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Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Spring 2017 Vol. 42, No. 1

Yellowing Letters

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Never Say Never

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Close to Home

Goleta Union School – The Spirit of Goleta

A Bell for Three Daughters

Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

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

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(SBCGS facility)
316 Castillo St., Santa Barbara 93101

Phone: (805) 884-9909
Hours: Tuesday, Thursday, Friday
10:00 AM – 4:00 PM
Tuesday also from 5 – 8 PM in the summer
3rd Saturday 1:00 – 4:00 PM
Sunday 1:00 – 4:00 PM

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. At 9:30, special interest groups (SIGs) meet that include the following: Writers, JewishGen, DNA, German Ancestry Research, Genealogy and Technology, Italian Roots, French Canadian Genealogy, and Irish Genealogy.

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

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

inside this issue...

From the Editor

The Seven Pillars of Genealogical Wisdom

Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars. Proverbs 9:1

MY TITLE ECHOES that of the iconic 1926 memoir by T.E. Lawrence, "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," which in turn was based on Proverbs 9:1. The seven pillars of wisdom that I have "hewn" from the past 50 years of genealogical research are the following:

Document, Network, Write, Visualize, Timeline, DNA, and Volunteer

The first pillar, **document**, is critical for the integrity of genealogical research. Information without documentation is suspect at best and worthless at worst. Documentation of your research allows you to evaluate and compare the accuracy of the data. A birth certificate signed by the parents and doctor is not infallible, but it carries far more weight than a listing of the parental names submitted by a son-in-law on a death certificate. Complete documentation also facilitates re-examination of the source. Countless hours are wasted trying to recall and then revisit your sources weeks, months or even years after they were first found.

The second pillar, **network**, is the fertilizer that will make your family tree grow, flower and bear much fruit! Networking is a technique with many facets. Some can be done at home in your slippers, other require that you to get up and go. At home, the wealth of the internet lies at your fingertips, which includes websites and webinars and just plain googling. Publications such as *Family Tree Magazine* offer information, tips and resources. Other places to network are conferences such as Southern California Genealogy Jamboree, Roots Tech, Genealogy Cruises and many other such meetings across the country. Some are specialized by country or region, record type, or era. Meetings permit face-to-face contact with experts and exhibitors, as well as the possibility to learn about the latest developments. Closer to home is your own Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, which features an outstanding library, monthly speakers, classes, seminars, special interest groups, lunch and learn groups, as well as webinars—all networking opportunities.

The thrill of finding those missing documents that break brick walls is the high point of family history research. But the treasures you have gathered will probably not survive if you do not present them to your family in a form they can appreciate. This means you need to **write**, and this is the third pillar. An easy starting point is your own autobiography. Be sure to include not only the who, what, where, when and why, but also special moments (both good and bad) and milestones. All genealogists wish they had an autobiography of each of their ancestors, but these are rare. Will your family appreciate what you write? Perhaps not in your lifetime, which is a frustrating realization. Nevertheless, our only hope as family historians is that the records we gather will be available for the next generation or the one after that when a grandchild or great-grandchild picks up the torch.

The fourth pillar is **visualize** the past. This can take many forms such as photos of ancestors, their homes, churches, possessions, graves, maps of their land, and copies of their signature. Label these carefully, make digital copies and sprinkle them through your writing. An amazing number of daguerreotypes, tintypes and cabinet cards that are well over 100 years old survive. If protected from light, these images are as clear as the day they were made and are precious artifacts. I have always wondered why my ancestors would spend hard earned cash on photographs. However, while daguerreotypes were rather expensive, cabinet cards were relatively cheap so that multiple copies could be purchased to give to all the family.

Genealogy brings history to life! The fifth pillar is construct a **timeline**. This is another visual presentation of family history that places ancestors in their historical context. Careful examination of history can often provide an explanation for significant events such as immigration and migration. Timelines can include events on an international or national scale, i.e. the Irish potato famine, the American Civil War or the dust bowl, and also more local events, i.e. diphtheria epidemics, blizzards or floods. Tracing historic events helps us to envision the issues that our ancestors were concerned about.

Take advantage of the ultimate in genealogical evidence, **DNA**, the 6th pillar. DNA links you to past generations and does not lie. However, before you spit or swab, prepare yourself for the unexpected, educate yourself about the various tests and companies and then join the millions of people who have been tested. It is the gift that keeps on giving since your results continue to be compared with those of others as they submit samples. Years after you have been tested, new matches will appear. Listen carefully and you will hear the sound of your brick walls crumbling.

The 7th and final pillar of genealogical wisdom is **volunteer**. Help others and you will help yourself. There are so many ways to help right here in our own society, which thrives on volunteers. Document preservation needs people to scan and enter data, then do

The Temple of Trajan in Pergamon, Turkey.

lookups for people who contact our society. The library needs librarians to greet patrons, help newcomers, and shelve books. Volunteers teach classes, organize meetings, seminars, and webinars, manage the facilities, order and classify books, write articles for *Ancestors West*, serve on the Board of Directors, the list goes on and on. On a national level, volunteers indexed the 1940 census, the Freedman's Bureau Records, photograph and transcribe tombstones for *Findagrave.com,* and *Billiongraves*.com, and post their family trees on *Ancestry.com*, *Familysearch.org* or other sites. Volunteers are the fabric of genealogy. They weave together researchers from all over the world into a community—a community where you are always welcome.

In this Issue of *Ancestors West*

This issue of *AW* takes us on an extraordinary journey into the past where we encounter ancestors that sometimes reveal aspects of their lives in their own written words. The longest journey by far is related by Nancy Loe who found documentation of Norwegian ancestors back to the year 1220. That is a mere five years after the signing of the Magna Carta! Art Sylvester, Rosa Avolio and Sharon Summer describe the personal losses caused by the "Children's Blizzard," which swept through the upper Midwest after a burst of spring-like weather in 1888. Gloria Clements discovered memoirs that detail the consequences to her family of the May 1919 "40 block fire" in Mobile, Alabama. One of Cathy Jordan's family letters written in March of 1935 details the reality of the dust bowl. Not all the spring memories recount disasters, however. Jim Wilson invites the reader to witness spring on the farm.

In yellowing letters, Jean Pettitt, Sharon Summer, Connie Burns, and John Rydell, traced the involvement of their ancestors in the American Civil War, the Great War (WWI) and World War II, respectively. Their stories lend a deeper meaning to the word "casualty." The consequences of these struggles to preserve our nation and our freedom give us all cause to be grateful for the sacrifice of our veterans.

Other letters revealed family relationships that had not been fully appreciated before. Lou Dartanner and Cathy Jordan came across letters that told of affection and support.

Close to Home

Several articles delineate history close to home. Cathy Jordan recounts the history of the Santa Barbara County Bank. Tom Modugno relates and illustrates the establishment of the Goleta Union School, while Lou Dartanner, a student at that school, presents a personal view in growing up in Goleta. *On the Corner of State and Anapamu*, the musical, is the subject of Margery Baragona's charming vignette. Bonnie Raskin tells the story behind the three daughters memorialized on the "Old Saints" church bell.

Rounding out the issue are tips by Art Sylvester and Alicia Watt that suggest new resources and research methods. Lineage Links features the Mayflower Society introduced by Ruth Jackson. And finally The Sense of the Census demonstrates the value of city directories to Census searches.

