



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
May 2015 Vol. 40, No. 1 & 2

“The Female Side”

Mistress of the Light

Lives of Quiet Desperation

A Quaker Ancestor Who Descended from Royalty

But the Record Said...

Start Writing!

**Josephine Eliza Mallery Feely:
A remarkable woman**





Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

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Sahyun Genealogy Library

(SBCGS facility)

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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.

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Back Cover: Carl Larsson - 1893 - Karin and Brita

From the Editor



David Petry

Made of this

THIS IS MY FINAL ISSUE AS EDITOR of *Ancestors West*. The experience has been rewarding and engaging. Thank you, members, for entrusting me with this vessel. And thank you, authors, for entrusting me with your stories and articles.

My hope is that the Society will continue the publication of *Ancestors West* in order to give members a place to publish and a voice in the wider genealogical community. While genealogy is often described as a hobby, in my experience some of the best -- the most careful, the most accurate, the most instructive -- historical research emerges from amateur genealogy.

"The Female Side"

In this issue, we explore the women in our ancestral trees. Coming new to genealogy, the patriarchal tilt in human affairs is overwhelming. Of course, we know all about the male-dominated culture, catch the news stories about job and salary inequalities, and see the misaligned favoritism for men (or against women) built into our legal system. But the genealogist especially sees the sharp structural bent toward the father. It is his name that follows us down the ancestral stream, and which we so often pursue going back up. We dutifully fill in the ahnentafels (or their online replacements) with the odd-numbered women who appear as random points, almost like egg donors, in the patriarchal stream. And it is so often the women who disappear in our searches as they are renamed by husbands. We could invert the charts and follow matriarchal lines, but the names are not sticky like the male surnames. The whole thing would seem somewhat random.

Many authors for our issue explored the theme. I enjoyed Sheila MacAvoy's Block's spinster aunts because they reminded me of my own spinster aunts who, now as I look back, are so vivid in my memories. They were opinionated and articulate and not "nice" around us young-uns like the grandparents and other aunts and uncles. Most married people in our family seemed to have reached the agreement that surprises were to be avoided at all costs. My spinster aunts could and did surprise us. One of them, Aunt Phyllis Herrin, who was a struggling actress in Los Angeles, just plain scared me.

Start Writing!

We have all shared in Sharon Summer's excellent pieces on her Knickrehm family line in the last few issues. In this issue, she shares some ideas for getting started on your own path to writing and perhaps publication. Heed her call and Start!

There are few things in this world which we can do to alter who we are in a positive manner. Writing is the only thing I have ever done that pitted me - with all my naivetes, certainties, and blindnesses - against a better me, the me that reads my work in the cold light of a new day with one eyebrow cocked.

Writing sends us to places and ideas where we would never have gone otherwise. The mere structure of a sentence may demand that we complement it with a piece of information we don't yet know, or never thought we would need to know. And the wish to express something in complete terms as Sharon so provocatively evokes - the shafts of sunlight when her father came home or lying awake during kindergarten nap time - is deeply satisfying, both to writer and reader.

If you want some help, try Alicia Watt's writing support group at the monthly society meetings. They'll help you pick a topic and set a reasonable scope. And *Ancestors West* can be your target for publication.

Thanks are in order

In closing, I am indebted to Charmien Carrier for her focused, professional, and superb design skills. People keep saying the recent issues of AW have been excellent. It is true, the pieces submitted by the authors have been excellent, but Charmien has delivered them in an attractive, cadenced flow that draws us willingly from one story to the next.

Helen Rydell proofed these issues and caught numerous errors. She also managed the labelling and mailing, no small feat. For this issue, Terry Ferl edited many of the articles as well.

I definitely could not have done the editing of *Ancestors West* without their insights and help!

Happy reading and happy trails!

Letter to the Editor

Thank you for publishing my two articles in *Ancestors West*. As a casual student of the history of Santa Barbara, it did my heart good to see you expose Walker Tompkins as a literary fraud in your "Pulp Fiction" article. I've long held it against him for poisoning our local history by denigrating Colonel John C. Frémont and Colonel William Hollister, both of whom not only did great things for Santa Barbara, but for the state of California.

I couldn't understand why he did so until I read somewhere that when he was in the Army he had a position of responsibility as a correspondent. His commanding officers, however, hadn't seen fit to promote beyond the lowly rank of private, which indicated that he had an attitude problem. In the military, privates do all the janitor work – mopping floors, cleaning toilets, etc.

As Santa Barbara's self-appointed historian, Tompkins then did what he could to slander military officers such as Colonel Frémont and honorary Colonels such as Hollister as a matter of sweet revenge. Rather than two Santa Barbara heroes on white horses, he left us with a pair of bottom-feeders. But you put Walker in his proper place. Bravo! Feel free to quote me on any of the above.

Bill Lockwood

Thanks for your note, Bill.

I had not known about Tompkins' private status. That could explain a lot. There should be a reference list of people Tompkins unfairly denigrated in the service of his personal weaknesses, his storytelling, and just plain laziness. And of those falsely elevated by the man. And perhaps of the current 'histories' that perpetuate his fictions.

I enjoyed taking some back on Tompkins. Glad to hear it resonated for you.

David Petry



A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA

By Margery Baragona

I Remember Restaurants of Old

ISN'T IT FUN, especially if one is hungry, to think back on old restaurants and the good times and good food you had? Many years ago there was Brooms on Anapamu. The seats made to look like brooms. I remember that the hamburgers and root beer were delicious. I ate a lot of cheeseburgers at the Blue Onion in their several locations. Socially it was important to be seen there after a game or dance. Another sweet memory of those times is of the black and white sundaes at the Royal, an ice cream parlor on Chapala. After roasting at the beach these ice creams were quite a treat!

As a child I went to Sabella's on the wharf. It was the first time I saw those little oyster crackers. Many fish places were to follow.

On State Street, there was Tony's Log Cabin where the booths had curtains. My family could savor spaghetti secretly. Also on State Street was Leon's, the Harry's of yesteryear. Inexpensive, strong drinks, and a gathering place for locals. Casa de Sevilla on Chapala seemed mysterious and clandestine. I salivate remembering their wonderful abalone on a rare visit.

The upscale Talk of the Town had great food but my memories are not. My friend having arranged a party for her daughter was told upon arrival that although her pants were dressy and formal, she could not enter as no pants were allowed. My African American friends made a reservation by phone but were turned away in person. He was a professor of renown, he and his wife Harvard graduates. These are painful stories to remember.

The El Cortio, on Coast Village Road, was the first place I had chocolate syrup over ice cream in a metal dish. It became the Somerset where if you weren't wearing a jacket they had one for you. Today it is the Bank of America

Bray's was a popular spot with truck drivers near the freeway. When the restaurant moved to Goleta, it became a gathering place for young families. On Fridays, they served a delicious Cream of Pea soup.

Mexican food was a rarity, but Fiesta found Mrs. Furay's enchiladas in great demand. People still rave about them.

Today there is ethnic diversity. Mexican restaurants can be found in any part of Santa Barbara, French pastries are baked on premise, and any type of pizza is nearby. There are vegetarian restaurants, Brazilian, Vietnamese, Indian and Chinese. Seafood is popular, and one can drive-through for hamburgers and chicken.

Do you remember these other old-time eateries?



Postcards: courtesy of John Fritsche

Green Gables, Copper Coffee Pot, Swiss Chalet, Pink Cricket, Tiny's, Kerry's, San Roque Steak House, Nanking Garden, Silver Spur, Philadelphia House, Olive Mill Bistro, and I am sure there are many more.

However, we mustn't forget Joe's Cafe, the oldest continuing restaurant in Santa Barbara. Have I made you hungry?

My Peabody School

By Margery Baragona

AT SEVEN IF I HAD KNOWN the word “trauma” I would have realized what was happening to me was traumatic.

I had to move!

I was being wrenched from my school, Roosevelt, and from my friends, David Yager, Phil Wilcox, Janet Wilson, Polly Goodier, and others.

After the Great Depression of the thirties, my parents were finally able to buy a house. They settled on a brand new one on Calle Rosales for \$7,000. The day of the actual move, I would not get into the car and walked with my dog Sandy, at what seemed a great distance to the new house. Needless to say, my mother was not pleased. A few days after my seventh birthday I entered my new school, Peabody. A most vivid memory of those scary first days was going into the boy’s bathroom by mistake. What a horror!

As I settled into Miss Margaret Leonard’s second grade class, I was asked to sit on the floor of her closet. I was upset as I thought it a punishment. I was told, however, that my reading skills were a bit more advanced so she gave me a book to read. It had wonderful pictures of the four seasons. To a young Santa Barbaran, seeing scenes of glorious fall leaves, snow covered trees, and an abundance of spring blossoms was exciting. I began to realize that there was a vast world that I might someday explore. Slowly I made new friends and began to participate in Peabody’s rituals. Something which disappointed me, however, was that I was not allowed to bring my lunch to school, as living nearby I had to go home. On Fridays, though, I could bring my green lunch pail with my favorite: an egg salad sandwich.

I was chosen school librarian, and self-satisfied, I arranged the books on a small shelf in the Principal’s office. I recall a complete set of Oz books by Frank Baum but not many other books.

On Valentine’s Day, a decorated box was brought in and we secretly deposited Valentines to a favorite boy or girl friend. Today’s social awareness would dictate that each child receive a Valentine. In May, we had an elaborate May Pole. We practiced dancing around the pole with its colorful ribbons, and performed for our parents. In either the fourth or the fifth grade, we studied the British Isles. This was after studying the “extinct” Chumash Indians and making many clay figures. For Scotland, we painted a plaid design on heavy paper, folded it, and had kilts. To learn of Wales we constructed a big paper mache castle. I remember taking my Royal Family paper dolls to represent England. Not very intellectual, but fun. Because of the small enrollment, classes and grades were combined. Many educators today would frown on this.

We looked forward to the summer program where we learned chess and checkers and played tether ball and kickball. I learned skills still used including hitting a tennis ball against a wall.

It is memorable that on December 8, 1941 Mr. Lloyd Pieter, our teacher, (later Principal, who recently died at 100) brought in a radio so that we could listen to President Roosevelt declare war. Sobering and frightening even for 11 year olds.

Today Peabody is a charters school with an enviable reputation, on a greatly expanded campus. It has a long waiting list and makes the surrounding neighborhood highly desirable and coveted.

Today as I drive by the school I realize how our memories of elementary school are indelible and precious.



Peabody School Graduation June 12, 1942

First Row: Margaret Berry, Margery Marcus, Mary Pruess, Joanne Bowman, Nancy Cramer, Merylnn Swenson, Dorothy Archer, Marilyn Morris.
Second Row: Henry Eder, Dean Baker, John O’Neil, Robert Smith, Robert Rothwell, Dean Becker, David Steele, Robert Jarles.
Third Row: Marlin Bowman, Winton Hill, Joan Zaruba, Glenna Ward, Connie Louvau, Mabel Davis, David Lamb, Donald Basher. Mr. Pieters: Teacher

Andrew Langlo and “The Good Land”

By Margery Baragona

IT'S EASY TO REMEMBER THE ITALIANS who migrated to Santa Barbara, and also the very early Spanish settlers. We must not overlook, however, the contribution of the Langlos who came here from Norway. The patriarch Andrew Knutson Langlo, known as A. K., came here in 1888. Today there are seventh generation Langlos. A farmer in Norway, A. K. first worked in Santa Barbara as a carpenter and for a short time farmed in the Arroyo Burro area. Finding our soil fertile and appreciating our abundant sunshine, he began buying land for his agricultural pursuits. His first major purchase was in the Glen Annie area. There he grew lima beans, lemons and, very profitably, walnuts. He was later president of the Goleta Bean Association.

In 1895 he married Nikorena Carlson and had a son Kinton. His wife died five years later. He met Ingeborg Strangeland while walking on Miramar Beach and they were married in 1904. In the next seven years they had four sons and one daughter. The children were Clarence, Joseph Monroe, Norman, Andy, and daughter Synneva.

In 1898 he started the Enterprise Dairy with 24 cows. His dairy continued until 1922. (In 1908 he sold the dairy but two years later bought back a one-half interest.) He ran that together with a dairy on the Hope Ranch.

In the fall of 1909 he bought 102 acres of the Ontare Ranch where he built a spacious home in 1912. Langlo Terrace off Ontare Road near Foothill is the approximate location of his ranch. In 1930 he bought an additional 12 acres. Thirty-four acres of his holdings were planted in walnuts and four in lemons.



Andrew Knutson Langlo



From Left; Andy, Clarence, Synneva, Norman, Joseph Monroe, Ingeborg, Andrew



Street Sign at Ontare Road and Langlo Terrace



A. K. Langlo Milk Delivery Wagon, unknown Gentleman

Although busy with five children, the Langlos were involved with the Lutheran Church where A. K. was a deacon and Mrs. Langlo taught Sunday school. A. K. died in 1938. His sons remained in this area; Norman had two children, Lorraine and Norman Jr., Clarence had sons Arley and Ed and daughter Doris. Andy had sons Jim, John, and Bobby. This generation parented A. K.'s thirteen great-grandchildren, and there are numerous great-great-grandchildren. They enjoy huge family reunions!

The Langlos have been solid citizens in both Santa Barbara and Goleta, working in the trades with the skills and tenacity of their successful ancestor. A. K.'s only misjudgment may have been when he bought 40 acres in Winchester Canyon and proclaimed the soil was only good for growing marigolds, not realizing there were great oil reserves underneath.



Baby Sharon 1943

Have you thought of writing your life story but you're afraid you don't know how to get started?

By Sharon Summer

Believe it or not, you are already prepared to begin. The real secret is simply to start right away. Don't wait until you finally feel ready or until you have studied books or taken lessons on how to write. As my husband once said, it's a little like learning to swim: after you jump into the pool, and with only a little help, you will discover how to swim, and it's just fine to learn in the shallow end.

Shall we get wet?

Why are you writing your memoirs?

Perhaps you hope that years from now, a grandchild or other descendant may appreciate getting to know you better through your own words. After all no one else can set down a first-hand account of the events and memories that have made up your life and that of your family. No one else knows the richness of detail you can contribute, the anecdotes that perhaps only you can share. Bare facts can be found out, but remembered stories — like yours — are priceless.

Your life as told through in your own words can be a treasure to others, giving them a chance to know you. You'll be presenting them a view from which they may gain understanding of what it was like to live during your times. Maybe your story, and that of your family, will inspire others in ways you cannot know.

