seminar, Sharon Hoyt said "If your ancestor served in the U.S. Navy during the Civil War, then you have a treasure trove of records waiting for you." I accessed Fold3 records that afternoon, and sure enough, I found 230 pages of pension records, including many that clarify how and why Sumner took the alias Charles A. Kimball.[2]

Most of the file contains Sumner's petitions over the years to have his pension restored and increased owing to disabilities he suffered from imprisonment, together with the Pension Office's responses to his petitions. But it also contains copies of personal letters he wrote to his family during the war, together with affidavits required by the Pension Office to substantiate his claims.

Relevant History

Sumner Sylvester (Fig. 1) was born in the village of Etna, central Maine, on the 8th of June 1845, the fourth of seven children born to Daniel and Mary Jane (Mitchell) Sylvester. On May 5, 1862, at the age of 17, he voluntarily enlisted in Company H, 1st Battalion, 7th U.S. Infantry. Confederate forces captured him six months later on October 27, 1862, while on march at Snicker's Gap near Snickersville, Virginia. He was incarcerated at Libby Prison, Richmond, Virginia, but was paroled about May 1863 and sent to Annapolis parole camp. In one of his letters to his sister, Sumner said he "spent some weeks doing nothing," so he and some others merely walked out of the camp. Sumner walked to New York City, tired, hungry, out of money.

Fig. 1. Sumner Sylvester.
Age and photographer unknown.

Regrettably, there is no official record of parole or discharge, so naturally the Army would list him as deserted. But Sumner explained his time following parole from Libby prison:

"I started to come home and got as far as New York and when I got there I had no money, only enough to put up over night, and the next morning I had to do something, and so I shipped [joined the Navy] for one year unless sooner discharged. My time will be up the 5th day of next May and then I am coming home if I have to walk all the way."[2]

Sumner got no farther than Washington Yard in New York City, where, on May 5, 1863, he enlisted in the U.S. Navy as Charles A. Kimball, the alias he used when allegedly answering roll call at Libby prison. After a few weeks, Charles was assigned to the USS Water Witch (Fig. 2). He described her in his April 24, 1864 letter to his older brother as follows:

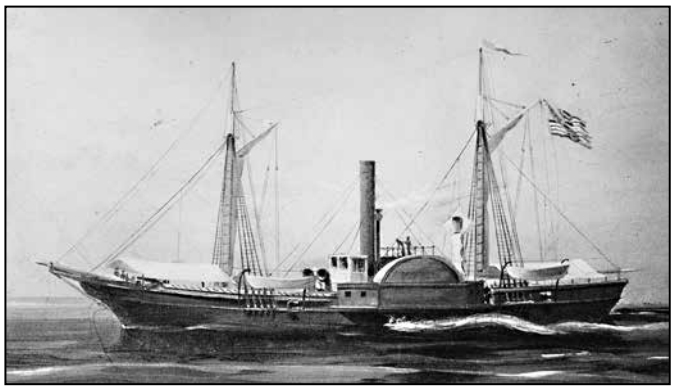


Fig. 2. USS Water Witch
http://www.navsource.org/archives/09/86/098621004.jpg)

"You wanted to know if I have a good looking ship. I have got a pretty good looking one. She is a side-wheel steamer of 4 hundred tons. She is topsail schooner-sized and carries one 30-pound rifle and one 12-pound rifle and a 12-pound smooth bore. We have got about 90 men all together."[2]

In another letter dated March 20, 1864, Sumner described some action:

"The Rebs came down the other day within about 3 or 4 miles of our ship. They were in the woods and so we went to quarters and sent a few 30 lbs shells into them, and I guess they left in a hurry."[2]

And on May 22, 1864, he wrote to his sister: "We took a boat yesterday with five men in it. They [the Rebs] came down from a fort to catch some oysters, and we sent one of our boats after them. They only had one musket with them."[2]

In an evident effort to maintain his alias, Sumner admonished his brother and sister:

"I want you to call me Charles or Charley as they all call me here. I don't want you to call me any other name. I want you to write to me and direct your letters to Mr. Charles A Kimball, U.S. Steamer Water Witch, South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, Port Royal or elsewhere."[2]

The USS Water Witch was on blockading duty off the coast of Georgia. After a brief skirmish, Sumner (alias Charles) and the ship's crew were captured 3 June 1864 at Ossabaw Sound, about 17 miles south of Savannah.[3] He was incarcerated at Andersonville Prison for five months, transferred to Libby Prison for four weeks, paroled at Varina, Virginia on 16 October 1864, and then sent from College Green Barracks, Maryland, to Washington, D.C. on 20 October 1864. On 5 November 1864 he was honorably discharged as Charles A. Kimball and subsequently returned home to Maine, still as Charles A. Kimball.

Sumner's pension file, 230 pages long, clearly supports his claims about his naval service under his pseudonym, and so does the official history of the USS Water Witch. Neither Sumner Sylvester nor Charles A. Kimball are among the records for Andersonville or Libby prisons, however, and nowhere have I found any evidence whatsoever bearing on the existence of a Charles A. Kimball of the right age anywhere in Maine, either in civil or military records, with one exception: Charles A. Kimball of Casco, Maine, was mustered into service by the Provost Marshall in Portland, Maine, for the First Cavalry on 30 December 1863, one year after Sumner Sylvester assumed the name of an alleged dead man.

The Pension Office had to establish Sumner's eligibility for a Navy pension by looking into his records. The Office's summary of the many records in the file states:

Charles A. Kimball "enlisted in the service of the United States as a Landsman in the U.S. Navy at New York on the fifth day of May, 1863 for the term of one year, and was honorably discharged on the fifth day of November in the year 1864 at Washington D.C.; that while in the service aforesaid and in the line of his duty he, on board the U.S.S. Water Witch at Osbow [sic] Sound June 3rd 1864 on the coast of Georgia, was taken prisoner and carried to Andersonville (Fig. 3) and kept till about Sept. 27, '64 and by the hardships, sufferings, and exposures to which he was subjected became so enfeebled that he was rarely able to walk and he is now suffering from swollen legs and feet and lameness resulting from his same imprisonment."[2]

Like so many other Andersonville prisoners, Sumner suffered terribly. A few days before his release from prison, Sumner understated his condition to his sister as follows:

Monday Oct 31st 1864

"My helth (sic) is not very good at present after being so long a prisonor [sic]. We were captured on the third of last June." … and "We had hard times down south."[2]

In fact, some idea of his suffering may be gained from an affidavit the Pension Office obtained to establish a factual basis to Sumner's claims that his health was damaged while incarcerated at Andersonville:

"John Hussey, formerly of Co. P 17 Regiment of Maine Infantry of volunteers who was a prisoner from June 1864 to May 1865 with the Rebels, hereby states under oath that I first saw Charles A. Kimball of the United States Navy at Andersonville Georgia and that I saw him about or quite every day from about the tenth day of August 1864 to the last of September of the same year when he was pardoned by the Rebels and that in consequence of Exposure to the rain and hot sunshine and damp nights, without any covering or blanket and starvation he became so weak when he left the prison and his legs and feet became so much swollen that he could not ware [sic] his shoes and stockins [sic] and when he left Andersonville he had rags tied on his feet and his right arm so lame that he could not at times feed himself with it and that he lost much in flesh and that he at times suffered very extreme pain from Rheumatism and Fever."[2]

The conditions for prisoners were ghastly at Andersonville (Fig. 3). According to the National Park Service: "Andersonville National Historic Site began as a stockade built about 18 months before the end of the U.S. Civil War to hold Union Army prisoners captured by Confederate soldiers. Located deep behind Confederate lines, the 26.5-acre Camp Sumter (named for the south Georgia county it occupied) was designed for a maximum of 10,000 prisoners. At its most crowded, it held more than 32,000 men, many of them wounded and starving, in horrific conditions with rampant disease, contaminated water, and only minimal shelter from the blazing sun and the chilling winter rain. In the prison's 14 months of existence, some 45,000 Union prisoners arrived here; of those, 12,920 died and were buried in a cemetery created just outside the prison walls."[4]

The Pension Office required Sumner to provide a doctor's report of his physical condition, and the examining doctor wrote:

"Lenses correct defect for reading. Hearing – right ear, fair. Left ear – severe deafness. Applicant's chief disability is extreme Arteriosclerosis accompanied by dizzy spells causing him to fall. He also has lumbago so pronounced that he can scarcely bend. His lumbar muscles are spastic and painful on slight pressure. In his left ear he is severely deaf, can only hear loud conversations in that ear at 2 ft. He is very unstable on his feet, walks with decided limp favoring right leg and his entire musculature is flabby and atonic. His prehensile strength is diminished ¾. He attends to calls of nature and eating but requires constant aid and attendance, because of his lameness and his tendency to fall at unexpected times."[2]

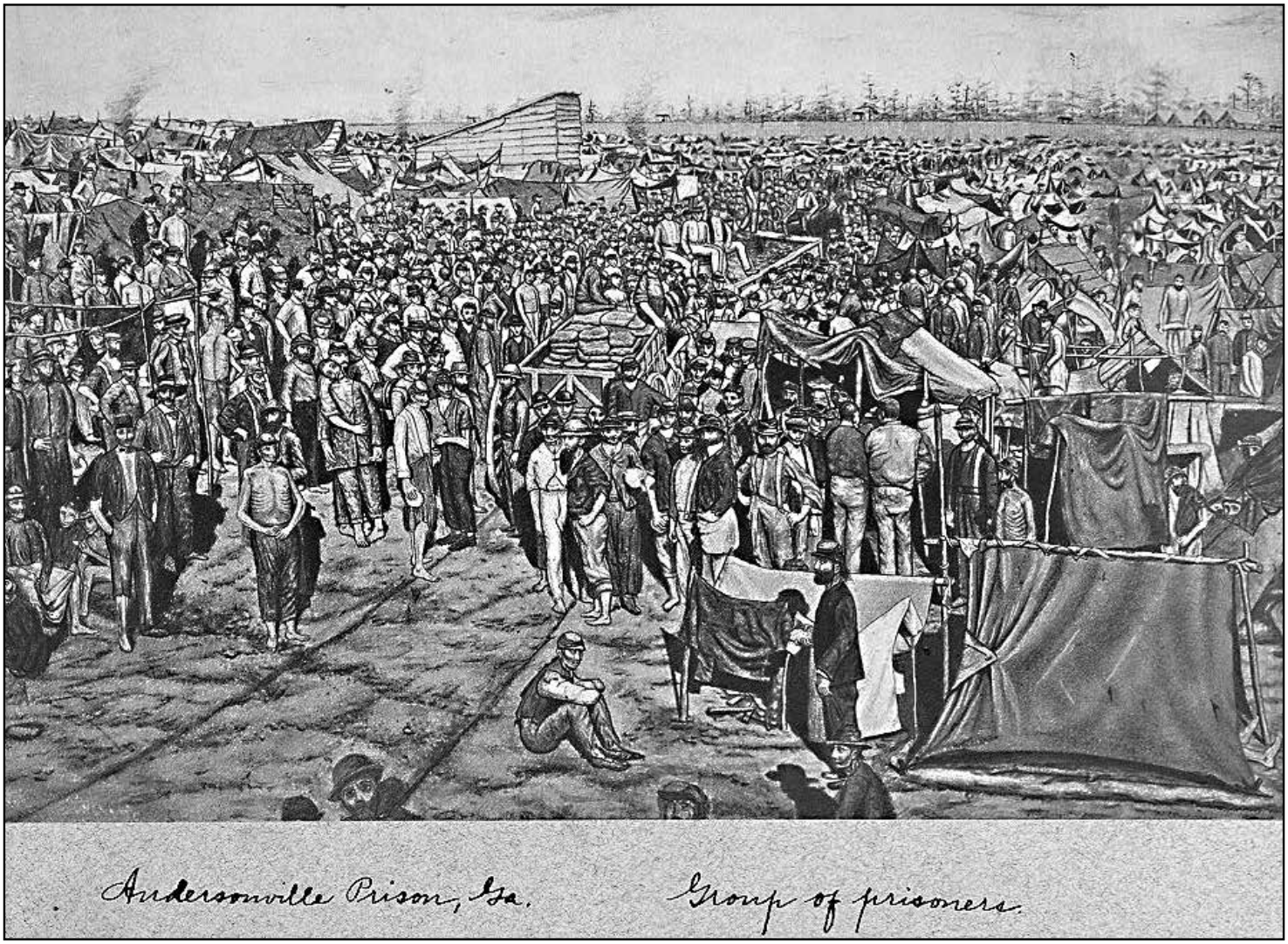


Fig. 3. Andersonville Prison
(http://24.153.124.124/andersonville/GROUP-OF-PRISONERS.JPG).

Conclusions

The Naval pension files contain documentation to support, but not prove, the family story behind Sumner's story how and why he took the alias Charles A. Kimball. The alias and service in both the Army and Navy caused him considerable difficulties in obtaining his pension, but as a consequence, they resulted in a fat file of personal, physical, and service information.

The file also gives insight into the privations prisoners of the war suffered as a consequence of the horrific conditions of some of those prisons, the infamous Andersonville in particular. Sumner was infirm the remainder of his life as a result his imprisonment, was unable to do physical work, and required a caretaker in his older years.

ENDNOTES

[1] Sylvester, A.G., 2000. *Name Switches and aliases: The Genealogist's Bugbears*. The Maine Genealogist 22 (2), 63-70.

[2] NARA Publication M1469. *Case Files of Approved Pension Applications of Civil War and Later Navy Veterans, 1861-1910*. NARA Catalog ID 580580, Sumner Sylvester Certificate 00000957.

[3] Young, Matthew, undated. *Irony Clad: The Remarkable Odyssey of the U.S.S. Water Witch*. http://www.dot.ga.gov/Projects/programs/environment/resources/outreach/Documents/Reports/Water%20Witch%20-%20Young.pdf, accessed 25 August 2014.

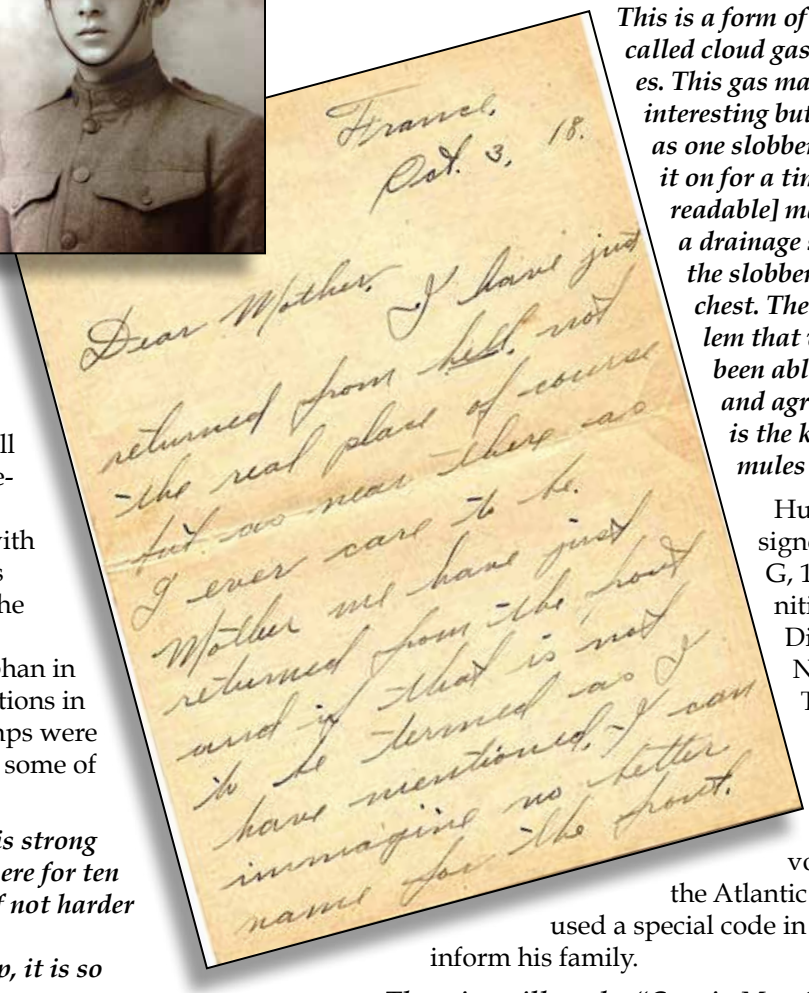
[4] National Park Service, 2013. Andersonville: National Historic Site, George. http://www.nps.gov/ande/index.htm, accessed 25 May 2013.

Excerpts from *Hand the Honors to the Doughboys*

By Walter Browne

MY INTEREST IN WORLD WAR I began as a high school student and continued through college where I majored in History. After retiring last year and moving to Santa Barbara, I invested more time on the subject and recently completed a book based upon a personal connection to the First World War.

Some years ago I received the original letters my granddad, Hutchinson Cooper, sent to his mother from training camp and the fields of France during the Great War. Following are excerpts from my book which tell the story in his words of bureaucratic foul-ups, illness, horrific scenes of war, and common frustrations of serving during World War I.


France
Oct. 3, 18.
Dear Mother. I have just returned from the real place of course but as near there as I ever care to be. Mother we have just returned from the front and it is what is to be termed as I have mentioned. I can imagine no letter name for the front.

Hutch Cooper enlisted in the Army on June 17, 1917 in the small southeastern Kansas town of Independence. A total of about 69,000 Kansans served during the war with 11.2% of them eventually listed as deceased. Granddad was one of the fortunate ones to return.

Hutch was sent to Camp Doniphan in Oklahoma for his training. Conditions in the early 20th century at these camps were anything but ideal. Following are some of his comments home:

The wind here is not mild, it is strong and steady, it blows steady here for ten hours at a time and as hard if not harder than it ever blows in Kansas.

We are all tired of this camp, it is so monotonous.

Tarantulas larger than dollars are very familiar with us here. They make a hole in the ground about the size of a half dollar and live in them. The nearer our tents they can get the better it seems. We drowned three big ones and this morning there are many more holes around here and all the fellows are carrying water to fill their holes. They don't scare me unless they begin sleeping with me in my blankets, then I refuse to associate with them.

I have had some bad luck lately. I was busted about two weeks ago, I mean reduced in rank. I am now a Buck Private. It happened while I was on guard during our four hours rest. I went to sleep while reading a magazine. It was not in my own tent and there was no one else in there. I went there where it was quiet to rest and read but fell asleep and the field Officer of the Day came for inspection of the guard. The guard was called out and I still slept.

Training meant preparation for the possibility of encountering poison gas.

We have been taking gas mask lessons for the last month, have had about six lessons and are able to put a mask on in six seconds flat now. That is the most of us, some are always slow at some things. We go into the gas house tomorrow with our masks on and contact with real chlorine gas. This is a form of gas that is called cloud gas in the trenches. This gas mask is rather interesting but rather sloppy as one slobbers after having it on for a time and the [unreadable] masks don't have a drainage system and the slobbers fall on your chest. There is one problem that we have not been able to figure out and agree on and that is the kind of mask our mules will use.

Hutch was assigned to Company G, 110th Ammunition Train, 35th Division of the National Guard. The need for secrecy prevented him from writing about his voyage across the Atlantic to France so he used a special code in a telegram to inform his family.

The wire will read – "Cousin May Smith's address is 2014 Spruce Ave, New York." The first name of the person named will be the month, in this case May and the first two numbers of the street address will represent the date of the month. So the wire above would mean that I sailed the 20th of May… see?

After his arrival in Europe he wrote about his sailing experience.

The grub we get on board is rotten, can't eat any of [it] except bread, butter and coffee. I have often wished I were an Officer so l could eat something that was cooked. They live just as they would in a hotel. We sleep in hammocks over our mess tables thicker than bees in [a] hive and in the hold of the ship. Ventilation [is] poor. I would sleep on deck if they would allow it.

For the most part, Hutch's tour in Europe did not run smoothly and involved illnesses, bureaucratic mix-ups, delays, missed paychecks, lost mail, repeated disappointments over failure to be assigned to his proper unit, and missed opportunities to take leave.

I have not joined my company yet nor can I find out where they are. Military matters are on the Q.T. here and even the officers who are in command do not know where other regiments are located. I am now with a casual company.

I am anxious to get back with my outfit but I expect it will be a few weeks before I can get there on account of the red tape that must be spun in these casual camps.

I told you before that I had been poisoned at the front on water. Well I kept running down until I got the grippe and I am now in the Base Hospital taking pills. I suppose some of the fool fellows in the Co. have written home and told that I was sent to the hospital with paralysis or something worse because I was pretty sick when I left there.

I am feeling quite well now. They exercise the patients and drill them some here and it don't meet with the approval of most of theirs as some are wounded and others have just recovered from a long siege in the hospital so naturally they favor a rest. Besides the mud is about ankle deep and it is more harm to get us out and get our feet wet than to rest. Some go back to the hospitals from too much exposure and poor treatment but such is army life in France, it kills or cures.

When away from home facing an unknown future, particularly during wartime, it's not surprising a 24 year old experienced homesickness. Reading through the collection of letters covering about 20 months, Hutch certainly made it clear that he appreciated a taste of home and particularly mail from his parents and sisters.

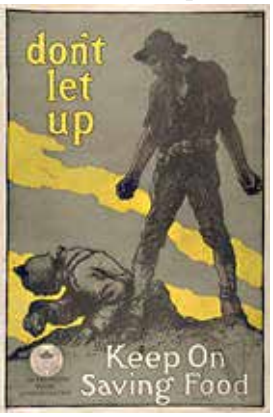
There was a large mail today and most everyone received one or more letters and you would be surprised to see the effect it has on them, everyone whistling or humming a tune and exchanging news reading extracts from their letters to each other and laughing. It would sure do those who write to us good to see the bunch after a mail.

I received a bunch of letters the other day and I was surely a happy boy when I got them.

The two boxes of candy and cookies that I received yesterday were sure fine. I always pass the boxes around in the tent once at least. The boys here think I sure have wonderful Sisters to get boxes like those and I guess I have too.

I know from personal experience that a soldier is more satisfied if he can hear from his Mother often.

The bulk of Hutch's letters home were very routine stories and comments about everyday life behind the lines. But sprinkled throughout are stories of his experiences which were beyond the norm. At times he spoke about unusual sights and experiences such as the countryside and its historical ruins or his exposure to different difficult living conditions and war scenes.



I just returned from a little walk over to Bailon the next town about 4 kilos from here and explored an old castle and fortification there that was built in 824 AD. It is some structure; it stands on a hill and has a canal around it so in case of attack it can be surrounded by water.

Three days ago while at the other town we just left, I took a walk upon a nearby mountain to examine the trenches and dugouts that were used in 1914. I found about two dozen Frenchmen there on top of the mountain on special service and they invited me to stay for dinner so I stayed and sat with the Officers and Non Comm officers, one Second Lieutenant and three Sargts. I expected that they would have black bread and wine and they had that and more, pork chops, fresh fish, French fried spuds, vegetable soup, coffee bitters with olive oil dressing and strawberries with thick white wine on them and they were sure good.

We are in French barracks here, the first roof we have seen since I wrote you my no. 1 letter and believe me a roof goes well with this continual rain, but it looks like a cootie joint. I hope not for I have so far dodged the small comrades.

My letters may sound as if I were disgusted with this country and I am. The sun has shown twice in the past four months, once for half a day and once for one hour this morning. The rest of the time it is rainy or cloudy and dark. I only hope that the sun will be shining in Kansas when I return.

In spite of the homesickness, bad weather, Army bureaucratic problems, illness and other hardships, Hutch was fortunate that he did not experience the horrors of trench warfare. Though spared the experience of a permanent assignment on the front, Hutch was touched both directly and indirectly from the horrors of war as he shared in letters to his parents and sisters.

I almost believe the Bosch have it in for me because they have dropped three high explosive shells so close to me that had it not been in soft soggy

ground in which the shells buried themselves it would have probably been hospital or shell hole for me. When they light within eight feet of you and throw soft mud in your face it is time to hunt a dugout.

We are in the open again where the big shells whine and I may add that some of them drove a wee bit too near me at times to be comfortable. I have a piece of the first one that struck near me, about one hundred feet or less.