The next issue—Benevolent and Fraternal Societies

The theme for the next issue of *Ancestors West* will be Benevolent and Fraternal Societies. Were your ancestors members of a Benevolent and Fraternal Society? These include lineage societies, service clubs, and secret societies. Originally most were male-only and they often played an important role in the social life of our forefathers. Such organizations are not only interesting in themselves, but also shed light on the social life of the communities where our ancestors lived, as well as the interests and activities of our forebears. You are invited to share in the next issue of *Ancestors West* any memories or evidence you have found that your ancestor or relative was a member of a Benevolent or Fraternal Organization.

An additional theme will be Summer. Summer is the season of hard work on the farm. It also means July 4th, summer holidays, vacations, visits to grandma and grandpa, a summer job, swimming in the swimming hole, or local pool, ice cream and lemonade. What are your favorite summer memories? What did your ancestors do in the summer? Put pen to paper and write up your summer recollections for *Ancestors West.* As always, themes are only suggestions. All articles of genealogical interest are welcome!!

The submission deadline for the next issue is May 1, 2017.

Once again I want to thank my editorial committee for all their ideas and help. And I extend heartfelt thanks to our sponsors and to all the authors who have contributed to this issue.

Debbie Kaska

A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA

Let's Have a Show

By Margery Baragona

ONE WONDERS, what was the initial inspiration? Was it Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland proclaiming in an early 1940s movie, "Let's Have a Show," or was it an enterprising youth council member who thought that ticket sales from a local variety show might save the fading Santa Barbara Carrillo Recreational Center (The Rec)? The Parks and Recreation Department needed funds to decorate and furnish the youth lounge. Wartime had put a hold on any renovations, but now in 1946 repairs could begin. So a group of Santa Barbara High School students wrote and produced a musical entitled *On the Corner of State and Anapamu*. At that time the corner was our favorite gathering spot where "it" all happened.

Jack Richards, a career educator, was designated lyricist. Pete Urquidi was chosen to write the music. Pete went on to a fulfilling career playing with many first-rate bands in Las Vegas.

After tedious and extensive rehearsals a talented group put on three shows, the nights of April 15, 16, and 17, 1946. The lead singer was Damita Jo DeBlanc, who later became a popular singer with some of the country's best groups in the 1940s and 50s. I once saw her perform at the Fillmore in San Francisco. I even got to see her backstage and help with her makeup. Recently she was chosen for the Wall of Fame at Santa Barbara High School. Master of ceremonies was Peter Wolf, bright and charismatic. He was also the director along with George Velliotes, the high school student body president. The opening act was Elmer Coombs and Bob Jones doing an impersonation of Carmen Miranda. Can you imagine? The show had nine musical numbers and an eight-piece band. Some other members of this infamous cast were Ray Cavallaro, Ken Kruger Eleanor Serena, Pat Moberly, Esther Jenderson, Tommy Hartnack, Anita Stahmer, and Marion Sabiron. With so many talented people there were lots of jokes, which we kids loved. However, *The News Press* in their review of April 15th thought the music good but definitely not the jokes. In spite of their criticism, audiences responded enthusiastically and each performance was sold out. Jeanne Richards, also in the cast, widow of Jack, retains the rights to the words and music. We old-timers would love to see a revival. Seventy-one years is a long time to wait. With these talented people and their hard work we revived The Rec.

Want to have a show?

THE YOUTH COUNCIL AND RECREATION COMMISSION

present

"ON THE CORNER OF STATE AND ANAPAMU"

THE FIRST ANNUAL "REC" REVUE

APRIL 15-16-17 1946

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Introduction and Prologue ..... Band, Esther Jendresen, Ray Cavallero, Kenny Kruger, Jim Flores and James Denton.

Act I

State and Anapamu ..... Elmer Coombs, Pete Wolf, Bob Jones, Sue Hutchison, Marilyn Whaley and Carolyn Whaley.

Honey Keep Your Mind on Love ..... Jeannine Lombard, Eleanor Serena, Dell Baldwin, Pat Moberly and Chorus Girls.

Mama Eu Quiero ..... Bob Jones and Elmer Coombs

Inka Dinka Do ..... Elmer Coombs, Anna Gutierrez, Jeannine Lombard, Ray Cavallero and James Denton.

Hold Those Dreams ..... Ray Cavallero

Radio Lowlights of the Air ..... Peter Wolf, George Velliotes, Tom Hartnack, John Nettleship, Mike Ryan, Bob Jones, Pat Moberly, Elmer Coombs, Jeannine Lombard, Dell Baldwin, Anna Gutierrez and Harold Hill.

Saw You Again ..... Jeannine Lombard, Anna Gutierrez, Ray Cavallero and James Denton.

Professor Gluehead ..... Pete Wolf

Buckle Down Winsocki ..... Ray Cavallero and Chorus Girls

State and Anapamu ..... Bob Jones, Elmer Coombs, Pete Wolf, George Velliotes and Leone Clark.

Intermission—Entertainment by Tom Headley and Jack McNamara

3

The Mayflower Society

by Ruth Jackson

MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, a group of descendants of the Pilgrims who sailed on the Mayflower in 1620, saw the need for a national society to honor the memory of their ancestors. The intention was to remember these Pilgrims who established Plymouth Colony.

Today there are tens of millions of individuals descended from these brave souls. It is the goal of the Mayflower Society to join together people who share this heritage and to carry on the memory of our Pilgrim ancestors. Learn more about the National Society at *https://www.themayflowersociety.org/.*

The California Society is aligned with the National Society. The Society of Mayflower Descendants in the State of California is a non-profit lineage society dedicated to preserving the history of our Mayflower ancestors through education and research. Members are provided an opportunity for fellowship with others who share a common ancestry and are interested in advancing awareness in the history and contributions of the Pilgrims.

Members of our society have proven their descent from one or more passengers who, in 1620, sailed on the merchant ship, Mayflower, from England to what is now Plymouth, Massachusetts. The Society of Mayflower Descendants in the State of California maintains a headquarters and library in Oakland, California, but the membership is distributed throughout thirteen colonies statewide. Learn more about California's Society at this website: *http://www.mayflowersociety.com/.*

The Santa Barbara Colony usually meets in October and April. In 2017 we will meet on May 20th to celebrate our 50th anniversary! Members and prospective members are welcome to join us. Remember that the year 2020 will be upon us soon – 400 years since the landing of the Mayflower!

Contact Colony Governor, Ruth Jackson, at *jxnruth@hotmail.com* or (805) 451-1313 for details of the 50th anniversary meeting in May.

Sponsorship Challenge for 2017!

A member of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society has issued an invitation to all readers who enjoy **Ancestors West** to join him as sponsors of our Society's publication. This is a matching challenge, so every amount donated will be matched up to the full annual cost of publication ($5,400)! Sponsors will be recognized in **Ancestors West**.

If you wish to contribute, please make checks payable to SBCGS and mail to SBCGS 316 Castillo St., Santa Barbara, CA 93101 and note on the check that you are an **Ancestors West** Sponsor or use the website *SBgen.org* to use a credit card.

We wish to thank the following members of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society for their contributions to the Sponsorship Challenge!