Getting started!

An excellent way to get going is to write a story about some particularly vivid memory! Set aside any thoughts about doing it right. The important thing is to begin, to get your feet wet. Then, when you finish, write the next memory or story that comes to you. Then the next. Once you've begun you'll find yourself thinking of things you have not thought of in years. Soon you'll have a number of life stories you wish to write about, maybe even a flood of memories to record. You might later go back to your first story and add a now-remembered tidbit.

In my case, for example, the idea of writing a series of vignettes tickled my fancy. I wanted to write one of those: a "vignette." I liked the word. It worked! So far I have written sixteen separate stories of varying lengths. And now my brain is flooded with memories. The list of future stories I'll write is growing.

An interesting way to write - the vignette

Some time ago, before I knew about writing vignettes, I sat down to write about my life, starting at the beginning. I wrote about when I was born, where I was born, my parents' names, and so on. I was bored before I finished the first paragraph and, I recognized, so would be any reader. As a result my so-called memoirs

languished on my computer's virtual shelf for a long while.

But I was still burning to tell my tale. As suggested at a genealogy society meeting, I wrote a vignette about a vivid memory. That vignette became a three-page tale about my father coming home from World War II when I was three. I found myself writing about the shafts of sunlight coming into the hallway when my father first opened the front door, how it felt when he tickled me, my bursts of joyful laughter — and then the words he said to my mother about not knowing what to do with a girl child, how the sense of my happiness plummeted when I heard them. They were sentences that created years of a subtle distance between him and me as it dawned on me even then that he wanted a boy.

Simply starting with this one clear memory, I found others bubbling up. The next memory then came easily: At nursery school one day as we children were sitting on the grass waiting for our parents to pick us up, our teacher leaned back and got stung by a honey bee. Even as a four year old I was impressed with her calmness as she told us what had happened to her and equally impressed with how she could carry on in spite of how much it must have hurt.

Looking through my keepsakes of that time, the 1940s, I found a Daily Record page that the nursery school had given to my mother. What was reported on that page reminded me of how much I disliked naps even then. I was the only child in the classroom with eyes wide open, lying on a mat peering out from under a small blanket while the others slept. The page also reminded me of how much I loved the dark thick chocolate pudding that was served for lunch that day.

You probably have many such memories from your own history. I suggest that you collect them, recall some of the most interesting details and start writing. Remember you need not have all the parts figured out before continuing to write. And there is no rule saying you cannot start with a story that happened when you were older, even as an adult. Somewhere I read of a woman beginning her memoir with a story of when she had breast cancer and went from there. Once you get into the process you may very well find you recall more than you ever believed you could. Be sure to include how you felt about events in your life to make things more interesting and evocative for the reader.

DAILY SCHEDULE

Name: Sharon

Fruit Juices: orange

Morning Activities: gym salute, spring pictures, book time, creative play, stories, music, marching

Dinner:

Soup: _____

Salad: carrot - baby steps

Meat: beef roast

Vegetables: broccoli buttered peas

Buttered Bread: 2 slice

Dessert: chocolate pudding

MILK: 1 glass

Notes: no nap today

B. M.: _____

Remarks: We made pictures of spring flowers today.

NORMANDIE GARDENS

Date: March, 3, 1947 By: Brooks Zeller

When to write? Finding the time.

Getting stalled by life's distractions is all too easy. A good plan is to set aside a specific time each day to write. Find a quiet, distraction-free place. Keep to this practice most of the time.

A possible roadblock

Spending lots of time reading how-to books or looking for models of how to write by reading the published memoirs of others can be useful. But that is quite time-consuming, and can be discouraging as well. First write, then read about how to write. This will help you develop a writing style you can feel comfortable with. As your writing proceeds, you can go back to your resources. In my case, for example, I found I needed to shut off my doubts about writing as well as the published writers, and simply start writing again.

Plan as you go

As you go along, create a list of your remembered stories so you won't forget them. Interview family members to see whether they know details that may give a fuller picture of your story. Prepare for your interview by listing questions you would like to ask. Maybe they will respond by giving you a colorful anecdote that you had long forgotten about or never knew. Do this interviewing before you find that you have outlived all your elders, as I now have!

Make notes about any research you wish to do to learn more about a place or topic in your piece. Researching world and local events can give you a

context. Adding them can give a certain richness to your tales. The reader then has that context by which to understand your circumstances.

It could turn out that your research will help you better understand your own life! For example, I did not know there was a housing shortage after WWII. The shortage was why my family lived in the downstairs of a divided house. Similarly economics, both national and your family's, helped shape your family's circumstances.

Other examples to add to your memoirs might include:

- what your childhood home looked like
- what your room was like
- how far away your school was from your home (perhaps Google maps would help you here)
- whether you walked or took a big yellow school bus to school
- who the President of the United States was when you were born
- if you lived in a small town, where was it located or what was the name of the neighborhood in the city where you lived

Embellish your memoir with images

Everyone loves to see photos. Pictures are a beautiful way to illustrate your life. Insert your treasured photos and snapshots into your writing. In fact your memoir can be a repository for your visual history. Create a folder on your desktop in which to collect copies of the images so they are readily available. Having to dig around for them when writing is distracting and time-consuming, interrupting the flow.



Take fresh photos of your saved and treasured artifacts and mementos: grandfather's tools, mother's plates, or anything else that embellishes your story. Scan documents from your life such as baby pictures and teen poses, postcards and letters, report cards and diplomas, a great job review, and so on. You might take a Google Street View shot of your childhood home. You can also include a Google map picture of your neighborhood to show where the home was to put into your memoir.

In the story of my nursery school I wrote about wearing a pretty dress my mother had sewed for me that had rick rack around the hem. Wondering whether people today would know what "rick rack" is, I found a picture of it on Google images. I copied and inserted the picture, captioned it with the label "Rick Rack" and inserted it into my story.

How much should you include?

The simple answer is include what you want to include and leave out the rest. You are not writing an academic paper or an exhaustive chronicle. This is your memoir of the life that you and other members of your family have lived.

Your readers need not be troubled with all your escapades in the late 1960s and 1970s. Also, why you got divorced probably won't be interesting to them, but the effects of the divorce are very likely to be. Tell what happened as a result, and what you learned. How were you changed?

Write about your internal life as well as your circumstances. Writing something about your emotional responses to what occurred or was said by another can be interesting to others. Telling what is important to you about various relationships you've had will entice people to continue reading. This richly told approach can apply to any other significant event.

Use visual words to paint a picture in the mind of the reader. "I rode my bike to the store," can become "Pedaling my red bike as fast as I could go down the cracked sidewalk I tore out for the little corner store."

Describe people physically. How tall is your brother? What did he look like? What did his laugh sound like? Did he laugh often? What did it smell like in the old house or when opening the old book? What did that mud or beach sand feel like between your five year old toes? How did the distant music sound from the radio in the next room?

What computer program to use

Use the program you have. Being a Mac user, I used Pages, Apple's richly-featured word processing, page-layout program. Another well-liked versatile program is Scrivener, which is available for both PC and Mac. Many writers will already be comfortable with Microsoft Word. Whichever application you use, write your text; drag in photos and scans to re-size, fix, frame; insert text boxes for captions. Endnotes and footnotes can be useful to note the full names of people like Uncle Roy and Grandma Edith, and for various purposes.

You might use your program's table feature to create a table of all the addresses where you have lived. Include the age you were when you lived there, the address, with whom you lived, and years you were there. Or make a table listing various trips you took, and the like. The table is for reference for the reader as they read of your adventures, as well as for you.

Editing

Edit, edit, and edit again. Let your finished story rest for a few days, then come back with fresh eyes to make any revisions. Edit again.

When I began writing I found my mind was so buried in the story that all I could do was to get everything written down. Then I could come back later so that I could do the editing and polishing with the reader in mind.

When you finish your vignettes, a program like Scrivener will allow you to re-sequence your stories by dragging them to a different order. Then you can combine all your vignettes into a single document that is suitable for printing, sharing, or publishing.

Safeguarding your work

Losing all your work is unthinkable and makes for a very bad day.

Save often.

Back-up after every session.

Back-up to multiple places. You might put your memoir onto a thumb drive to carry around with you. Or maybe the cloud is your new best place. Save a copy to an external hard drive. You might also save a copy of your memoirs to an offsite location. Perhaps take a copy to an adult child's home or the home of a responsible adult.

Sharing or publishing

You do not want to go to all this work only to find someone ten years from now not being able to open your files because they are obsolete. (Remember the floppy disk?!) When you finish writing, you can copy your whole memoir into a more universal format for sharing with others such as PDF or RTF or Word.

Because of software evolution and computer failures, I recommend you print the whole thing out and put it in a 3-ring binder. You can put the printed pages into sleeves. You might enjoy making a fun cover page for the outside and a title page as the first page when a reader opens the notebook, maybe a dedication page. Perhaps this printed format will outlast all else! Besides, as my son told me, people like to sit down with an actual thing like a notebook that they can pour over in a comfy chair.

You can also publish your memoir as a hardback or soft cover book. You can use one of the online self-publishing services that print a copy only when someone purchases one. Be careful about selecting a publisher. I was disappointed by the quality of the printed copy I received. But still, this is a way of getting your writing to people who are far away. And I must admit it surely is fun to hold in your hands your own real published book!

Moral of the story?

Start.

Write every day.

Have fun.

Do it your own way.

You'll be glad you did, and so will your descendants.

Sharon Summer (maiden name is Knickrehm), is a SBCGS member with an ever-increasing appreciation for how the past shapes us for today.

BUT THE RECORDS SAID...

By Michel Cooper Nellis

GREAT-AUNT DOROTHY AND I spent fourteen years looking for her maternal grandparents, Nelson Sorrell and Lucy Fay, whose daughter, Cora, was Aunt Dorothy's mother and my great-grandmother. Cora was born January 19, 1882 (though her death certificate stated the year was 1886), in Crawford County, Michigan. She was three weeks short of her seventeenth birthday when she and William Riche married in Council Bluffs, Pottawattamie County, Iowa. On the county's Register of Marriages, her father was listed as Nelson along with her mother's maiden name of Fay (no first name). The marriage took place on December 24, 1898. Because Cora was a minor, consent was given, not by a parent, but by a guardian, Elizabeth Kirk.

The only other record we had was Cora's death certificate when she died September 12, 1933, in San Bernardino, California. The information was given by her son Raymond who stated that Cora's father was Nelson Sorrell and her mother, Lucy Fay. Since Cora was born after 1880 and married before 1900, she would never appear in a census with her parents. Crawford County birth records weren't recorded until 1887 so my aunt and I were at a loss as to where to look next.

Several years passed until one day when Ancestry.com was relatively new, I decided to go back and see if any additional records might be available for Nelson Sorrell or Lucy Fay. Since Cora was born in 1882, I assumed (!) her parents were most likely born in the 1850s or early 1860s. Imagine my surprise when a Civil War pension record for Nelson Sorrell, and a subsequent claim for the pension after his death in 1892, popped up. What??? Nelson was older than I thought. To further complicate things, the subsequent claim being made was not only by Lucy Sorrell, but by a Susan Sorrell as well. By now I was thoroughly confused.

I had to know more and I needed to see what these records contained, so I hired a researcher in the Washington, DC area to ferret out this information in the National Archives. Less than two weeks later, a very thick envelope landed in my mailbox. Why would a lowly Union soldier have so much paperwork, I wondered? Well, the answer became very apparent as I weeded through the packet. Nelson had indeed served as a Union soldier in the Civil War and filed for a disability pension with the U.S. government on June 3, 1879. After his death, Lucy laid claim to his pension on August 22, 1892, and Susan on December 20 of that year. Both apparently claimed to be his widow, a circumstance which mandated that the government determine who, if anyone, was entitled to Nelson's pension.

Susan was interviewed first in Michigan. She and Nelson had married in 1847 in Waukesha, Wisconsin, and together had six children. The couple and their



Cora Sorrell Riche, c1932

children were enumerated in the 1860 and 1870 censuses, in Pennsylvania and Michigan respectively. In 1880, Nelson was married but living alone in Lincoln County, Michigan, and Susan was the head of household living in Tuscola, Michigan with three

of their children and still married.

Apparently after the 1880 census, Nelson and Susan divorced as she married Aaron Stratton in November 1887 in Tuscola County which would certainly negate her claim as Nelson's widow. However, when questioned by the government agent in 1893, she claimed she knew nothing of a divorce from Nelson. Pension denied!

Next the agent interviewed Lucy who was living in Des Moines, Iowa where Nelson had died. She was asked for proof of her marriage to Nelson and after repeated questioning she was unable to provide any plausible information, including who performed the marriage and who witnessed it. Pension denied!

Still hoping to find the correct beneficiary of Nelson's pension, the agent then asked Lucy if young Cora was the daughter of Nelson. Under oath, Lucy admitted that Cora was not Nelson's child and she refused to name the father! Thus the claim for Nelson's pension was again denied. Soon after, Lucy placed Cora in the Iowa Soldier's Orphans Home in Scott County, Iowa. Lucy remarried and moved to Kansas with her new husband.

How did Cora end up in Council Bluffs? Likely because Elizabeth Kirk, Cora's guardian at the time of her marriage, ran a boarding house there and needed domestic help. Perhaps she went to the orphanage and brought Cora back with her to work until Cora's marriage in late 1898.

So even though the marriage record and the death certificate stated Nelson was Cora's father, further research had uncovered otherwise. Ironically, Lucy was married when she and Nelson began a life together. She was also the mother of three young sons. Did Cora ever know she had these siblings? Could Lucy's husband, Luther, have been Cora's father? Luther finally divorced Lucy on grounds of abandonment and never married again. I only hope that, while alive, Nelson cherished my great-grandmother, Cora, as his daughter.

A Quaker Ancestor Who Descended from Royalty

By Melinda Yamane Crawford

IN 2002, MY FATHER-IN-LAW followed my mother-in-law five years after her death in 1997. Later that same year, we sold the family home. One day in 2003, as I was cleaning and organizing my own garage, I began sorting through the items in one of the old trunks that had belonged to my former husband's maternal grandparents and was thrilled to find old letters, photos, marriage records, obituary notices, and other items that had belonged to his maternal great-grandmother, Lottie Ports. It was then that I caught the bug and became hooked on discovering his family's roots and then later on my own Japanese roots. At the time, my former husband didn't even know who his great-grandparents were, and so I began my journey to research his ancestors, and in doing so began to discover answers to such questions as: Who were the various people that had written about 100 letters to Lottie that date back as early as 1871, and what were their relationships to her? Also, who were all of the people in the old photos? As I was soon to learn by reading the letters and comparing the authors to any writings on the back of the photos, the letters and photos were from her immediate family, other relatives, and friends.