I have just returned from Hell, not the real place of course but as near there as I ever care to be. Mother, we have just returned from the front and if that is not to be termed as I have mentioned, I can imagine no better name for the front. The sights I have witnessed were most gruesome but they were cold by the time we passed over the taken ground and I can only imagine by what I have seen and what I have been told by the infantrymen who returned after being relieved, what a sight the real drive must have been. I can remember how I used to feel at the sight of a gash on someone's hand or foot but now it is nothing unusual to look upon a totally mangled form and pass on wondering if the person had dealt with high explosive, shrapnel or machine gun.

By late 1918 returning home is still a long way off for the troops and Hutch's desire to get back to his company is still confounded by the bureaucratic military system.

Well I am back with old company G again and glad to be back after many days of wondering, but I am not sure that they are going to let me stay as my records have been sent in to Headquarters along with all of my mail so I may be a casual again if they don't accept me here.

As my service record is not here I don't suppose I will be paid for about two months more. I drew my last pay in July and have been broke for quite a time.

I was planning to have a good Thanksgiving dinner with the company but to my disgust I find that they celebrated last Sunday for fear that they may be moving on the 28th.

As the months went by and the war came to an end, the difficulty of moving two million men home meant more long delays and false hopes.

The "Daily Mail" published a list of the divisions that are supposed to go home within the next four months and the 35th is the fourth division to sail in April, so we are delayed again and our castles have again crumbled to the ground, but we are excavating and will soon have new hopes as strong as the old. There seems to be nothing more to do than wish for something to eat and to be home.

There are many sights that I would like to see before we go but the sight of the Statue of Liberty is the most welcome thing I can think of unless it be Mother and you folks at home.

Father I have seen more war than I ever wanted to see and I will be a most happy lad when I get back home again.

Even Hutch's plans to visit Paris with his buddies fell through as his unfortunate circumstances continued.

"Father I have seen more war than I ever wanted to see and I will be a most happy lad when I get back home again."

I don't believe I will have a chance to see Paris as my Service Record is still missing and I can't get my money until the record is found.

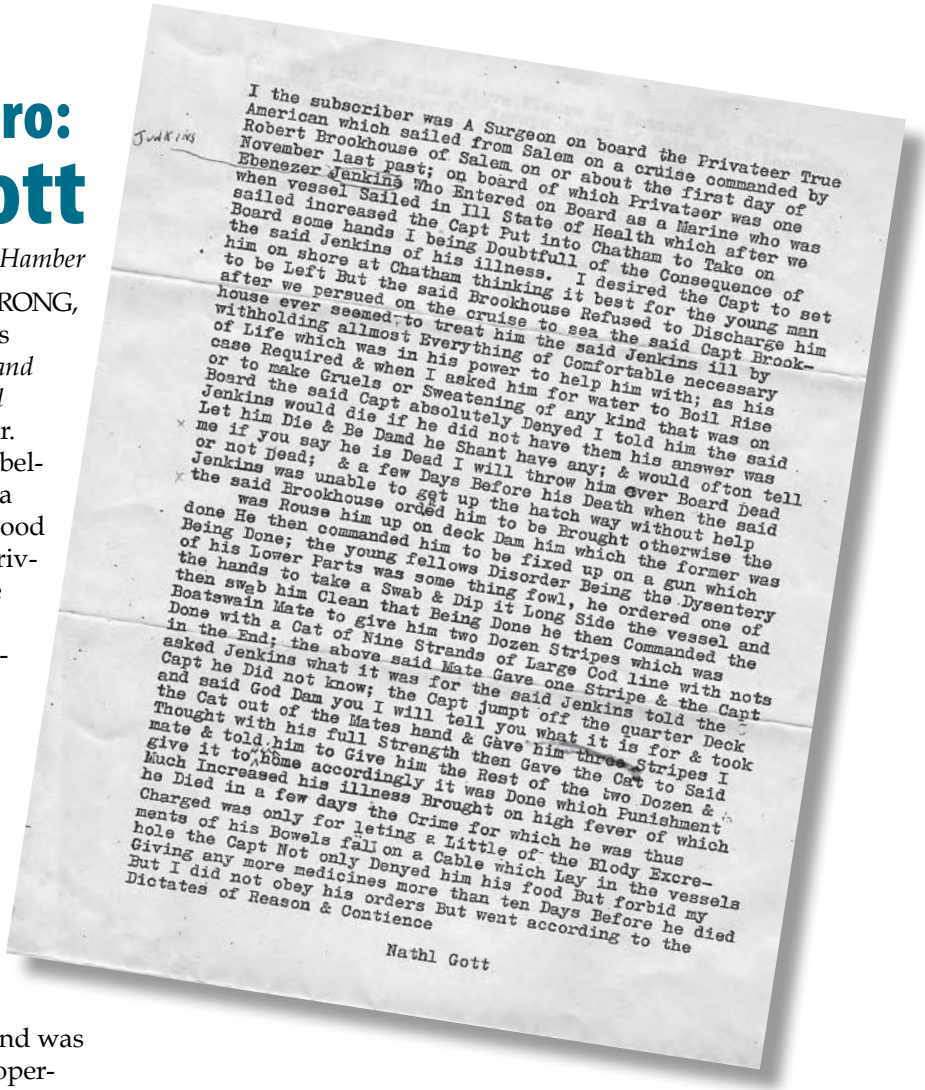
When the war ended, more than two million soldiers had served overseas. This is the story of one World War I veteran who did his duty and endured the common and often difficult frustrations and physical hardships asked of him. To my knowledge, he didn't share his story widely, but he did preserve his letters for others to read. He was also aware that many endured much more and that the attention of the public belongs on them.

I suppose before we get home we will have all kinds of decorations but I hope that they at least decorate those infantrymen who were in the lines so one can distinguish them a block away for they certainly deserve it. The artillery and all who were behind the lines hand the honors to the doughboys.

Note: Currently I am researching the lives and tragic deaths of WWI veterans connected to Santa Barbara County. These fascinating young men came from all walks of life, but shared in common the disaster of brutal battle or rampant deadly illness of 1917-1918.

Revolutionary War Hero: Dr. Nathaniel Gott

By Janet Armstrong Hamber



I the subscriber was A Surgeon on board the Privateer True American which sailed from Salem on a cruise commanded by Robert Brookhouse of Salem on or about the first day of November last past; on board of which Privateer was one Ebenezer Jenkins Who Entered on Board as a Marine who was when vessel Sailed in Ill State of Health which after we sailed increased the Capt Put into Chatham to Take on Board some hands I being Doubtfull of the Consequence of his illness. I desired the Capt to set the said Jenkins of shore at Chatham thinking it best for the young man him on shore at Chatham But the said Brookhouse Refused to Discharge him after we persued on the cruise to sea the said Capt Brook- to be Left But the said Brookhouse Refused to Discharge him house ever seemed to treat him the said Jenkins ill by withholding allmost Everything of Comfortable necessary of Life which was in his power to help him with; as his case Required & when I asked him for water to Boil Rise or to make Gruels or Sweatening of any kind that was on Board the said Capt absolutely Denyed I told him the said Jenkins would die if he did not have them his answer was Let him Die & Be Damd he Shant have any; & would often tell me if you say he is Dead I will throw him over Board Dead or not Dead; & a few Days Before his Death when the said Jenkins was unable to get up the hatch way without help the said Brookhouse orded him to be Brought otherwise the was Rouse him up on deck Dam him which the former was done He then commanded him to be fixed up on a gun which Being Done; the young fellows Disorder Being the Dysentery of his Lower Parts was some thing fowl, he ordered one of the hands to take a Swab & Dip it Long Side the vessel and then swab him Clean that Being Done he then Commanded the Boatswain Mate to give him two Dozen Stripes which was Done with a Cat of Nine Strands of Large Cod line with nots in the End; the above said Mate Gave one Stripe & the Capt asked Jenkins what it was for the said Jenkins told the Capt he Did not know; the Capt jumpt off the quarter Deck and said God Dam you I will tell you what it is for & took the Cat out of the Mates hand & Gave him three Stripes I Thought with his full Strength then Gave the Cat to Said mate & told him to Give him the Rest of the two Dozen & give it to home accordingly it was Done which Punishment Much Increased his illness Brought on high fever of which he Died in a few days the Crime for which he was thus Charged was only for leting a Little of the Blody Excre- ments of his Bowels fall on a Cable which Lay in the vessels hole the Capt Not only Denyed him his food But forbid my Giving any more medicines more than ten Days Before he died But I did not obey his orders But went according to the Dictates of Reason & Contience

Nathl Gott

MY FATHER, ROBERT PEARSON ARMSTRONG, spent his retirement years researching his family tree, writing a book, *A Genealogy and History of the Families of Robert P. Armstrong and Lucile May Coulter Armstrong*. His father was Dr. Samuel Eugene Armstrong and his mother, Isabella Augusta Gott. The earliest Gott, Charles Sr., a Puritan, arrived in Massachusetts aboard the good ship Abilgail in 1628. Jonathan Armstrong's arrival date is less precise, but he is thought to have come to Massachusetts around 1635.[1]

While the Armstrong/Gott lineage was interesting to me, it was the biographies my father wrote about those individuals that I found fascinating. My ancestors were a hardy lot, settling the western frontier of New England, finally living in Otsego County, New York. They were mostly common farmers and lumbermen, with an occasional lawyer, banker or doctor thrown in — a rather solid, if boring, group of individuals. They were what I would call the Salt of the Earth, the Backbone of Early America.

However, one man always stood out to me and was my favorite ancestor, Dr. Nathaniel Gott of Cooperstown, New York. As my father wrote, "Among our ancestors, Nathaniel Gott is one of the most colorful characters of whom we have documentary evidence. He was well educated, with a fluent use of Latin, a physician, Minuteman of the American Revolution and a rugged, eccentric individualist. Birdsall, in his *History of Cooperstown*, writes, "A quaint character who established himself in the village was Dr. Nathaniel Gott. (1791). He wore short breeches, with long stockings and always ate his meals from a wooden trencher. He was a man of fiery spirit." Birdsall goes on to recount several amusing events concerning Dr. Gott, but this note is about a war story as written by my father.

"On April 19, 1775, Nathaniel Gott was a month past his twentieth birthday when he "Marched on the Alarm" as is recorded of all soldiers in the Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolution who responded to the call for the Concord and Lexington battle and were known ever afterward as Minutemen. His company did not arrive in time to engage in the battle, but like most of the Militia of the Massachusetts Colony and other colonies as far south as Virginia who arrived later, they stayed on in the siege of Boston. He served in two other regiments until October 6, 1775, when he returned home to prepare for his service as surgeon on the privateer.

Dr. Amos Putnam of Danvers, Massachusetts, most likely the doctor that Nathaniel studied under, wrote a letter of certification for Nathaniel in 1782 in which he writes, "This may certify all whom it may concern that Nathaniel Gott of Wenham, in the County of Essex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, physician, sometime about year 1771 applied him to the study of Physic and in the year 1776, by the solicitation of several gentlemen he was prevailed with to go to France, surgeon of a 20 gun ship..."

Nathaniel was solicited two more times to go as a surgeon of a privateer brig on a cruise to sea. "The brig he sailed on in his second or third voyage was the True American, Robert Brookhouse, Captain. The Marine Museum, Salem, Massachusetts, records this ship as a Brigantine of 12 guns and 4 swivels.

A trial record in the Library of Congress and also in the State House, Boston Massachusetts, contains an affadavit (sic) by Dr. Gott, surgeon, July 4, 1779, in which he testifies to the cruel treatment of Marine Ebenezer Judkins by the Captain."

I'm not sure where my father got a typewritten copy of Dr. Gott's trial affidavit but I scanned it and attached it to this note. It is rather difficult to read as the punctuation and sentence structure is quite odd.

"His service in the war terminated in 1778, when he returned from Spain to practice in Wenham."

I've always been quite proud of my ancestor for standing up at a trial and exposing the cruel treatment of a marine by the captain of the ship.

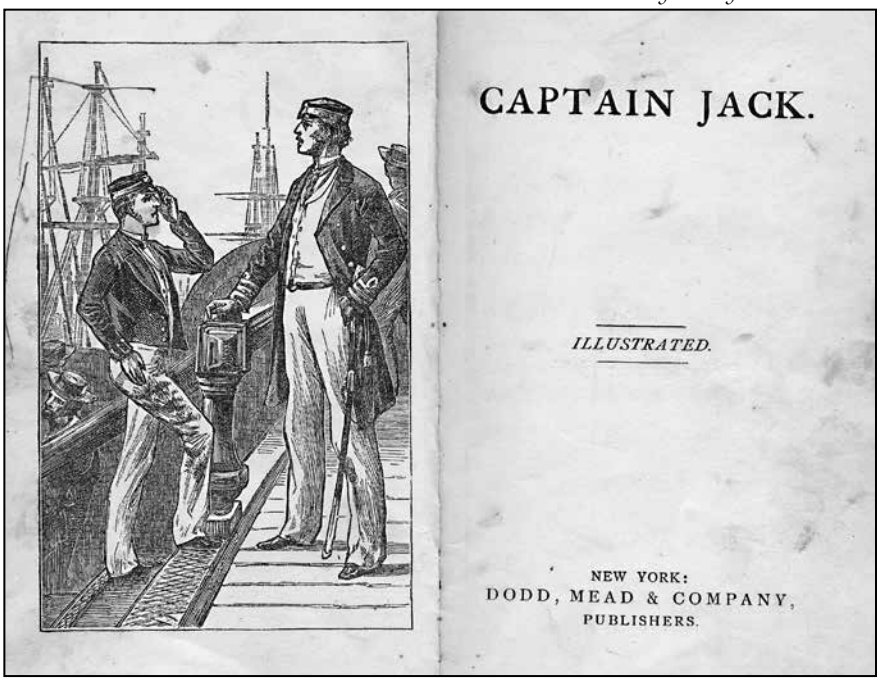
[1]All quotes in the article come from *Armstrong's A Genealogy*, unless otherwise noted.

IMAGINING MAX MEYER: *or* CAPTAIN JACK GOES TO WAR

by Terry Ferl

A SMALL KEEPSAKE IS the only tangible clue I had to the life of Max Hugo Meyer, an ancestral cousin of my husband Richard Ferl. The keepsake is a children's book entitled *Captain Jack*. It is a lively story of a high-spirited, "teasing, headlong, harum-scarum boy" who learns lessons of character and courage through many adventures. Jack finally grows into the "gentlemanly, thoughtful, and winning" Captain Jack Churchill, who hopes to command a naval vessel one day.[1]

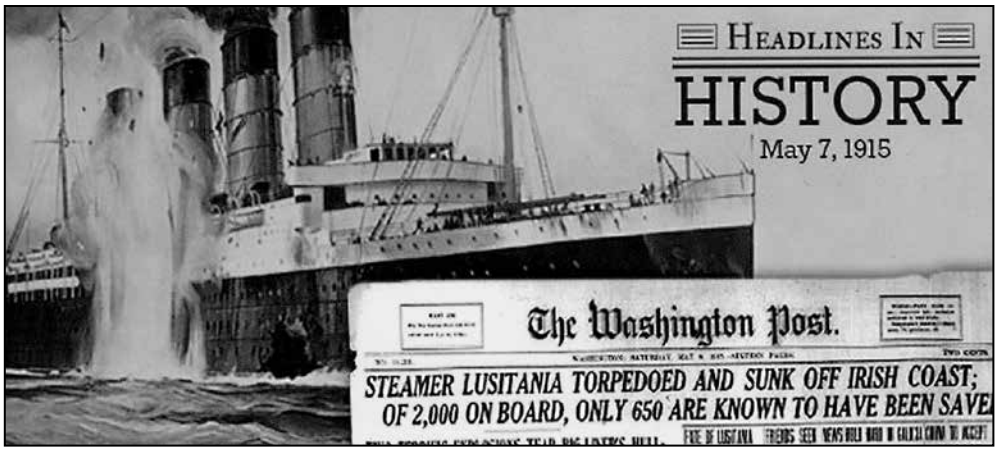
In 1885 the book was signed by its previous boyhood owner, Max's uncle, Otto Ferl. Max inscribed the endpapers with his own name and the date, "Mar. 3, 1909, Santa Barbara, Calif." when he was ten years old. The little book is not like a diary or correspondence that might open a window to a personality, but it did inspire me to follow Max's path at the dawn of the 20th century, a path that took him very far from Santa Barbara.



Captain Jack title-page

War and Change

Max came of age in an era of great technological innovation coupled with cultural and political tumult. Santa Barbara itself had evolved from its Spanish and Mexican rancho periods into a town where English became the official language, considerable wealth had accumulated, and commerce was brisk. By 1901, Santa Barbara was accessible by railway from both San Francisco and Los Angeles. The powerful realms of the Old World were still remote from the fledgling culture of coastal California but would soon affect the lives of young men like Max.



Europe's aging empires, confronted by national and revolutionary movements, were drifting toward war by the second decade of the century. Open conflict was triggered on June 28, 1914 by the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne. Over the weeks that followed, heads of state declared war on their perceived enemies and engaged in horrific battles that resulted in unimaginable casualty figures. German U-boats were sinking merchant ships in the Atlantic, then on May 7, 1915, the British ocean liner, RMS Lusitania, was torpedoed and sunk off the Irish coast. Hundreds of American newspapers carried headlines about the loss of lives. The popular notion that this war would last only a couple of months was dashed. Stalemate set in, followed by years of devastating trench warfare and battles at sea.

President Wilson asserted America's neutrality and resisted entry into the Great War until April 6, 1917, when German attacks on American shipping finally reached a flash point. The war ended on November 11, 1918, with 16 million deaths and 21 million wounded. The influenza pandemic in 1918 infected 500 million and killed 50-100 million people worldwide, spread in large measure by the war in its final year. The Austro-Hungarian, German, Ottoman and Russian empires collapsed, new nation-states were drawn up on the

map, and an American empire began to take form.[2] Where was Max Meyer throughout those harrowing times?

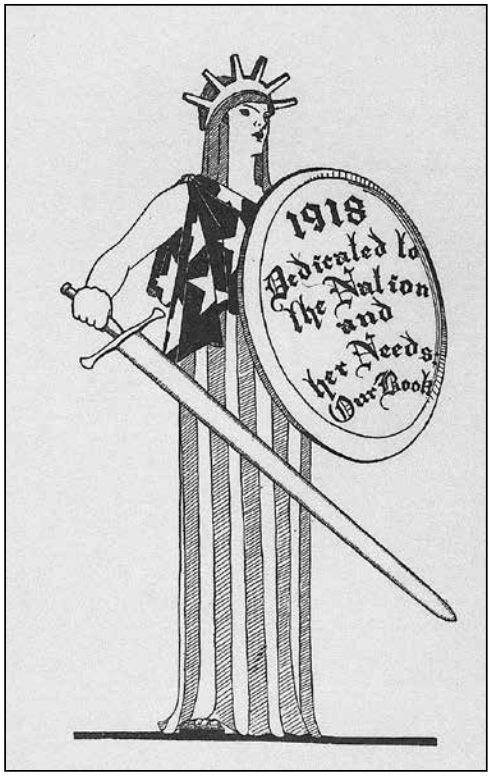
Launching My Skiff

Max's place in the family tree was clear, but I knew little else about him and there were no family members to consult. He is not buried in the Santa Barbara Cemetery with many of his German immigrant forebears, most notably his grandfather William Ferl, a successful rancher and accomplished horticulturist well-known in Santa Barbara at the turn of the 19th Century.[3]

The first place to begin looking was of course Ancestry.com. I reviewed Federal census records, family trees, high school yearbooks, city directories and other government files, readily finding Max's dates (1898-1984), his place of death (Sacramento), and his name in the Federal census of his parents' household from 1900 through 1930. The family trees that include Max do not list his marriage or descendants. Oddly, I could not locate Max's 1940 Federal census record because, as I later discovered, his given name had inexplicably been transcribed as "Maph." This little error, coupled with the common surname Meyer, hid vital information from me for a long while.

I expected to see Max's name among the graduating seniors in the 1918 yearbook of Santa Barbara High School, the Olive and Gold, but instead he is listed there as a radio operator aboard the heavy cruiser USS Pittsburgh. The yearbook honors Max and 26 of his classmates who had gallantly "joined up," missing their senior year. Max is included too in the Roll of Honor, a list of all the former high school students serving in the military as of May 24, 1918, a total of 241.

With a "Good Luck and Godspeed!" for the absent classmates, the yearbook editor stated that a simple graduation was now in order: "Cast all remaining 'furbelows' aside. Silks, crepes, and nets are taboo, and white kid gloves an unjustifiable extravagance." Indeed, the mood was a somber one: "We sense a great change in the old order of things… It is for us, of this younger generation, to take up the work of reconstruction and to solve the problems which will confront a shaken world after this terrific war."[4]



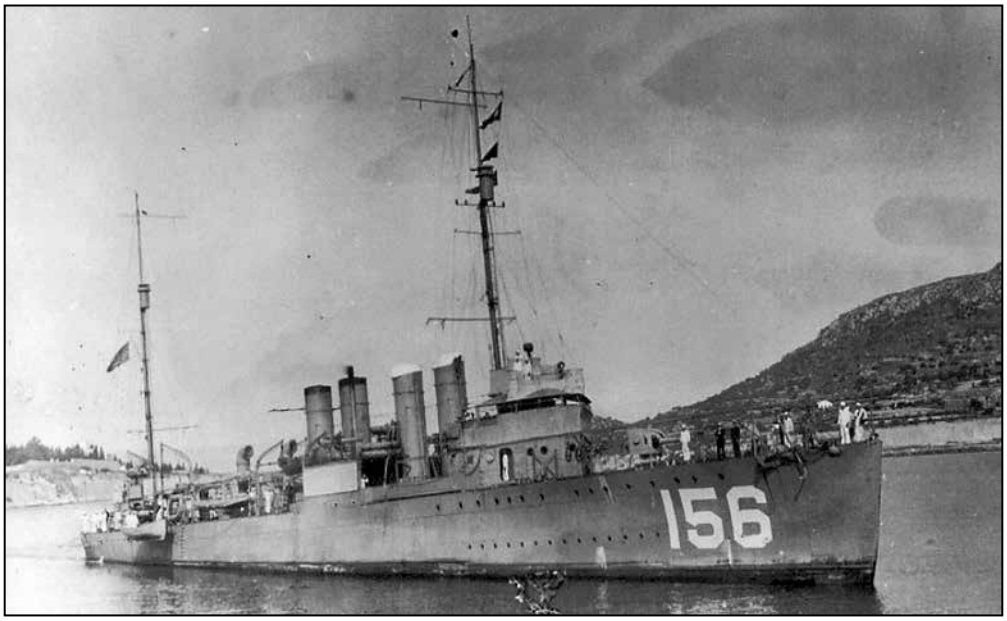
Olive and Gold dedication page 1918

Max enlisted in the Navy in January 1917, four months before the Selective Service Act of 1917 became law, which explains why there is no draft registration record for him. Learning of Max's Navy service was a catalyst for me to continue with the Captain Jack thread and see where it would lead in what came to be known as "the American century."