Margery Baragona, Rosalie Bean, Millie Brombal, Wayne and Elaine Chaney, Helen Cornell, Norma Johnson, Howard and Maria Menzel, and John Woodward

Using City Directories in US Census Research: Finding Frederick Andreas

By Debbie Kaska

THE US CENSUS IS A TREASURE HOUSE of information about our ancestors; their location, age, place of birth, relationships, occupation and many other facts about individuals are revealed in these records. Thus it is very frustrating when the family historian is unable to locate the family or individual in question in a particular census. Often this is an indication that the enumerator or indexer has used a spelling of the name that is unusual.

If the individual or family was living in a small town, browsing the census pages for that town can often locate the entry. However, this approach is not feasible for searching the census pages for cities. Cities, nonetheless, have one advantage. City directories were often published that listed the names and addresses of adult inhabitants in alphabetical order. Today we tend to think of telephone directories, but annual city directories predate the invention of the telephone and were designed for use by salespeople and merchants interested in contacting people in their area.

A search in city directories published at about the time of the census can be used to solve the problem of how to find an individual in the census records. The reason this method can be used is that the US Census enumeration was based on geography. Each enumerator listed the inhabitants of a specific area of the city, which was known as an enumeration district (ED). Each ED had a number and fixed borders.

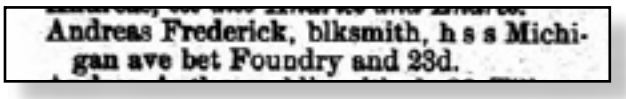
Two questions arise. How can one access city directories? How can one determine which ED would include the address found in the city directory?

Directories for many different cities and years are available online at *Ancestry.com* and *Fold3.com,* both of which are available at the Sahyun Library, and directories can also be accessed using *Google Books*. Once an address is determined using the city directory, the free One-Step Webpages by Stephen Morse (*Stevemorse.org*) can be used to find the ED for censuses between 1880 and 1940.

Tracing Frederick Andreas in the 1880 Census with the help of City Directories.

A SBCGS member has been researching the family of Frederick Andreas, a blacksmith, who was born in Germany and settled in Detroit, Michigan.

A search on *Ancestry.com* and *Familysearch.org* did not yield any person with the exact spelling "Frederick


Andreas Frederick, blksmith, h s s Michigan ave bet Foundry and 23d.

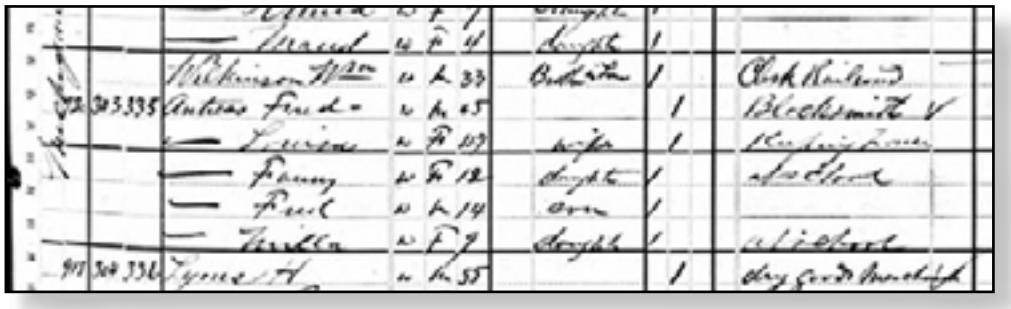
Andreas" in any US Census. However, he was listed in the 1880 Detroit City Directory.

This individual therefore should be listed in the 1880 census at that location.

Finding the correct Enumeration District (ED) in the 1880 census

A search on the website *Stevemorse.org* using the Unified Census ED Finder identified the two possible EDs for that address in the 1880 census. Entering the three streets, Michigan Ave. Foundry and 23rd limited the ED to Wayne-310 or Wayne-311.

In the 1880 US Census for Detroit in Wayne County, Michigan, the ED Wayne-310 was in the 12th Ward and contained 88 pages on *Ancestry.com*. However, since the street names are listed on the left side of each page, only a few minutes were required to reach Michigan



Ave, on page 29 and 33, and 23rd Street on page 30-33. Frederick Andreas was listed page 33.

Fred Antreas, age 45, married, blacksmith, born Germany and parents also born Germany. His wife was Louisa age 47, born Germany, and children were daughter Fanny age 12, son Fred age 14 and daughter Milla age 9, all born in Michigan.

Success! And the census entry provided important information about the family. Since the children were born in Michigan and two were over the age of 10, this indicated Frederick Andreas should also be listed in the 1870 census.

Finding Frederick Andreas in the 1870 Census.

The first question to answer was whether or not Frederick Andreas was living in the same location in 1870. A search of the 1870 Detroit City Directory revealed:

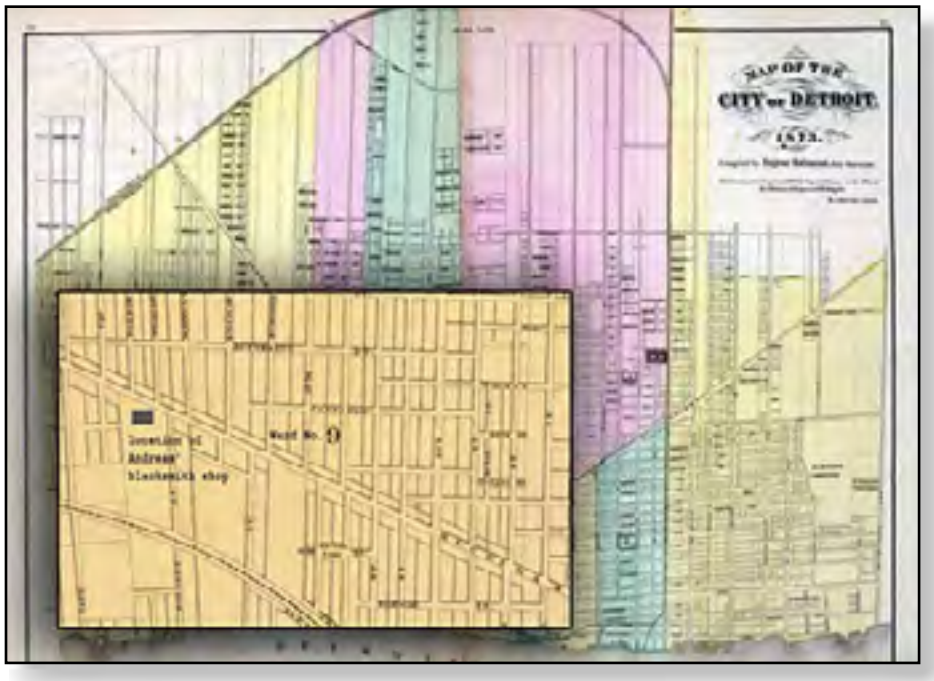
Frederick Andrews, blacksmith s.s. Michigan Ave. nr (near) Twenty-third, h. Foundry, nr Michigan Ave.

Andrews is now the third spelling variant of the name!

Finding the ED for the 1870 Census is more complicated.