After attending a beginning genealogy class taught by the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society and performing research at the Sahyun Library and UCSB Davidson Library, as well as extensive online research, I eventually learned that Charlotte "Lottie" Walters Ports (1857-1931) was the fourth great granddaughter of Joseph Kirkbride, an early Quaker arrival.

Joseph Kirkbride (1662-1737/1738) was the third son of Mahlon and Magdalene Kirkbride of Kirkbride in Cumberland, England. His first marriage was to Phebe Blackshaw; his second marriage was to Sarah Stacy,

daughter of Mahlon Stacy, who founded Trenton, NJ; and his third marriage was to Mary Fletcher Yardley. With Sarah Stacy, he had only one child, Mahlon Kirkbride; it is from this Kirkbride line that my former husband descended.

Domestic Portraiture of Our Ancestors: Kirkbride 1650-1824 by Mahlon Stacy Kirkbride was first published in 1886. In this account, the following is written:

In the parish and town of Kirkbride, 12 miles west of Carlisle, Cumberland county, England, in the 17th century, dwelt Matthew and Magdalene Kirkbride... Matthew and his young bride had become united with the Society of Friends, early after its rise in 1652; and between the years 1659 and 1668 their five children, viz: John, Matthew, Joseph, Sarah and Thomas were born. William Penn invited his fellow professors to come away from the scenes of persecution for their religious belief, to sustain which unsullied, they had so severely suffered at the hands of priests and magistrates...and to join him in seeking an asylum in the then newly-acquired Province of Pennsylvania... Among these was Joseph Kirkbride, an apprenticed youth of 19 years of age, who, without making such arrangement as strict justice would require, left the service of his master, and with his little bundle of clothing and a flail which he carried with him as his "stock in trade" from Cumberland, took passage in the vessel "Bristol Factor," and arrived safely in the Delaware the 29th of 7th month, 1682.



William Penn Walters



Lydia Lukens



Charlotte Walters (1876)



Jacob and Charlotte Ports (1904)



Lake View Stock Farm, J.J. Ports, Manager

Dec 26th 1884

Dear daughter, I seat myself to answer your welcome letter to let you know that I am not well and am left all alone the children are all at school and Lydia is gone about six miles from home I am getting verry tired of the way that I have to live and think that I can not stand it long they say that they had a verry nice christmas tree in town I did not go to see it. if I had the means like I have had I would not stay hear one month longer and as it is there is but one alternative I like my family but I do not think they show the respect and care to me

Letter to Lottie Walters Ports from William Penn Walters with his birth date and those of Lottie's stepmother (another Lydia), and her half-siblings (1884)

that they should I do not know much to wright for I have not ^{been} ~~up~~ town for three months or more and I do not know what is going on nor the prices of any thing but butter is 17cts Eggs 17cts flour from \$2 to \$3.20 per hundred Meal 40cts per bus where does Mahlon and Jonny Purcell & Howard Walters live and yourselves Thomas Purcell has not wrote to me since in April you write soon and let me now all the news we have nice pleasant winter weather write soon your affectionate father my hand is so stiff that I have to write with a penceil Wm P Walters

My age is 66th 6th of April 1884
 Lydia " 44 " 29th " July "
 Mahlon 20 " 27th " July "
 Nellie 14 " 12th " January "
 T. Frank 12 " 30th " April "
 Verdie " 9 " 7th " June "
 Fannie " 7 " 12th " November "

Ancestors of Charlotte "Lottie" Walters Ports

1. Joseph Kirkbride (b. 1662) m. Sarah Stacy
2. Mahlon Kirkbride (b. 1703) m. Mary Sotcher
3. Letitia Kirkbride (b. 1734) m. Timothy Taylor
4. Mahlon Kirkbride Taylor (b. 1759) m. Mary Stokes
5. Elizabeth Taylor (b. 1797) m. Mahlon Walters
6. William Penn Walters (b. 1818) m. Lydia Lukens
7. Charlotte Walters (b. 1857) m. Jacob Ports

Ancestors and Some Descendants of Joseph Kirkbride

1. Odard de Logis (b. 1095)
First Baron of Wigton, Sheriff of Carlisle, created Earl of Wigton by Henry I in 1130
2. Adam, Baron of Wigton (b. 1129)
3. Odard, Baron of Wigton (d. 1208)
4. Adam, Baron of Wigton (d. 1225)
5. Odard, Baron of Wigton (d. 1238)
6. Walter, Baron of Wigton (d. 1286)
7. John, Baron of Wigton (d. 1315), Member of Parliament 1301 to 1313, fought with Edward I "was tower of strength in border wars"
8. Sir Richard de Kirkbride of Kirkbride (b. 1361).
The manor of Kirkbride, a parcel of the Barony of Wigton, granted by Baron Wigton to Richard, his son, a knight (d. 1361)
9. Richard de Kirkbride (d. 1405)
10. Richard de Kirkbride (d. 1454)
11. Richard de Kirkbride (d. 1501)
12. Richard de Kirkbride (d. 1566)
13. Richard de Kirkbride (d. 1592)
14. Bernard de Kirkbride of Ellerton (d. 1622)
15. Richard de Kirkbride (d. 1659), Col. Reg. of foot in army of Charles I, under Wm. Marquis of Newcastle
16. Bernard de Kirkbride (d. 1677)
17. Matthew de Kirkbirde (b. 1636)
18. Joseph Kirkbride (b. 1662)
19. Mahlon Kirkbride (b. 1703)
20. Letitia Kirkbride (b. 1734)
21. Mahlon Kirkbride Taylor (b. 1759)

(Sources: "The Ancestor: A Quarterly Review of County and Family History, Heraldry and Antiquities, No. III, Oct. 1902; Archibald Constable & Co, Ltd.; Website: "The Kirkbride Family History", kirkbrides.blogspot.com)

Last Month's Discovery – Kirkbride Coat of Arms

Over 12 years have passed since I first discovered great-grandmother Lottie Ports and her Quaker ancestors. During a trip to the East Coast in 2011 for a family visit and to attend a special event, I continued my research on the Kirkbride, Taylor, Walters and Ports families. The research portion of my trip took me to a Quaker meeting in Newtown, Bucks County, PA; to the Bucks County Courthouse in Doylestown, PA; to the Thomas Balch Library in Leesburg, Loudoun County, VA; to Loudoun County's Historic Records and Deeds Research Division; and to the Goose Creek Burying Ground in Lincoln, Loudoun County, VA.

To my total amazement and delight, a new chapter in my research of Lottie Ports began immediately following my attendance of James Terzian's presentation on American's Heraldic Heritage at the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society's monthly meeting on February 21, 2015.

With James' presentation, I received an introductory overview of coats of arms, clan crests, and how to begin my research of them. That same weekend, I attempted a new online search for the Kirkbride family crest and within minutes I hit the jackpot! Not only did I identify the Kirkbride coat of arms, but I traced it back to an ancient poem of heraldry, "The Caerlaverock Poem," a portion of which is below:

*The Baron of Wigton and Kirkbride
received many a heavy stone,
but Kirkbride held before him
his white shield with a green cross,
and assailed the gate with blows
like a smith with his hammer.*

*Nevertheless, they were so bruised
and weary with the blows of huge stones
and the wounds of arrows and quarrels,
that they were forced to retire.*

(Source: Wright, Thomas: The Roll of Arms, of the Princes, Barons, and Knights Who Attended King Edward I to the Siege of Caerlaverock, in 1300; J.C. Hotten, London, 1864 (eBook))

(Source: Website - <http://www.briantimms.fr/Rolls/caerlaverock/caerlaverock.html>)

(Source: Website: <http://www.americanheraldry.org>, Roll of Early American Arms, K)



Newtown Friend's Meeting



Old Goose Creek Friends Meeting

Today's Discovery – The Quaker Ancestor Who Descended from Royalty

Today, March 22, 2015, I had one final discovery that I simply chanced upon when performing yet another Google search on Joseph Kirkbride. Much to my amazement, one of my search results return was for the book, *Living Descendants of Blood Royal* by Arthur Adams (World Nobility and Peerage, London, 1959).

I end this latest tale in my search for ancestors by simply sharing my deepest thanks to James Terzian of the Descendants of the Illegitimate Sons and Daughters of the Kings of Britain (aka "Royal Bastards") and the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society for newly enlightening me yet again.

Newtown Heritage Walk

Friends Meeting

Newtown Friends Meeting is an active place of worship for approximately 250 area Quakers. Newtown Meeting was co-founded by Quaker ministers, sign painter and folk artist Edward Hicks, now highly acclaimed for his renditions of *The Peaceable Kingdom*. In 1915, Hicks gathered nearby Friends (Quakers) to meet in the empty Court House on Court Street after the county seat moved to Doylstown in 1813. Previously, these local Friends, members of either Falls, Middletown, or Wrightstown Meetings, had to travel considerable distances to worship.

In 1817, the main part of the meetinghouse was built on a two-acre lot bought from Dr. Hinman Jenks for \$60. Several modest additions have been made since then: the north sheds in 1818, the porch on the south side in 1866, the addition for classrooms and expanded worship space in 1900, and the addition in 1956 of more classrooms. In 2004, an expansion added classrooms upstairs and a new Gathering Room on the main floor where several full size reproductions of Hicks' paintings are displayed.

Newtown Meeting is an excellent example of a 19th century Quaker meetinghouse. Devoid of any but the simplest decoration, the meetinghouse shows the clean and uncomplicated style favored by Quakers. The original meetinghouse has had few structural changes and still utilizes most of the original hardware and furnishings. The meetinghouse, horse shed, and burial ground offer a fine example of a 19th century religious complex so important in the life of its members. Hicks' grave, with the low headstone favored by Friends, is located across from the south porch of the meetinghouse.

Newtown Friends Meeting continues today in the tradition of early Friends – meeting in silence for worship, believing there is that of God in every person, and striving for lives characterized by simplicity, peace, integrity, community, equality, and stewardship.

Site Sponsor: Newtown Friends Meeting

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LIVES OF QUIET DESPERATION

By Sheila MacAvoy Block

HOUSEWIVES, TELEPHONE OPERATORS and secretaries fill up the female side of my family, not to mention the immigrant scrubwomen and seamstresses. There are no violent, mayhem or der-ring-do stories here. However, I find haunting lessons from women who, perhaps unwillingly, sacrificed and labored without really intending to be heroic sisters and daughters.

The female immigrant Irish women in my family came to America during or right after the 1847-50 Great Irish Famine because there was no hope for them at home. After the famine, Irish farms could only be inherited by one sibling, usually the eldest son. This was a new arrangement designed by the British occupiers to keep those farms that still existed in working order. Rather than breaking up the farm upon the death of parents into inefficient small plots divided among perhaps many offspring, the acreage stayed intact. This new program naturally reduced the number of marriageable men. Only one man in a family would have a tangible asset and would then be capable of supporting a new family.

Girls faced the prospect of intense competition for a mate. A dowry of some kind was essential and most girls had little or none, perhaps a cow or a pig to be wheedled from their father or brother. The next prospect was to remain in the household and work for the elder brother's family as a kind of servant-aunt. Of course, there was always the nunnery. In my family, and in many similar families, the solution was immigration.

The mindset of spinster sacrifice travelled with these immigrant girls. In at least one branch of my family, the transition from Shanty Irish to Lace Curtain Irish was accomplished by the girls in the family remaining single and supporting the aging parents.¹ They also financed their brothers' education.

Such heroines were the sisters Helen, Rose and Sarah McCarthy, my mother's aunts. Their father, John McCarthy, emigrated from County Mayo after the Great Irish Famine for work in the cotton mills of Oldham, England. Their mother, Ellen, was born in Oldham in 1836, the child of immigrant Irish from County Sligo. John and Ellen married in 1863, a few weeks before boarding the ship, *Neptune*, bound for America. The photo is of Ellen Mullin in her wedding dress. It is likely that she made this dress herself, tucks and all, as she was an expert seamstress.

When they arrived in New York, the bride and groom settled into a tenement in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. On 25 December 1864, their first child, Helen, was born. A few years later, Rose Geraldine was born, followed by Sarah Matilda. The only son of this union was my



Ellen Mullin McCarthy, August 1863

grandfather, Patrick Henry McCarthy, born in 1870. From the middle names given to these children it is clear that someone, probably Ellen Mullin McCarthy, was fanciful and unconventional when it came to the girls, but for the boy, a name that signified patriotism was chosen. It helps to know that the baby's father, John, his grandfather Patrick, and his two uncles were all United Irishmen and fiercely supportive of Irish independence. At least one of the uncles was on the run from the British police establishment.

The McCarthy girls lived first on North 4th Street in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, a block and a half from the East River. Next they lived at North 7th Street, further inland, and then on Berry Street, now Kent Ave, until their father's death in 1891. The girls would have started school at the local parish facility, St. Vincent de Paul, completing their education probably through the 6th grade. In the 1880 United States Census, Helen, age 15, and Rose, age 13 are listed as "at home," whereas Sarah, age 11, is still "at school." Obviously, the two oldest girls were finished with their education but were not yet old enough to go to work.

By the 1892 New York State Census of Kings County, all three girls list their occupations as "operator." The New York and New Jersey Telephone Company had been formed in 1883, only five years after the commercial introduction of the telephone in New York City. Imagine the evolution of mass communication upon the

introduction of this modern device! It would have been similar to the impact of email in our day.

Patrick was at school in the 1880 United States Census, but by 1892, the New York State Census of Kings County listed his occupation as bookkeeper. Patrick attended St. Leonard's Academy, a private academy for boys, from about 1886 to 1888, the equivalent of two years of high school. His sisters helped supply the funds for their brother's schooling. However, Patrick was not a man of the desk. By the late 1890s he was employed as an electrician. After his marriage in 1897, he made a living as a steamfitter. Ironically he was assigned to work at the New York and New Jersey Telephone Company building, maintaining the boilers and associated plumbing in that huge edifice in downtown Brooklyn where his sisters worked.