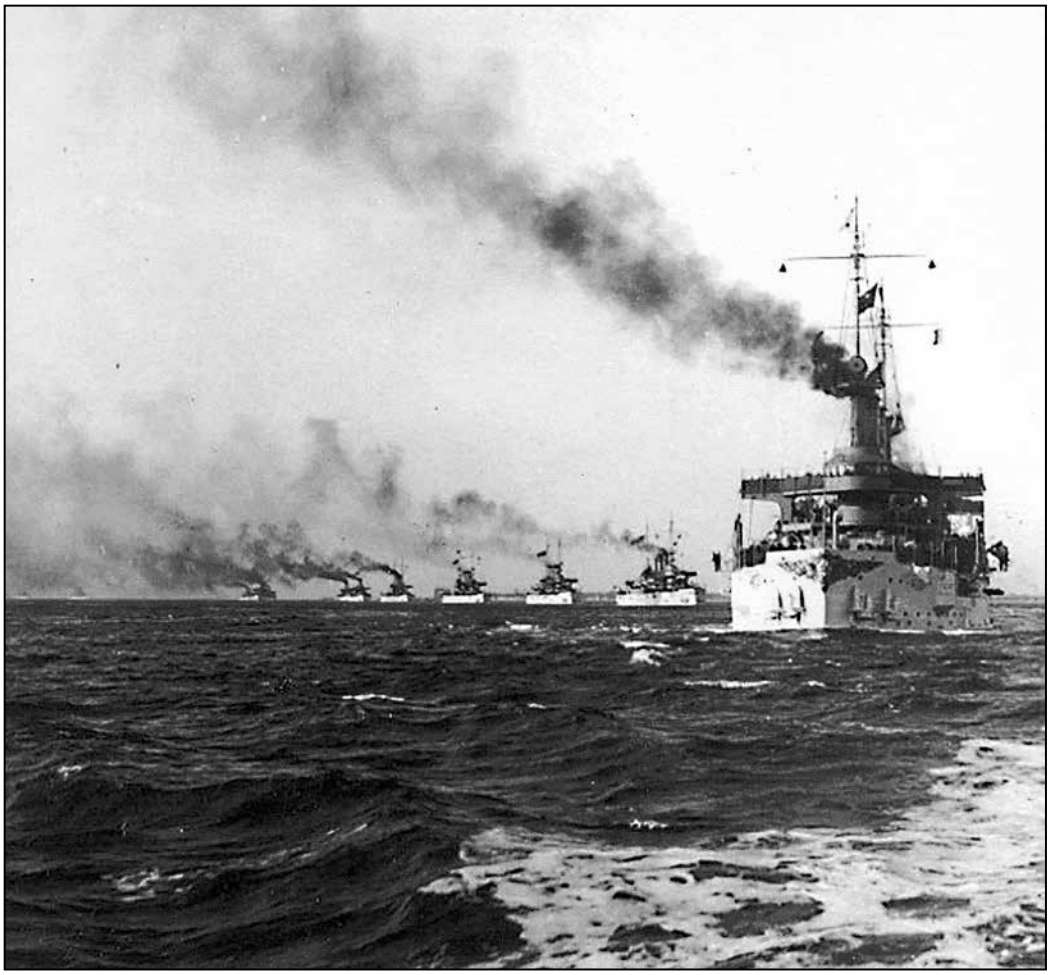
The 1920 Federal census shows 21-year-old Max residing with his parents in Santa Barbara on January 10. But another Census record transcribed February 26, 1920, lists Max Meyer, 2d class petty officer, at Spalato, Dalmatia. The latter record enumerates the naval personnel aboard the destroyer USS J. Fred Talbott. The Great War is over and the Talbott is serving as a station ship at various ports in the Mediterranean, tasked to provide stability in the war-torn region. So Max was "counted twice" in 1920, despite that fact that census workers were told not to record those military personnel who were at sea at their stateside homes.[5] I decided to apply to the National Personnel Records Center of the National Archives and Records Administration (NARA) for copies of Max's military records. During the six weeks of waiting for results, I backtracked to study Max's boyhood days.

Ships Ahoy!

Sighting ships in the harbor is common for Santa Barbara residents, but some events are exceptional. On April 25, 1908, young Max would no doubt have seen



USS J. Fred Talbott in port



Great White Fleet, December 1907

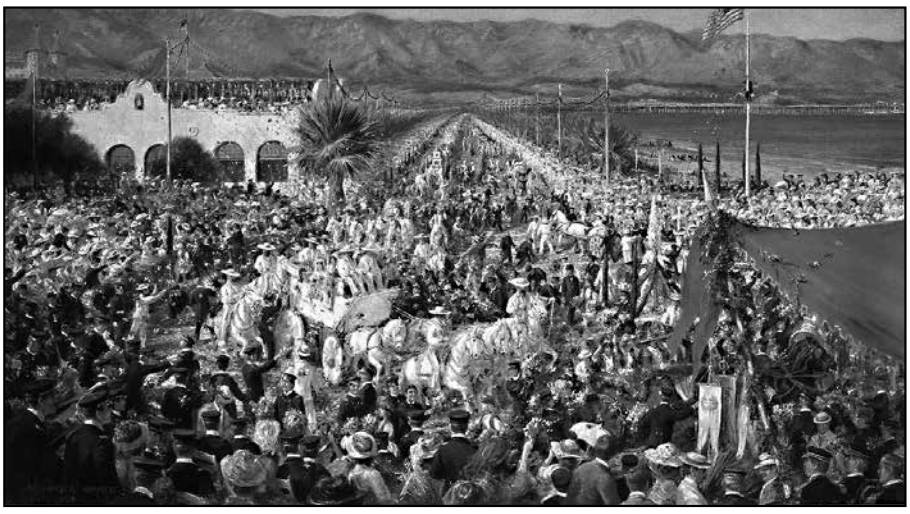
the spectacular sight of President Theodore Roosevelt's Great White Fleet of battleships steaming into the Santa Barbara harbor during the late afternoon. In December 1907, the new battleships and other vessels in their flotilla had gathered at Hampton Roads, Virginia to take part in an exposition.

When they departed on December 16th, their commander announced that the fleet would be returning home via the Pacific and circumnavigating the globe for 14 months. The origins of this unprecedented cruise are described by military historian Kennedy Hickman:

In the years after its triumph in the Spanish-American War, the United States quickly grew in power and prestige on the world stage. A newly established imperial power with possessions that included Guam, the Philippines, and Puerto Rico, it was felt that the United States needed to substantially increase its naval power to retain its new global status. Led by the energy of President Theodore Roosevelt, the US Navy built eleven new battleships between 1904 and 1907.[6]

Santa Barbara provided a handsome welcome for the Great White Fleet, as did all the ports visited during the world cruise. A contemporary painting by Alexander Harmer depicts the grand festival that Santa Barbara held in the fleet's honor.[7] One readily imagines young Max in this crowd.

The Santa Barbara Morning Press covered the fleet for days. A banner headline in the April 26 edition reads "Great Fleet Sailed From Southland's Mighty Throng To Become Santa Barbara's Guests At Brilliant Flower Festival." The May 7 edition even carried a lengthy, front-page description of the fleet's entry into rival San Francisco Bay, where a grand welcome was prepared, notwithstanding the devastation still evident in that city's 1906 earthquake and fire. When Max wrote his name in his Captain Jack book a year later, he surely thought of the thrilling days when the fleet of 16 white battleships arrived in the Santa Barbara harbor. He may also have noted that armored vessels under steam power had replaced the sailing war frigates of Captain Jack's time.



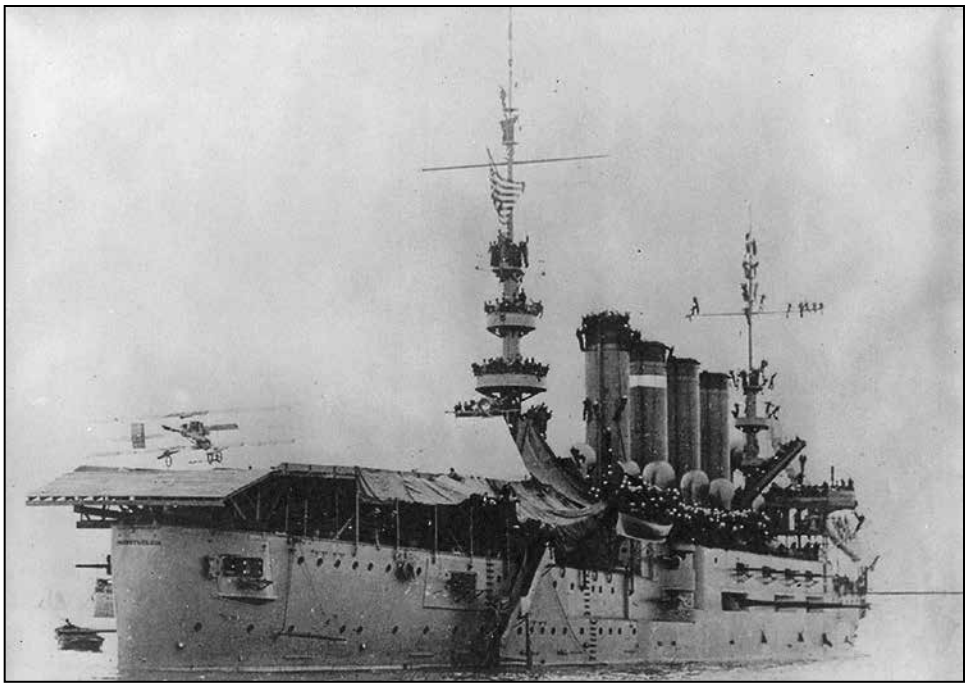
Battle of the Flowers, Santa Barbara, 1908

Max's First Ship

The armored cruiser USS Pittsburgh was Max's first offshore home. Under her earlier name, the USS Pennsylvania, she enjoyed a distinction likely known to Max when he was about 12. The Pennsylvania was the first ship to have a fixed-wing aircraft land on her deck. On January 18, 1911, in San

Francisco Bay, a bi-plane flown by Eugene Ely landed on a platform constructed on the ship's after-deck, using a tail-hook apparatus and sandbags to halt the plane, thus opening the era of naval aviation and aircraft carriers.

Max was likely aware of earlier visits by the USS Pennsylvania to Santa Barbara. On May 18, 1908, less than a month after the Great White Fleet's departure, the Pennsylvania arrived in the company of six other armored cruisers and stayed several weeks. Contemporary reports publicized their entry: "Seven of the newest and finest armored cruisers in the Navy, constituting the most powerful cruiser fleet that ever visited Santa Barbara, steamed slowly around Castle Rock at 8:30 this morning, and came to anchor half a mile off shore and slightly west of Stearns' Wharf." While there was no shore leave, occasionally the sailors came ashore to practice land maneuvers. On March 2, 1910 the cruisers again steamed into the harbor and around the Channel Islands for several weeks of gunnery practice.

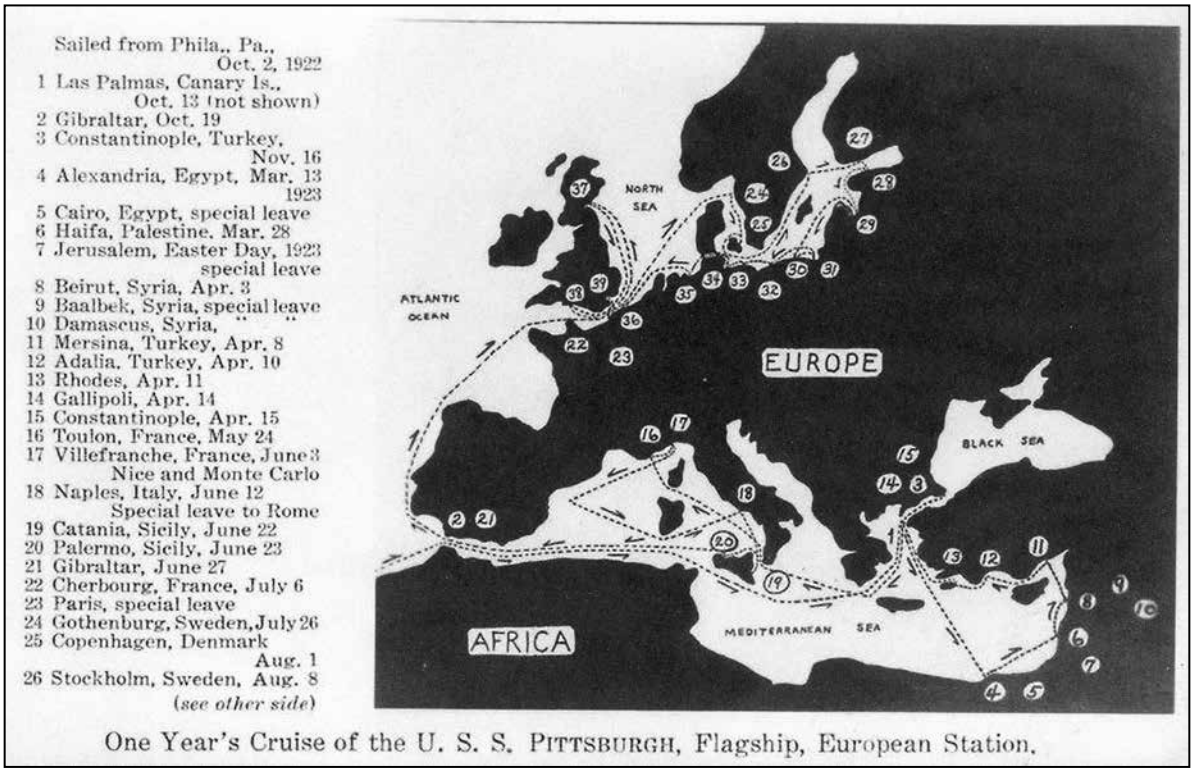


Bi-plane lands on USS Pennsylvania

Max in the Great War

When Max's military files were ready, I copied them myself by visiting the National Personnel Records Center in St. Louis. Through these records I learned the details of Max's enlistments, his ship assignments, specialties (electrician and radio specialist), rating changes, and health.

The USS Pittsburgh served mainly in the Pacific during World War I, occasionally interdicting Austrian and German ships at South American ports. Because of America's late entry in the war, her capital ships rarely engaged the Germans and few decisive submarine actions occurred. However, the Navy's service was not without serious risks. In the closing four months of 1918, the influenza made itself felt among U.S. Navy



One Year's Cruise of the U. S. S. Pittsburgh, Flagship, European Station.

USS Pittsburgh cruise map

USS Pittsburgh in Venice

sailors and marines, killing over 4,000, about twice the number killed by the disease in World War I combat. "Afloat, many ships were afflicted and some disabled. Notable among the latter was the armored cruiser Pittsburgh, stationed at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, with the majority of her 1100-man crew sick and 58 dead." Max was aboard the Pittsburgh in Rio at that perilous time. Ancestry.com's Freepages Military History site contains very detailed accounts of the USS Pittsburgh, including the period in which the city of Rio and ships in its port were stricken with the disease. Dead sailors from the Pittsburgh were buried in Rio.

Until September 1919, Max was still assigned to the USS Pittsburgh, which operated in the Mediterranean, North, Baltic and Black seas. Subsequently assigned to the USS J. Fred Talbott, which was also tasked to police the Mediterranean region, Max continued his European cruise until his honorable discharge from the Navy on July 13, 1920. He truly did see the world through its exotic and storied seaports.

Max Meyer, 1898-1984

Max After the Great War

Max resided and worked in San Francisco beginning in the 1920s. He was employed as a clerk in a variety of government posts, including that of Federal Prohibition Officer in 1923, ultimately settling with the U.S. Comptroller of Customs in the mid-1930s. Max enlisted in the Naval Reserve for four years during the 1930s and was called up for training and practice several times, working in aviation communications. The 1930 Federal census lists Max as single, a lodger in a home in San Francisco located at 139 5th Avenue. The 1934 and 1935 directories give his residence as 3099 Washington, an attractive apartment building which still stands, according to Google Street View.

Around 1934 Max married Betty Christensen, the daughter of a Danish father and Norwegian mother. I could not locate Max and Betty's marriage license but the city directories showed them together. Betty served in a variety of government clerical positions through the late 1930s and during World War II. Max was called up during World War II, serving as a naval officer for four years, though I did not know of his tour of duty as an officer until I obtained a copy of his obituary. Betty was employed as a receptionist for the German Consul General in San Francisco in 1954. Max and Betty moved to Sacramento around 1959, perhaps because Betty's family had settled there between 1910 and 1920 when they left Idaho, where Betty was born in 1907. I found no record of Max and Betty having children, either in census records or in their obituaries.

City directories and obituaries were critical sources for following Max's path. The problem of his fugitive 1940 census record was solved when I found Max and Betty's names together in the San Francisco city directory: looking up her married name in Ancestry.com led me to the 1940 census record. I also found her married name associated with her maiden name, in the magical way that Ancestry somehow manages to do that, and so I researched her family. The Sacramento Public Library graciously sent me obituaries from the Sacramento Bee for Max and Betty free of charge.

Rudy Ferl, 1910-1976

What Did Max Look Like?

At his Navy recruitment exam in January 1918, Max's height was recorded as 5 feet 7 1/2 inches, his weight 127 1/2, eyes green-blue, complexion ruddy, and hair dark brown and curly. In 1929 at the age of 30, when Max enlisted in the Naval Reserve, his height was then 5 feet 11 inches and his weight 158 pounds. I tried to

find a photograph of Max but to no avail. His naval officer files will not be open to me for another decade, but I learned that officer files usually contain a photograph and that I might request a copy under the Freedom of Information Act. After nine weeks of waiting for NARA's response, I finally received a portrait of Max.

Max reminds me of my husband's father Rudolf Ferl. Max and Rudy were first cousins, the grandsons of Santa Barbara banana rancher William Ferl. Interestingly, both Max and Rudy became expert radio men in their respective careers. And perhaps more remarkably, Max's little Captain Jack book was passed on to cousin Rudy, ending up later in the hands of Rudy's son, my husband Richard, who also enlisted in the Navy when he was 18, served on the aircraft carrier USS Hornet during the Cold War and later in government at the Los Angeles Superior Court. These discovered affinities capture only the barest surface of the distant ancestor's deeper life, but they are nonetheless persuasive and heartening to me. One thing about navy life that I learned from navy friends is also true for our Captain Jack Churchill: "The navy is a hard school, but he enjoys it, and has never regretted that he chose it as his profession."

Epilogue

"If you want to understand the world of today, don't start at 9/11/2001," Harvard historian Niall Ferguson says. "You need to go all the way back to August 1914, when the [Great] war began."

In this current centennial year for the beginning of World War I, historians and journalists are reflecting on the war and its consequences, typically asserting that there is a continuum between the two world wars, with the interim period being an intermission. The publisher Henry Luce coined the phrase The American Century in 1941, reflecting his belief that America coming out of World War II would be the world's new leader for a better future. That century is now behind us, and it is harder to sustain such optimism. It is also hard to imagine that Americans would ever revisit the scale of the pride, joy and exuberance displayed in 1908-09 when the great white battleships were greeted with glorious floral festivals, parades, parties and dances. The world cruise of the Fleet and its flotilla was part of the crucible in which the Great War was fired.

Terry Ellen Ferl, SBCGS member and resident of Saint Louis, Missouri, is researching the Ferl, Todd and O'Shaughnessy families in California, Tennessee and New York. terryferl@charter.net.

ENDNOTES

[1] *Captain Jack*. New York: Dodd, Mead, c1882. This story by an unnamed author is characteristic of many popular children's books that appeared in the 1880s.

[2] Firstworldwar.com provides an excellent multi-media history of the Great War.

[3] John Fritsche, "Bananas and Lemonade in Santa Barbara's Olden Days," *Ancestors West*, Vol. 30, no. 1, Fall 2003/Winter 2004, p. 7-10.

[4] *Olive and Gold*, 1918, p. [2], 7, 18, U.S. School Yearbooks, 1880-2012, www.Ancestry.com (accessed 9 Sep 2014). Anti-German sentiment became virulent across America after she entered the war. Because of Max's German ancestry, it would be helpful to know how this might have affected Max's life, but that is beyond the scope of this paper. See "World War I and Anti-German Sentiment," Wikipedia, en.wikipedia.org/wiki/German_American#World_War_I_anti-German_sentiment (accessed 23 Sep 2014).

[5] Karen M. Mills, "Americans Overseas in U.S. Censuses," Washington DC, Bureau of the Census, 1993, p. 2. www.census.gov/population/www/socdemo/overseas/techn62-1.pdf (accessed 24 Sep 2014). The 1920 census was the first to use separate records to count populations that were abroad, but coordination of the collection efforts was not consistent.

[6] Kennedy Hickman, "Circling the Globe: The Voyage of the Great White Fleet," www.history.about.com/od/battleswars1900s/p/greatwhitefleet.htm, (accessed 7 Sep 2014).

[7] "Battle of the Flowers, Fleet Festival" (1908), Alexander Harmer (1856-1925). Original in the collection of the Santa Barbara Historical Museum.

[8] "Eugene Burton Ely," Wikipedia (accessed 7 Sep 2014).

[9] From unpublished data on ship arrivals in Santa Barbara Harbor compiled by John Fritsche. The author thanks Fritsche for also providing copies of Stella Rouse's "Olden Days: Pacific Fleet Maneuvers Here Interesting," published in the *Santa Barbara News Press*, June 2, 1968, and articles on the Great White Fleet published in the *Santa Barbara Morning Press*, April 26 and May 7-8, 1908.

[10] For information about NARA records, see www.archives.gov/research/military. A disastrous fire occurred at the St. Louis facility on July 12, 1973. About 73 to 80 percent of the approximately 22 million individual Official Military Personnel Files stored in the building were destroyed. The records lost were those of former members of the Army, the Army Air Force, and the Air Force who served between 1912 and 1963. Privacy laws restrict access to some records.

[11] "1918 Flu Pandemic," Wikipedia (accessed 9 Sep 2014). History of the ACR-4 USS Pennsylvania / USS Pittsburgh, http://freepages.military.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~cacunithistories/USS_Pennsylvania.html (accessed 25 Sep 2014).

[12] The other source for the given name of Max's wife and his place of burial is of course Max's death certificate, which I acquired from the state of California for a fee, toward the end my research.

[13] *Captain Jack*, p. 63. There was no military cemetery close to Sacramento in 1984 when Max was buried there. He was entitled to a free military burial and gravestone but his is a "civilian" monument bearing the Masonic emblem of a square and compass. Max's obituary mentions that he was a member of the San Francisco Masonic lodge and that remembrances may be made to the local SPCA.

[14] Andrea Stone, "'One of the last': WWI vet recalls Great War," *USA Today*, Mar. 27, 2007. A 2007 interview with one of four surviving World War I veterans contains an extended examination of the impact of the war (accessed 29 Sep 2014).

Lieutenant Franz

By Debbie Kaska
(Kaska@lifesci.ucsb.edu)

ON NEW YEARS EVE, 1895, the funeral of First Lieutenant Franz Gerschitzka took place in the Church of St. Mauritz in Olmütz, Moravia. His funeral cortege was escorted by a military band, a regiment of the Austro-Hungarian Army, and concluded with a military salute at the cemetery. The decorations received by the deceased were carried behind the coffin on a velvet cushion.

1st Lt. Franz Gerschitzka, retired officer of the Austrian Army in uniform.
Photo taken about 1880-1890 in Olmütz, Moravia
(now Olomouc in the Czech Republic)

A copy of the newspaper article describing this funeral and the photograph of retired 1st Lt. Franz Gerschitzka in uniform with his decorations proudly displayed were sent to his daughter Maria in Cleveland, Ohio. Maria, her husband John Koska, and their three sons had sailed to America already in 1871 to begin a new life farming in the New World. Maria Gerschitzka was my husband's great-grandmother.

Franz Gerschitzka was born in 1810 in a small Moravian village, the son of a man who worked the land. So how did he rise to become an officer in an Army where such ranks were reserved for the educated upper classes? How could I obtain the Austrian military records of Lt. Gerschitzka? Would these records reveal anything about the array of medals on his chest that had an honored place in his funeral procession?

A Google search revealed that the Family History Library at Salt Lake City houses a collection copied from the Vienna War Archives, which contains documents relating to the Austrian military from the 16th century to the end of WWI. The rolls of microfilm in this collection, however, number in the thousands, and few are indexed! Many are cataloged by the name of the regiment in which the soldier served, but I did not know his military unit!

Again a Google search on the Austro-Hungarian Army uncovered an expert, Carl Kotlarchik, who maintains an informative blog, ahmilitary.blogspot.com. I sent the photograph of Franz Gerschitzka to Mr. Kotlarchik with the hope that he could identify the unit to which he belonged. Not only did he identify the unit (9th Field Artillery Regiment), but he recommended the specific microfilm numbers that I should search for his records in the Family History Library!

Thus I was prepared in May 2014 on the annual SBCGS trip to Salt Lake City to begin browsing the Vienna War Archives. I had scrolled through approximately 100 officers and men of the 9th Artillery when I came to the records of Franz Gerschitzka. In all there were nine pages written in painfully small German script delineating his military career beginning with his enlistment in 1831 and concluding with his death in 1895.

I learned that in 1848 Franz was awarded the silver medal for bravery (der grossen silbernen Tapferkeitsmedaille), and in 1849, he received the gold medal for bravery. In the early 1850s he was promoted to the officer ranks, clearly as a reward for his bravery. These medals were awarded in the campaign of the Austrian Army in Hungary. I was so proud of the bravery of Franz Gerschitzka, but his accomplishments in this Hungarian campaign introduced a problem. The Austrian Army together with the Russians, suppressed the Hungarian uprising of 1848-49 in which Hungary sought to achieve its independence.