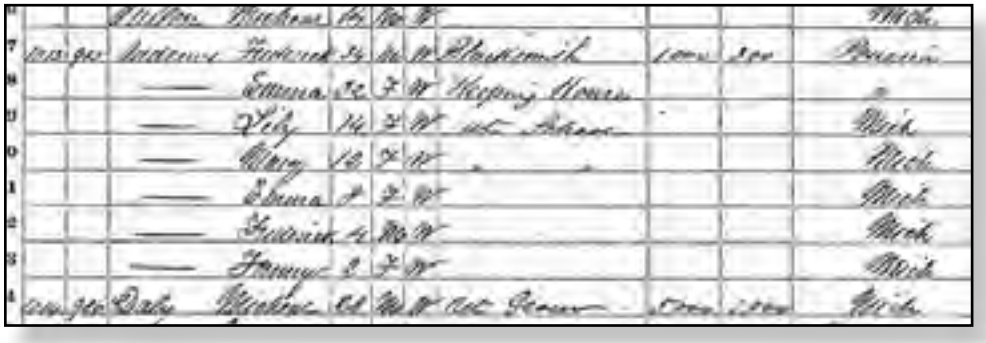
Unfortunately, the *Stevemorse.org* ED finder cannot be applied to the 1870 census, as the addresses of the inhabitants were not given on this census. The EDs for Detroit in 1870 were listed as Wards 1-10. Since Ward 12 was not one of these, it was clear the Ward boundaries were different in 1870 and 1880.

A Google search revealed that the David Rumsey Historical Map Collection contained images of Detroit, Michigan, in the 1870s that showed the 10 wards. 23rd street was almost at the edge of the city and this street as well as Foundry and Michigan Ave. were all located in the 9th Ward.



Browsing the 9th Ward in the 1870 census involved searching through 297 pages. On page 134 was the entry:

Andrews, Frederick, 34, Blacksmith, born Prussia.



The other persons in the household were listed as Emma, 32, born Prussia, with Lily age 14, Mary 12, Emma 8, Frederick 4 and Fanny 2, who were all born in Michigan. The names and ages of these last two children strongly indicate that this is the same family that was listed in the 1880 census.

What about the 1860 Census?

The 1870 census does not indicate the relationships of the family members, but it is possible that the young people were all children of Frederick Andreas. This would imply that the family was in Michigan before 1860.

Searches of the Detroit City Directories revealed:

1868 Andrews, Frederick, blacksmith h. rear of Michigan Ave. bet. Foundry and 23rd.

1866 Andrews, Fralick, blacksmith, Michigan Ave bet Foundry and Porter Road.

1864 Andrus, Frederick, blacksmith h cor, Michigan ave. and Porter.

But no entries in Detroit were found prior to 1864 and no US Census record of Frederick Andreas was found in 1860. Further complications arose regarding the children Lily and Mary who also used a different surname. That research is still ongoing.

The Take-Home Story

The take-home story is that City Directories can be a very helpful for finding a city dweller not found by ordinary searches of census records.

1) The alphabetical listing of names in the directories, followed by their addresses assists in identifying spelling variants.

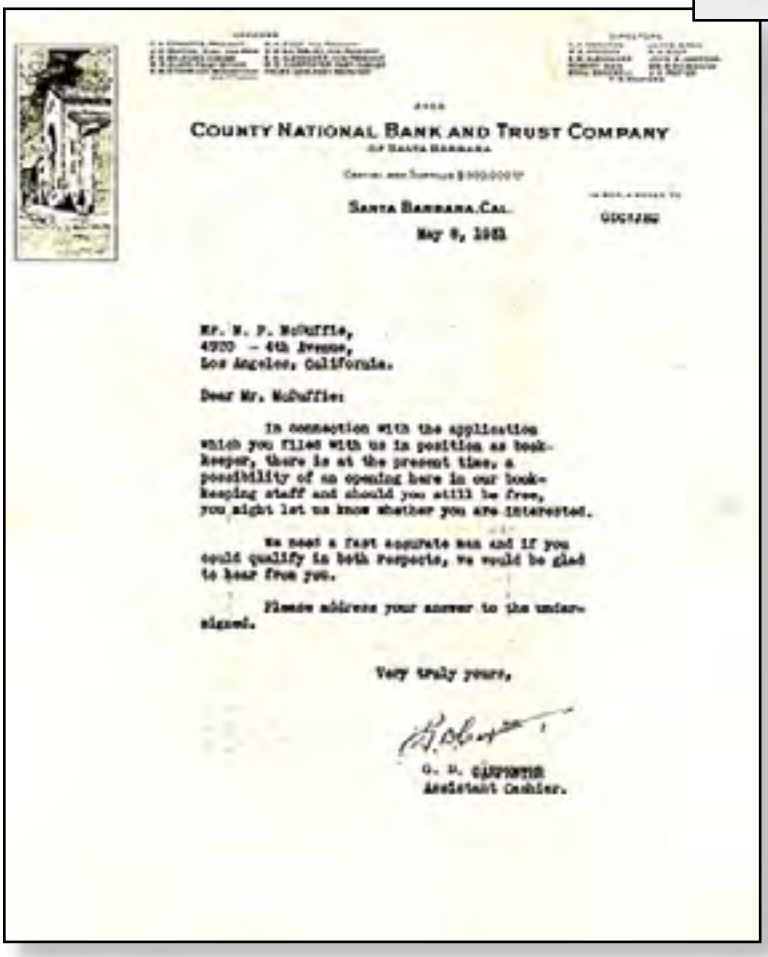
2) The publication of annual directories allows the researcher to determine when a person resided in the city.

3) Ascertaining the residential address can then be used to identify the census enumeration district so that browsing the census data, even in large cities, becomes feasible.

"My Father's Bank" *or County National Bank and Trust Company: Santa Barbara's Second Established Bank*

By Cathy McDuffie Jordan

IN 1931, MY FATHER, Murl McDuffie, wrote to dozens of employers, in the states and abroad, seeking work during the Great Depression. In May, he was thrilled to receive an acceptance letter from the County National Bank and Trust Company of Santa Barbara offering him a position, especially since he had only graduated from high school. He accepted the offer and moved to Santa Barbara where he remained loyal to this bank during his whole career. He and my mother were married in 1935 and happily lived out their lives in Santa Barbara. He received a gold watch commemorating 25 years of service in 1956 from County National Bank and another gold watch when he retired in 1968 after 37 years of service!



COUNTY NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY
OF SANTA BARBARA

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.
May 9, 1931

Mr. M. P. McDuffie,
4920 - 4th Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Mr. McDuffie:

In connection with the application which you filed with us in position as bookkeeper, there is at the present time, a possibility of an opening here in our bookkeeping staff and should you still be free, you might let us know whether you are interested.

We need a fast accurate man and if you could qualify in both respects, we would be glad to hear from you.

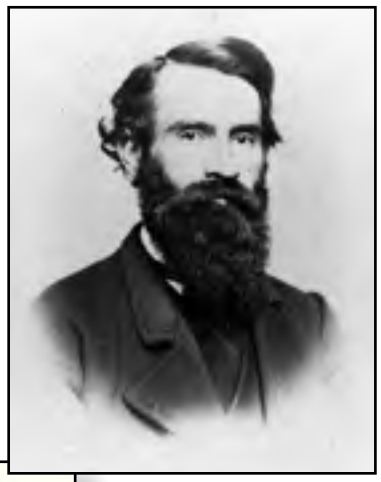
Please address your answer to the undersigned.