Probably after their father's death in 1891, the McCarthy family moved to Halsey Street in the Bushwick Section of Brooklyn, a little less commercial than the Williamsburg addresses they had occupied for almost thirty years. In the photo, we see Rose McCarthy with her mother, Ellen Mullin McCarthy, outside their home at 879 Halsey Street. By this time, all of Ellen's four children were employed, so the family was able to afford to rent this single family dwelling.



Ellen Mullin McCarthy with her daughter Rose, Brooklyn, NY about 1895.

By 1900, Helen, now known as Ellie, was no longer a telephone operator. She was working as a saleslady of women's shirtwaists. I imagine this was a less stressful job. Her sisters, Rose and Sarah, were both employed as clerks at the giant Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. They continued to work at these positions until Sar-



Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. working girls.

ah's early death at the age of 40, and Rose's retirement after her cerebral hemorrhage in 1933.

MetLife was a New York institution for the burgeoning workforce of young women looking for white collar jobs in the expanding metropolis. The image above illustrates the conditions for the career girl of 1900, an image taken from an old postcard credited to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

By 1903, MetLife had moved its corporate headquarters to a handsome building in the financial district of Manhattan. Thus, Rose and Sarah traveled every day, excepting Sunday, to their work in the City. They took a trolley from their home in Bushwick and continued on to Manhattan over the Brooklyn Bridge.

From the stories they told of their work at Metropolitan, weekly payments by householders were entered from slips of paper submitted by field collectors. The amounts were listed in huge company ledgers. The job required accuracy, concentration, patience, and honesty, talents which these women had in abundance. Of course, being unmarried was required. As a result, turnover was brisk as young women tended to work a few years and then marry and start families. Rose and Sarah were the exception.

In their work, the two women would have used a button hook such as the one pictured to close their



Button hook and ink eraser used by Rose and Sarah McCarthy

shoes, and Aunt Rose certainly used the little knife-like instrument with the bone handle as an ink eraser.²

In 1915, Sarah Matilda died of uremic poisoning due to failure of the kidneys. There is no record regarding any prior illness, such as rheumatic fever, which might have impaired Sarah's health. Strangely, Sarah died at the home of a first cousin, Mamie Black, daughter of her father's sister, Mary McCarthy. Why she didn't die at home with her sisters is not known. The only studio portrait of the sisters which I own is this one of Sarah in about 1905.



Sarah Matilda McCarthy

In 1915, the two remaining sisters and their mother kept house at 518 Chauncey Street; Rose continued her clerical job at MetLife and Ellie stayed home. By the time their mother died in 1919, both women were middle aged. There was no question that they would remain spinsters for the rest of their lives.

For the next 20 years the two sisters lived together, in 1920 moving to 226 Macon Street, and later at 887 Putnam Ave. All of these addresses were in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn, only a few blocks apart. The final address at 887 Putnam Avenue is the one I remember. As my great aunts Ellie and Rose soldiered on, my mother took us to visit them frequently. The visits were always punctuated with tea and cookies. My brother would be sent to the local confectionary to buy a brick of Neapolitan ice cream — three colored bands, one of vanilla, one of chocolate and one of strawberry. Sometimes Aunt Ellie served sweetened whipped cream. They lived on the top floor of their building, an apartment converted into a parlor/dining area, a small kitchen which had been a trunk closet, a hall toilet (no shower or tub), and a small bedroom which they shared. As a bonus, they lived a few steps away from their parish church of Our Lady of Good Counsel. Great Aunt Ellie went to Mass every day.



The house at 887 Putnam Avenue, Brooklyn NY, (white door)

In 1933, Great Aunt Rose, now about 64 years old, suffered a stroke. She could no longer work. Since she had been at MetLife for about thirty years, there is a possibility that she had a small pension. Ellie had never worked at a company that could conceivably offer a pension upon retirement. By 1936, Social Security might have been a source of income. How they survived through the Great Depression, both becoming more frail, with Rose severely impaired, is a testament to their fortitude. After a life of sacrifice and independence, the two old ladies progressed to the end with very little to rely on. Their nieces, Mildred Hofmann, Edna MacAvoy (my mother), and Helen Murtha, were all paralyzed in the grip of the Great Depression. There was no one else.

Once a month, my mother would travel to Putnam Avenue in order to check up on what was referred to as "the Aunts." My brother, sister and I would accompany my mother if it was not a school day. From the time I was three or four years old, the visits were memorable. Before the war and gas rationing, my mother would drive us to Brooklyn from our home in Queens. When we arrived at Putnam Avenue, we had a sandwich, usually sliced chicken with lettuce and mayonnaise. The brown crusts on the Wonder Bread were always removed. Then we had our ice cream, often with a slice of store-bought pound cake from Dugan's Bakery.

All the while the aunts talked very little. Rose's speech was limited by her stroke. Aunt Ellie was naturally taciturn and a bit prim. Through the years they tried to participate in family events — Christenings, First Holy Communions, Fourth of July celebrations.

In this image, they are at a beach bungalow that was rented each year by their sister-in-law, Mary Eugene Nicholson McCarthy, my maternal grandmother. It was probably either the Fourth of July or Labor Day, and the temperature was probably about 90°. The sisters did not have a large supply of beach attire. They certainly would not have been wearing beach sandals. Great Aunt Rose is to the left. Her right arm droops at her side, probably the effect of her stroke in 1933. She is in her mid-60s, but looks a great deal older. Her sister Ellie, on the right, is more robust and somewhat quizzical.



The Aunts Ellie and Rose at Long Beach, New York

As the United States entered World War II, Ellie and Rose remained at Putnam Avenue, and the visits were now conducted entirely by public transportation. The bus was familiar, but the El - New York's elevated railway - was thrilling. We always took the first car so we could check up on the conductor and see the empty rails ahead. We children — my brother Tom, my sister Geraldine and I — would arrive at The Aunts with less expectation for ice cream. By this time, Rose was bedridden and without any speech at all. However, the two spinster ladies required a contribution from all three of us, proof that we were getting and using the education they had so sacrificed for their brother. I can remember my brother reciting a poem he had memorized. My sister sang a hymn. For some reason, it sticks in my mind that I sang “Mairzy Doats,”³ a tune that dates the event in 1943, the same year that poor Rose finally died. She was lying in her bed when I sang the song and appeared truly alarmed by my performance. She was 77 years old and had been seriously ill for ten years. The last five or six years of her life were spent in bed.

With Rose gone, Ellie stayed in the Putnam Avenue apartment. She developed a condition called *tic douloureux*,⁴ a form of facial neuralgia that was exquisitely painful. Injections of anesthesia into her jaw caused her face to collapse on one side. She outlasted her sister by three years and finally died in the winter of 1946 at age 82 of carcinoma of the stomach, the same condition had taken her brother, Patrick Henry McCarthy.

Although these three spinster sisters were relatively unimportant in the great march of history, or even in the story of my mother's family, I remember at least two of them as outstanding women. They were remarkable in their stoicism, their independence, their loyalty, their devotion to family. My mother and her two sisters were their precious nieces whom they treasured. When Ellie died, their tiny apartment contained objects which had been preserved and retained specifically for the nieces. Their father John McCarthy's tobacco jar and lustre ware cream jug, their mother's mahogany bun stand, Aunt Ellie's copy of *Aesop's Fables*, and many more treasures. How they squirreled them away in their tiny apartment

is a mystery. When each of the aunts was buried, there was a decent Irish wake and a respectable funeral, previously paid for. For many years, on Memorial Day, we visited their grave at Calvary Cemetery and planted geraniums. Yes indeed, may they rest in peace.



McCarthy Grave at Calvary Cemetery, Middle Village, New York

ENDNOTES

- 1 For background on Shanty and Lace Curtain Irish, see Callahan, Nelson J. and William F. Hickey, *Irish Americans and Their Communities of Cleveland*, <http://web.ulib.csuohio.edu/irish/pg102.html>, or the *RootsWeb* glossary, <http://rwguide.rootsweb.ancestry.com/irish/terms.html>.
- 2 These knife-edged tools could be quite lethal. Carlson, Jen, *Grave Spotting: The 15-Year-Old Who Was Killed While Dodging Kisses In The Met Life Building*, *Gothamist*, <http://gothamist.com/2012/01/24/grave.php> Accessed 7 January 2015.
- 3 “Mairzy Doats.” *Wikipedia: The Free Encyclopedia*, *Wikipedia Foundation, Inc.* Accessed 7 January 2015. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mairzy_Doats
- 4 Trigeminal neuralgia (Tic Douloureux), *Wikipedia: The Free Encyclopedia*, *Wikipedia Foundation, Inc.* Accessed 7 January 2015, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Trigeminal_neuralgia

Josephine Eliza Mallery Feely: A remarkable woman

By Cathy Jordan

ALL MY LIFE I HEARD ABOUT Grandma Feely from my mother. She loved her dearly and respected her more. The stories she would tell were heart warming. My mother grew up in a tiny



Josephine Mallery about 1866

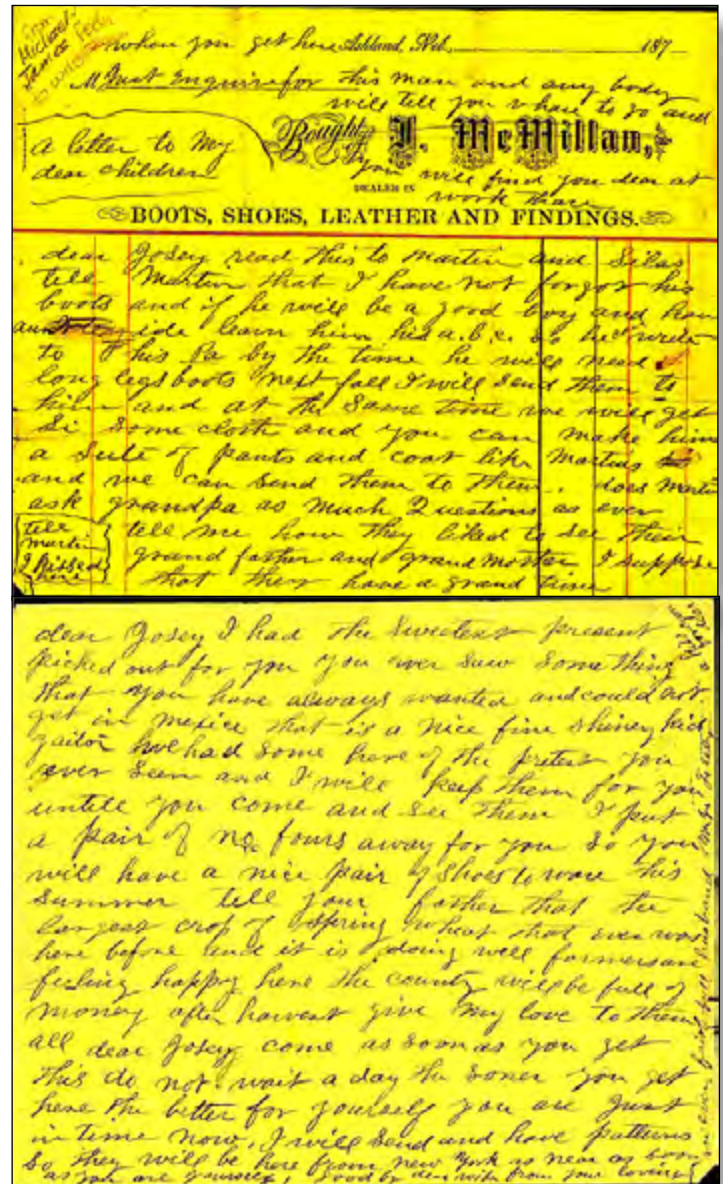
northwestern Kansas town by the name of Jennings, where the population was about 100 at the most. The town was about 3 blocks long and consisted mainly of farm families. Grandma Feely lived right next door to my mother and they developed a very special relationship. It wasn't until I began looking into genealogy that I realized what a remarkable woman my great-grandmother Josephine really was.

Josephine was born on April 27, 1847 in La Harpe county, Illinois. Her parents, Johnson Burdett Mallery and Penelope Pratt Mallery, had a total of six children, one of whom died at age 3, two more dying later at a young age. She was, however, very close to her three surviving sisters. Her father had what I call "itchy feet," never staying in one place from census to census. She lived in Illinois, Iowa, and finally Missouri, before meeting the handsome Irishman, Michael James Feely (my great-grandfather), whom she married in 1867.

In the 1870 census Michael and Josephine are living in Salt River, Missouri with my grandfather and

Josephine's sister. Not long after that Michael went to Ashland, Nebraska. In 1872 he wrote for her to come join him and bring their two children. Thus she set out with two children, one two-year-old and one baby, for Nebraska. She might have gone alone or her sister may have gone with her.

By 1880, Michael had opened his own shoe shop, making shoes and boots in Ashland, Nebraska. The 1880 census shows the household had grown to include the two boys, a girl, and a different sister of Josephine's. In 1884, Michael opened a shoe store in Crete, Nebraska, about 55 miles from Ashland. I found no records that showed they moved but am a bit fuzzy on how this worked for the family.



Letter from Michael to Josephine about 1872 or later.



Josephine Feely house in Jennings Kansas

In 1886 the whole family moved to Colby, Kansas, where Michael opened the Star Grocery, one of the first businesses in the little city. The Kansas State census for 1895 shows the family had expanded some more. One of the boys, Silas, has died but there is my grandfather along with his three sisters and one brother.

In 1899, the business moved to Jennings, Kansas. Michael opened a mercantile store with my grandfather in Jennings. The 1900 census shows Josephine living in Colby without her husband as he must have been in Jennings running the business. Also with her are the three girls and the younger boy. The rest of the family moved to Jennings in the fall of 1901. From this point forward, she always lived next door to my grandfather.

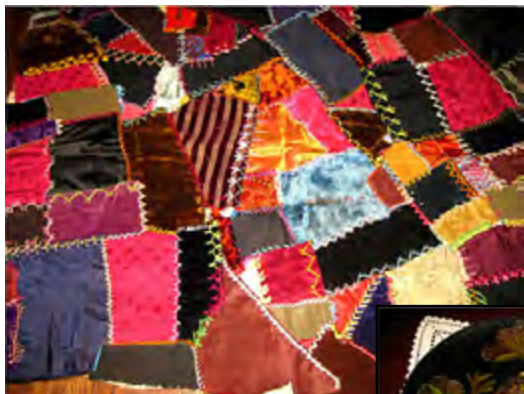
Her husband died in 1903, leaving the three girls living in the household with her. She died in 1916 when my mother was ten years old, but mother's memories of her

grandmother were vivid and clear.