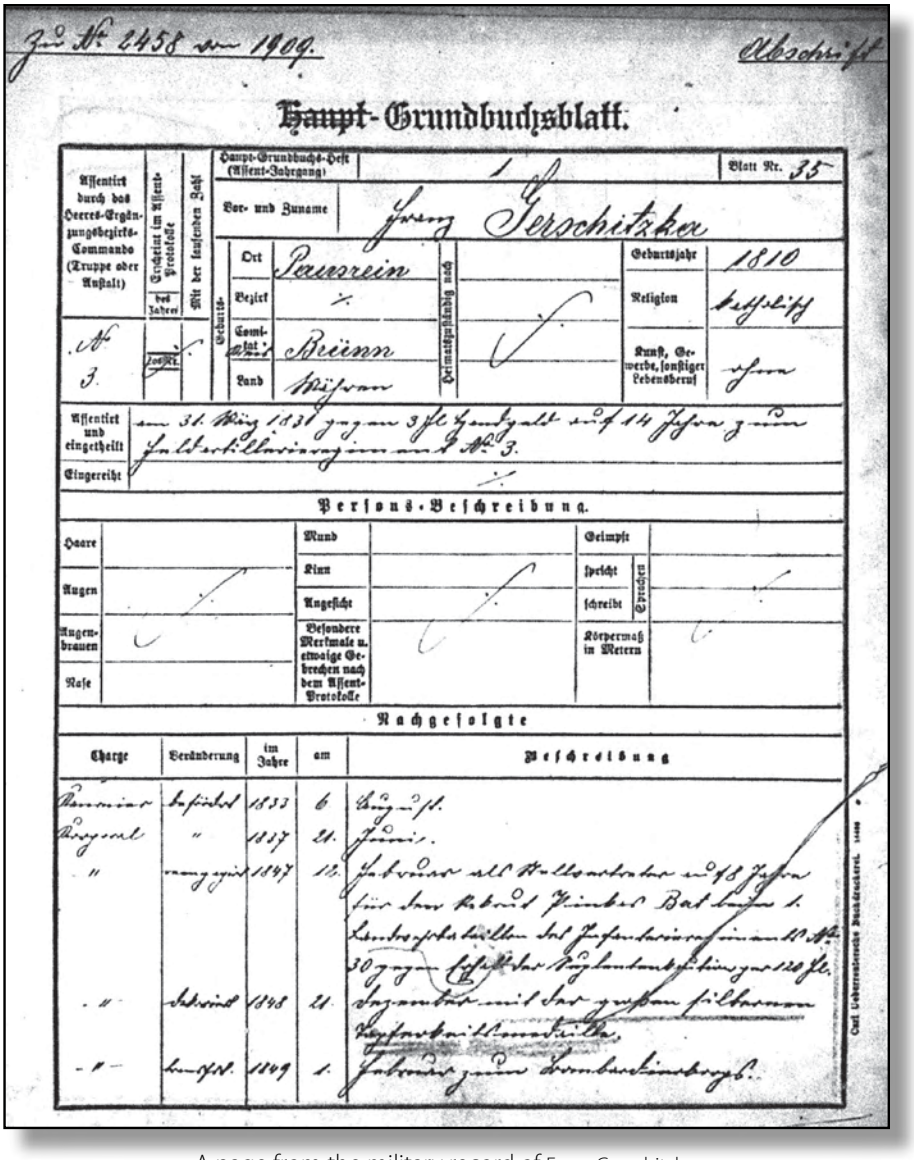
Our daughter, the 4th great-granddaughter of this hero of the Austrian Army, lives now with her family …in Hungary! Not surprisingly, Hungarians have an entirely different view of this campaign. Her children in the Hungarian schools learn about the Hungarian heroes who tried in vain to escape the yoke of the Austrian Monarchy. Thus the news that the enemy included their ancestor, was greeted with some concern. Fortunately enough time has passed since the days of the rebellion that peace was restored in the family.

Images copied from the Internet show clearly that the two large medals over the heart of Franz Gerschitzka, close to his buttons, are the gold and silver medals for bravery.

The military records from the Vienna War Archives revealed other important facts about Lt. Franz Gerschitzka. Once he became an officer, family events were also recorded. Thus I discovered that he had two additional children and eventually a second wife. What became of them? These were new genealogical problems to solve!

Franz Gerschitzka was 61 when his daughter Maria sailed to America and I am sure he wondered what would happen to his grandchildren in that far away land. He could not have known that his 4th great-granddaughter, Marya, would someday return to the old country and settle within a day's drive of his home in Moravia. Nor could he have guessed she would marry the descendant of one of those Hungarian Revolutionaries he strove so valiantly to defeat.

Maria Gerschitzka was justly proud of her father, which is one of the reasons his funeral notice and photograph have remained in the family all these years. They were the keys that opened the door to an amazing Archive of Records. I wish we could have known Franz Gerschitzka. I am sure he had many fascinating tales to tell.



Zu Nr. 2458 ex 1909. Abschrift

Haupt-Grundbuchsblatt.

Haupt-Grundbuchs-Heft (Assent-Jahrgang) 1 Blatt Nr. 35

Vor- und Zuname: Franz Gerschitzka

Assentirt durch das Heeres-Ergänzungsbezirks-Commando (Truppe oder Anstalt) No 3.

Eintritt im Assent-Protokolle bei Jahres No.

Mit der laufenden Zahl

Geburts-Ort: Pawlowitz; Bezirk: ″; Comitat: Brünn; Land: Mähren

Heimatsberechtigt nach: ″

Geburtsjahr: 1810

Religion: katholisch

Kunst, Gewerbe, sonstiger Lebensberuf: —

Assentirt und eingetheilt: am 31. März 1830 zu 3/4 Jahr Landgalt à f 14 Jahre zu [illegible] Infanterie-Regiment No 3.

Eingereiht: ″

Personen-Beschreibung.

Haare		Mund		Gebrechen	
Augen		Kinn		Sprache	
Augenbrauen		Angesicht		Schreibt	
Nase		Besondere Merkmale u. etwaige Gebrechen nach dem Assent-Protokolle		Körpermaß in Metern	

Nachgefolgte

Charge	Veränderung	im Jahre	am	Beschreibung
Cadet	befördert	1833	6	Aug. [illegible]
Regiments	″	1837	21	Juni.
″	[illegible]	1847	12	Februar als Hauptmann mit 18 Jahren [illegible]
″	[illegible]	1848	21	September mit der goldenen silbernen [illegible]
″	[illegible]	1849	1	Februar zum Bataillon [illegible]

A page from the military record of Franz Gerschitzka.

The gold and silver medals for bravery with the embossed head of Kaiser Franz Joseph awarded to artilleryman Franz Gerschitzka by the Austrian Army.

Anne Verne Fuller

What I Inherited from my Great Aunt Verne

By Carol Fuller Kosai

SHE CALLED HERSELF VERNE, but she was born Anne Verne Fuller in Muskegon, Michigan in 1900. She was the fifth child of seven (four boys, three girls). As a tomboy she decided Verne suited her better than Anne.

Aunt Verne was a self-made, independent single woman who put herself through college. She worked a full year after high school to have a little something to fall back on. She started Albion College in 1920 and graduated in 1924 magna cum laude with a biology major and chemistry minor. She went to work as a teacher at Muskegon Jr. High from 1924-1934, progressing to high school teaching, 1934-1947.

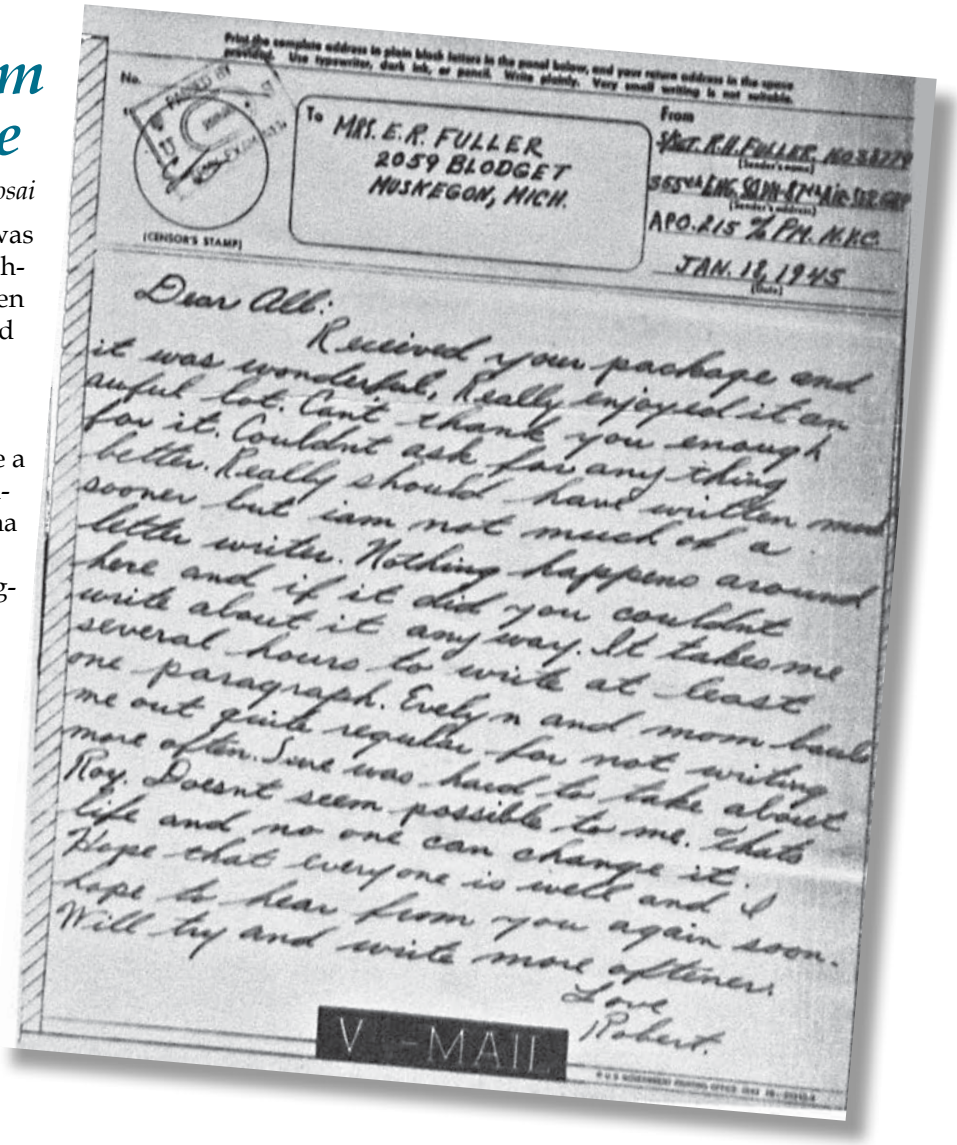
She went to the University of Michigan for four summer sessions and earned a master's degree in Zoology. Anne was on the faculty of Western Michigan Teachers College for two years during the Depression. She advanced to Associate Professor in 1947 and retired in 1967. Hers was the only college degree in her family until my father managed to secure his. During all this time she supported her family financially and in other ways.

My father, born in 1921, had nine siblings. There were three in his own family when he started college to become a teacher. I started high school this same year. English was his worst subject so I was his tutor. He graduated in four years with honors while working full time as a master machinist. He became a teacher like Aunt Verne, his only example in the family. My mother started college when I did and she became a teacher also. Aunt Verne was so proud of them. She was proud of me too, but it would have been better for me to become a teacher!

In the card and note from Aunt Verne after Dad's graduation she was effusive with praise for him. "I think this was all your fault," he wrote back to her. "You gave me a book called *Goodbye Mr. Chips* when I was a shy kid hiding under the bed. I thought this was a pretty strange gift for someone who couldn't read."

As Verne got older she made sure that word passed through the family that there would be no inheritance for anyone. On her demise her money would go to the university where she was a biology professor, her alma mater, Western Michigan University.

Imagine my surprise when I got an envelope marked "Inheritance for Carol Fuller Kosai" after Aunt Verne


Print the complete address in plain block letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No.

[CENSOR'S STAMP]

To MRS. E.R. FULLER
2059 BLODGET
MUSKEGON, MICH.

From
Pvt. R.H. Fuller, No 34277
[Sender's name]
555th Eng. Sq. (Avn.) Avn. Engr.
[Sender's address]
APO. 215 % PM. N.Y.C.

JAN. 18, 1945
[Date]

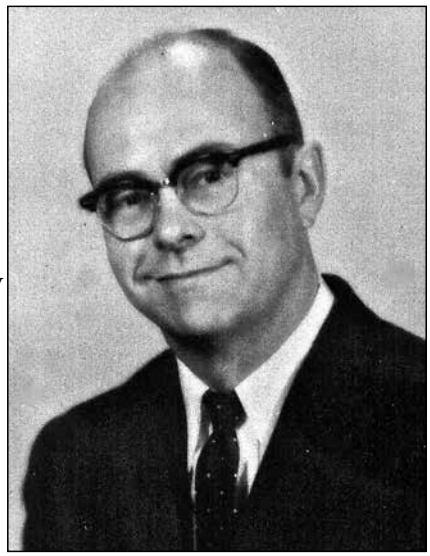
Dear All:

Received your package and it was wonderful, really enjoyed it an awful lot. Can't thank you enough for it. Couldn't ask for any thing better. Really should have written sooner but iam not much of a letter writer. Nothing happens around here and if it did you couldn't write about it any way. It takes me several hours to write at least one paragraph. Evelyn and mom have me out quite regular for not writing more often. Sure was hard to take about Roy. Doesn't seem possible to me. Thats life and no one can change it. Hope that everyone is well and I hope to hear from you again soon. Will try and write more oftener.

Love
Robert.

V-MAIL

died in 1997. Inside were two letters my father wrote during his service in WWII. She knew my long time hobby was family history and she shared information with pleasure. She was my cheerleader for many years. What a thoughtful final gift from her. No other letters in my father's hand exist.



Robert Harold Fuller

These letters reveal more to me than what is written. The first was addressed to Mrs. E. R. Fuller, 2059 Blodgett, Muskegon, Michigan, Father's grandmother.

Aunt Verne lived with and cared for her parents until their deaths. She was there when they received the letter. His letter is dated January 18, 1945. He was thanking them for a Christmas present. He wrote, "It takes me several hours to write at least one paragraph."

Four of his brothers and his brother-in-law were also in the military. "Sure was hard to take about Roy. Doesn't seem possible to me. That's life and no one can change it." Roy was an older brother in the infantry and died on Leyte. For many years the family thought he was killed during the landing. It was found later that a sniper killed him while he was on patrol.

There are errors in this letter and this is to be expected. When I got his Army Enlistment Record I found he left school with only a sophomore's education. I know of only two jobs he had to fill in the time until he enlisted. He delivered telegrams using his bicycle. (He told me he once delivered a telegram to Al Capone.) He then joined the Civilian Conservation Corp serving in Wyoming. He was amazed at what the world looked like outside of grimy Chicago.

The second letter is to A.V. Fuller still on Blodgett in Muskegon, dated May 8, 1949. He was thanking her for a present, probably for his April birthday. He has been on "goe" for the past "for" months. He thinks she knows he is going to become a father sometime in August and "here iam over seas." (I was born August 29, 1944. He didn't get home until over a year later. I was walking and I ran away from him. He was a stranger. He never forgot this.)

He was able to say he was in India and obviously found it a strange country. The four months he was away on his secret mission he might have been in China seeing "how the other half lived." When the war was over he revealed that he was posted to Calcutta.

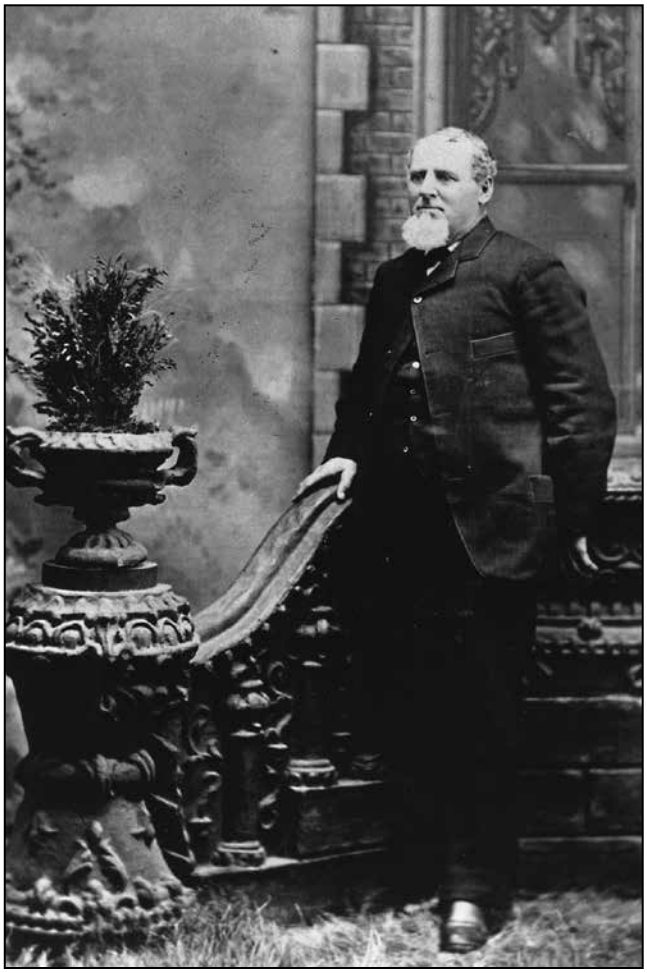
A Family History Surprise

By Carol Fuller Kosai

ON AUGUST 29, 1976, my family had a chance to visit my great aunt, Verne Fuller. This was a special occasion as we seldom got to Michigan, which was never on our travel radar. This time we had to stop for a visit; I couldn't resist. We had a daughter graduating from the Art Institute of Chicago who needed her possessions transported to our new home in California. If we were going to be in Chicago it was an obvious time to visit a great aunt I loved dearly, but seldom got to see.

With all retired, Anne's sister and husband lived in Anne's home in Kalamazoo. We were welcomed royally into this warm uncluttered home. We enjoyed cocktails before our special meal complete with a birthday cake was served. I had not mentioned it was my birthday, but Anne knew. After the wonderful meal, she said she had a present for me she hoped I would enjoy.

Aunt Verne told us that at the Civil War Centennial she had typed up copies of Civil War letters from Reuben F. Wickham to his wife, Betsy Jane Berry. Anne had these letters as she was the daughter of Earl Reuben



Reuben F. Wickham

Earl Reuben Fuller and Betsy Berry Wickham

Fuller who was adopted by Reuben F. Wickham and his wife Betsy Berry Wickham. Earl's wife, Lucinda Berry, had died and Earl could not take care of his son. He knew her sister wanted children but didn't have any. The couple adopted his son, who remained an only child.

Earl Reuben Fuller knew his biological father, but grew up with Wickham parents by legal adoption. He kept his own name and eventually had younger step-siblings he knew. His biological father was a Quaker, but his new family was Methodist. (Anne digressed here – "I was raised a Methodist but didn't like a church where I couldn't talk back, so I took up the old family religion and became a Quaker.")

"So Carol, this binder with my copy of Civil War letters is my birthday present for you even though the author is not a blood relative and you have never heard of him before. You know his son, Earl Reuben Fuller, as your great grandfather. You think your great-great-grandfather is Edward Holland Fuller and he is. So this Earl's adoption is a family history surprise on your birthday."

I enthusiastically received this present then waited patiently to read the letters when I got home. The letters gave his location, how his health was, the health of the people who volunteered with him, how Betsey could send him potatoes, onions and other things he missed, how she would be getting money from him, etc. He always ended by saying "give the boy a hug for me," or "kiss the boy for me." I have chosen to present excerpts of his 38 letters. I have tried to preserve his spelling.

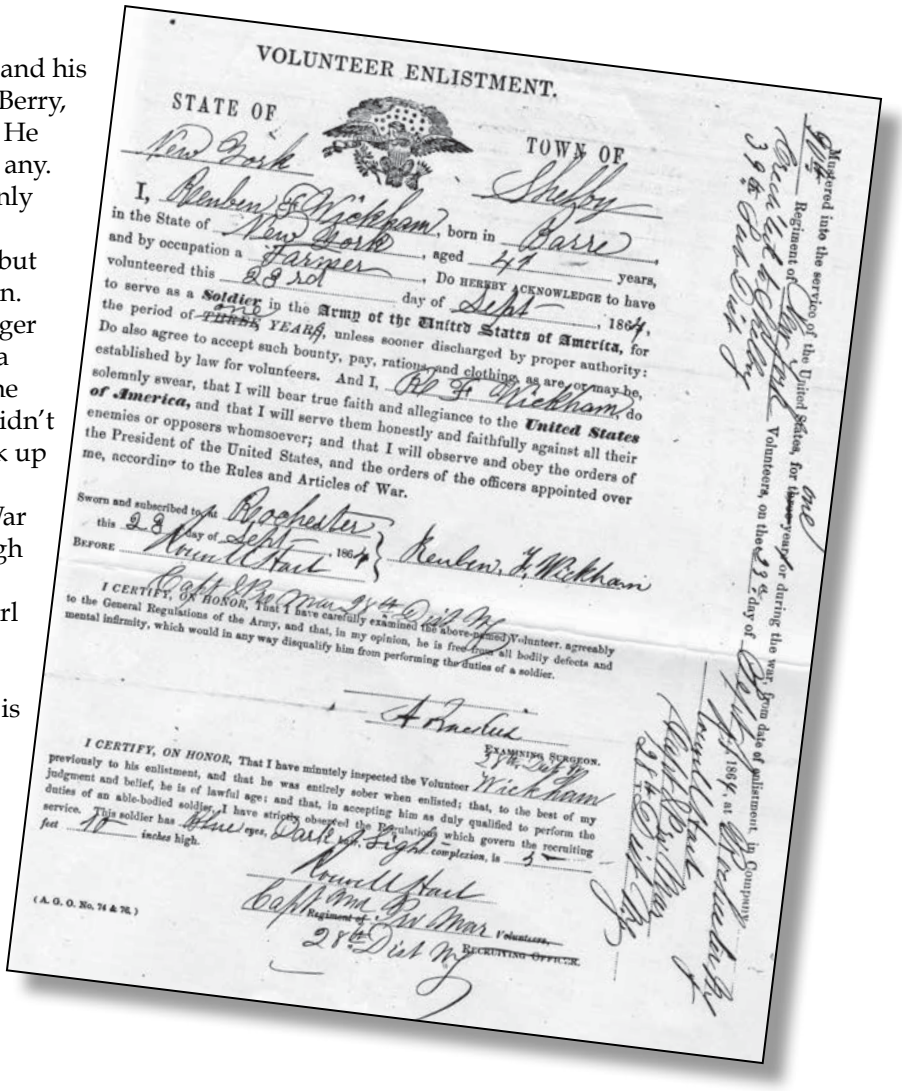
Reuben Joins the Union Army

Reuben F. Wickham volunteered in Shelby, New York, to serve for one year in the Hancock Guards, 90th Regimental Infantry and was transferred to the McClellan Rifles 90th Regimental Infantry. He joined 23 September 1864 and was discharged 3 June 1865 in Washington D.C. He was a farmer 41 years old when he joined.

He joined his regiment at Rochester, N.Y. His first letter home was from Baltimore.

Baltimore, Oct. 12, 1864. We arrived at noon. It is a nice place. We took dinner at the Sanitary Depot. My health is good and so are the company. Some of them had the diah'rea by eating so much nick nack [cheap food]. The report is we go to the Shenandoah Valley. Hope so.

Harper's Ferry, Oct. 14, 1864. We arrived at Harper's Ferry yesterday at noon. It is a hard looking hole. Maryland Heights overlooks the city. It is covered with camps and canon. We were marched on to Bolliver Heights two miles from the ferry. A part of the city is burned. It is a hard country from Elmira to Harper's



VOLUNTEER ENLISTMENT.