Very truly yours,

G. H. CARPENTER
Assistant Cashier.

The letter Merl McDuffie received containing the offer of a position with the County National Bank and Trust Company of Santa Barbara.

Growing up, I took for granted the bank where my father worked and called it "my father's bank." Of course, it was not his bank at all, just the place where he worked. But what a grand place it was to a wide-eyed child – tall ceilings, beautiful old wood, huge chandeliers. I visited often and knew most of the staff, from tellers to officers. The bank hosted annual barbeques for staff at Tucker's Grove or Manning Park and my parents and I were always there. The building and the employees were a sort of family to me, being an only child. As an adult, I found I wanted to know about this institution and it is a history that reflects the growth of this area as well as the influential families who played such a strong role in the development of Santa Barbara.

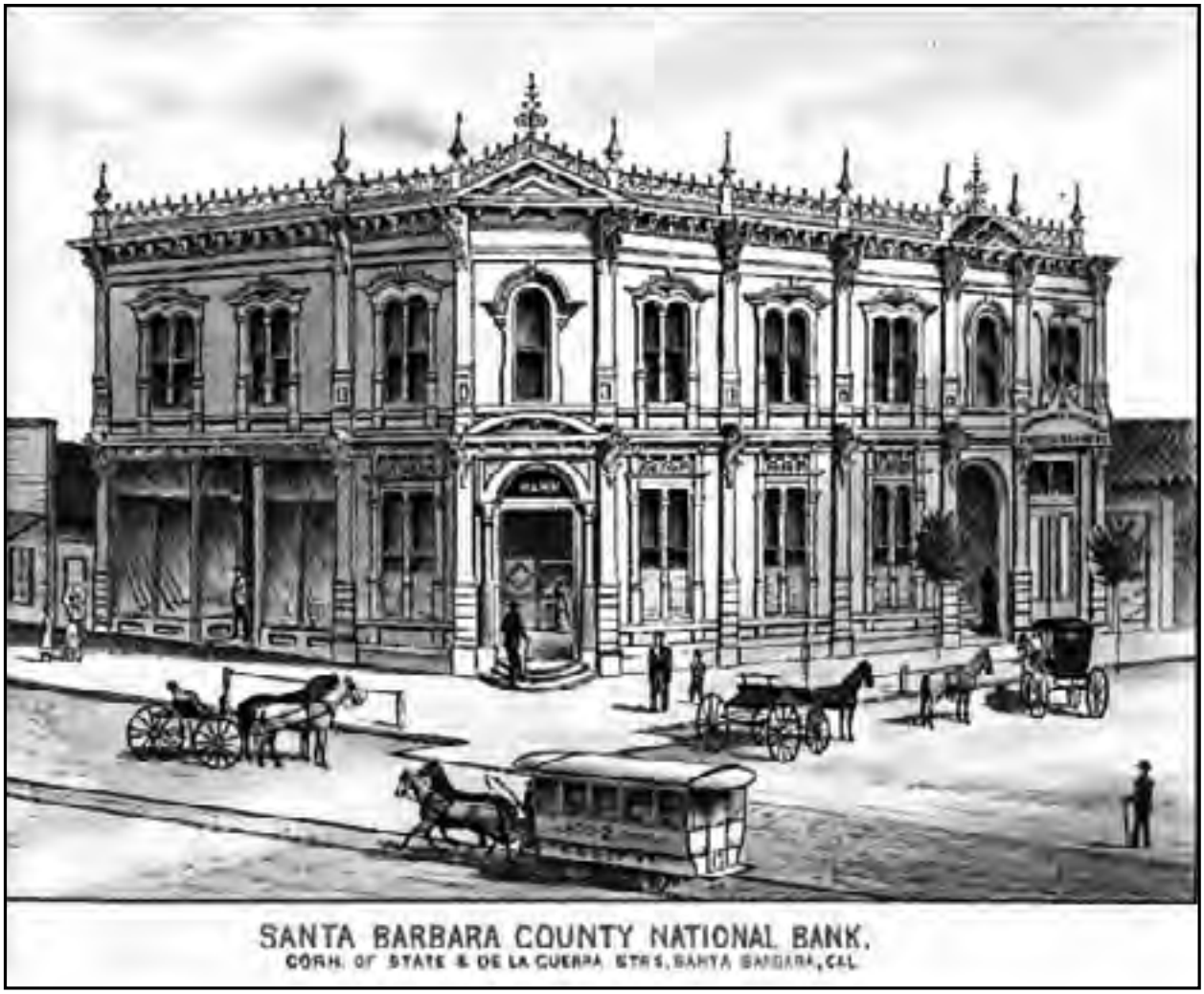


William Matson Eddy, the founder of the Santa Barbara County bank in 1875.

The Santa Barbara County Bank was the second bank in Santa Barbara (according to an article by Michael Redmon in the "*Independent*" in 2014), and was founded on July 26, 1875, by William Matson Eddy, who served as president from 1875 to 1904. William Eddy was born in April 1826 in New York to Seth and Millicent Huggins Eddy. He was a twin but his twin brother died about a month after his birth. His father, Seth, was a Captain in the War of 1812. On November 11, 1861 William married Almira Hall and by 1867, according to California Voter Registration Lists, the family was located in Nevada County, California, where William worked in a silver mine. His son, Herman Hall Eddy, was born in French Corral, Nevada County in 1871. William must have made more than a little money in the silver fields because when he came to Santa Barbara, he started the Santa Barbara County Bank, first located on lower State between Ortega and Cota (according to "*Santa Barbara and Montecito: Past and Present*" by John Reginald Southworth). William Eddy and his wife had a daughter, Louise Hall Eddy, born in 1878 in Santa Barbara. Although the city's population was only about 3,000, Santa Barbara was one of the fastest-growing cities in the state. By 1880 the bank was a success and became a national bank on February 21, 1880.

The listing for William in the 1880 census reflects how successful he was: in the household in Montecito were his mother-in-law, a nurse, a cook and a gardener as well as his wife and two children. In the 1900 census William's household consisted of him, his wife, their two children, a servant and a gardener. Meanwhile, in 1881 the bank moved to the corner of State and De La Guerra. William died on November 29, 1904 in Santa Barbara at the age of 77 and is buried in the Santa Barbara Cemetery. His son Herman carried on with the bank.

Herman Hall Eddy married Rosamond Weston Meigs on February 20, 1901 in Santa Barbara. In the 1910 cen-



The Santa Barbara County Bank moved to the corner of State and De La Guerra in 1881.

sus he is listed as Vice President of the County National Bank and living on Mission Canyon Road with his wife and two daughters (no servants, cooks or gardeners). In 1920 he is still living on Mission Canyon Road with his wife, three daughters, one son and is still a bank Vice President. In the 1930 census he is living in a house he owns on Puesta del Sol with his wife and four children and is again listed as Vice President of a bank. In the 1940 census he was simply listed as a banker living with his wife on East Las Tunas. I knew this man, whom everyone called "Mr. Eddy." He came into the bank to work until the middle or late 1950s. I remember him as a lively, sweet, humorous, grandfatherly man with a very bald head, a big smile and bright sparkling eyes, who dressed impeccably in a suit when he came to work every day well into his 80s. Herman Eddy died June 5, 1962 at the age of 90 in Santa Barbara and is buried in the Santa Barbara Cemetery. Unlike his father, Herman's son was not destined to work in the family bank; he was a local vocalist.