It was not the way she faithfully followed her husband, nor her ability to move that impressed me. It was her many artistic skills, and her loving ability to keep her family together and pass on that love. She could do amazing needlework, making lace, embroidery, and painting on cloth and paper. She even made a paper mâché bowl that is beautiful and signed it on the bottom. She taught my mother to bake in her kitchen. She had a hand-crank ice cream freezer that was pressed into service during the hot summers. She had a table tennis set that attached to the table in the parlor where the children could play. In all her photographs she appeared stern but my mother assured me she was not. I am so fortunate that my mother kept some wonderful examples of her talent. Josephine has come alive to me through her keepsakes and her genealogy and I am so happy to have heard my mother's stories.



Thanksgiving 1915



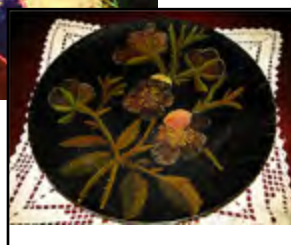
Crazy quilt piece



Velvet painting



Green pillow with antique lace



Papier mache bowl



Painting on velvet pillow

Mistress of the Light:

Julia Williams and the Santa Barbara Lighthouse

By Willard Thompson

IF YOU WEREN'T LIVING in Santa Barbara on June 29, 1925 (and few of us were), you didn't experience first-hand the sharp jolts, rumblings and tremors of the earth that morning, and a sky full of dust. But no doubt you've seen photos of the downtown in shambles, heard accounts of the tremor's devastation and the heroic efforts of local citizens – the lore of the Great Earthquake that reshaped our Santa Barbara community.



Julia Williams

Often overlooked as the dust and debris settled that day was that the Santa Barbara lighthouse, high on a Mesa bluff, disappeared, crumbling into a pile of stone and metal and glass never to be rebuilt. With it faded the story of Julia Francis Williams, the feisty little woman who tended that light for forty years, never missing a night when she didn't climb to the tower to make sure the light was guiding ships safely into our harbor. Julia Williams is a woman well worth knowing about. She came to Santa Barbara when it was a town of adobe huts and she watched it grow into a thriving Victorian village.

But unlike Julia, and the village she watched grow into a city, the Santa Barbara Lighthouse (almost always referred to as the Mesa Lighthouse) hardly changed from the day its light was first lit.

In 1848, at the end of the War with Mexico and the start of the Gold Rush, Congress authorized eight lighthouses to be built along the Pacific Coast to safely

guide the stampede of gold-seekers traveling by ship to San Francisco. A second set of eight lighthouses, including one in Santa Barbara, was approved in the early 1850s. A major of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, Hartman Bache, selected the Mesa location, writing in a report to his superiors, "... The selection of a site for a light at Santa Barbara is a matter of some delicacy, inasmuch as it should serve the double purpose of a seacoast light and a harbor light."¹ Bache went on to add that the Santa Barbara city fathers had donated 30 acres of land on the Mesa, two and a half miles from the city for the new lighthouse.

Julia arrived in Santa Barbara in 1856, the same year the lighthouse did, but she hadn't come to be its keeper. That was her husband, Albert's, job. She had two young daughters to care for and a son on the way. Albert Johnson Williams had left 24-year-old Julia at home in Eastport, Maine, pregnant, to join the hordes of men heading to Gold Rush California in 1849. Stopping for six months at Panama, and making \$4,000 running a hotel in Panama City while he was there, Albert landed in San Francisco in the spring of 1850. Realizing there were better ways than panning the freezing rivers of the Sierra Nevada foothills to enrich himself, he built a ferry over the Mokelumne River. Soon after, he erected the first bridge across the stream, investing in its construction the little fortune he had acquired in Panama, and collecting tolls from all who crossed.

Julia, born in New Brunswick, Canada in 1826, followed Albert in 1853 with her young daughters. She and Albert were united in San Francisco, where they lived for several years. It is unclear how Albert supported his little family, but it is safe to assume he did not hold down steady jobs. He may have exhausted his earnings from Panama and the toll bridges, perhaps enhancing his willingness when offered the Santa Barbara keeper's job in early 1856. He led the family down the coast on the steamer *Sea Bird*. Helen, the oldest daughter recalled, "Our household goods, together with the chickens, a yellow dog and my big gray cat, loaded in the hold of the ship, we set sail for the little southern city. When we finally arrived we anchored about a mile out in the bay and were taken ashore in a small boat, or rather as near to the shore as the boat would go. Then the sailors took mother and me in their arms and waded through the surf to the dry sand. Our goods, including the chickens, followed on a lighter, and were carried ashore and dumped on the sand. There they remained until father found a house; then an ox team took them to our new home."²

Their new home was not the lighthouse, which was still under construction. Albert had to rent an adobe house on the north corner of State and Montecito streets. That was fine with Helen. Always the romantic,



Santa Barbara Lighthouse (almost always referred to as the Mesa Lighthouse)

she seems to have fallen in love with Santa Barbara from the very start, writing later, "We found a little city, for so it was called even then, of about a dozen Americans, and I do not know how many Spaniards, Mexicans and Indians. No streets, just paths; the adobe houses, with a scattering of frame buildings here and there, looking like lost sheep, were seemingly set wherever the owner took a fancy to place them. But the little city was as beautifully situated then as now ... The same magnificent curve of the bay, the mesa on the west, the Santa Ynez mountains to the north, protecting it from all harm, like the arms of a loving mother. Even as a little girl the beauty took hold of my heart and I loved my new home with a love that only increased as the years passed."³

While the family was living in town, local attorney Charles Enoch Huse went with friends to introduce himself to the Williams family. In his diary he recorded: "Sunday, June 15, 1856. After the exercises [services] of the church we went to the house of Señor Williams on State Street. He presented me to his wife, an intelligent woman of good appearance... After spending an hour there, we went to the lighthouse on the point. We met Señor Nagle at work with his laborers, even though it is Sunday. He said that he wants to finish the work as soon as possible and for this reason did not stop work today."⁴

By July, the lighthouse was finished in a Cape Cod style. We have a very complete description of the building that tumbled in 1925, published in the *Santa Barbara Gazette*.

It is 38 feet in front by 20 feet depth, and is of two stories, with a basement. There are four rooms above ground and two below, hard finished throughout. The tower is in the centre, and is coped with two courses of heavy granite stone. The caps and sills of the doors and windows are also of granite. The walls are constructed of hard stone and brick... The first floor is of double thickness, and all the floors are hard pine. There are circular stairs running up the centre to the tower. The doors and inside finish are of eastern lumber. There is a kitchen in the rear, weather-boarded, painted, and plastered... Buttresses to the front door extend out 4 feet, with four granite steps and platform. The exterior is rough cast with cement and lime. There are eleven openings in the building, all finished with close shutters and suitable fastenings... An iron gallery and platform are intended to be placed on the tower when the lantern arrives.⁵

With no lasting landmark, the exact location of the Mesa lighthouse is hard to pin down. Major Hartman Bache's official description probably places it on the grounds of Washington Elementary School, north of Shoreline Drive/Meigs Road. Bache's description says, "It is situated at an elevation of 146 feet above the sea, two miles south westerly from the landing at Santa Barbara, and about 550 feet from the brink of the bluff.

A local contractor, Cyrus Marshall, writing in 1891, reminisced, "Mr. Nagle was the contractor, and I worked with him by the day. When the main building was up his part of the work was finished. I very soon

afterward received a contract from the government to build the tower and put up most of the ironwork. The lighthouse and tower are of stone, with the exception of the top of the tower, which is of brick. The stone used in this work was quarried at Castle Point and was hauled from there to the lighthouse building by Mr. Summers. There was quite an extensive stone quarry at Castle Point. I should judge it extended out into the sea at least 300 yards further than the present point. In the past thirty-five years much of the point has been eaten away by the sea."⁶

So finally, Julia led the Williams family in setting up housekeeping in the new lighthouse. Once again, daughter Helen was enthralled. "The mesa was a wonderful playground. It was carpeted with wildflowers, many of which have become almost extinct. Great herds of cattle covered it, for it was fine grazing land. I remember once it was impossible for me to get to town for four days because there were so many cattle between us and the city, we dared not risk going. Twice I was chased to the protection of our fenced land. Yet we never had any accidents."⁷

With Albert tending the light and Julia tending the family, which now included a daughter born in San Francisco and son Bion born in the lighthouse, the family settled into a routine. Eager to be a part of the community, on Christmas Day 1857, more than a year since the lighthouse began sending its beacon out into the Santa Barbara Channel, Julia invited all the American families in town to a dinner she hosted. One estimate placed the gathering at "around 30 people" and says a game of baseball was played after dinner.

The routine continued with Albert as keeper, but it is a reasonable guess that almost from the beginning he was more interested in other pursuits that included farming. Describing the heavy rains and flooding in 1861, son Bion (he was only 5-years-old at the time) later wrote, "That year the father staid [sic] in town most of the time. It was inconvenient getting back and forth. Mission Creek had a ferry boat rigged across it with a cable fast on either side, and a young river ran down State street that at times was a little risky to cross on horseback."⁸

Bion seems to imply that his father went back and forth to Santa Barbara often, but the flooding kept him "in town most of the time." It is the second time Bion used the exact phrase in writing about Albert and might shed some light on Albert's commitment to his appointment as keeper. In another writing Bion gave more details. "After keeping the light for four years, another keeper, through a misunderstanding, was sent to the station, and Mr. Williams at once packed up and left, having acquired a nice little ranch of his own with a house partly furnished. The new keeper, an old Mexican, left in disgust and Mr. Williams was asked to come back; but his dignity had been touched and he never would accept the place again. However, as the light was without a keeper, he allowed a hired man to go down every night and light and tend the lamp until another keeper was secured."⁹

The information on the transition from Albert to Julia as keeper of the Mesa lighthouse is confused. None of the sources are specific on the subject. One source says, "After several years of service Mr. Williams tired of the confinement and sought another vocation." Another account said, "He [Albert] cared for it [the lighthouse] for four years and then gave way for four years to another keeper."¹⁰

What we do know is that in February 1865, Julia Francis Williams became the official keeper of the Santa Barbara light, remaining at her post for forty years, until incapacitated by a fall in 1905. She attended church in town regularly and was a part of the social life of Santa Barbara, but during that 40-year span Julia never missed a night climbing the steep steps to the top of tower to make sure the lamp and 4th order Fresnel lens were working properly. Her family had grown – Bion and now three daughters and a second son. (Daughter Ada, born in San Francisco, died at about this time at the age of 15. Two more sons were born in 1866 and 1868.)¹¹

"Until the two younger boys were married in the fall of [18]99, she [Julia] had never been out of sight of the house after dark since that February in '65," Bion wrote. "Every night, except when the boys were born, has she climbed at sunset those three flights of steps and lighted the lamp. Every night at midnight has the lamp been trimmed or changed for a fresh one with her own hands, and every morning as the sun glided over the eastern mountain top, the same hand has extinguished the light and drawn the curtain over the lense [sic]."¹²

But it is Julia's own words that best describe her commitment to tending the Mesa light.

I go up the stairs in the early evening, she told an interviewer, and light the lamps. I love to watch the beams flash out over the waters. It is wonderful how bright it will be on a stormy night when the clouds almost seem to be resting on the crests of those tossing waves. Then, again, at midnight, always, I come up again to see that all is well. It is then that I love best to stand and watch the sea. When it is calm and peaceful under the light of the moon, or just the stars, the silence and majesty of it is inspiring. And when a storm is raging, and a lonely ship is struggling along, aided by my light, I fancy that it is like a soul in the sea of life, buffeted but guided by the light of the sea of Bethlehem."¹³

The Santa Barbara lighthouse became the second largest tourist attraction after the Mission during the second half of the 19th century. And as more tourists came to the lighthouse Julia's fame grew. Writers celebrated her dedication to her chosen work with regularity. In 1896, the *San Francisco Call* wrote at length about Julia and a visit to the Mesa: "On the wayside as you journey toward the beacon-tower the scarlet geraniums, tossed by the brisk breeze, and the fragrant white roses are shedding their sweetest perfume from the trellised arch over the pathway, and behind the building prettily waving green trees are dense with foliage... To the

accompaniment of the faint roaring of the breakers that is borne up by the telltale breeze, Mrs. Julia F. Williams tells how for thirty-two years, never missing a single day, she has been constant to her trust."¹⁴

Around 1900, another writer met with Julia, describing her thusly: "Her hair is gray, and her face is as wrinkled as a crumpled bit of tissue paper, but her little figure is as straight as a cadet's on dress parade and as strong as whip cord, and her eyes are as keen, her mind as alert and her opinions as decided as any new woman in the thick of affairs... At the age of seventy-three she can go up her forty steps (ten of which are the smooth, round black rungs of a narrow iron ladder that leads through a tiny trap door into the light tower) as spry as any nimble girl of twenty."¹⁵

When asked about the rigors of her life as a lighthouse keeper, Julia told the interviewer, "I've never had time to grow old. I've been too busy... Monotonous and tiresome? Why no, I've never found it so. We have the sea for company always, and I have been happy and contented here."¹⁶

One tourist, a fashionable young woman of the 1870s, found those "round black rungs on the iron stairway" to the light problematic. Helen remembered how Julia saved the day. "In this party of sightseers there was a very beautifully dressed lady with an unusually full skirt and hoops to match. It took a bit of maneuvering for her to get through the trap door as she went up. The tourist's troubles really began when she started to descend from the lamp room. Try as she would it was impossible to get herself and the hoops through the small trapdoor. At last mother suggested the men in the party go below. Then the lady removed the hoops, threw them out of the window into the yard and had no trouble getting down the ladder."¹⁷

On Tuesday, May 22, 1905, the *Santa Barbara Morning Press's* headline told the community, "Mrs. Williams Badly Injured." The newspaper reported that a few days before, Julia had fallen from her bed onto her side. "Being of light weight, it was not thought the fall occasioned any injury, and she was able to walk about after rising from the floor, but a dull steady pain settled in her hip."¹⁸ When Dr. Robert Winchester examined her a day or so later, he determined she had broken the hip and she was placed in a plaster cast. *The Morning Press* judged her age to be "about 80."