STATE OF New York TOWN OF Shelby

I, Reuben F. Wickham, born in Barre, in the State of New York, aged 41 years, and by occupation a Farmer, Do HEREBY ACKNOWLEDGE to have volunteered this 28 rd day of Sept, 1864, to serve as a Soldier in the Army of the United States of America, for the period of THREE YEARS, unless sooner discharged by proper authority: Do also agree to accept such bounty, pay, rations and clothing as are, or may be, established by law for volunteers. And I, Reuben F. Wickham, do solemnly swear, that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies or opposers whomsoever; and that I will observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the Rules and Articles of War.

Sworn and subscribed to at Rochester this 28 day of Sept, 1864. BEFORE Reuben F. Wickham

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have carefully examined the above named Volunteer, agreeably to the General Regulations of the Army, and that, in my opinion, he is free from all bodily defects and mental infirmity, which would in any way disqualify him from performing the duties of a soldier.

EXAMINING SURGEON.

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have minutely inspected the Volunteer Reuben F. Wickham previously to his enlistment, and that he was entirely sober when enlisted; that, to the best of my judgment and belief, he is of lawful age; and that, in accepting him as duly qualified to perform the duties of an able-bodied soldier, I have strictly observed the Regulations which govern the recruiting service. This soldier has Blue eyes, Dark Hair, Light complexion, is 5 feet 10 inches high.

(A. G. O. No. 74 & 76.) Regiment of McClellan Volunteers. 28th Dist NY

RECRUITING OFFICER.

Mustered into the service of the United States, for one year, or during the war, from date of enlistment, in Company Regiment of Volunteers, on the 23 day of Sept, 1864, at Rochester

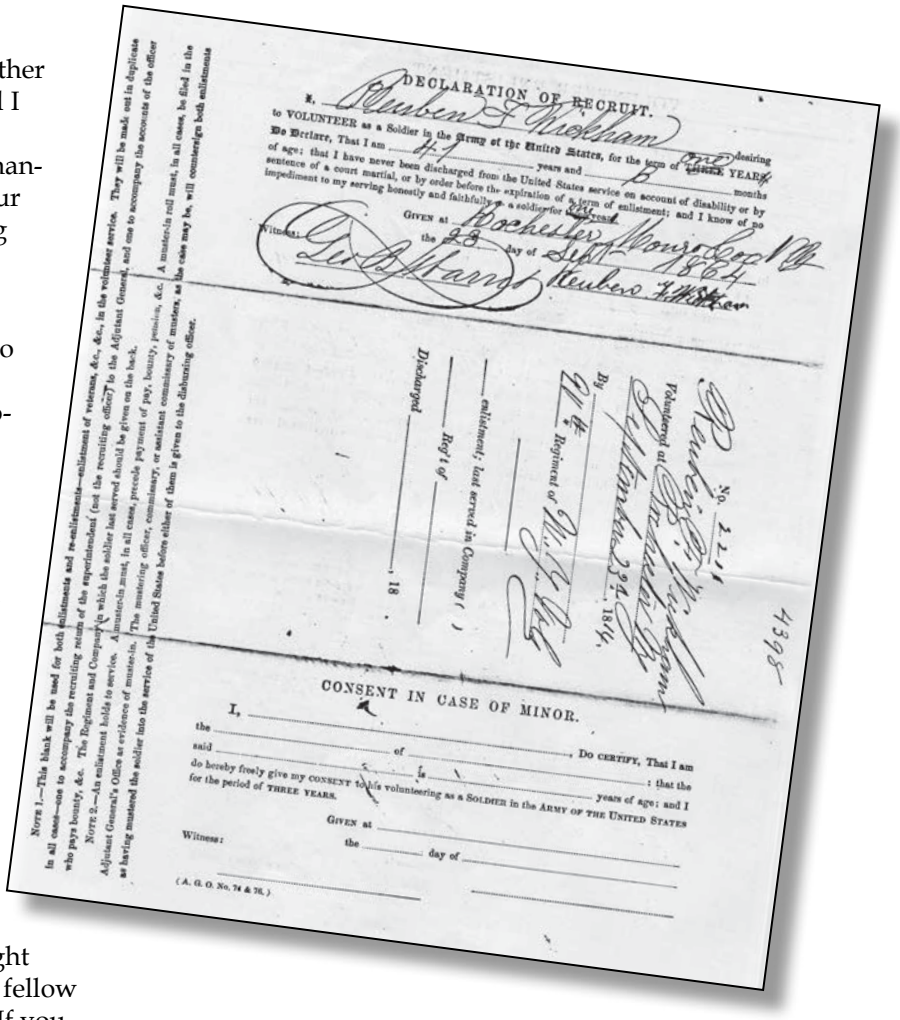
Ferry. You have no idea of the country. I had rather have our farm in Orleans than the whole world I have seen from Elmira.

They have had another hard fight in the Shenandoah Valley. Our folks whipped them badly. Our men burned 60 mills, all their barns, everything they came to. We will go up the valley.

Camp Distribution near Harper's Ferry, Oct. 19, 1864. Our guns came in last night… It begins to look like business… I go to the Shenandoah to wash three times a day. It empties into the Potomac at Harper's Ferry. We are two miles from the Ferry. I can wade either of them now, not much over my boots.

Whilst I have an opportunity I will write to you again. It may be for the last time as we have orders to march tomorrow. The first thing I heard this morning was heavy artillery firing southwest of us at Strasberg. It's 4 P.M. and a steady stream of firing. Old soldiers say that it is a hard fight. Our regiment is there and we go to join them. We received our guns Monday. Tuesday we rec'd our cartridges, 40 rounds. There is a regiment of cavalry in camp. In sight there is a brass band playing Rally Round the Flag and the heavy artillery firing at a distance.

We are camped on ground that has been fought over three times…There has been many a poor fellow gone to his long home…I have voted today … If you ever pray, pray for your husband.



DECLARATION OF RECRUIT.

I, Reuben F. Mekham

to VOLUNTEER as a Soldier in the Army of the United States, for the term of [illegible] YEARS, desiring

Do Declare, That I am 17 years and [illegible] months of age; that I have never been discharged from the United States service on account of disability or by sentence of a court martial, or by order before the expiration of a term of enlistment; and I know of no impediment to my serving honestly and faithfully as a soldier for [illegible] years.

Given at Rochester Monroe Co NY

Witness: Lieut Harris the 28 day of Sept 1864

Reuben F Mekham

Discharged ____ 18

enlistment; last served as Corporal Co ____

Boy 1 of

By [illegible] Regiment of [illegible] Vols

Volunteered at Rochester Sept 23d 1864

No. 2211

43908

CONSENT IN CASE OF MINOR.

I, ____ the ____ of ____ said ____ Do CERTIFY, That I am ____ : that the ____ do hereby freely give my CONSENT to his volunteering as a SOLDIER in the ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES for the period of THREE YEARS. ____ years of age; and I

Given at ____

Witness: ____ the ____ day of ____

(A. G. O. No. 74 & 75.)

Note 1.—This blank will be used for both enlistments and reenlistments—enlistment of veterans, &c., &c., in the volunteer service. They will be made out in duplicate in all cases—one to accompany the recruiting return of the superintendent (to the recruiting officer) to the Adjutant General, and one to accompany the accounts of the officer who pays bounty, &c. The Regiment and Company to which the soldier last served should be given on the back.

Note 2.—An enlistment holds to service. A muster-in must, in all cases, precede payment of pay, bounty, pension, &c. A muster-in roll must, in all cases, be filed in the Adjutant General's Office as evidence of muster-in. The mustering officer, commissary, or assistant commissary of musters, as the case may be, will countersign both enlistments as having mustered the soldier into the service of the United States before either of them is given to the disbursing officer.

We are camped on ground that has been fought over three times…There has been many a poor fellow gone to his long home…I have voted today … If you ever pray, pray for your husband.

Oct. 23, 1864, Camp Distribution near Harper's Ferry… We do not know when we shall leave here. We had marching orders the 19th and drew 3 days rations. We did not go. We may stay here a month for what we know. The Regiment we are to join is at Strasburg. They are in a great fight of the 19th, they took 2 brigades of our men and 20 pieces of artillery. We took the men and artillery back and 2000 men and 40 pieces of artillery of theirs. I do not want to be any nearer a fight than the one on the 19th. We heard fighting all day; there were 2 companies from the front came in here yesterday. Every one of them goes for Old Abe. There was a Copperhead went into their camp yesterday to get the vote for Mack. They kicked him right out of their camp. I wish some of the Copperheads of East Shelby was here a day or two.

We are getting some 3000 men in our camp. It is nice to see all of our tents lighted up in the evening. They all have a piece of candle. They have a good brass band here. They played Home Sweet Home yesterday.

Reuben Joins the Fighting

Cedar Creek, Oct. 30, 1864, Virginia. … We waited there [Martinsburg] for a wagon train. It got in sight at 3 o'clock. There were 700 wagons, three pair of mules to most every wagon, it was a sight I assure you. There were covered wagons loaded with provisions. There was a regiment of cavalry and militia to guard it, besides what we had with us. … We were going up the Shenandoah Valley. Not a fence in sight. The Cavalry guarded the sides of the train by going 80 rods each side of the train and the militia on the ends. We met a train one mile from Bunker Hill large as ours returning from Winchester, well guarded and fetching in artillery and muskets and baggage trains which our men captured on the 19th of this month.

We are encamped now the road and lots are strewn with dead horses and graves are very frequent. We got to Winchester at 9 o'clock in the evening. It rained when we got here. Hank Ide and I got under one of the wagons. … It came down in torrents and we were wet to the hide except myself. I had a rubber coat and an oil clothe hood that kept me dry. ... at nine we started for Cedar Creek, General Sheridan's headquarters. We pitched our tents a few rods from the General's quarters. Next day we struck our tents and were mustered into our regiments. It was in the fight of the 19th of Oct. We are in the front but there are no Rebs in hearing. They commenced the fight and got the start of our men for a while, but the tide turned and they got an awful whipping. We took all of their canon, thousands of muskets and 3 or 4 thousand prisoners, well ones and as many wounded. It commenced at daylight and lasted til dark. If we had two more hours of daylight we could have taken the whole thing. There are about 30,000 cavalry and militia camped here. …You can pick up shot and shell a plenty.

There is no whiskey here nor women, so we are all right on that score. Our Colonel was killed in the last fight. I have not had the particulars yet. We like officers in our company very much.

We are fifty miles from the Ferry. Everything in the valley above us is burned. The Rebs have nothing to live on. It is rumored that we will move somewhere else. My health is good and I hope it will remain so. I have slept on the ground with nothing but a rubber blanket under me several times. Where we are now we have a nice little tent with cedar boughs under us and two rubber blankets. Over us two woolen blankets so that we sleep comfortable. We have to drill 3 times a day and our roll call is in the morning. Half past 8 until half past 11 we drill and then about half an hour before sundown we are on dress parade. Come off at sundown. 8 at night roll call. Good exercise. It is a curious life to live. There is everything going on. My time evenings I mostly spent in my tent. I can hear some singing, some laughing, some swearing, some talking politics. Some are gambling, some one thing, some another. For my part I would rather be home with you and Earl.

I was cooking some beans and pork the other day. I wish you could have caught me at it. We have a spider and a 2 qt. pail. We make our coffee in our pail, cook our beans, boil our pork in it. We have beef or pork all the time.

Nov. 5, Sunday. Our whole division have been on drill and inspection today. Our drum beat to arms at 4 o'clock this morning. We were out and in line in a few minutes, the whole army, 20,000 cavalry and 30,000 infantry. We were in line until sunrise. They expect an attack before the election. We have signal lights for miles around. They telegraph by lights at night and by flags in the daytime. It is very hilly each side of us. We are well provided here and ready for any force they can fetch. They dare not spare the men from Richmond for Grant is pecking them there. We have been told to be out at 4 until after election.

Nov. 6. Our battle flag waves a few rods from my tent stained with blood in the last fight. The color bearer was shot and fell on the flag dead.

Reuben at the Battle of Winchester

Nov. 11. In camp near General Sheridan's Headquarters near Winchester. The 9th we had orders to march at 4 in the morning. We struck our tents and marched at noon, about fifty thousand cavalry and militia. The next day 20,000 more came along. We marched 10 miles and camped and built up breast works for miles. The ground is rolling and we cover it over as far as you can see. When the army moves it is a great sight. It is thought we will fall back and go into winter quarters, some think it was to draw the enemy after him. There is no enemy in hearing. I do not think they will attack us again. Mills, barns, grain, hay and fences are destroyed for a hundred miles around and nothing for them to live on. … The Rebs never will outgrow the damage done them here. Some of our boys have gone out foraging today. If they come across anything they want they take it in the house, eat out of it. I have not been out on that business, neither do I care to.

Near Winchester, Nov. 13, 1864. Our cavalry pickets were partly drove in, in our rear by the Rebs. They came so near to us we could see them. They were cavalry, some two thousand strong. Our picket line of militia is inside of the cavalry picket. They dare not come inside of the militia picket. Some of our boys were on picket. They saw the whole thing at a distance. We were well fortified and ready for them. Saturday they made another attack without accomplishing anything. Friday we took 200 prisoners. This morning Sheridan sent out a strong force of cavalry after them and took their artillery and captured 250 prisoners, all their wagon train, and cleaned them out. We have laid on our arms 2 days and nights. They came so near that we could hear them yell and scream when they made a charge. They were over the hill from us. If they had come over the hill they would have met a reception from thousands of guns. Our boys were cool and ready for them. We had 60 rounds of cartridges apiece. I think we will go into winter quarters now. It is cold and windy yesterday and today.

In camp near Winchester, Nov. 19, 1864 … They drew rations of whisky last Sunday night. I told Hank we had better give ours away. We did so. Jud drank his. That is the first drink we had drawn and I hope it is the last. There are some things I miss very much that we do not get. I miss potatoes and vegetables. We draw hard tack, coffee, sugar, pork and beef. That is all we draw to eat. There is a sutler here but everything is so high I do not want to buy them. Butter 75¢, cheese 50¢, onions 12¢ per pound, cookies 2¢ a piece. No potatoes, crackers 40¢ per pound and everything in proportion. … wrote you the particulars of our attack last week. The Rebs are so far behind us now that there is no danger of an attack this fall and I think there will not be much more fighting done. There are deserters coming in every day and they say they draw no rations. All they get is what they steal. They are ragged and almost starved. The country is stripped of barns and fences where ever the army goes. There is a large stone house in sight that was built in 1753. Washington had his headquarters there once in an Indian war. There is one old nigger there told me he had lived there 73 years. Was born there. The man that owns the place was killed in the attack on our picket last week. He is a Reb major.

In camp, near Winchester, Nov. 27, 1864 … We have very nice weather for the season. We have some very cold nights. It has frozen the ground 3 inches. We have been living in our shelter tents until last night. Each man draws one piece of tent six feet square. They are fixed with buttons on them so you can button them together by putting a lot together you can make a very nice tent. We have fetched logs and built us a log shanty

6 x 12, 4 ft. high and covered with our tent. We have a fire place in it. … I will send you some poetry that was made on the battle of the 19th. Sheridan has the best horse I ever saw. He is a nice looking man. When that battle was fought he had been to Washington and was on his way back. He was at Winchester when the battle commenced. (The poem was Sheridan's Ride by Thomas Buchanan Read.)

Dec. 1, 1864, in camp near Winchester, VA We are fortifying in here very strong for a good many miles around. I do not think Lee with his whole army could drive us away. There is no enemy within 25 miles of us, only some old women.

We have had a general inspection today of arms and dirty clothes. They found fault with some of our boys. …The sixth corps is moving today for Petersburg. There is going to be something done there I should think. Sherman is coming through Georgia and Sheridan is holding the valley. It makes the Rebs twist some. There are about 100 men mustered out of our Division that are going home. They have just started. You should hear the rest of the boys cheer them. It makes me reckon up the weeks to see when I shall be the lucky one. …When I come home again I want to stay for good. There is my place. I do not know but I am as good a soldier as most of them. If I can only have my health, that is all I ask and my life spared, I can do my whole duty.

Dec. 2, 1864. All well this morning. I will write a few more lines to you before the mail goes. Our Company has been divided up so that only 40 are left under our Captain. The non-commissioned officers have all been reduced to the ranks. It takes then down some.

In camp near Winchester, Dec. 3, 1864. I am left alone in our tent today as the others are called out on different posts of duty, and I thot that I would try and repay you for the present you have made me. The only way I can do it is to write you a letter in my poor way. If you only knew how much good it did me you would scarcely ask any pay. You are looking well and hearty and Earl, he looks so good. I did not know that I thought so much of him until I came away. They are two good likenesses and I prize them very much. You look fleshier than you did when I came away. How glad I am that you are well. Your new dress takes in you likeness well. Earl does not look as large as he does when standing up. They are welcome, I assure you. …

Betsey, I will send you the order in this letter so if anything happens to me you can get the money and the bonds. I want you should have them if I should not come back. Betsey, I think I shall be back with you again. Most ¼ of the time has passed already. … There was some firing on our picket lines last night by some bushwhackers. I think there is no doubt we will go into winter quarters here in a few days.

The boys have drawn no pay yet and they are all most out of money and most of them out entirely. We were mustered in for pay at Cedar Creek. We have drawn no pay yet. News came this morning that the paymasters were on hand now. I have $10 yet. I do not spend as much as some. When I draw mine I will send it in letters to you. I think you will get it safe. I do not want you to pinch yourself nor try to save it all until I come back. If you or Earl need anything get it and I shall feel much better. Give my love to all and keep your share. Your husband, R.F. Wickham.

Reuben in the Winter of 1864-1865

Camp Russell, Va, Dec. 12, 1862 … Night before last it commenced snowing. The snow fell 6 or 7 inches. That is quite a snow for this country. Yesterday was a very nice day. Last night and today is about as cold as it is in York state. All we do today is get our wood and keep ourselves as comfortable as we can.

… We are going into winter quarters. We are building our cabins now, so you may send me a box of stuff as soon as you are a mind to. I would like a nice lot of your ginger bread or bake them into cakes like cookies only thicker made of molasses. They sell such at the sutlers. Send me 24 nice onions and some butter, put it in a tin pail. Send me some cheese if you have any and some dried apples. If you have tomato catsup send some. We have beef and it will go good on that, and two pairs of socks. …

My eyes are rather weak, being in the smoke and wind so much. I wish you would send me a vial of eye water by mail as soon as you can. They have been well until a week or two past.

We draw good soft bread a part of the time now, so some of your butter will go good. … Now Betsey you can do as you think best about sending me the box. If you think it is not best do not send it. It will make you some trouble and you know I can get along without it. I have a notion it would taste very good if you should send it. Write when you send it."

Camp Russell, Va. Dec. 17, 1864. I am feeling so well and I have nothing to do, I thought I would write to you once more and let you know that I am well with the exception of a cold. I was on picket two days and nights last week and I took cold for the first time. But I am feeling very good today. It is as warm and pleasant as a spring day. I came off duty Friday morning and had nothing until Monday morning. I was excused from duty 3 days because I was the first one out at roll call, so that gave me three days more to get over my cold. It is very lucky for me. I think I have been very lucky so far. What duty I have I do without grumbling and hope I shall be able to do it all the time.

Betsey, we received some good news yesterday of the fall of Savannah. You cannot imagine how good the soldiers feel over such victories. It was welcome news here. Sheridan had 100 guns fired and the cheering you cannot imagine anything about it. The prospect looks cheering indeed.

… You would like to know how I spent Christmas. I will tell you. I was in my tent most of the day. Hank was on camp guard. We drew our rations of whiskey.

I sold Hanks and mine for 20¢. Some of the boys had a time. We had some beans, some beef soup, some boiled beef, and so on. I wish you had been here and Earl to share it with me. It would have tasted better. I think you made the same wish and I know that I would have enjoyed it with you. I would like some of those apples and cider. But time flies, it waits for no man. I suppose you had a good time. I hope you enjoyed yourself. …

In camp near Stephenson Station, Jan. 1, 1865. … My health is good with the exception of a cold and that is better than it was. The weather is quite cold here. Some snow on the ground. We have not got our new quarters built. We shall build them in a few days. We live in our tents with snow 2 or 3 inches deep.

… You would like to know how I spent New Years, … I was detailed for picket. We went about two miles and stood picket for 24 hours. Very cold night. I thought of home often during the night. … When I was on picket there are 4 or 5 on a post, so they change every 1 or 2 hours. When my trick was off I went out of our lines about a mile and bought my dinner. The woman cooked some sausage. We had apple butter, molasses, milk and pie. I ate so much I was afraid it would make me sick. …

In camp at Stephenson Station, January 10, 1865. … I would like to inform as I have my good health in former letters. I cannot say that it is good. The cold I took is the cause of it. I had a very severe cough for a week or two and it got loose. Now I have considerable fever. Went to the doctor yesterday and today. Yesterday he gave me 3 morphine powders. Today he gave me morphine and niter. I have no appetite, I feel sick of the stomach most of the time. We have a new doctor. He seems to be a nice man. I was in hopes to have kept my health. I did the best I could. I am in hopes to be all right in a day or two. I am so that I can get around and help myself. Now Betsey, I have told you just how I am as nigh as I can. Now I do not want you to imagine things worse than they are for my sake. I know you will look at it, knowing you so well. If I am any worse I will inform you every 3 or 4 days, for I want you should know just how I am and I will let you know often.

Jan 13, 1865, in Camp at Stephenson Station near Winchester, Va. … I would like to be home in a few weeks to recruit my health. I could have things more comfortable than I can have them here. I think I will be all right in the course of a week, so I can go about my business. I hope so, at least.

… They say ¼ [of service time] is gone the 12th of this month. … Wish I was on the last quarter. Soldiering does not agree with me.

In camp at Stephenson Station near Winchester. Jan. 17, 1865. [The next two letters were written on stationery headed U.S. Christian Commission with the quotation "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."] … This time I'm letting you know that I am feeling first rate again. I shall report for duty tomorrow morning again. I have not done any duty for most two weeks. Was excused by the surgeon. I have had a good cleaning out and feel tough again. My liver was out of rig very much. We are now camped on the railroad at the station, 9 miles from Winchester. We moved once since Camp Russell. We think we shall stay here all winter. We moved in where others have moved out. I hope we shall be kept on this road until our time is out. … There are not many at home that know the hardship of the soldiers and exposures that they endure. It is a wonder there are not more sick. …

Carl Beecher was at my tent today. He is going to the Ferry after medicine for his Brigade. He is well and hearty. He says he has a nice revolver for me. He got it off the Johnies. He says he will send it to me the first chance he has. He said he would make me a present of it.

The prospect for fighting any more until spring is poor. I hope there will be none then. Everything is working well to close the thing up by spring. Missouri has freed her slaves Georgia is working hard to come back again. Our armies are victorious in every fight and the prospects look cheery to me indeed. Grant sits holding Richmond with Lee and his large army, while our generals are moving around through their country. It looks bright to me. I hope and pray that it will end soon, so that the soldier can come home to his family and friends. …

In camp at Stephenson Station near Winchester, Jan. 21, 1865. … You will see this paper is from the Christian Commission. There is an agent here, he is a very nice man. He goes around with paper, thread, and other things to give to the boys. He has a large tent and preaches every evening and if we want to send money home they will do it for us. They go to Harpers Ferry once or twice a week and send it from there by express. There is no express up here. It is all government business on this road. We are 20 miles from the Ferry. …

Betsey, you see I have a little advantage of the Christian Commission. It is very highly thought of in the army. They have ambulance wagons and baggage trains all through the army, all nice wagons and teams. They are doing a great deal of good. So go on with your good work. If I do not get the benefit of it, some other poor soldier will. Try and do your part and you have all my well wishes.

We have some good news with the taking of Fort Fisher with 62 guns, 2500 prisoners. It all counts for us. I am under the conviction that the thing is a going to be settled up soon. …

[Letters missing from January 21st to March 3rd.]

Reuben and News of Richmond

In camp at Stephenson Station Va, March 3, 1865. … We had orders this morning to pack our napsacks and be ready at a minutes notice. I sit in my tent writing on my napsack, ready to start. It is raining now very hard.

There is great movement making. Sunday our cavalry went south 4000 strong. Stoneman was to join them

with another large force of cavalry and there were 30 to 40 thousand infantry to join them. We think that they have gone to destroy Lynchburg and follow the railroad to Richmond. That is what we think here. There is a great push for Richmond. It is thought we shall fall back to Harpers Ferry. It is all a conjecture, I do not know where we shall go. I would rather stay where we are. If our army is successful in this move I think one month will end the contest.