In 1916 a trust company was formed in connection with the bank and the name was changed to County National Bank and Trust Company of Santa Barbara. About 1920, the bank acquired the property at State and Carrillo. The architect Myron Hubbard Hunt, who partnered at this time with Harold Coulson Chambers, was hired to design the building. The current structure was completed in 1924, just before the earthquake of 1925, which damaged the building. This was repaired and Myron Hunt went on to design such things as the Rose Bowl, the Pasadena Central Library, the Mission Inn in Riverside, La Arcada Plaza and the Faulkner Gallery at the Santa Barbara Public Library among others. In his early career he had been involved most notably in the design of the Potter Hotel, the Mt. Wilson Observatory, and the Huntington Hotel and the Huntington Library. Very likely Herman Eddy played a key role in hiring Myron Hunt for this job.

While researching for this article, I found something quite unexpected when using Google! On *AntiqueMoney.com* I learned that the County National Bank of Santa Barbara printed $1,457,050 dollars worth of national currency. Over $1,000,000 face value is, of course, a lot of money. However, some types and denominations of currency from this bank could still be rare. Money was printed from 1880 to 1935, a 56-year printing period. That is considered a long operation period for a national bank. During its life, Santa Barbara County National Bank issued eight different types and denominations of national currency.

The County National Bank and Trust Company of Santa Barbara at the corner of State and Carrillo designed by Myron Hubbard Hunt in 1924.

Wow! I am certainly going to have to see if my father tucked away any of these! (wishful thinking…)

Another note of interest: The County National Bank and Trust Company published in 1950 a priceless little book named "*Pathways to Pavements.*" This was researched and written by Rosario Curletti and illustrated by Peter Wolf. It was published to celebrate the bank's 75th anniversary. It contains a pronunciation guide to the Spanish street names of Santa Barbara, a 75-page list of street names as of 1950, Spanish words in common usage, and a thorough index. This little gem might well have been the inspiration for Neal Graffy's "Street Names of Santa Barbara." I am lucky to own several copies of this book. A copy also resides at the Sahyun library (979.4 SANTA BARBARA H2 CUR).

In about 1959 County National Bank merged with Crocker-Anglo, moved across the street in the early 1960s to the building now occupied by Saks, then became Crocker-Citizens in 1963. After 1968 it became known simply as Crocker Bank. In 1986 it merged with Wells Fargo. At some point that bank moved to its current location at Anacapa and Figueroa. But the beautiful old historic structure that once was County National Bank and Trust still exists at State and Carrillo. It is now home to Montecito Bank and Trust and now you know (perhaps more than you ever wanted to!) about "my father's bank!"

Cathy Jordan has been a society member for seven years and is researching the family names of Feely, Walsh, Mallery, Pratt, Bayha, Eckhardt, Mitchell, Lemmon, Matthews, McDuffie, Bayne, Wilhite, Farmer, Wood, Shelton, Allen, Griffin, and others. Born and raised in Santa Barbara, she returned in 1981 to raise two sons and care for her parents. Cathy retired from the Santa Barbara County Sheriff's Department in 2008 from a career in computer programming and support to plunge headlong into genealogy after a visit to the 2009 Open House during Family History Month. She currently serves as 2nd Vice President for Membership on the SBCGS Board of Directors.

A hundred dollar bank note printed by the County National Bank of Trust Company of Santa Barbara.

Murl McDuffie at the County National Bank desk in 1955 with photo of the author on his desk at age five.

Never Say Never

By Gloria Chaney Clements

"Only smokestacks remain where once stood many Mobile (AL) homes"
The Mobile Register, May 22, 1919

OVER THE 2016 THANKSGIVING weekend, my daughter, Michele, brought in a large box of photos and other memorabilia accrued by her paternal grandparents, Leonard and Barbara Lyle Clements, before their deaths in 1993 and 1997. There appeared to be some genealogical records included in the mix and she agreed to allow me to sort it out.

My grandmother-in-law, Josephine Godard Lyle, had written some memoirs in 1954 about the early days of their marriage. Written somewhat helter-skelter, I had to piece times and places together. One fascination I had with her account was about what she referred to as the "40 block fire" of 1919 in Mobile, Alabama.

Josephine "Josie" Georgia Godard (1893-1956) had married Francis Augusto "Frank" Lyle (1889-1931) on September 22, 1915 in Mobile, Alabama. According to Josephine's account, they received truly wonderful and valuable gifts from family and friends. She recounted "Pop" had given them a solid maple dining room table, with buffet, six chairs and a high chair for Junior (Junior was just a twinkle in his father's eye at this time). Another relative gave a beautiful brass bed complete with solid maple chifferobe, dresser and wash stand, rocker and two chairs. Yet another relative gave them a beautiful set for washstand, bowl, pitcher, soap dish, shaving mug and small pitcher. "Mom" had given them a sterling silver dinner set for 12 along with linens of table cloths, napkins, scarfs, doilies, dish towels, pillows, sheets, cases, spreads and personal clothing "to last me two years."

As her memoir goes on, the young married couple were going to Pensacola and had a hard time finding a place to live as this was just before the time the Armistice was signed November 11, 1915. Many Army, Coast Guard and Navy families were still living in Pensacola. It appears the couple stayed in Mobile and set up house with all of their lovely wedding gifts. Francis August Lyle Jr. was born there November 15, 1916. In 1918, they were living in the Panama Canal. Josephine came back to the USA, to Mobile, Alabama, during the early pregnancy of her second child.

In 1919, they decided to head for Pensacola where Frank had been working. An agent had found a large, completely furnished home for them to rent, owned by Dr. and Mrs. Higgins. With the new residence being completely furnished, they decide to rent out their Mobile, Alabama home completely furnished as well. They packed up their best china, silver, cut glass and linens to put in "Pop's" bedroom closet for safekeeping. On Saturday, May 19, 1919, the young family (Joseph "Bubba" now six weeks old – born April 3, 1919) set off for Pensacola, Florida.

The following Monday, May 21, 1919, the new tenants were to move into the Mobile, Alabama home after 3:00 PM when the husband got off work at the Alabama Dry Dock. Shortly after 3:00 PM that same day, Monday, May 21, 1919, a trash fire broke out in Mobile, Alabama. The water pressure was low in that area of Mobile, a heavy North wind blowing and according to Josephine the firemen were on strike. Several thousand volunteers worked the blaze, but in about four hours time, the inferno burned 40 blocks of homes.

The fire burned down the Mobile, Alabama home the young couple was going to rent out, burning all of their wedding furniture. The fire burned down "Pop's" home as well, consuming all of the rest of the valuable wedding gifts the young family left there for safekeeping. The fire also took the homes of two other close relatives. A newspaper article indicated about 1,200 people were left homeless.