The fall spelled the end to Julia Williams's 40-year career at keeper of the Santa Barbara Lighthouse. Unable to fulfill her duties, she was dismissed by the Lighthouse Board. A modest protest was mounted by friends and others in the Santa Barbara community but to no avail. She spent six months in Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital. She resigned from the lighthouse service on December 1, 1905. That same day, Mrs. Caroline Morse was named the new keeper of the light.

Julia lived on in Santa Barbara for another six years, but she was badly crippled. She died on July 1, 1911, having witnessed the transition of Santa Barbara from a small Spanish town to a Victorian city, with electric street lamps, two high-tone hotels and a railroad that

ran from Los Angeles to San Francisco. She had been present with other dignitaries during the visits of two American presidents.

The Santa Barbara Independent noted in Julia's obituary,

"Although almost 85 and of delicate frame, Mrs. Williams possessed a marvelous constitution, repeatedly defying all laws of health. In her forty years of service she never retired until she had trimmed the midnight lamp, using the late hours in mending and sewing for the family of several children, and she always arose at daybreak. She was a patient sufferer, of unusual bright and attentive memory, and loved to dwell upon early days. Her circle of acquaintances was large and she kept in touch with all her friends and was well up on the topics of the day."¹⁹

Following her death, daughter Helen reminisced. "I sometimes close my eyes and wonder if I really saw the old life here where a busy, bustling city now stands, or if it was all a dream. There were races on the beach and bullfights in a ring almost where the bathhouse now stands. I still think, though American that I am, that the old Spanish Don was a much more picturesque figure than our modern American. The courtesy and hospitality of the Spanish gentlemen of old California can never be surpassed. Life was made for happiness, they said, why not enjoy what the good Lord has given."²⁰

ENDNOTES

1. Official report from Major Hartman Bache to U.S. Lighthouse Board, National Archives.
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3. Fultz, *Ibid*.
4. Huse, Charles Enoch, *The Huse Journal, Santa Barbara in the 1850s*, The Santa Barbara Bicentennial Historic Series, Santa Barbara Historical Society, 1977, Pg. 163.
5. *Santa Barbara Gazette*, July 3, 1856.
6. Cyrus Marshall, 1891, quoted in Santa Barbara Historical Society (Museum), *Noticias* #26, Winter 1980.
7. Fultz, *Ibid*.
8. *Noticias* #26, Santa Barbara Historical Society (Museum) Winter 1980.
9. Williams, Bion, (title unknown) 1902, Santa Barbara Historical Museum Library.
10. Williams, B, *Ibid*.
11. Multiple sources.
12. *Noticias* #26 *Ibid*.
13. *San Francisco Call*, January 1902.
14. *San Francisco Call*, 13 December 1896.
15. "Strange Woman Who Keeps Santa Barbara's Lighthouse," ca 1902, *Weldon Scrapbook*, Santa Barbara Historical Museum Library.
16. *Weldon Scrapbook*, *Ibid*.
17. Fultz, *Ibid*.
18. Fultz, *Ibid*.
19. *Santa Barbara Independent*, July 11, 1911.
20. Fultz, *Ibid*.

Sahyun—Where Did That Name Come From?

By M.R.V. Sahyun, Ph.D.
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OUR SOCIETY'S LIBRARY is called the Sahyun Library; it is named in honor of Dr. Melville Sahyun, who had the original building built as his research laboratory, and his wife, Geraldine Sahyun, who donated it to the Society after his death. But what is the story behind the Sahyun name—a name that one does not hear too often in America?

Dr. Sahyun brought his family name with him from Lebanon when he immigrated in 1923. He was the penultimate son of a prominent Lebanese physician, Dr. Fares Sahyoun (1854-1934) and his wife Neffajeh (neff-ah-zheh') Rayes (? - 1943), a teacher and school administrator. Both spellings of the name, Sahyun and Sahyoun, are used interchangeably in Lebanon. He grew up in Kfarshima, a predominantly Christian (Catholic and Orthodox) town in the foothills of the Mount Lebanon mountain range, southeast of the capital, Beirut. It was a country town in those days, but is now part of greater Beirut, only about 11 km from the Beirut International Airport. It is locally famous as the home of physicians, musicians and other intellectuals.¹ The name Kfarshima, sometimes spelled "Kfarchima," is Syriac (a dialect of Aramaic) not Arabic; the prefix "Kfar" means village and "Shima" means silver.² Note the similar Hebrew naming of towns in Israel, e.g., the town of the prophet Nahum is Kfarnahum, translated in the Bible as "Capernaum."

The name "Sahyun" does not, however, originate from this location. It comes from the area around the now Syrian town of Al-Haffah, about 20 km inland from the coastal city of Latakia (Biblical Laodicea), which lies about 80 km (50 miles) north of the northernmost major Lebanese city of Tripoli. Tripoli, in turn, is about 65 km north of the Lebanese capital, Beirut. (See map).³

During the period of Ottoman rule Latakia was included as part of Lebanon. This region is an agricultural area, where olives, figs, and pomegranates have been raised for centuries.⁴ (Al-Haffah is now essentially a ghost town, having been obliterated in the recent Syrian civil war). Here outside of Al-Haffah on a forested mountain top is found Sahyun Castle, also known as Château de Sâone or Qal'at Salah ed-Din, as named in English, French and Arabic, respectively, the three principal languages of the region. The castle gave its name to the region, and as Levantine people began to adopt surnames they, like their European counterparts, took names from the places where they lived.

It has not proved possible to trace exactly how the



Sahyun Castle. S.E. corner of ramparts, c1934, stereograph, Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division

family and the name moved south from Al-Haffah to Kfarshima over the centuries. Quite possibly the locals, Christianized from the time of the Crusades, if not before, found life uncomfortable in the subsequent centuries as Al-Haffah became a predominantly Sunni Muslim community.⁴ It is known that the remnants of the European settlers who had come to the Levant during the Crusades and avoided capture when the last outposts at Tripoli and Acre fell to the Arabs, first moved into the mountains, specifically the northern part of the Mount Lebanon range.⁵ Here they merged with the Maronite Christian communities which had existed here since the 9th c., having been established by followers of St. Maron, considered the Apostle to Syria and Lebanon. (The Maronite church is an Eastern Rite church in full communion with the Holy See in Rome, i.e., Roman Catholic).⁶ In the 17th c. the Emir Fakhr al-Din II, an Austrian by birth who was allied with the Grand Dukes of Tuscany and a friend of the Medicis, encouraged Syrian, i.e. Syriac speaking, Christians to move into the area known as the Chouf, which he governed under the authority of the Ottoman Empire. This is the part of Lebanon where Kfarshima is located.⁵ The Sahyuns settled first further south in Hasbaya, however, at the foot of Mount Hermon, near the present day Israel-Lebanon border. Like Al-Haffah, it is the site of a Crusader castle, and also the center of an agricultural area, with olives as the chief crop.⁷



Contemporary map showing Kfarshima (sic), Lebanon, and Al-Haffah, Syria. (Ref. 3).

More Christians settled in the Chouf over the next two centuries, until they became sufficiently powerful, with covert French support, to rebel against their Druze (an Islamic sect, originally an offshoot of Shia Islam) overlords under Omar Pasha in 1860. This led to the Druze-Maronite Civil War in Lebanon, in which many Maronites were massacred by Druze, who were backed by the British. Hasbaya was a center of the violence. The war was ended by international intervention, thought by historians to be the first occasion in history of humanitarian intervention.⁸ My great-grandfather, the father of Dr. Fares Sahyoun, and by family tradition a Maronite priest, was one of the 11,000 casualties of this civil war. (In the Maronite church, following the tradition of the Eastern Rite, married men can become priests, though, once ordained, an unmarried man cannot marry). Little Fares was saved from the slaughter, according to family legend, by hiding under his mother Sarah's long skirt. Sarah and Fares moved to Beirut, where they would be safer, and only as an adult, practicing physician, did Dr. Fares Sahyoun relocate the family to Kfarshima.

Regardless of how the family moved from Al-Haffah to Kfarshima, the name Sahyun remains linked to the castle, and so the history of the name is inexorably

linked to the history of the castle. The mountaintop where the castle is located was originally fortified by Byzantines (Byzantium was the remnant of the Eastern Roman Empire, ruled from Constantinople) as early as the 10th c. The site was taken over by Frankish (French) Crusaders in 1108. The castle which remains to this day and is a UNESCO World Heritage site was built on the Byzantine foundations by Franks under Robert the Leprous, and it remained under control of his family until 1188.⁹ These invaders who built the castle were from the region in France now known as Burgundy; The principal river of that region, which was important for navigation as well as a water source in medieval times, is the Sàone, and the Burgundians named their fortress for this river.

The modern name Sàone was not used for the river at this time, however; rather it was known variously as "Sagonam" (9th c.), "Sagonne" (10th c.), or "Soana" (13th c.).¹⁰ The French name for the castle has apparently been updated over the years to keep up with the evolution of the name of its namesake river! The name Sàone itself apparently has evolved from the Celtic "sauconna," according to the Roman historian Amianus Marcellinus (4th c.). The Celtic term has been identified as meaning "sleepy," and refers apparently to the leisurely flow of the Sàone in its sinuous channel.¹⁰ It should also be noted that one Celtic tribe inhabiting the area now known as Burgundy in late Roman times was known as the Séguanes (cf. Sagonam). The etymology of Sàone has also been attributed variously to the Celtic deity Sucellos (an approximate equivalent of the Norse Thor),¹¹ and as referencing the mass martyrdom of Christians in Lyon under the Roman Emperor Septimus Severus (3rd c.) at which time the river ran red with the blood of the martyrs "sanguine martyrum."¹⁰ These interpretations seem to me rather far-fetched.

In 1188, Salah al-Din (Richard-the-Lionhearted's nemesis, Saladin) and his forces laid siege to the castle. The Burgundians surrendered quickly and were ransomed. Salah-al-Din placed the castle under command of one of his emirs, and gave it an Arabic name which was a cognate for the French name, sahyun (cf. Sagonne, above).⁹ This is the cognate Arabic word which also



Sahyun Castle (Ref. 8)



Saône River in Lyon, France (photo Irene M. N. Sahyun)

translates the Hebrew *zion* used for the mountain in Jerusalem which was conquered by King David and became synonymous with Jerusalem in Jewish tradition. This term, of course, has given its name to the Zionist movement for the establishment of the modern state of Israel. In Hebrew the word derives from *siyyon*, which simply means “castle.”¹² Perhaps Salah al-Din had this etymology in mind when he chose a name for his new prize. Because of the association of the name Sahyun with *zion* and Zionism, a politically incorrect movement in the view of the present Syrian government, which has administrative control over the castle, it is known currently as *Qal’at Salah ed-Din*, in honor of its Arab conqueror.¹³

A few words are in order about the origin of the Rayes name (Neffajeh Rayes, my grandmother). Like the Sahyun name, its roots can be traced back to Burgundy. It is the same surname as the Castilian “Reyes,” common in Santa Barbara. Both surnames derive from the Spanish *rey*, meaning king, which comes most likely from the Arabic *reis*, meaning leader. For a Burgundian to bear the surname Rayes did not, however, mean that he was of royal blood. Many French surnames were derived from nicknames, often describing some personal characteristic, e.g., Robert the Leprous (above). The name Rayes might have been given to someone of such pompous bearing that he was perceived as “acting like a king,” or, perhaps to an actor who played the role of a king in a festival.¹⁴ The French began to use surnames in the 11th c., about the time of the First Crusade, so the Rayes name most likely arrived in the Levant with the Crusaders, at the same time as Sahyun.

So the question arises in my mind, am I the descendant of a Crusader? Certainly some Europeans remained behind in the Near East after the fall of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. DNA evidence shows that my heritage is derived primarily from my paternal line, and that line is exclusively generic Southern European, i.e., from anyplace that was once part of the Roman

Empire.¹⁵ My haplogroup, G2, is found among Palestinians and Moroccans *inter alia*, and is thought to be of Caucasian origin, i.e., in the region at the border between Europe and Asia between the Black and Caspian Seas. So the possibility of a crusader ancestor, though plausible, is not likely; if so it is more likely from the Rayes side of the family. If I do not have Crusader heritage, perhaps I am more comfortable with it being that way. Meanwhile let us toast the Burgundian roots of the Sahyun name with a glass of that quintessential Burgundian export, pinot noir. Salut!

Author information

Melville R. V. (Mel) Sahyun is the son of Library donor Geraldine Valde Sahyun. He and his wife Irene are Life Members of the Society. He is currently researching his maternal grandfather's Valde family line (Norwegian) and the life of Irene's second great-grandfather, Thomas Parker (Irish). He thanks his cousins, Fares and Gabriel Sahyoun for helpful input.

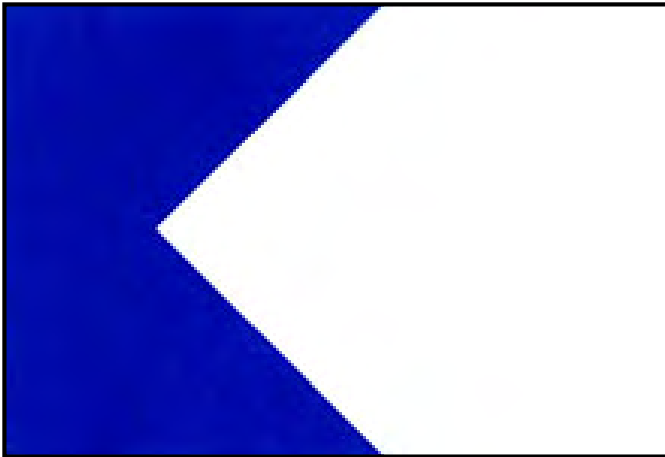
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5. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mount_Lebanon and references cited therein.
6. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maronite_Church
7. <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hasbaya>
8. (a) http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/1860_Druze-Maronite_conflict; (b) http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Omar_Pasha
9. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Citadel_of_Salah_Ed-Din
10. <http://membres.lycos.fr/ainvelle/Archeologie/lasaone.htm>
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12. <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zion>
13. H. Kennedy, “Crusader Castles”, Cambridge University Press, 1994.
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15. 23andMe DNA test, <http://www.23andme.com/>

Coming to America

By Jim Wilson

ON SUNDAY, JANUARY 23, 1831, Henry and Ellen Wilson married in Manchester, England. He was 21 years old, she just 16. Their first child, my great-grandfather Joseph, was born the next year, followed by two sisters, Mary and Cathrine. Mary died in October 1836. In 1837, they made the decision to immigrate to America. I would love to have heard the conversation around the dinner table as they planned the move. What were the conditions that led to this?