I think Sherman and Sheridan and Thomas will all center their forces around Richmond and cut off all communications and force Lee to come out and fight or surrender. I do not think we shall see much fighting. I hope we shall not.

In camp at Stephenson Va. March 11, 1865. … We saw a great sight the other day. The prisoners that Phil Sheridan took all came down by us on the pike. It was the best thing I ever saw. The raggedest and meanest looking set of men I ever saw. Barefooted and bare headed and some almost bare a-st. There were a great many jokes cracked at their expense. I felt sorry for the poor devils, some very old men and some boys not larger than Albert. It took nearly an hour for them to pass us. They wanted to know what we were dressed up for. They said they had never saw such a good-looking lot of Yanks in their lives. The bigger part said they were glad they were taken. They said they could get something to eat now. The boys asked them how they liked that way of coming back into the union. They said, first rate.

We hear of good news every day and I hope soon to hear of the fall of Richmond. We have daily papers here so we can get the news. …"

In camp at Stephenson Station, Va. March 27, 1965. … Our regiment had a very nice present last Friday. It was a very nice battle flag and another very nice United States flag and two guide flags. They were all silk and very large. They took our old blood stained flag back to New York to be put in the archives. There was a delegation of 8 sent from New York to present to us. They made some very good speeches. I hope we shall not have to fight under them.

We hear of more cheering news. Yesterday our boys took prisoners and killed 5700 Rebs near Richmond. It seems to me that they must soon give up. The news came here officially yesterday while we were on dress parade. There were three hearty cheers went up for the victory from our regiment.

In camp at Stephenson Station Va. March 31, 1865. … The news is good from Richmond. [The poem Sheridan's Ride by Thomas Buchanan Read was included among the March letters.]

In camp at Stephenson Station, Va. April 2, 1865. My health is good with the exception of a sore throat. We had to lay our boots aside and draw shoes and by changing I took cold. You know I generally have chills when I get a cold and I missed you very much to doctor me. I made some pepper tea out of the peppers Art sent me and I feel better today.

… The talk is we are going to move soon. I cannot see why we will. The war prospect is very good. I think we will stay here as long as we hold the Valley and railroad. The boys are all feeling first rate and getting fat. I am considerably heavier now than I was in Winter.

Camp Russell, Va. April 5, 1865. You will see by the heading of this letter that we are on the move. We broke camp yesterday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and went 4 miles south of Winchester and camped for the night. Arrived there at 10 in the evening. Today we were ordered to pitch our tents. I am writing in ours. How long we will stay here I do not know. They say we have about 20,000 men here. We have a very nice army here. We moved up to the front because Lee was driven from Richmond. We got news this morning that Lee was captured with 41,000 men. I hope we will get it confirmed tonight. We are ready to head him off if he comes this way. You cannot imagine how nice the boys feel over the good news.

In camp at Winchester, Va. April 7, 1865. As I wrote in my last, we are on the move. This morning we had orders to strike tents. We got up at 4 in the morning, started at 8, came back within ¾ of a mile of Winchester and camped. Our cavalry, 5000 strong came back yesterday. They have been towards Lynchburg. Saw no Rebs. It was a splendid sight to see them pass. We are camped here I think to cut them off if they should undertake to raid this way. I begin to think they are about done with. There must be some rejoicing through the northern states. It seems folly for them to think of holding out any longer. How long we shall stay here I do not know. It seems to me we shall stay here as long as the war continues. …

It is said we have 50,000 men here in the valley. They are all in good trim. If we should go up the valley you might not hear of me very often on account of the mail not reaching. …"

Reuben at War's End

President Abraham Lincoln was shot Good Friday, April 14, 1865 and died 7:15 a.m. April 15, 1865.

Havred DeGrace, April 18, 1865. … The 15th we struck tents and went to Havred DeGrace. Passed through Harpers Ferry, came to Baltimore and took the Philadelphia and Baltimore R.R. Next day came back 30 miles to the Gunpowder River to guard the bridge, one mile and ¼ long. It is the largest river I ever saw. Our Regiment is all divided to guard different places. … Our company is divided, one half each side of the river. We have all the fish we want. We have shad, they come out of the salt water. … We are camped in a farmer's door yard. … We have some boats here, and the boys are out riding most of the time. There is a gunboat lying in the river now. We are going to have a nice time this summer if we stay here and I think we will. These bridges have to be guarded.

We are in Maryland. It is a nice country. …

In camp at Gunpowder Bridge, Maryland. April 21, 1865. … There is a great travail on this road, the cars are all trimmed in mourning, the flags in Baltimore were all trimmed in mourning. The nation has lost a good man and she mourns her loss. ..

Harwood, Baltimore Co., Md. April 26, 1865. … It is very warm here today. We have been drilling today. We took a walk of about half a mile on a plantation. They have the nicest yard I ever saw. Some of the nicest flowers, flowering almonds looked nice. There were a number of kinds I never saw before. I want you to come down and see what is going on. They have thousands of peaches and grapes. It is good fruit country…I may get discharged before my time is out. I hope I shall have the privilege of doing so. I am waiting your answer very patiently. I almost begin to look for you. Hope you will make up your mind to come down here and fetch Earl with you. He would never forget his journey. … When you write again direct yours, Harwood, Baltimore Co. Md. Address so as you would a citizen, not put any 90 or 17 Army Corp, nor no Co. I will get it quicker and it is just as well. We have a very easy time here now. Give my respects to all and hoping to see you soon. Your husband, R.F. Wickham.

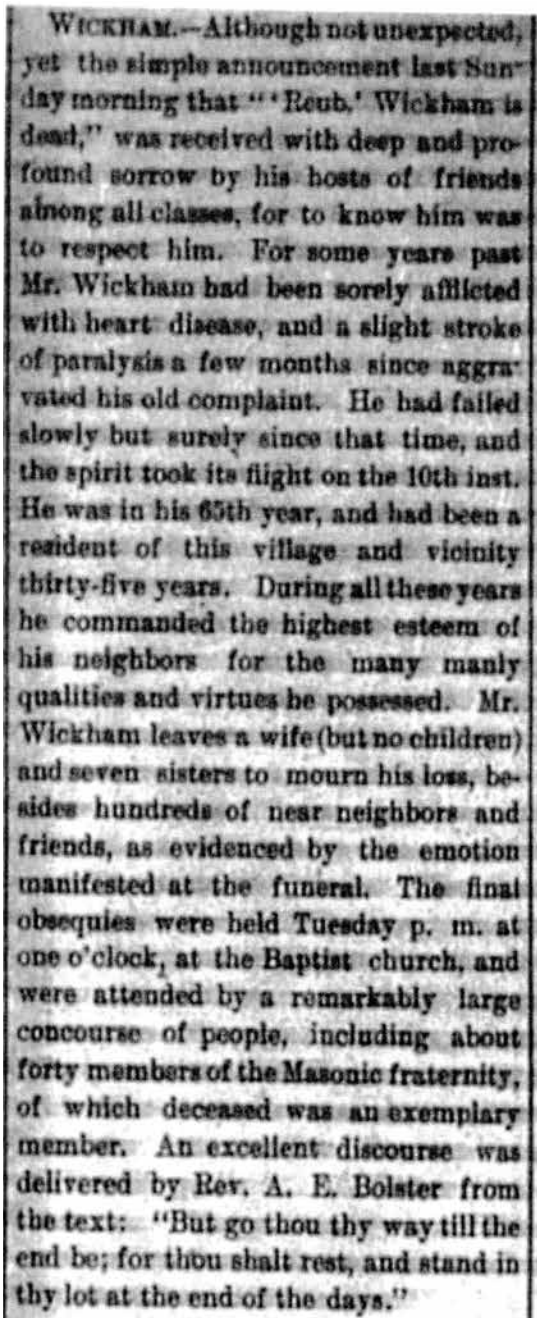
Gunpowder Bridge, Md . April 30, 1865. … You wanted me to ascertain whether we are going to stay here all summer. I think when we go from here we will go home. … Come down as soon as you can or I may get my discharge and come home.

Gunpowder Bridge, May 6, 1865. …The prospect is we shall be home in the course of one month. It is so talked at our headquarters. If you are not quite ready to come, you had better wait until you hear from me again. …

We arrested a man here yesterday for saying Old Abe had ought to have been hung. … I wrote this on top of a car.

Harwood, Baltimore Co., May 13, 1865. … You have left it to me to say whether you should come or not. We should know in a week or so if we have to stay. …"

Harwood, Baltimore Co., May 17, 1865. … I am in hopes to be home soon, I cannot tell much better than you. They think at our headquarters we will not stay here another week. It is in the papers that all the one year men will go to their state capitals and there be mustered out of the service. I hope so soon, as they do not need us. I want to come home. We have all been very lucky, more so than we expected. I expected when I left you and Earl to have seen some hard fighting and I did not know but that I might find a soldier's grave on some battlefield. I have escaped so far. I have always done my duty and am not ashamed of one single act that I have done. I have seen some hard fare, but I have got along better than I expected, so I will close by hoping to be with you soon. Your husband, Kiss the boy for R. F. Wickham.



WICKHAM.—Although not unexpected, yet the simple announcement last Sunday morning that "'Reub.' Wickham is dead," was received with deep and profound sorrow by his hosts of friends among all classes, for to know him was to respect him. For some years past Mr. Wickham had been sorely afflicted with heart disease, and a slight stroke of paralysis a few months since aggravated his old complaint. He had failed slowly but surely since that time, and the spirit took its flight on the 10th inst. He was in his 65th year, and had been a resident of this village and vicinity thirty-five years. During all these years he commanded the highest esteem of his neighbors for the many manly qualities and virtues he possessed. Mr. Wickham leaves a wife (but no children) and seven sisters to mourn his loss, besides hundreds of near neighbors and friends, as evidenced by the emotion manifested at the funeral. The final obsequies were held Tuesday p. m. at one o'clock, at the Baptist church, and were attended by a remarkably large concourse of people, including about forty members of the Masonic fraternity, of which deceased was an exemplary member. An excellent discourse was delivered by Rev. A. E. Bolster from the text: "But go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

Harwood, Baltimore Co., Md. May 21, 1865. We are expecting to leave here the 15th of May [?] to go to Brooklyn to be mustered out of the service. The regiment was got up there. The mayor of Brooklyn has written some of the officers that they have made arrangements to that effect. …

Harwood, Baltimore Co., Md. May 31, 1865. … Our orderly sergeant came from our headquarters today. He said we were to be relieved today or tomorrow by some other regiment, and we were ordered to report to Washington. We are to be mustered out inside of ten days.

…You had better not write until you hear from me again. Your husband, R.F. Wickham.

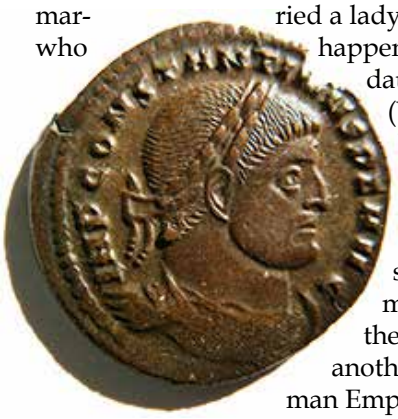
Afterword

Reuben F. Wickham filed for an Invalid Pension in 1882. It was determined he had chronic heart failure from exposure to extreme cold and hard marching around January 1, 1865. When he returned to his farm he could not do half the work that farming required and was under a physician's care. His health steadily declined and he died of heart failure November 11, 1886. He was 64 years old.

Investing in Genealogy

By William G. Lockwood

IT'S BEEN ALMOST 500 YEARS since one of my Joe six-pack ancestral grandfathers (Phillip Liens), who made his living as a surveyor in The Netherlands, married a lady (Lucria Van Borselen) who happened to be an illegitimate daughter of a Dutch count (Wolfert Van Der Veer). Welcome to the Van Der Veer family castle, if through the side door.



PHOTOS BY HARRY VAMOS

On Ancestry.com, I've since been able to trace my new-found Grandfather Wolfert's lineage back another 1,300 years to a Roman Emperor known as Constantine the Great. Among other things, he was the guy who decided which of the numerous gospels about Jesus of Nazareth were to be included in *The New Testament.*

To lend a dimension of reality to my towering stack of genealogical records printed on mere paper, I logged onto the eBay website and typed "roman imperial coins" on their search engine. Almost 15,000 of them turned up for auction — with starting bids ranging from $5 for bronze coins, to $100 for those of silver, to $5,000 for those struck in gold — with rarity and physical condition as the criteria for pricing.

A treasure trove of ancestral memorabilia! After an extensive search, I decided to commemorate my Grandpa Constantine by investing $20 in a bronze coin with a clear likeness of him on it, minted during his 30-year reign as emperor. I wasn't able to discern any family resemblance, but considering the lapse of time, I decided to allow for that.

When I finally received the coin in the mail, took it out of the package, and placed it in the palm of my hand — after 1,800 years — it gave me goose bumps.

Absentee Ancestors

By William G. Lockwood

EVERY FAMILY HAS had its share of saints and sinners, triumphs and tragedies, and mine is no exception. As school children, my four siblings and I were told that our paternal grandfather, Claude Hyde of Chicago, had skipped out on our family when our father was a toddler. He'd never came by to see us, so I never gave him much thought.

Until I saw a photograph of him many years later. It happens that I bear a stronger resemblance to him (of all people) than to my father. It was thus with some hesitation that I decided to research the bounder when I joined the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society a few years ago. It didn't take me long to find Grandpa Claude in the 1920 census as a resident of the Southern Illinois Penitentiary.

So that's what happened! He'd been busted for something or other during the Prohibition era, when Al Capone and Bugs Moran were the notorious underworld kingpins of Chicago. Grandpa Claude had been a taxi driver, so he may have driven one of their get-away cars — presumably a black limousine with shaded side windows.

If you will allow for my Technicolor imagination, it was only after a high-speed car chase on screeching tires through the heart of the city in the dead of night, with collateral damage to numerous other vehicles, that Grandpa Claude was trapped in a road block and then wrestled to the ground by a team of burly police officers before they were able to put him in handcuffs. Isn't that the way it always happens in the movies? Could I expect anything less of my very own grandfather?

Yes and no. The 1930 census indicates that he'd married again, and that his new wife had two daughters in tow. So he wasn't a total deadbeat after all. But he'd had a debt to pay to society, which cost me a grandfather who might have taken me to baseball games. None of us get to choose our own ancestors. We have to accept all of them, in absentia and otherwise.

As fortune would have it, I've since been able to trace Grandpa Claude's lineage back to the royal Plantagenet family of England, who were in turn descended from many of the storybook characters of European history — William the Conqueror, Alexander the Great, Rolf the Viking, and the notorious Attila the Hun himself. All of which has provided me with reams of adventurous ancestral research material.

Thank you Grandpa Claude. You are belatedly forgiven.

Pulp History:
The Storytelling of Walker A. Tompkins

By David Petry

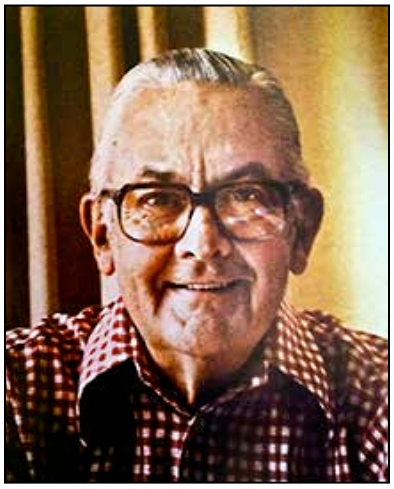
THE SUN WAS JUST UP and the few of us around the firepit were all early birds.[1] We each had our means of distraction – a newspaper, a smartphone, and me with my faded tome on a marginal historic figure – and for each, a tall cup of coffee.

You might think, in the cool dusting of dawn, that what brought us here was the firepit. It is definitely nice to sit outside under a slow sunrise close by a knot of warmth. But the firepit is an aside. The fact is, most coffee shops are not open at 6 a.m.

We started talking. One of the men is building a commercial development complete with wharves and a bed and breakfast down south; another is a Sunday beach artwalk artist. When I'm outed as a local historian, the developer says, "Yeah, when I moved to Santa Barbara, I read a couple books by that Tom Walker guy."

"You mean Walker Tompkins?" I asked.

"Yeah, that's him."



Walker Tompkins

It's a good thing that Walker A. Tompkins, Santa Barbara's most vocal and focal local historian through the 60s, 70s, and 80s, is remembered. It might also be a good thing that he's remembered a little incorrectly. He certainly gave us his share of wonderful ways to remember Santa Barbara. And some number of them were… well, incorrect.

Object Lesson

Santa Barbara historians trade stories of Walkerisms. It is widely known that Tompkins embellished, shaped, and refined Santa Barbara history. To be fair, it was with a purpose. But, even aware, the Walkerisms continue to walk right past even some of the most cautious researchers and editors. The reason is that Tompkins was perhaps most convincing when he was least accurate.

One recent project I worked on was a history of medicine and hospitals in Santa Barbara. Tompkins wrote several pieces on medical history and achievements for the *Santa Barbara News-Press*, and published books on both Sansum Clinic and Cottage Hospital.[2]

Whenever I met someone at Cottage and was introduced as working on a history of the institution, that person invariably told me the rough outlines of Cottage's history. It went something like this: 'Cottage was founded by Mary Ashley in 1888. She was a doctor's wife, and after he passed away, she realized there was a deep need in the community for a hospital. She came up with the notion of a cluster of separate cottages and named it Cottage Hospital. She got 50 women from Santa Barbara to support her vision. Money ran low, and so they ended up building a single, large Victorian two-story structure.'

I nodded along because by now I had read Tompkins' centennial of Cottage. I had also read other accounts, such as Yda Storke's and David Myrick's, but Tompkins' account was certainly the most vital, and most widely accepted.

The story was repeated in multiple post-Tompkins sources as well. In a 1997 *Noticias* on the founding of Cottage…

> "…[H]istorians describe the original vision as a series of small cottages, each housing a separate department, hence the name "Cottage Hospital." ... In this context, it seems reasonable to conjecture that the "cottages" referred to in historical accounts might have been an architectural interpretation of the pavilion hospital design in vogue in the nineteenth century. We know that Mary Ashley had read to the directors a letter of advice from a New York City physician who directed them to Florence Nightingale's work. …Whatever its origin, the design proved too costly to execute, and plans for a single three-story frame building were substituted. The name "Cottage Hospital" was retained. Mary Ashley is reported to have said, "It has such a cozy sound."[3]

In my research, however, looking at the same board minutes and newspaper accounts that Tompkins had access to (and which the 1997 author might have reviewed given the focus of the article), and with the added leverage of the Internet, I found that Tompkins had substantially fabricated his story of the founding of Cottage.

Cottage Hospitals

The facts, very clearly borne out in the historical record, were that cottage hospitals had been formally invented in 1859 by Albert Napper, with the first example opened in Cranleigh, England. The original cottage hospital is still in operation today. By 1888, there were hundreds of cottage hospitals in England, and the phenomenon had leapt the Pond, and there were by then scores in the United States, albeit mostly on the eastern seaboard.[4]

Hospitals, well into the 1880s, were widely and justifiably called "gateways to death."[5] If you had the money, your doctor came to your home, and even if you were subjected to surgery, the procedure was accomplished in your living room or bedroom. This was because, though antiseptic and aseptic practices were known and in use, their use was not spread widely or with effective precision. Prognosis for recovery in a hospital, therefore, was very poor. In London, one of the few places where such statistics were gathered at the time, over 90% of all admissions to hospitals died.[6]

Of course, this had everything to do with what hospitals were designed to do at the time — specifically to accumulate the sick, insane, and dying in a facility away from the rest of the populace, and more specifically the *poor* sick, insane and dying.

In your home, you had a 60 to 80% chance to survive even with the crude doctoring and surgeries of the era, simply because you weren't in a catch pond of contagion and hopelessness. But the poor generally did not have homes where such care could occur, even if they could afford the visit.

Cottage hospitals were an intentional antidote to this. Originally designed to house just six to ten patients, they were meant to be homelike. All of the many cottage hospitals discussed and referenced in Burdick's encyclopedic book of 1880 were single structures (not multiple cottages). They offered large patient rooms or wards with good ventilation, large windows, and attentive nurses. Doctors could place their patients there and visit them on a daily basis. According to the reports of the time, more than 80% of the patients recovered.

In Santa Barbara, at no time during the original design of Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital does the board ever discuss multiple cottages. Peter J. Barber, the architect, submits a single set of plans and these plans are approved. Period. They were building to the published and well-tested pattern of a cottage hospital.

There is no evidence that Mary Ashley ever said of the term cottage, "It has such a cozy sound."

Harriett

The motivation behind the development of cottage hospitals was improvements in medical knowledge and care and, perhaps most importantly, a changing attitude about human value. There were increasingly people who were not wealthy, but who contributed to society. No one wanted to see these people shuffled off to the death farm (hospital). They were the professional and managerial classes and were referred to as the *worthy poor*.

In Santa Barbara, by 1888, the poor poor were already covered. The Santa Barbara County Hospital and Poor Farm, built in 1876, focused assiduously on serving only local residents, and only indigents. You had to have your name put forward by one of the County Supervisors to be admitted. And once there, your chances of leaving alive were small. Tompkins, with his wonderful way with words, described it perfectly as "a poorhouse perched over a cemetery."[7]

It seems "reasonable to conjecture" — per the *Noticias* article — that a hospital was needed in Santa Barbara for the worthy poor. It turns out that it was, but not the worthy poor that Tompkins referred to. Tompkins noted that the hospital was badly needed and infers this to mean needed by the general populace of Santa Barbara. But the populace was… Well, here's one note from the record.

> "A chance visitor to Santa Barbara who hears the Cottage Hospital spoken of cannot but be struck with the indifference of the residents, with a few exceptions, to the scheme."[8]

The lack of need is echoed by the hospital's early admissions, by statements of board members, and by several news stories. (It is also echoed by the complete lack of attention to the project by the male populace who were hell-bent on town-making projects of nearly any type.)

Santa Barbara was famous by 1888 as a health resort. Doctors along the eastern seaboard were sending their consumptive and otherwise failing patients to Santa Barbara to heal. The newspapers of the time were filled with demands to deal with the impact of this practice.

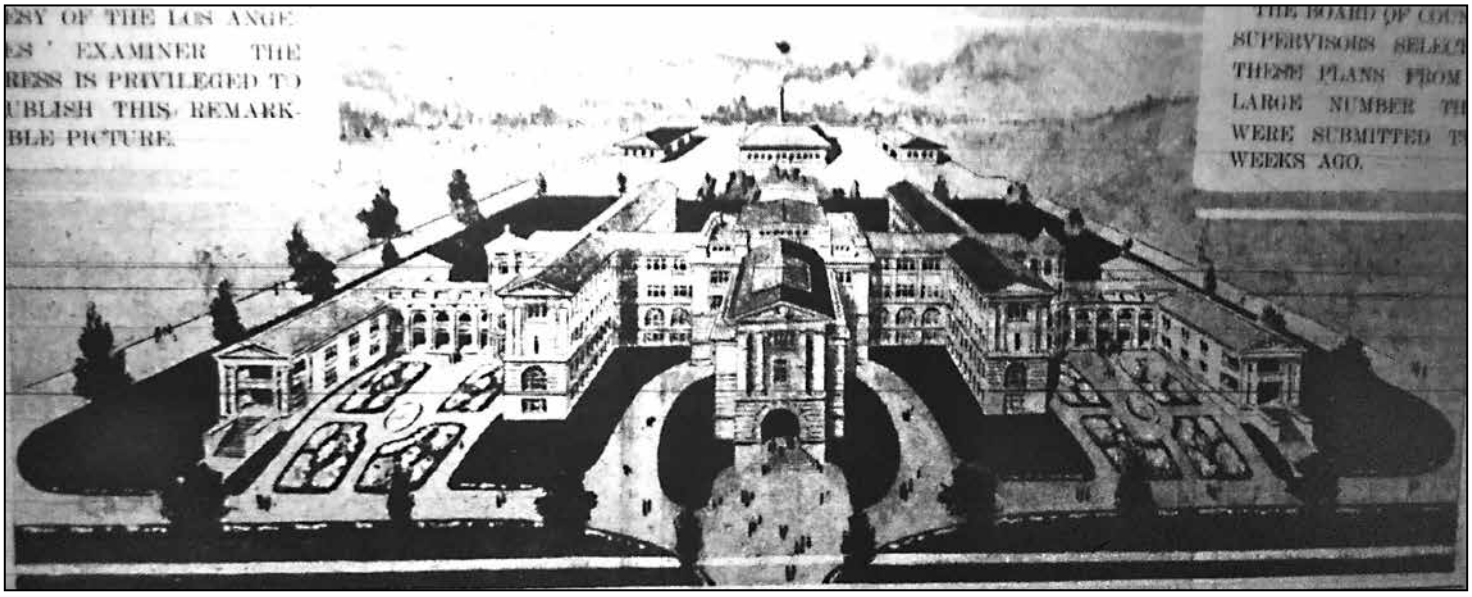
> "Many come here with a certain amount of money to spend, and having under-estimated the expense of living here, find the provision they have made is wholly inadequate to their necessities; others come with barely sufficient means to bring them here, hoping, by some light employment, to subsist until returning health enables them to labor, and having overestimated their strenth [sic], find themselves dependent on the charity of generous individuals; and many who would derive great benefit from our climate, are deterred by the dread of exhausting their means and being thrown upon the charities of strangers."[9]

The local need was to address essentially a homelessness problem.