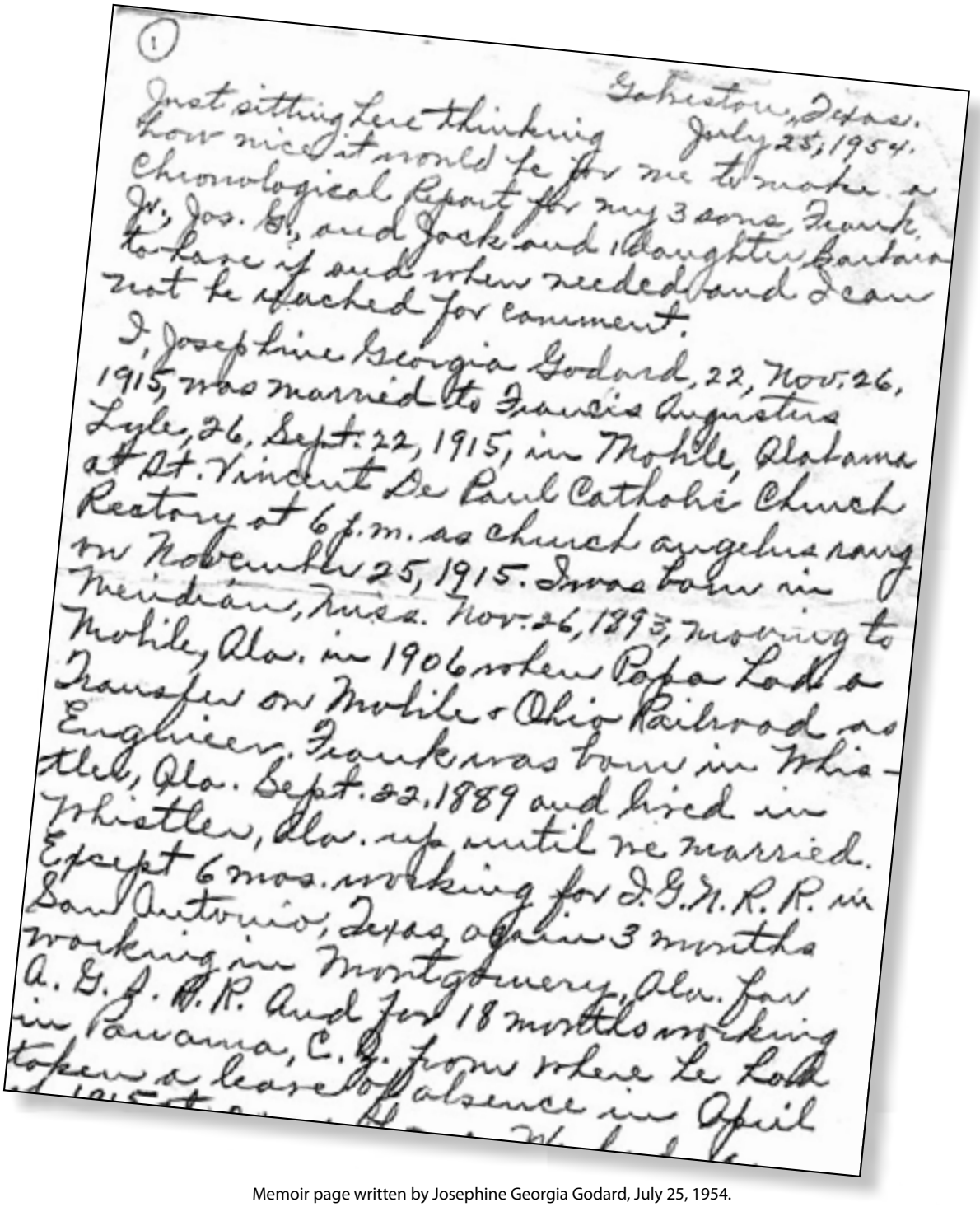
Frank and Josephine returned to Mobile on June 4, 1919, for a family wedding. The next day they "visited a place we used to call home." The fire was still smoldering, ashes thick. They could make out what used to be a bed, dressers and washstand in the dust and ashes. The beautiful brass bed frame was scorched and they actually found a few pieces that had not burned.

Josephine swore to "never own furniture again ever." So, they lived in fully furnished houses from then on in Pensacola, Florida, the Panama Canal Zone, and New Orleans, Louisiana. My mother-in-law, Barbara Cecilia Lyle (Clements), (1921-1993), was born in New Orleans April 24, 1921. Finally, in March of 1922, Josephine broke down and bought new furniture for their new house in Galveston, Texas. Apparently, the loss and heartbreak of her emotional attachment relating to furniture had worn off. It's been said that "time heals all wounds" –maybe that is what happened.

Their fourth child, James Jacque "Jack" Lyle, was born October 24, 1922. Putting these dates together makes me believe that Josephine was "nesting" in

March of that year and went against her own vow to never own furniture. Little did she know it was a great blessing that she did this. Late in the 1920s, Frank Senior went into a sanitarium for tuberculosis in Colorado and succumbed to this affliction in January of 1931. Josephine was left with four children aged 9 to 14. Her memoirs did not touch on how she and the children survived during Frank's illness and after his death during the Great Depression. We can assume, with confidence, that the home full of furniture she bought in 1922 had to endure for a very long, long time.

Gloria Chaney Clements, SBCGS member, resides in Santa Barbara since 1962. Searching Chaney, Anderson, Fernelius, Bunszel, Stogsdill, Hughes and Pence in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Kentucky, Ohio, Virginia, and Massachusetts.



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Galveston, Texas.
July 25, 1954.

Just sitting here thinking how nice it would be for me to make a Chronological Report for my 3 sons, Frank Jr., Jos. B., and Jack and 1 daughter Barbara to have if and when needed and I can not be reached for comment.

I, Josephine Georgia Godard, 22, Nov. 26, 1915, was married to Francis Augustus Lyle, 26, Sept. 22, 1915, in Mobile, Alabama at St. Vincent De Paul Catholic Church Rectory at 6 p.m. as church angelus rang on November 25, 1915. I was born in Meridian, Miss. Nov. 26, 1893, moving to Mobile, Ala. in 1906 when Papa Lad a Transfer on Mobile & Ohio Railroad as Engineer. Frank was born in Whistler, Ala. Sept. 22, 1889 and lived in Whistler, Ala. up until he married. Except 6 mos. working for S. P. R. R. in San Antonio, Texas, again 3 months working in Montgomery, Ala. for A. G. S. R. R. And for 18 months working in Panama, C. Z. from where he took a leave of absence in April

Memoir page written by Josephine Georgia Godard, July 25, 1954.

A Great War Rainbow Division Casualty

By Sharon Summer

LATE LAST FALL I made an accidental and fascinating discovery about my grandmother, Edith Hillman Lowman's brother, Archie M. Hillman. I was astounded to find that Archie Hillman was actually a brave soldier whom I knew only as a reclusive old man who did not like four-year-old little girls bothering him.

My cousin had mailed me a copy of a letter written by Archie's mother on April 23, 1919. In the letter she mentioned seeing a parade for returning soldiers in downtown Los Angeles the day before. After reading her letter, I rummaged in my family history items to discover another yellowing item, a 1919 booklet that lists Archie in the U.S. Army in the 117th Engineer Regiment, 42nd Infantry Division in World War I. The 42nd was also known as the **Rainbow Division.** The men of the 42nd were among the first to train and then to fight in the trenches in battles in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany. These soldiers spent a great deal of time on the front lines, and during the war all the men became sick and half of them died, though Archie survived.