Blue Swallow Tail Flag

The family took passage on the packet ship *Roscoe*, a 134-foot vessel, built by Smith & Dimon of New York. She sailed for the Fish, Grinnell & Company's Blue Swallow Tail Line between New York and Liverpool, England. Castle Garden records the family's arrival on July 26, 1837.

On arrival, Henry's declared occupation was Laborer. Between 1837 and 1860, the New York City Directory lists his occupation progressively as, Carpenter, Saw Filer, and Saw Maker. Their young daughter, Cathrine, died in September of 1837, two months after their arrival in New York. In the period from July 1838 to March 1851, seven more children were born to the couple. Of their ten children four died before their sixth birthday. A fifth child, William Thomas Wilson, a soldier in the Union army, died as prisoner of war at Andersonville,

Results 1 - 1 of 4 Pages: < 1 of 1 >

FIRST NAME	LAST NAME	OCCUPATION	AGE	SEX	ARRIVED	ORIGIN	SHIP
Ellen		None	21	F	26 Jul 1837	Great Britain	Roscoe
Henry		Laborer	28	M	26 Jul 1837	Great Britain	Roscoe
Joseph		Child, Youngster	4	M	26 Jul 1837	Great Britain	Roscoe
U		Child, Youngster	1	M	26 Jul 1837	Great Britain	Roscoe

← PROBABLY CATHRINE

Castle Garden Record

Georgia. He was 19 years old. The family lived in New York with a short period in Newark, New Jersey, where a birth and death are recorded in 1847-1848, after which they returned to New York.

In April 1854, their eldest son, Joseph, married Elizabeth Bonnell Sayre, in New Providence, New Jersey. Her family had come to America before 1638. The 1860 Federal Census shows them living next door to her parents, in Chatham, New Jersey. Joseph's occupation is listed as Sailor. A small, elaborately hand-carved and inlaid footstool made by my great-grandfather to pass the time at sea, was lost in Santa Barbara's Sycamore Canyon Fire in 1977. The family now included my two-year-old grandfather, Roswell Henry Wilson. The 1870 Federal Census shows Henry, now 60 years old, living in Newark, New Jersey, with a 19-year-old wife, Emma, and their one-year-old son, Alfred. Henry's occupation is Saw Manufacturing. Interestingly, Joseph, Elizabeth, and family are also living in Newark and Joseph's occupation is Working in Saw Manufacturing. The quality of the furnishings which "came-around-the-Horn," to California with the family indicate Joseph had been well paid, which would suggest Henry's saw manufacturing business was a success.

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Rhubarb and Asparagus Roots

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Hillcrest Nursery Advertisement

Joseph, as his father before him, had the urge to move West. He came to Los Angeles in 1872 where he purchased a farm on Alameda Street opposite the plaza, at the site of today's Union Station. Elizabeth and their

Book Reviews

by Louise Matz

The Adoption and Donor Conception Factbook, by Lori Carangelo, 210 pp., indexed, pb, 2014. \$29.95 Order from Genealogical Publishing, www.genealogical.com: domestic postage, \$5.50, or FedEx \$7.50.



Our library has another book by Lori Carangelo, *The Ultimate Search Book*, which discusses United States adoption, genealogy, and other search secrets. (R/929/D27/CAR) That book is very helpful for genealogists searching for adopted relatives. This new book takes a look at many other variants

of the invisible families of adoption, foster care and the complicated development of “donor conception.” Rather than a how-to-solve-research type of book, this factbook provides definitions of the new terminology of this secretive, multi-billion dollar a year industry!

Adoption, assisted reproduction and foster care industries are exposed in this “at-a-glance” style book prepared for those working in the industry (helping professionals, lawmakers, journalists, and writers, to name a few) and those who might need to locate someone “lost” therein. The amount of facts is quite overwhelming! In terms of organization, the chapters are easily readable and the reader could focus in on the information he/she might want to research. One startling comment: “Half the U.S. population will have bogus ancestry in four (4) generations, due to falsified adoption records.” There are equally stunning assertions about each of the groups discussed. This does have ramifications for the genealogist.

Although this book will be in the library, a researcher might want a copy for his or her own use. There is a page of useful websites and a bibliography.

five surviving children (infant Emily had died in New Jersey) joined Joseph two years later, leaving New Jersey in December 1873. They traveled by steamer from New Jersey to the east coast of Panama, by train across the isthmus, and steamer up the West Coast, arriving in Los Angeles on March 2, 1874, 13 days before grandfather Roswell’s 16th birthday. They may have been aboard The Pacific Mail Line’s steamer *Granada*, as the *Los Angeles Daily Herald* of the following day reported it in the harbor, scheduled to call next at San Francisco. By 1880, they were living in El Monte where Joseph’s occupation was Sawyer in Mill and Roswell was a Farmer. In 1900, Joseph and Elizabeth were still in El Monte, where his occupation was Fruit Grower. Elizabeth died December 24, 1906 and Joseph died January 11, 1911. Both are buried at the Live Oak Cemetery in Monrovia, California.

Oral family history is that Roswell saved orange seeds from the dinner table on the ship coming to Los Angeles as he intended to grow oranges in California. Such was the story reaching the East Coast. Roswell went on to a life as a nurseryman, first establishing the Pioneer Nursery in Duarte, moving the business to Monrovia in 1895, the year my father, Charlie, was born. The Pioneer Nursery was sold to the Monrovia Nursery (now Monrovia Growers) in 1912 and Roswell moved to Northern San Diego County where he purchased property in the San Luis Rey River Valley, east of Oceanside, and in Carlsbad. He first established the Oceanside Nursery on the San Luis Rey property, and in 1919 moved to the Hillcrest Nursery in Carlsbad, which he operated until his death in 1938.

Charlie went on to a career in agriculture, raising beans and grain on a portion of the Agua Hedionda land grant until his retirement in 1959.

That is how we came to America.

About the Author:

Jim Wilson is a member of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society and has published several articles of Family History in Ancestors West.

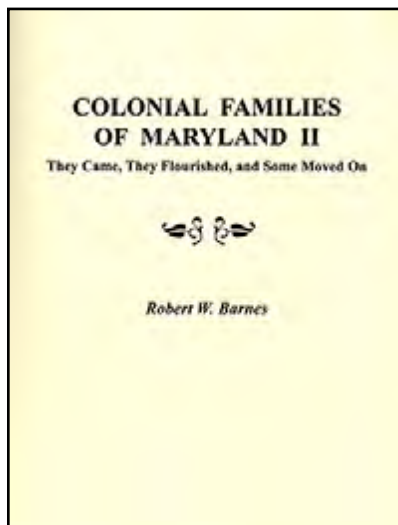
Colonial Families of Maryland II, They Came, They Flourished, and Some Moved On, by Robert W. Barnes, 278 pp., indexed, pb, 2014. \$29.95. Order from Genealogical Publishing, www.genealogical.com: domestic postage, \$5.50, or FedEx \$7.50.

An earlier book by the author, ***Colonial Families of Maryland-Bound and Determined to Succeed*** (975.2/D2/Bar), was about 519 persons who came as “bound,” or indentured servants, and settled in Maryland. This new volume discusses people who settled and established families during the colonial period, especially in Baltimore and Anne Arundel counties. Over 240 families are documented through the Revolutionary War. If the male line of the family ended, the author followed the female line as far as possible through marriages! These “matriarchs” are followed through their descendants for several generations! The book is organized in these family groups, with “unplaced” individuals listed at the end of each surname.

Barnes used newspapers, and church, land and court records to complete a picture of the lives of these early settlers. As with just about all genealogical research, names are often a stumbling block. He carefully tries to help the researcher solve those problems with “cluster” research. But he is careful to point out any weaknesses in his own research. He has an extensive bibliography which is helpful to you if more research is needed or you want to document information for yourself.

Polish Roots (Korzenie Polskie), 2nd Ed., by Rosemary A. Chorzempa, 298 pp., illus., maps, indexed, pb, 2014. \$24.95. Order from Genealogical Publishing, www.genealogical.com: domestic postage, \$5.50, or FedEx \$7.50.

The award winning author, Rosemary Chorzempa, has published this 2nd Edition of her popular Polish research book. There have been many advances in Polish genealogy since the Internet has made it



easier to locate your Polish family ties. This 2014 edition has newly updated information along with a new Introduction, four brand-new chapters, one rewritten chapter, plus some new maps and charts throughout the original text!

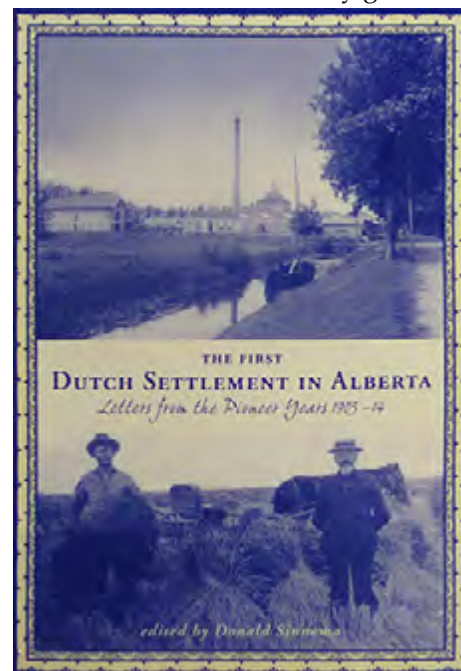
The country of Poland has been the “home” to many national and ethnic groups throughout history. In fact, you really need to research its history to find when “your people” might have lived in this changeable country! Located in the center of Europe, many people such as Russians, Austrians, Germans, Ukrainians and Lithuanians have called this area home. Many Balkan and Carpathian Slavs, Jews, Prussians, Balts, Gypsies and the occasional Scot or Dutch settler might be found there!

The new chapters encompass the use of the Internet for research of the necessary records, locating and ordering records from Poland. Other helpful chapters include writing letters to Poland, and the chapter on surnames, first names and general vocabulary for genealogical research.

If you don't have a copy of this book, or have the earlier edition, you might want to purchase a copy. ***The First Dutch Settlement in Alberta (Canada): Letters from the Pioneer Years 1903-1914***, edited by Donald Sinnema, 392pp, illus., indexed, pb, 2004. The University of Calgary Press. \$25 plus shipping.

These letters have been translated for the first time from the Dutch by the author Mr. Sinnema. They give a unique perspective of the early pioneer days at the turn of the century. There were many hardships in the homesteading years in the towns of Granum, Monarch and Nobleford. Most of the research was taken from Dutch language newspapers, and discusses the development of the railroads, towns, churches, schools and even the telephone

service! Included are some photos, a homestead map, and an appendix which lists homesteaders and settlers between the years 1903-1914. The Province of Alberta came into being in 1905. This book is the immigrant story and could be used to fill out your family's story, too. Locate this book at the Sahyun Library. (971.23/F2/SIN)



Historic German Newspapers Online, by Ernest Thode, 233 pp., pb, 2014. \$24.95 (#5756) Order from Genealogical Publishing, www.genealogical.com: domestic postage, \$5.50, or FedEx \$7.50.

Well known German researcher and author, Ernest Thode, has produced this helpful book for using German newspapers online. Over 2,000 historic German-language newspapers are now online on private and public websites. They are scanned and digitized and fully searchable. The papers are usually 50 years old or older. Most of the papers cited here are from Germany and the former Austro-Hungarian Empire, but many other countries also publish German-language papers.

The book is divided into three index-type sections. 1) Key-Site-URL list: Example: ANNO/AustriaN Newspapers Online/<http://anno.onb.ac.at>. 2) Part A: German-language Newspapers Sorted by Current Country, Place of Publication, and Title: Example: Germany/Dresden/Abend-Zeitung/Saxony (notes) 3) Part B: German-language Newspapers Sorted by Title, Dates and Key: Example: Abend-Zeitung/ 1817-1836 (14 years with gaps)/ANNO.

You will be able to find those newspapers you need faster with this powerful book. Don't waste time trolling for the URL's; they are here, and the titles are here with the dates and locations. Happy researching!

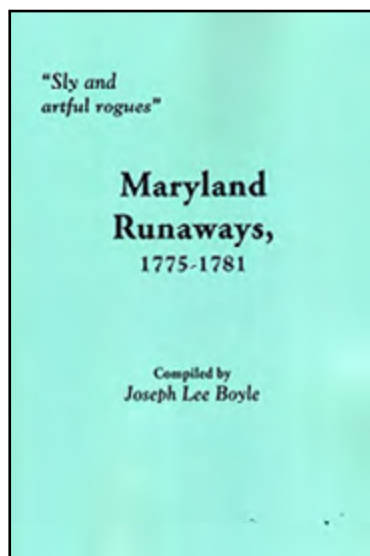
Maryland Runaways 1775-1781 "Sly and Artful Rogues", by Joseph Lee Boyle, 481 pp., indexed, pb, 2014. \$45.00 (#8140) Order from Genealogical Publishing, www.genealogical.com: domestic postage, \$5.50, or FedEx \$7.50.

This is the fourth book in a series identifying runaway servants in newspaper ads, in Pennsylvania and Maryland. The earlier books cover the time periods of 1720-



1762 and 1763-1769, which were primarily for "white runaways." Our library has the 3rd volume "Drinks Hard & Swears Much" (975.2/P2/Boy) also dealing with white runaways. This volume has about 1000 ads with 3000 to 4000 persons named. These could be the runaways themselves and the owners. Counties and towns are mentioned so it's very possible to identify family connections.

People came to the colonies for many reasons, such as indentured servants, convict laborers, and African slaves, reaching the highest numbers in the middle 18th century. Most of the runaways were men. Those people who brokered the importation of these people tried very hard to keep them, and were adamant in locating them if they ran away! The ads often offered rewards. There is much to learn about the runaways, because the descriptions were quite thorough. Here is a sample of one of the shorter ads: TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD. August 14, 1778. RAN away, yesterday morning from the Gun-Lock Factory, Frederick Town, a SERVANT MAN, named JOHN EDEN, who sometimes passes by the name of Jack Maffacup; he is a raw-boned spare made fellow, 5 feet 7 inches high. Had on a suit of country made lined [sic], a fan-tailed hat, and white stockings. Whoever takes up said Servant, shall receive the above reward, and reasonable charges paid, if brought home by me, SAMUEL BOONE. N.B. He is about 27 years of age. *The Maryland Journal*, and *Baltimore Advertiser*, Sept. 15, 1778; Sept. 29, 1778.