It was Harriett Calder who saw the need among "strangers" to town, essentially a special class of the worthy poor, and it was she who applied the concept of cottage hospitals to the problem. There are many instances in the historical record that tie Calder directly with the founding. The following is from Cottage Hospital board minutes upon her resignation from the board for reasons of health just two weeks prior to the opening of the hospital.

> "Whereas Mrs. Harriet P. Calder has on account of ill health resigned from the Board… and whereas we feel that it was her prophetic vision that first recognized the necessity of this institution and the possibility of building it, and as from the inception of the work to the end she has assisted us with patient and faithful endeavor…"[10]

Interesting to note, not Harriett, and not a single one of the founding fifty, the group of women who raised the funds and built the hospital, was ever a patient at



Rendering of the proposed new Santa Barbara County Hospital
(Source: *Santa Barbara Morning Press*, August 29, 1912.)

Cottage. One more strike against "cozy" and need.

Mary Ashley was the first board president and Cottage would not have been built without her determination, ingenuity, and funding, but she was in no way the founder.

For the founding of Cottage, Tompkins made several claims and every one of them with a single exception – that fifty women formed the original committee – was fabricated.

A String of (False) Pearls

There are several instances in Tompkins work on Cottage and Sansum of incorrect dates, but these are only off by a year or two and ultimately, who really cares except a few historians?

There are other instances, however, that stand out.

On June 1, 1918, Santa Barbara County Hospital finally moved from the site at Cacique and Salinas streets where the original hospital stood. The move was monumental. It was a move from a ramshackle poor farm on the outskirts of town to a modern fireproof facility five miles west.[11] It signaled the transition from a low-security detention center going under the name of hospital, to an institution of healing based on scientific practices. It was a major improvement in Santa Barbara's esteem in the medical community, and in the city's own self-assessment.

Tompkins gives the credit for bringing this move about to County Supervisor, Samuel Stanwood, and community activist, Pearl Chase.[12] Like Mary Ashley at Cottage, Stanwood did have a great deal to do with the move when it occurred, but he had been a supervisor for only a year in 1918, and the public outcry that eventually led to the move started at least as early as 1909.

Multiple plans had been presented to the supervisors starting as early as 1912.

Stanwood is not mentioned in conjunction with the County Hospital in the press until he led the effort to bring in Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Vandever as superintendents at the old County facility in 1917. The Vandevers replaced Thomas Hicks and his son Marshall and wife, a family of blatant incompetents. Vandever was a graduate pharmacist, and his wife a qualified nurse, and the couple was immensely successful as supers.

Because of this much needed and highly visible change – Vandever's monthly reports were printed verbatim in the local papers with long, effusive editorials alongside – Stanwood became the primary point of contact among the Supervisors for the construction, opening, and operation of the new county hospital. He was not, however, a factor in arguing for or launching the move.

Pearl Chase's name never arises in the news accounts or the board of supervisors' minutes in relation to the county hospital, at least up through 1919 when the new tuberculosis hospital was opened on the same site.

The Quiet Sanitarium

As a final example, Tompkins wrote about the founding of Saint Francis Hospital in Santa Barbara in a 1971 *News-Press* article. Saint Francis was launched through the 1908 purchase of the existing Quisisano Sanitarium, a private hospital. Quisisano had been started by local physicians Harold Sidebotham, Philip Chancellor and Benjamin Bakewell in 1906. Tompkins writes,

> "The Quisisano – believed to be a coined word meaning "quiet sanitarium" — was under the superintendency of Katharine J. McGregor. … They have a story going the rounds up at St. Francis, which may or may not be apocryphal, to the effect that for a short time after the Catholics acquired the Quisisano it bore the name "Salsipuedes Hospital," since the street of that name led to the vicinity. The sisters, all of them from Sacred Heart headquarters in Joliet Ill., couldn't understand why Santa Barbara's Spanish-speaking people snickered every time the name was mentioned. They finally learned that "Salsipuedes" means "get

out if you can" referring to the early days when Salsipuedes Street was a quagmire."[13]

Quisisano does not mean quiet sanitarium. It is an Italian name for a hospital which translates to "here you heal." There were, like cottage hospitals in England, forerunners of these in Italy and a smattering in the United States at the time.

As for the Salsipuedes story "going the rounds," in the months of research on medical topics in Santa Barbara, I encountered no evidence of this name prior to Tompkins' telling. Most early accounts of Salsipuedes street state that the name arose because the street crossed several ravines that were treacherous for horse and wagon. It did descend into the laguna region and was certainly a quagmire at times. Maybe he got that part at least partly right.

Walking the Walk

I don't intend here to lay dead flowers on Walker's grave. I've made my own historical mistakes over the years. I wrote the entire history of Cottage under the misconception that George Owen Knapp and his personal physician, Dr. Franklin Nuzum, were the prime movers behind Cottage's sudden ascension as a world-class medical research institution in the 1920s. I did wonder where did this masterful, timely, and nationally-informed vision come from in these two men. I discovered the source only later. It came from Henry Smith Pritchett.

The recent post-mortem publication of Tompkins' *The Yankee Barbarenos*, was vetted for Walkerisms, yet it and the 2012 *Noticias* on the history of Sansum Clinic both repeat Tompkins' founding falsehoods.[14] (*The Yankee Barbarenos* adds several additional fabrications.)[15] This is not a reflection on the editors of those publications, but a sign of how hard it is to guard oneself, even as a historian, against someone as engaging and pernicious as Tompkins.

So it is useful to have a Walkerism detector while reading his works. His stories were intended to popularize Santa Barbara and its history. To accomplish this, he told a story. Thus, anything he writes that sounds "cozy," to borrow a word from the master, is suspect. In general, Tompkins built his tales around something supposedly unique to Santa Barbara, some invention or idea that solved an important problem, and which was conceived or achieved by a heroic or especially insightful individual. These components appear to have been requirements for Tompkins in crafting the Cottage story, requirements that lead him to create a story completely outside the recorded events.

Cottage hospitals and the "coined" Quisisano are examples of his inventions. The special need he attributed to Cottage was non-existent. And his heroes were chosen, in the case of Ashley, because the historical record on her is robust (there's next to nothing about Harriett Calder except an address in the old directories and a note about her attending the Congregational Church), and in the case of Samuel Stanwood and Pearl Chase with County Hospital, because he had invested in their impact and importance in many of his histories. (They were justifiably impactful and important, just not demonstrably in the instance he attributed to them.)

Most folks consume Walker A. Tompkins like they visit their coffee shops. They don't need to know what time the shops open, because by the time they go out, every coffee shop is open.

But if you're writing Santa Barbara history it's a different story. Historians must read Tompkins in order to learn what many people think and believe about what took place. Then they have to go back and find out for themselves.

But it's so hard! His tales feel like the truth. They're certainly more interesting and more memorable than the truth. And it's a good bet they'll outlast it.

ENDNOTES

[1] The firepit is at the Coffee Bean and Tea Leaf, 3052 De La Vina, Santa Barbara, California.

[2] Tompkins, Walker A., *Continuing quest: Dr. William David Sansum's crusade against diabetes,* 1977; and *Cottage Hospital: The First Hundred Years, the centennial history of Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital*, 1988.

[3] Gilbertson, Elizabeth, "Women's Work: The Founding of Cottage Hospital." *Noticias*, 1997.

[4] Burdett, Henry C., *Cottage Hospitals: General, Fever, and Convalescent : Their Progress, Management, and Work, 1880*.

[5] Risse, Guenter B., *Mending bodies, saving souls: a history of hospitals*, 1999.

[6] Nightingale, Florence, *Notes on Hospitals*, 3rd Edition, 1863.

[7] Tompkins, Walker A., *Cottage Hospital*, pg 9.

[8] "The Cottage Hospital," *Los Angeles Times*, February 26, 1889.

[9] "A Hospital," *Santa Barbara Daily Press*, November 21, 1874.

[10] "Minutes," Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital, November 21, 1891.

[11] Every new building of the era was 'fireproof' before it was anything else. This was the inheritance of the San Francisco fire of 1906.

[12] Tompkins, Walker A., "Old Hospital a 'Poor Farm,'" *Santa Barbara News-Press*, November 24, 1968.

[13] Tompkins, Walker A., "Early Hospital, 1906," *Santa Barbara News-Press*, September 12, 1971.

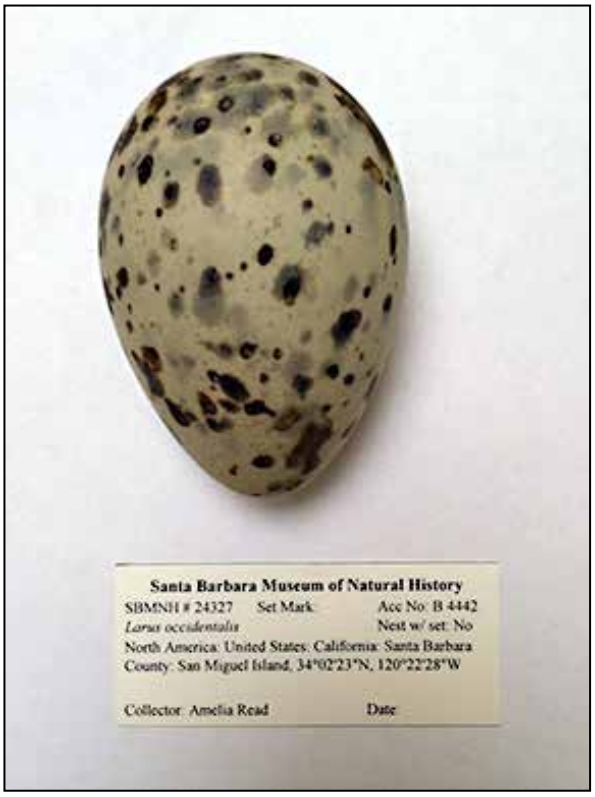
[14] Tompkins, Walker A., *The Yankee Barbarenos*, 2004, and Graffy, Erin T. and Erno S. Daniel, "Sansum Clinic, A Legacy of Medical Innovation," *Noticias*, 2014.

[15] For example, that one of the earliest appendectomies was performed there by Dr. Richard Hall. Hall is credited with performing the first appendectomy, but that was in New York in 1886, five years prior to his arrival in Santa Barbara. It also states that a male advisory board including John P. Stearns, "pitched in and helped as staff." Stearns at least bothered to decline the role when it was offered; the rest of the male advisory board referred to simply did nothing. There was no "pitching in" by the men of the community.

Amelia Sarah Read and her 1888 San Miguel Island Egg

By Marla Daily

RESEARCHING THE HISTORIES of the California Channel Islands is my profession and passion, and I'm always on the look-out for clues leading to new discovery of long lost island information. One morning during a research visit to the collections of the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, I happened upon a specimen of a Western Gull egg, *(Larus occidentalis*), accessioned as AV 24327—and labeled as having been collected on San Miguel Island by one Amelia



Western gull egg,
photo courtesy of the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History

Read between 1886-1888. What's this? A woman? On San Miguel Island between 1886-1888? Collecting an egg? Who was she? Why was she on the island? What was she doing out there? And thus the search both begins and ends with the provenance of one beautifully speckled, blue and brown, perfectly preserved 125-year-old Western Gull egg.

Through previous research, I know that Captain William G. Waters (1838-1917) raised sheep on San Miguel Island for thirty years – from November 1887 until his death in April 1917; that throughout the years Captain Waters had a number of employees who lived and worked on the island: Mr. and Mrs. Brown in 1891; William Devine, his mother Margaret and brother Francis, from about 1895-1901; Charles and Sallie Curryer in 1896-1897; Mrs. Stevens in 1900; the Rawlins family in 1903-1904; Lewis and Lillian Ward in 1910; John and Ada Russell from 1904-1929 (who stayed more than a decade past Captain Waters death). I also know that Captain Waters married a San Francisco widow, Mirantha "Minnie," who joined him on the island for the first five months of 1888, during which time she kept a diary.[1] Could there possibly be clues to Amelia Read in Minnie Water's diary?[1] Bingo!

May 29, 1888—Tuesday
The sloop came in about 8:00 A.M., and much to our disappointment we had no mail. Neither did Mr. Nichols (Will's partner) come, but he sent a herder, 2 dogs ***and a man to take charge — an Englishman who has a family of 8 with himself and his wife.*** *And if he comes he wants to bring them all and have one third of profits. Will feels uncertain whether he will agree to the plan unless he sees and talks to Mr. N.*

May 30, 1888—Wednesday
Pleasant. I did not sleep much last night. Eve neuralgia. Today Will and ***Mr. Read (the Englishman)*** *have gone to west end to see the ties, the lighter being towed by Ocean King around to our harbor; the herder is off with his dogs and sheep.*

May 31, 1888—Thursday

Busy all day getting ready to go to Santa Barbara. Don't expect to leave before Saturday. Hope to then. The sloop is over on the west end now loading ties; and Will, ***Mr. Read*** *and Jimmie with the sled and horses are over helping the Captain load.*

June 2, 1888—Saturday
At last we are here in Santa Barbara. Left San Maguil [sic] Island at 8:00 A.M. and arrived after having a lovely sail across the channel about 3 o'clock… ***Mr. Read doing marketing for us.***

June 3, 1888—Sunday
A lovely morn but the wind blew a gale this P.M… ***Mr. Read went to Carpinteria to see Mr. Nichols…***[2]

June 4, 1888—Monday
Very pleasant and warm. ***Mr. Nichols and Mr. Read came and talked business awhile and it is decided that Mr. Read and family shall go to the island,*** *he furnishing all of the food for the people, and he will have one third of the increase each year. We to go and come as we please. I hope it is all for the best and that we many all be profited by the arrangement.*[3]

The last name READ is right; the 1886-1888 time frame is right; the place—San Miguel Island—is right. Thus it is most probable the 19th century female San Miguel Island egg-collector, Amelia Read, was related to the Mr. Read of Minnie Waters' diary. So just who was this Mr. Read and what was his connection to Amelia Read? Thus far it's known he was an Englishman and he had lots of children. Through the usual online resources, Ancestry.com, Find-a-Grave.com, etc., the pieces to the puzzle fit nicely:

James and Anne Read,
photo courtesy of Judy Piper[6]

James Read (1839-1922) marries Anne Harris (1840-1922) in Suffolk, England in 1859, and they have twelve children over the next two decades, two of whom die at birth. In 1883 the family emigrates first to Michigan, thence to California, with their seven youngest children, including the person of my interest, daughter Amelia. The three oldest children stay in England; 13-year-old daughter, Florrie, dies shortly after they arrive in California:

- 1. Annie Louise Read (1862-1954) stays in England, (26)
- 2. Henry Harris Read (1863-1949) stays in England, (25)
- 3. Katie Julia Read (1864-1948) stays in England, (24)
- 4. George James Read (1866-1948) moves to San Miguel Island, (22)
- 5. Amelia Sarah Read [Marsh] (October 26,1867-December 21, 1918) who collects the Western Gull egg on San Miguel Island, (21)
- 6. Ada Fanny Read [Lewis] (1869-1965) lives on San Miguel Island, (19)
- 7. Florence "Florrie" Jemina Read (1871-1884) dies shortly after the family moves to California, (13)
- 8. Gertrude Lillian Read (1872-1872) dies at birth,
- 9. John Edward Read (1873-1898) lives on San Miguel Island, (15)
- 10. Philip Earnest Read (12) (1876-1876) dies at birth,
- 11. Gertrude Mary Read [Rudolph] (1877-1955) lives on San Miguel Island, (11)
- 12. Grace Evelyn Read [Lindsay] [Thompson] (1880-1963) lives on San Miguel Island, (8)

On June 4, 1888 James Read is hired by Captain Waters and his partner, W. I. Nichols, to manage their sheep ranch on San Miguel Island.[4] Six of the nine Read children, ages eight to twenty-two, moved to the island with their parents for about two years: Grace, Gertrude, John, Ada, and George,[5] in addition to our egg-collector, Amelia Sarah Read, who turned 21 on October 26, 1888.

Amelia Read,
photo courtesy of Judy Piper

Amelia Anderson,
photo www.findagrave.com

On January 20, 1897, Amelia, who prefered to be called Millie, marries Arthur Clark Marsh (1861-1935), and they had one child, Ernest True Marsh (1898-1962). Amelia "Millie" Marsh died in Oxnard, California on December 21, 1918 at age 51. She is buried in Lompoc Evergreen Cemetery. Her son, Ernest True Marsh, married Grace Esther Wadsworth (1902-1978) in 1923, and they had two daughters, one of whom was Amelia Marsh Anderson (1926-2013) of Provo, Utah.

Research on this most curious Western Gull egg from San Miguel Island, that I happened upon by chance, now comes full circle. In 2007, Amelia Marsh Anderson, namesake granddaughter of Amelia Read, donated this fragile family treasure to the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, simply accessioned as AV 24327. During the past 125 years, this Western Gull egg from San Miguel Island survived crossing Santa Barbara Channel by schooner in the late 19th century. It survived three generations—the lifetimes of Amelia Read; her son, Ernest Marsh; and his daughter, Amelia Anderson, who, at age 80, entrusted it to the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History in perpetuity. Was it kept on a shelf? In a drawer? On the mantle? In an attic? We will never know. We do know, however, this is definitely one coddled egg!

About the Author

Cultural anthropologist, Marla Daily, President of the Santa Cruz Island Foundation (www.scifoundation.org), has been researching and writing about all eight California Channel Islands for more than 40 years. She is a recipient of the California Historical Society's Distinguished Service Award for her dedicated efforts to preserve and promote the history of the California Channel Islands. Her bibliography can be found at www.marla-daily.com; her Channel Islands encyclopedia, Islapedia, is currently being uploaded: www.islapedia.com.

ENDNOTES

[1] *Mrs. Waters' Diary of her Life on San Miguel Island, January 1-June 27, 1888* in **A Step Back in Time: Unpublished Channel Islands Diaries**, Marla Daily, ed. Santa Cruz Island Foundation Occasional Paper Number 4, 1990 (p. 4-51).

[2] Washington Irving Nichols (1838-1895), New York-born judge from Siskiyou County, and investor in one half interest of San Miguel Island in 1887 for $10,000. He bought the interests of his friend, Warren Mills, thereby becoming partners with Captain William G. Waters who bought the other half for $10,000. In 1889 and 1890, Nichols practiced law in Santa Barbara. In 1895 he formed a partnership with Charles A. Storke and practiced his profession until his death later that year in Santa Barbara. "His humorous and genial nature made him liked and respected by all." He is buried in the Santa Barbara Cemetery. Nichols was survived by his son, Charles Percy Nichols (1875-1933).

[3] Minnie Waters' diary ends June 27, 1888 in Santa Barbara. She never returned to San Miguel Island. Following a series of health cures in San Francisco, Minnie died of consumption (tuberculosis) in Santa Barbara on January 17, 1890. She was 38 years old.

[4] James Read was hired to work on San Miguel Island on June 4, 1888, thus it can be stated with certainty that the Western Gull egg was collected by his daughter, Amelia, after this date, and before the family moves off the island, sometime before November, 1891, when a Mr. and Mrs. Brown were hired as caretakers. By 1892 the Read family was living in Lompoc.

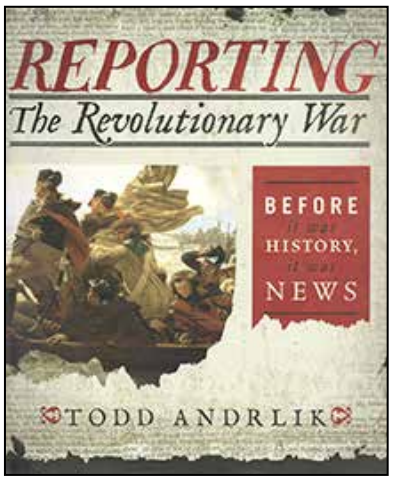
[5] Santa Barbara County Voter Register for 1890: GEORGE JAMES READ: age 24; country of nativity England; occupation farmer; local residence San Miguelito [sic]; naturalized July 24, 1889 Santa Barbara Superior Court. JAMES READ: age 51; country of nativity England; occupation farmer; local residence San Miguelito [sic]; naturalized Aug. 24, 1889 Santa Barbara Superior Court.

[6] Judy Rudolph Piper of Santa Barbara is the granddaughter of Gertrude Read (1877-1955), who moved to San Miguel Island with her family at age 11. Judy graciously shared her photographs and knowledge of the Read family history.

Book Reviews

By Louise Matz

Reporting the Revolutionary War: Before it was History, it was News, by Todd Andrlik, 2012, Sourcebooks, Inc., Naperville, IL, hardcover, 385 pp. About $28 on internet sites.

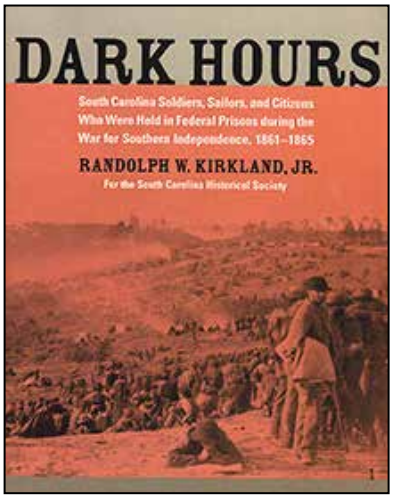


Helping to create the flames of revolution, colonial newspapers whipped the populace into action, and through the correspondence of newspapers, helped in the final outcome of the Revolutionary War, 1763-1783. Over 60 scholars, authors, professors and park rangers, created this lively, historically accurate text, highlighted by full color paintings, maps and other visuals.

The reader will enjoy the hundreds of pages of scanned newspaper coverage, highlighted with detailed explanations of what you are reading, and how it influenced the population of the time. Newspapers such as, The Pennsylvania Gazette, The Essex Gazette (MA), Boston Evening Post, The American Journal (Rhode Island) and the London Chronicle, provide broad coverage of many points of view.

The American newspapers fanned the flames of rebellion, and encouraged patriotism and liberty, before, during and after the American Revolution. This wasn't history to the colonials, it was news! Read it for yourself, more history than you ever learned in school!

Dark Hours: South Carolina Soldiers, Sailors, and Citizens Who Were Held in Federal Prisons during the War for Southern Independence, 1861-1865, by Randolph W. Kirkland, Jr., 2012 (2002), University of South Carolina Press, paperback, 538 pp. About $39 on internet sites. On the shelf at Sahyun Library, 975.7/M2/KIR.

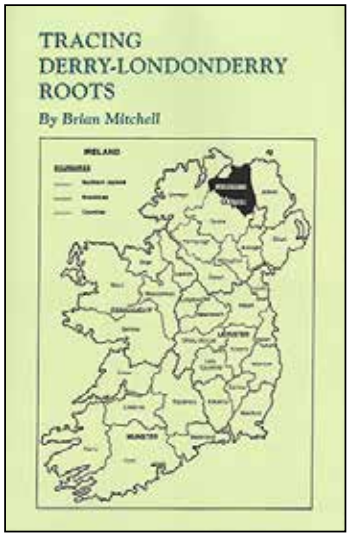


Following the success of another South Carolina landmark Civil War research project, "Broken Fortunes" (Sahyun Library 975.7/M2/KIR), Randolph Kirkland originally published this in 2002. Back in print, this Civil War Sesquicentennial Edition should make South Carolina researchers very proud, and grateful for the scholarship exhibited here.