Henry Pritchett and the Reinvention of Santa Barbara Medicine

By David Petry

THE HENRY SMITH PRITCHETT FAMILY has a decidedly unique grave marker at the Santa Barbara Cemetery. It was designed by the noted landscape architect, Lockwood de Forest. de Forest's other (known) marker at the cemetery is the Canfield Celtic cross at the corner of the Ridge section. A traditional design, but beautifully wrought. The Pritchett marker is something else again. Low to the earth, and shield-like, it bears resemblance to no other marker in the cemetery. It begs the question for those who come across it, Who was Henry S. Pritchett?



Pritchett family marker, Santa Barbara Cemetery (author)

Then there is the Pritchett Trail in the Santa Barbara Botanical Gardens. To one side a marker states that Eva McCallister Pritchett donated the trail in Henry's memory in 1940. Halfway along the trail, you encounter an elegant stone bench with a quote from Henry carved in, "The way of truth is along the path of intellectual sincerity."

Then, reading a bit about the medical history of Santa Barbara, Henry flits among the shadows. He first appears in 1917 as President of the Carnegie Foundation and is noted for helping Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch Potter relocate his research lab and clinic for metabolic diseases from New York - one of the epicenters for medical research at the time - to Cottage Hospital in Santa Barbara. (The Potter Clinic was the origin of Sansum Clinic).

Potter was making the move for many reasons, including his own health, but a significant reason for choosing Santa Barbara was Henry S. Pritchett. The move also signaled Henry Pritchett's entry into Santa Barbara's medical institutions. Because of Henry's attentions, within ten years, Cottage would be on par in its accommodations, practices, education, and quality of treatment with the top medical facilities in the nation.

It has been difficult for most historians to locate a motivating force behind this sudden transformation, but the timing was evident: it occurred in the early months

of 1918. Historians have pointed to Santa Barbara's healing climate, to Dr. Potter, George Owen Knapp, Dr. William David Sansum, and even Max Fleischmann. For a time I thought it had a great deal to do with Dr. Franklin Nuzum who was the first Chief of Staff at Cottage.

All of these individuals played obvious and key roles while Henry Pritchett seemed peripheral. But this is because, like a larger gear in a clockworks, the better part of his movements were outside the local view, and while the larger gears engage less often, they have greater influence. When this larger gear is exposed, a strong argument emerges that Henry S. Pritchett was the individual who supplied the vision (and many of the components) for Santa Barbara's astronomical medical ascension.

We cannot do justice to Henry Pritchett here, or even the complete transformation he achieved in Santa Barbara medicine, but we can at least peek in at the window of his time and influence in Santa Barbara.

A Broad Brush

Henry Pritchett, born April 16, 1857 in Glasgow, Missouri, to Carr and Elizabeth Smith Pritchett, was of Welsh stock. Henry attended his father's school, and followed his father's interest in astronomy. One of his first positions was assisting Edwin Smith of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey in observing the transit of Venus. He traveled to New Zealand, Singapore, Japan and California to take measurements, and due to Smith's taking ill, Pritchett made most of the measurements and acted as the principal astronomer.¹

In 1897, two years after his return to Glasgow, Missouri, Pritchett received an offer from Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, to serve as Superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. This oldest and most respected U.S. government scientific bureau was responsible for all official charts, maps, boundaries, and weights and measures; all those aspects of geographic and economic trade that establish the underlying trust and value in the law. He became close with President William McKinley as the source of maps of developments during the Spanish-American War.

In 1900, Pritchett became the fifth president of MIT. His leadership was immediate. Student numbers and funding grew. His interest in combining technical and liberal arts educations became a motivating factor - he attempted to merge MIT and Harvard. But more pressing was the lack of young, motivated educators at universities specifically because older professors were not leaving. In discussions with Andrew Carnegie, they concocted a private pension fund for teachers, and in 1905, Pritchett stepped down from MIT to become

director of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching (CFAT).

This organization transformed university education by largely solving the pension problem. The spin-off organization from CFAT was TIAA-CREF. But Pritchett had free reign to examine what he wished and his attention turned to many topics including the specter of money in college sports and the dearth of good medical education.



Henry S. Pritchett, 1900, MIT Inauguration (public domain)

CFAT's 1910 bulletin, *Medical Education in the United States and Canada*, became widely-distributed and highly influential and was reprinted as *The Flexner Report*. In it, Pritchett's hand-picked researcher, Abraham Flexner, categorized the 150+ medical schools he had visited, and divided them into preceptorships, didactic, and scientific schools. In other words, schools owned and operated by one or more physicians, schools "which simply communicated a set body of doctrines of very uneven value," and those schools which teach "the practice of medicine on observed facts of the same order and cogency as pass muster in other fields of pure and applied science." The majority in 1910 were preceptorships.

By 1920, less than half the number of medical schools from 1910 remained. The preceptorships had all but evaporated, and the didactic schools that remained had mostly merged with scientific schools. As a by-product, thousands of physicians with degrees from the schools exposed for their flawed approach found themselves unable to make a living in the profession. By 1925, the medical profession had a standing shared only by the other sciences. The improvement in prestige, combined with the flushing out of the unqualified, created a leap in physician pay and also in the use of medical services, including hospitals.

The Santa Barbara Backwater

Henry was in Santa Barbara as early as 1911, coming West, like many, for his health.² His wife, Eva, came West first and located a rental. Henry arrived in late October and, exhausted and ill, took to his bed until Spring. They left in June of that year with no intention of returning.

But in 1913, in world-famous Baden-Baden for their holiday, they encountered endless rain and so in 1914, they returned, and in 1915, the couple purchased a

home on Junipero Plaza. In 1927, the Pritchett's built a home across the street from Bernhard Hoffmann at 2417 Garden Street. He wrote to his close friend, Elihu Root, "We have been enjoying heavenly weather during your period of misery. It is one of our chief pleasures of the climate, both winter and summer, to reflect on the sufferings of those less fortunately situated, particularly if they are so unfortunate as to live in New York or Chicago. I suppose the feeling is somewhat akin to that pleasurable excitation which the saints in Paradise experience when they are permitted to gaze upon the sufferings of the lost."³

During the early years for the Pritchett's in Santa Barbara, the Santa Barbara County Hospital and Poor Farm, St. Francis Hospital, and the Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital were all in massive transitions. The County Hospital would organize and finally conduct a move from a rickety 40-year-old wooden facility at the corner of Salinas and Cacique Streets to a modern hospital at the "Goleta Farm" at San Antonio Road in 1918. St. Francis would build a new facility in 1912 and expand again twelve years later.

But it was Cottage that ultimately caught Pritchett's attention. In 1910, the all-woman board, aware of the imminent St. Francis expansion and of the County's struggles to fund and approve a new facility, sought outside (male) council. The hospital was in the original 1891 facility, and was routinely short on beds. The reasons were many and included new-found public trust in the medical field based on advances in surgery, anesthesia, and disease prevention and treatment; the influx of newly minted private insurance plans for workers; and the gift of Dr. Pritchett: namely a means of identifying which doctors could be trusted.⁴

Money was tight, and the women of the board feeling that business experience was now needed, called in several male advisors with business and medical backgrounds. With their guidance, the board was able to fund and build a 50-bed hospital to the immediate south of



Cottage Hospital, 1913. The original 1891 facility became a nurse's residence. (Santa Barbara Historical Society)

the original structure, opening the doors in 1913.

The new hospital opened with fanfare, but was embroiled in trouble almost immediately. Funds remained scarce, some physicians complained, while other physicians behaved poorly. To complicate matters, health insurance companies, new players in the market, were demanding price schedules and cost accounting.

The all-woman board of 1915 became quickly dominated by wealthy businessmen. By 1917 George Owen

Knapp, CEO of Union Carbide; Clarence Black, CEO of Cadillac; Frederick Forrest Peabody, Arrow Shirt CEO; C. K. G. Billings, People's Light and Gas CEO, and architect, Winsor Soule would join. But even with all this tinder, very little forward momentum occurred. It would take Henry Pritchett's input and focus to start the fire.

Pritchett and Knapp met during the negotiations to bring the Potter Clinic to Santa Barbara. Potter visited and the agreement was sealed. Pritchett joined the board of Cottage, and quickly convinced Knapp as board president to begin to mimic at Cottage the facilities, staff, and programs of top-notch medical facilities such as the Johns Hopkins Medical School.

Knapp was a willing student and over the next ten years, the hospital went from 50 beds to over 300; added maternity, X-ray, contagious disease, emergency and other wings; and shifted from a utilitarian service for professional families to a world-class resort-style hospital with a dispensary for the working class and poor. Manservants and waitresses dressed in whites served the clientele. Meals were cooked to order by fine chefs (though diabetes patients under Dr. William Sansum had their intake carefully documented and measured.) The patients (with their servants in tow) booked stays of a month or more. But at the heart of the changes were the best medical practices of the day, in some cases outstripping even today's medical care.

Knapp expressed the depth of his own conversion in his 1921 annual report letter. "It is being realized more and more that team work in various medical branches by the members of the medical profession results in more accurate work, and consequently, in greater benefit to the patient. In an endeavor to promote this team work among the attending physicians of our hospital, we have secured the services of a medical man, Dr. Franklin R. Nuzum, ... who has had a wide experience both in general practice and in research work. His title is Chief of Staff and Medical Director. Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, President of the Carnegie Foundation and a member of our Board of Directors, assures me that this is a novel idea, and one that is probably not duplicated in any hospital in this country. His presence has already resulted in more consultations and more discussions among the members of our attending physicians concerning the diagnoses of obscure conditions, and the treatment of especially ill patients, with most excellent results."^[6]

Nuzum's role was unique. In addition to the unusual practice of team consultations, he introduced concepts of measuring quality of care, keeping records on hospital infection rates, and involving patients in discussions of treatment alternatives. In 2015, these practices are required and enforced by hospitals and licensing boards. They are in use because they demonstrably improve care and results, but they remain new and strange to many practitioners.

Nuzum also launched the medical education program at Cottage and County hospitals, a program which continues in larger scope today.



1931 aerial image of Cottage showing the ten-year build out.
(John Woodward collection)

When the Santa Barbara Earthquake struck in June of 1925, Pritchett was there. He wrote to Charles Keeler of San Francisco, "My personal experience of the earthquake was in a well built wooden house, on a good foundation, which suffered little damage from the earthquake. The first and most severe shock came about 6:45. I was occupying a sleeping porch which looked out both on the ocean and the mountains. I had just been awakened by the morning light and was deliberating whether to pull the shades and have another nap when I heard the ominous roar of the on-coming earth movement. This roar could be heard two or three seconds in advance of most of the heavier shakes, but it was loudest and most terrifying as a forerunner of the first great movement of the earth. The business section of the city, built upon rather deep soil, suffered most. The main street was one mass of debris from fallen buildings or from buildings that had been partially destroyed. As it was, some fourteen persons were killed. In half a minute of time a prosperous community in one of the most charming places of the world, and living in a peaceful sense of security, found itself confronted with an overwhelming disaster."⁶

In a city of millionaires and pundits, it was Pritchett who was asked to chair Santa Barbara's Reconstruction Committee, responsible for raising funds to rebuild. When he resigned his post in September of 1925 to return to his work in the East, he had raised \$662,178 (\$9M in 2015).



Portrait of Henry S. Pritchett, 1928,
by Clarence Mattei.
(John Woodward collection)

Surname Index

Pritchett participated widely in the Santa Barbara community. He brought in \$50,000 from the Carnegie Corporation to build the new central library in 1914, and, provided \$66,000 from the same source to rebuild the library after the quake. And at a time when The Community Arts Association needed funding in order to get off the ground, Pritchett arranged a five-year annual grant of \$25,000 starting in 1922.

Henry Pritchett always had ten irons in the fire and was committed and productive with each. In his later years he served on the boards of the National Broadcasting Company, the New York Public Library, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Huntington Library and Art Gallery. In the presence of Robert de Forest, president of the Metropolitan Museum, one of Henry's sons asked Henry, "Father, what do you know about art?" It was de Forest who replied, "We don't need your father as an authority on art. That is in the hands of the technical staff. We do need his counsel on large matters of general policy."⁷

Dr. Max Farrand, director of the Huntington, wrote of Pritchett, "He understood better than anyone else on the board what we were striving for and became my strongest ally and backer. He had no particular knowledge of art but he recognized the integral part that art must play in the study of culture of any time."⁸

His friend, novelist Henry James recalled, "Whenever I happened to meet or encounter him, he was always a welcome sight as he came stepping forward with his unhurried, vigorous stride. His figure was compact, his clothes were well-cut, his beard neatly trimmed, and even in old age he looked as if his body were close-knit and hard. His steady blue eyes gave you a friendly greeting. They were observing eyes."⁹

William M. Gilbert, who served as secretary for the Carnegie Institute, worked with Pritchett behind the scenes for many years. Though CFAT was the first, there were eventually twenty-three separate Carnegie foundations and institutes. Pritchett, a close friend to both Andrew Carnegie and his widow after Carnegie passed, helmed several of them, and advised all.

Gilbert said of Pritchett, "I came to have a high regard for his knowledge and wisdom. One had a feeling in his presence that the world could not go very far astray."

NOTES

1 Much of the material for Pritchett's early years is founded on *Henry S. Pritchett, A Biography*, by Abraham Flexner, Columbia University Press, 1943.

2 Though Pritchett is listed as author on the 1898 book, "Santa Barbara and Approaches," published by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, it is because he was director of the organization and provided content from afar.

3 Flexner, Abraham, "Medical Education in the United States and Canada: A Report to the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching" AKA "The Flexner Report," 1910, pg 178.

4 The Cottage Hospital details are derived from the Cottage trustees Board Minutes unless otherwise noted.

5 Annual Report, Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital, 1921.

6 Flexner. pg. 152.

7 Ibid, pg. 160.

8 Ibid, pg. 172.

9 Ibid, pg. 193.

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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.

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Carl Larsson–1893–Karin and Brita

Carl Larsson (28 May 1853 – 22 January 1919) was a Swedish painter famous for painting his family and home in rich, warm depictions. These works “became the most immediate and lasting part of my life’s work.”