After fifteen years of research, and drawing from over two hundred sources, Dark Hours is a compendium of the 11,238 South Carolinians who were held in captivity during their service to the Confederacy. In clear text and nicely presented, Kirkland includes the individual soldier's name, rank, unit(s); where and when he was captured, where he was held, and when and where he was moved; the final disposition, and sources to help researchers. This is the most complete record ever published of South Carolinians held in captivity during the Civil War. Other states should be jealous of this wonderful book!

In the introduction, Kirkland provides an insightful discussion of the federal prison system during the war. He includes source codes for the information, as well as place-names, descriptions of military rank and abbreviations, and some extracts from relevant official documents. South Carolina researchers should seriously look at this book, as you might find collateral family members who served in the CSA.

Tracing Derry-Londonderry Roots, by Brian Mitchell, 2014, Genealogical Publishing Co., Clearfield Co., Baltimore, MD, paperback, 67 pp. www.genealolgical.com



The Port of Derry was a major point of embarkation for northern Irish emigrants leaving for the USA, Canada, Australia and other places overseas, in the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries. This northern-most county was also home to Gaelic Scottish, Irish and English inhabitants. Brian Mitchell recounts briefly the historical importance of the area and how it relates to genealogical research.

The text is roughly divided into three parts: The usual introduction which reminds the researcher of the importance of reviewing all relevant information to be found at home in the US. This means finding the name of the townland that might include your ancestor. The heart of the book is the discussion of the records available to you for Derry. These include civil registers of births, marriages, and deaths; church registers of baptisms, marriages, and burials; gravestone inscriptions; wills; 1901 and 1911 census returns; mid-19th-century Griffith's Valuation; early 19th-century Tithe Applotment Books; the 1831 census; and pre-1800 census substitutes. The author explains where you can find these sources, including the use of the internet.

Mitchell concludes with a summary of the national repositories such as General Register Office Northern Ireland, Belfast; the National Archives of Ireland, Dublin; and the Public Record Office of Northern Ireland, Belfast. In addition, he includes a reprise of all the local Derry/Ulster record offices—including the Mellon Centre for Migration Studies at Ulster American Folk Park, the Foyle Family History Centre, and the Derry City Council: Archive and Genealogy Service. Two local libraries are also included.

Genealogy at a Glance: Ancestry.com, by George G. Morgan, 2013, Genealogical Publishing Co., 4 pp laminated. $8.95. www.genealogical.com.

This "at a glance" folder features Ancestry.com, the largest commercial online genealogy database, with eight distinct world-wide geographic versions. Even if you are an experienced user of the database, you will likely learn a tip or two to further your own research!

After some general pointers about the organization of the website, the folder gives specific approaches to ways of searching more effectively, using exact match, wild-card and other strategies. It describes location searches and using the card catalog to find specific databases. It suggests using message boards and the learning center for further help for the researcher.

QuickSheet: Your Stripped-Bare Guide to "Historical Proof," by Elizabeth Shown Mills, Genealogical Publishing Co. 2 pp laminated. $6.95. www.genealolgical.com.

This is a new, less expensive series of personal research guides from Genealogical Publishing. It is written by a well-known author in the field of genealogy. On only two laminated pages, the relevant questions about evaluating the source, the information and the process by which you prove your genealogical findings are presented. The basic principle is that sources provide the information from which we are able to identify the evidence we use for analysis, we can come to a sound conclusion which is considered the "proof".

QuickSheet: Your Stripped-Bare Guide to "Citing Sources," by Elizabeth Shown Mills, Genealogical Publishing Co. 2 pp laminated. $6.95. www.genealolgical.com.

Like the Stripped-Bare Historical Proof guide, this is written by a well-known author in the field of genealogy focused on citing sources. You might want find that source again, and also provide the information for others so they can see how you found your evidence. The Source-Data Collection form on page two can be duplicated so you can cite your sources without designing a form of your own! You are encouraged to make copies for your own records. Handy!

Elisabetha Wildemann Kist

By Millie Kist Brombal

Elisabetha Wildemann Kist, Evansville, Indiana, circa 1905

THE CIVIL WAR (1861-65) was a struggle for many, not only for the soldiers who served, but for their families. Elisabetha Wildemann Kist, my great grandmother, was born December 19, 1825, in Mutchelbach, Baden, Germany, to Christoph Wildemann, a worker, and Elisabetha Walde. She was baptized on December 25, 1825, in the Evangelische Kirche in Nottingen.

Before Elisabetha was married, she had four children. Anna Marie was born in 1852, Katherine in 1853, Caroline in 1856, and Louisa in 1857. Georg Adam Kist acknowledged paternity of Anna Marie by a notation on her birth record, and on August 2, 1857, in a church record, Georg acknowledged paternity of the other three girls. Seven days later on August 9, 1857, Elisabetha married Georg Adam Kist, a citizen master shoemaker, in a ceremony at the Lutheran Protestant Kirche in Obermutchelbach.

Three more children were born to Elisabetha and Georg in Obrmutchelbach: Elisabetha in 1860, Philopena in 1862, and Ludwick in 1863. Three other children born to Elisabetha and Georg in Mutchelbach died very early or were stillborn.

It must have been very difficult to support a family of seven children as a shoemaker, and perhaps that is the reason Georg left for America in 1863, hoping to make a better life for himself and his family. After arriving in America, he made his way to New Albany, Indiana, where there was already a settlement of German immigrants.

In September 1864 at the age of 36, Georg volunteered as a substitute soldier[1] in the Union Army. He agreed to serve for one year in place of Samuel Mattox for an undisclosed sum. He served until June 1865 when he was mustered out.

The funds he received for substitution service and his regular Army pay of $13.00 monthly was no doubt used to secure passage for Elisabetha and his family. Although no verification of the date of their passage to America was found, it was in late October 1865 that Elisabetha and family left for America. Her daughter, Katherine, told of seeing the Statue of Liberty on her 12th birthday, and Ludwick's daughter, Anna Barham Kist, said that her father told her that he learned to walk while aboard the ship. Later, daughter, Caroline, wrote that "Elisabetha came over in a sail ship which took some six weeks, had a very bad storm en route and passengers were very frightened. She had with her some of the children of 13, 3 died in infancy, but 10 grew up to average old age." It is not hard to imagine how difficult a three-week ocean voyage in steerage must have been. After arriving in America, they made their way to New Albany, Indiana, to join Georg.

While living in New Albany, two more children were born: my grandfather, Frederick, was born in 1866, and Wilhelmenia (Minnie) in 1867. Before moving to Henderson, Kentucky, in 1866, Georg applied for naturalization. Their last child, William, was born in November, 1870 in Henderson.

Sometime around 1878, Elisabetha became aware of Georg's infidelity to her. She packed up her children and moved to Posey County, Indiana, to live with two of her married daughters. She obtained a divorce in October, 1878. The court summoned George to appear but he did not. Whatever her charges, they were found to be true and she was given custody of the youngest children and Georg was ordered to pay all costs. There was no mention of alimony or child support.

Divorce was not as accepted as it is today and there was no record that Elisabetha had an education or a profession to enable her to support herself and children. I do not believe the family had any further contact with Georg except for an incident recorded in 1880[2] that reads, "George Kist 1880 drawing deadly weapon, drew knife on Eliz." From then on I believe Georg became somewhat of a "non person" in the lives of Elisabetha and her children, as his descendants could not tell me anything about him, or just preferred not to. One descendant said she was told that he fought in the Union army in the Civil War and "never returned to Grandma." Perhaps that is the way Elisabetha and her children dealt with an unpleasant situation.

By 1889, Elisabetha was living with her son, Frederick, in Henderson, Kentucky. Her granddaughter, Anna Barham was living next door. The following are some of Anna's memories of her grandmother.

Elisabetha Wildemann Kist and her ten children. Circa 1902, Henderson, Kentucky
Seated: Mary, Elizabetha Wildemann Kist, Katherine Annie, Wilhelmina, William, Lizzie (Elisabeth), Frederick, Louise, Ludwick, Caroline

She was a little lady, short and not too heavy. Combed her hair slick back, a little knot at back, light brown in color. She loved flowers; it seems like her favorites were Johnnie jump-ups, small pansy-like flowers. She would lead me along the paths and she would say "He's nice." Those are beautiful memories.

She spoke very little English–very broken. You could understand her if you knew her. She read her German printed newspaper published in Evansville, Indiana, which she got every day through the mail. She always read aloud and said a few cuss words which you could understand! She had a German temper.

She wore a little black hood with ruffles on it and a little three-cornered scarf of wool with crochet on it around her shoulders; always an apron tied around her waist with pockets in it. She never wore glasses to read or write. Had her own room and took care of it; had her chamber pot and big wash bowl and pitcher, clean as could be every day. She put out her own garden each spring and tended it herself. When the folks took produce to Harrisburg every Saturday, she got her vegetables ready to sell. She got her money from sales when they got home.

She was a staunch Republican and at election time she would read the papers and rant if it wasn't going to her liking. The year Grover Cleveland (1893) ran for President, Uncle Will voted for him. He, at that time, lived with her. He bragged that his candidate was elected by some people who knew how Grandma felt and voted so they thought it was too good to keep. So they jokingly told her about Will. When he came home, she asked him about it and he laughed and said "yes, he did." She told him to get out. No son of hers could vote for a Democrat and live under her roof. He picked her up and danced around with her and laughed. My dad said she fought him like a tiger and got loose; got his clothes together and threw them out in the yard. When night came, he begged to get in but he had to leave. It was a long time before she would let him come back.

She also had a garden when she lived next door to us (in Henderson) and raised little bantam chickens. I can remember this clearly. It was on Sunday. An old cat got in the yard and caught some of her baby chickens. She came over to our house and was so mad. After a while she came back. The cat got another one and ran under the house. She crawled under the house with a potato sack and caught the cat, put it in the sack and came over and made my dad carry it to the river about four blocks from our house. She picked up a part of a brick threw it in the sack with the cat and he took it to the river and pitched it in. Did she ever preach! She was little but mighty!

Elisabetha continued to live with one or the other of her children. She was living with her daughter, Elisabeth, in Harrisburg, Illinois, when she died at age 86 from nervous lobar pneumonia on January 7, 1911. She was buried in Fernwood Cemetery in Henderson, Kentucky.

My great grandmother, Elisabetha, certainly did not have an easy life — bearing 13 children, coming to America on a sailing ship after the Civil War, and divorcing an errant husband with no means of support for herself or minor children.

The following article by Alma Lauritsen, that I paraphrase, may well apply to Elisabetha:[3]

> *It is best not to be too inclined to brag about an illustrious ancestor or feel less than proud of one whose life was a constant struggle… The ancestor whose life was a constant struggle to survive has bequeathed to us the courage and fortitude to deal with problems that beset each of us, and may have done more good with what he had than those whose lives seemed constantly blessed with good fortune.*

Postscripts

Oh yes, what ever happened to Georg? He remarried in 1882 to Bertha Bob in Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio. Records show they had three children together. In 1883 Georg applied for an Army invalid's pension stating that he "contracted a left hernia by loading planks to build a pontoon bridge over a river while in the army at Goldbora in North Carolina." Georg died in 1894. Bertha Bob Kist applied for and was granted a widow's pension.

To establish births, marriages and deaths for Elisabetha and her family, I researched in the German and United States records copied by the Family History Library. In order to learn and understand more about her life in the mid 19th and early 20th centuries, I was fortunate to locate and correspond with Elisabetha's granddaughters who graciously shared their memories with me. Most of the above was included in my book *The Kist-Wildemann Families* that I wrote and published in 1996.

ENDNOTES

[1] In order to provide manpower for the Union Army, the U.S. Congress passed the Civil War Military Department. Act (Enrollment Act) of 1863. The act required all male citizens, and those immigrants who had filed for citizenship between ages 20 and 45, to register. The Act provided for Substitution and Commutation. Partly to soften the effect of the draft on pacifists and those objecting to the war, exemptions to the draft were allowed by draftees paying a $300 commutation fee to the government to avoid the draft for one year. In addition a draftee could obtain and pay a substitute to serve in place of themselves. The $300 (close to $5000 in 2014 dollars) to escape the draft helped raise funds for fighting the war, but was much disliked as it allowed the wealthy to escape serving.

[2] Carroll O. and Gloria M. Cox, *Posey, Indiana, A documented History, 1815-1900*, Vol. 11, pg 153.

[3] *Ancestors West*, Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, vol. 20., 20, Spring, 1994

The Grape Vine Planter

By Millie Brombal

MY FATHER-IN-LAW, Tony Brombal, immigrated to the United States from Italy in 1906 at the age of 16. He had just a second grade education and worked on his uncle's ranch to save $25 so that he could come to the United States. He came through Ellis Island and across the U.S. to Northern California where he went to work in a copper smelting mine.

During his early years in the U.S. he worked at many jobs: blacksmithing, helping a Chinese cook, chopping gravel for and planting pine and palm trees along Hope Ranch Roads, building stone walls, and laying bricks and stones at the Marymount School basement. He also had an egg business, raised cattle, and built and repaired houses.

In 1969, he married Mary Varni in Santa Barbara and together they raised three children.

Eventually he was able to purchase some acreage above Tuckers Grove. While living on San Antonio Creek Road, he always had a large vegetable garden, an orchard and many grape vines.

He shared his surplus vegetables and fruit with family and friends. Often on Sunday afternoons, he and Mary would visit their many friends and bring baskets of his vegetables and fruit.

One afternoon I stopped by for a brief visit and there was Tony planting some new grape vines in his orchard. He was then nearly 90 years old. I was not much of a farmer but I did know that it took several years for grape vines to produce. So just to see what his answer would be, I innocently asked, "How long before you can harvest grapes from these new vines?" He looked at me with a sly smile and said "Oh, 7 or 8 years." We both realized that would be quite a stretch at his advanced age.

He did not live to harvest the grapes from those vines. He died in 1986 at the age of 92.

Years later I came across the following quote that so aptly applied to my father-in-law:

He plants trees to benefit another generation

(Cecilius Statius 220-168 BC)

A Little-Known Civil War Massacre "Battle on the Nueces" in Texas, August 1862

By Sharon Summer

WHEN MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER Fritz Vater and his brother Adolph were killed in the Civil War, Fritz's wife, Christine Heubaum Vater, was eight months pregnant with my great-grandmother, Augusta.

Fritz and Adolph Vater died in a little known Civil War battle that should never have happened. This "Battle on the Nueces" would also become known as the "Nueces Massacre."

The utter tragedy of the deaths on the Nueces River dawned on me only slowly. My genealogist brother had once handed me a sheaf of papers about this battle. At that time I had no context in which to appreciate what I had been given. Though I thanked him for the papers I had little interest in reading a lot of pages about some obscure battle. Recently, after more than three years of my own genealogical research, and after hearing talks about the Civil War presented by the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, I decided to read again about the Civil War Battle on the Nueces.

This time what I read stunned me. I learned why the "battle" is also called the "Nueces Massacre," a label that seemed to me much more fitting as I researched the event. One article especially brought home the callous savagery of the massacre. It included the picture of a newspaper woodcutting showing many bodies hanging from two trees. They were the corpses of German immigrants who had been wounded in the fight, survived a day or two, but were then shot or hung by their captors.

My two ancestors, the Vaters, were among many hard-working Texan German-American immigrants who did not want to fight against their newly adopted country. They were among many Germans arriving in early 1840s into the early 1860s in Texas. Many of them became successful farmers, businessmen, and artisans. The Germans established the towns of Fredericksburg, New Braunfels, and Comfort in the Hill Country northwest of San Antonio, Texas.

My family lived outside of the town of Fredericksburg. These German-Americans prospered in their adopted country, thinking of themselves as Americans, and when Texas voted to secede from the Union in February 1861, these immigrants opposed the secession. They were proud of their American citizenship and did not want to fight against the country that had enabled them to prosper. Further, they strongly opposed slavery. So I was not surprised to read that they opposed the mandatory conscription of early 1862 into the Confederate military.

On August 1, 1862, between 40 and 70 Germans, faced with conscription or flight, left their families behind and set out for Mexico to enlist in Unionist regiments that were forming there in hopes of making it to New Orleans to join the Union Army.

Texas Governor Francis Lubbock put Confederate Colonel James Duff in charge of forcing the Germans to accept conscription to join the Confederacy. Duff had served in the U.S. Army, but was court-martialed and dishonorably discharged. He was said to be a ruthless man who stopped at nothing. Duff declared, "I will hang all I suspect of being anti-Confederates."

And he did. Duff heard about the departure of the immigrants and dispatched a company of 94 men under the command of Lieutenant C. D. McRae to go after the Germans, track them down, and intercept them "at any cost." Duff wrote instructions that he wanted no prisoners. There were none.

The unsuspecting German-Americans were surprised by the band of pursuing Texan Confederates led by McRae. On August 10, at about 3:00 in the morning, McRae's 94 men attacked the roughly 65 Germans on

Augusta Vater Knickrehm, 1890, Los Angeles

the banks of the Nueces River in southwestern Texas. All but a few of the German immigrants were killed in the attack; only a small number escaped. Fritz and Adolph were among those killed. The wounded survivors of the attack were captured, only to be hung or shot in the days immediately after the battle. The bodies of the dead were left unburied on the banks of the river for the rest of the war.

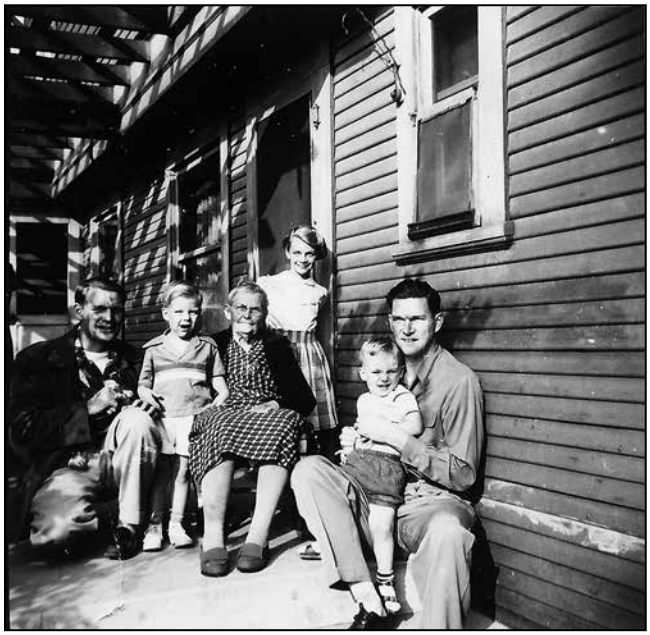
After the war the scattered bones of the dead were collected and brought back to the town of Comfort, Texas. The bones were buried in a common grave and a monument was erected. On three sides of the limestone monument are listed the names of the men who died on the Nueces River. The east side of the monument contains the inscription, "Treue der Union" ("Loyal to the Union"). On the west side, listed among the names of the men killed in the early morning of August 10, are my great-great-grandfather Fritz and his younger brother, 23 year old Adolph. They are listed as F Vater and A Vater.

The Nueces Massacre was not well known and its facts have been disputed for decades. In an article in the New York Times, written in 2012, the authors say, "Their deaths may be one of the largest atrocities by Confederate forces against their own citizens. … In the century and a half since then, writers, scholars and descendants have debated what happened on the banks of the Nueces. But it is as clear as that river's water: It was no battle. It was murder. It was a war crime."

Erected on August 10, 1866, in a Confederate state, the monument which honors the German-American Unionists was among the first raised in the United States, and the only monument to the Union erected in a state south of the Mason-Dixon line. The monument stands in Comfort, Texas, at the gravesite, to honor those murdered there. I was told by my great uncle that only this monument and Arlington National Cemetery are permitted to fly the American flag at half staff the year round.

My great-great-grandmother Christine Heubaum Vater, wife of the killed Fritz, named her new baby Augusta Henriette Vater. Many years later Augusta was taken by two of her grandchildren to the monument in Comfort, Texas. By then she had become an elderly woman in her late 80s. But her grandchildren told me that even after all these year, as she stood before the stone monument and read the names of her father and uncle, she started to cry, repeating, "Vater, Vater." The word "Vater" means "father" in German, the language of her youth, and we think Augusta was mourning her father and uncle, killed the month before she was born, on September 22, 1862.

I remember visiting Augusta in Los Angeles when I was a young girl of seven. She had traveled by covered wagon to Los Angeles in the early 1880s where she met and married William Knickrehm, a house-mover, and had six children with him. One of them was my grandfather, Allen I. Knickrehm.



Augusta Vater Knickrehm 92, Sharon (behind her), 7

Sharon Summer, maiden name Knickrehm, was born in Los Angeles County, and continues the search for her family's stories.

ADDITIONAL SOURCES

Schulz, Robert G., *The Nueces Massacre, August 10, 1862*: See the chapter, "The Germans: Geh Mit Ins Texas."

Thorpe, Helen, *Historical Friction* (yes, the word is friction), Texas Monthly, October 1997, http://www.texasmonthly.com/content/historical-friction.

THEN AND NOW

Cheri Holcombe

The first ones had it very hard
A vision of house above the sod
They worked and worked and kept the pace
From day to day and year to year a race

A house was built
The grains were planted
Now men, cows and horses and machines went at it
All worked and worked till much was done

Generations followed Generations
Each one accomplished a little more
Till the current generations live well
Because of what has gone before

The sweat and tears thru the years
Of the last generations
Give hand up now
To those that follow

Now the current generation
Sit in offices instead of behind a plow
Now they communicate by computer
And do miracles with information right now

Their horizons are unlimited
A gift from the past
That their forefathers made possible
God Bless the Family Pioneers at last!

Surname Index

Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated April 2014

Articles for *Ancestors West* focus on useful genealogy or research sources, helpful research strategies, compelling historical accounts, and interesting case studies. The focus are the mutual interests of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society membership. Each issue follows a theme that is meant to draw together a selection of content within the journal; submissions are not limited to the theme, however.

Manuscripts

Suggested length is from 250 to 2500 words. Longer pieces or serial pieces are also published. Submit your document in Word format if possible. If not, please submit in text format. Endnotes are recommended, especially for books, articles and web sites. Please follow the *Chicago Manual of Style* and the *Merriam-Webster Dictionary* for usage.

Images

Any piece is enhanced by images. Please provide images if you can to support your piece. The images in general must be over 1MB, and preferably over 2MB, with good quality resolution – clear and sharp to the naked eye when printed at a reasonable size (e.g., 3" x 4" - plus). Please include a caption for each picture, a photo credit or source, and insert the caption in the location in the document where it should appear. The images must be sent as separate files.

Author information

Provide one or two sentences about the author(s).

Deadlines

Submissions with images are due the **10th of the month** in: January, April, July, and October. Address submissions to the editor at dlpetry@gmail.com.

Contributor copies

Authors and other special contributors receive a printed copy of the issue by mail. This is in addition to the copy you may receive as a member of the Society. In addition, *Ancestors West* encourages contributors (and other interested readers) to share articles online via social media, email, etc. The entire back catalog of *Ancestors West*, all the way up through the current version, is available online, and text inside the journals can be located in Google searches that originate outside the sbgen.org web site.

Copyright

Ancestors West reserves copyright to authors of signed articles. Permission to reprint a signed article should be obtained directly from the author and *Ancestors West* should be acknowledged in the reprint. Unsigned material may be reprinted without permission provided *Ancestors West* is given credit. Responsibility for accuracy of material submitted lies with the author.

Editorial Team

Editing: David Petry, Helen Rydell
Design & Layout: Charmien Carrier
Mailing: Helen Rydell, Mary E. Hall, Dorothy Oksner, Cari Thomas

Santa Barbara County
Genealogical Society
P.O. Box 1303
Goleta, CA 93116-1303

Non-Profit Org
U.S. Postage
P A I D
Santa Barbara, CA
Permit No. 682

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

ANCESTORS WEST NOVEMBER 2014 VOL. 39, NO. 4

Sketches of Tommy's Life, Fergus Mackain, 1916 - 1919