Archie Hillman and his mother Caroline "Carrie" Hillman in Los Angeles about 1912.

The man I knew in 1947

After the Second World War, I lived in my grandparents' home in Arcadia, California, and Archie lived in a one-room house in the backyard. He rarely came out of his front door. No one told me why. Occasionally, but not often, I would see him outside walking on the two-acre ranch while I played. I had never talked with him; he never even said hello. But one day I saw him a few yards from his little house, hoeing in the rows of my grandfather's boysenberry vines. I shyly approached Archie from a distance but he didn't seem to see me. So I stepped closer. Nothing. Taking another small step toward him I made a little sound in hopes he would notice me. Archie finally looked up and scowled at me, saying something like go-away and shaking his hoe at me. I didn't need to be told twice. I ran away as fast as my legs would carry me, and never came near him again.

A few days after, I asked my grandmother Edith why he acted the way he did. She looked pained and told me that Archie had been in "the war" (meaning, of course, WWI). She said he was a cripple, that he had been gassed. My four-year old self wondered how you could be a cripple and still walk, but it seemed disrespectful to ask. For many years I wondered what she actually meant. Back then I thought cripples were the people my great uncle, an orthopedic surgeon, treated who were disfigured from polio. Archie didn't have any bone problems that I could see, so how was he a cripple? The only thing I knew for sure about Archie was to keep my distance from him. He never paid attention to me again after that and I kept away.

At the end 1947 after WWII, I rejoined my parents in Los Angeles. Though I visited my grandparents every weekend for years, Archie didn't come out of his house when I was there and I don't remember seeing him again.

Archie Melvin Hillman is buried in the Los Angeles National Cemetery

Sixty-seven years later in 2014, while I was researching cemeteries of my family members, I discovered that Archie Melvin Hillman is buried in the Los Angeles National Cemetery for Veterans near the University of California, Los Angeles (UCLA). I was very surprised. I'd driven by there many times, looking from my car window at the row upon row of white headstones, never guessing one of my family members was among those buried there.

Further research at the Veterans Memorial website gave me information about Archie M. Hillman, including exactly where he is buried.

HILLMAN, ARCHIE MELVIN
PFC US ARMY
WORLD WAR I
DATE OF BIRTH: 12/04/1887
DATE OF DEATH: 12/17/1958
BURIED AT: SECTION 215 ROW D SITE 8
LOS ANGELES NATIONAL CEMETERY
950 SOUTH SEPULVEDA BLVD LOS ANGELES, CA 90049

He died at age 71

Find A Grave's website has a picture of his gravestone, one of the flat ones, Memorial# 155567179. I hope to stop by someday to pay my respects.

Learning more about Archie Hillman

I knew nothing more of the man until late 2016 when a cousin and I reconnected by phone. Following the phone call, my cousin kindly sent me a couple of letters and copies of letters written by our shared ancestors (our grandmothers were sisters). I was delighted to get

Archie Hillman, 4th from the left, in winter coats, part of the Rainbow Division in France, about 1917-18.

them. I found that one of the letters was written by my great-grandmother Carrie Hillman, Archie's mother. What Carrie said led me to discover the nature of Archie's military service.

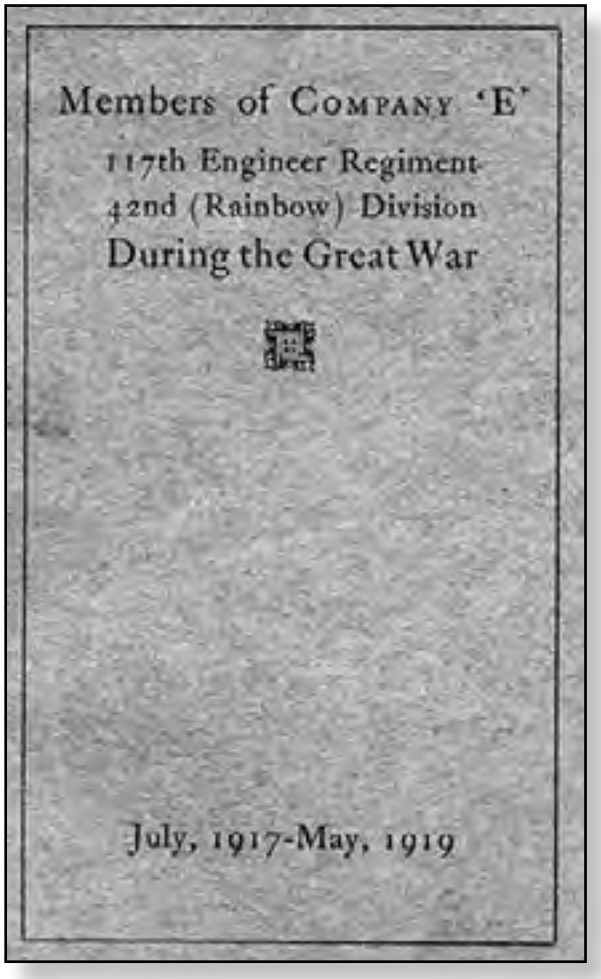
The letter

On Wednesday, April 23, 1919, Carrie Hillman wrote, "*…have not heard from Archie again. He will probably land somewhere between the 25th and the 1st of May. If he comes with the Headquarters outfit he will land sooner than if he comes with his Company, as his Company was among the last to leave*" [Europe].

Carrie also wrote about the walk she took the day before writing her letter. At age 64 she'd walked from her home at 3637 S Grand Avenue, at 35th Street near what is now the 110 Harbor Freeway, all the way to downtown Los Angeles. She said she walked to the old Courthouse at Broadway and Temple Streets, about four miles. The reason for the walk, she wrote, was to pay the taxes, get some exercise, get some groceries, and she bought herself a book. She noted that she got "*there just in time to see a parade, the 364 Infantry Regiment. They did not expect to have it (the parade) until tomorrow but they came in sooner than they expected them, just stopped off for the day, then at night started for camp at San Diego (California). …Had a dandy place to see the parade at 4th Street. Some very nice man asked me to stand on a box he had. Wasn't that nice?*"

The day I read Carrie Hillman's letter, I tried to remember if I had anything from Archie, so I rummaged in my family history items to discover that I have a small booklet called "Members of Company 'E' 117th Engineer Regiment, 42nd (Rainbow) Division During the Great War, July, 1917 - May, 1919." On page 21 in this booklet Archie M. Hillman, First Class Private, is listed giving the familiar address of the Hillman family home at 3637 S. Grand Avenue. Los Angeles.

I also found I had a small photograph of his company, E Company, 117th Engineers. Archie was part of the famed Rainbow Division!



Booklet that describes the battles and listing the Members of Company E, 117 Engineers regiment in the 42nd Rainbow Division during the Great War, July 17-May, 1919.

Why was it called the Rainbow Division?

The United States declared war on Germany on April 6, 1917. Six weeks later on May 18, 1917 the Selective Service Act was passed, authorizing the draft of men into the military to increase its size. Douglas MacArthur, then a major, suggested to William A. Mann, the head of the Militia Bureau, that he form a division from units of several states. The proposal was approved by the Secretary of War in August 1917. Douglas MacArthur said that the division would "stretch over the whole country like a rainbow." The division was created using units from 26 states and the District of Columbia. The name stuck.

Two months after the United States entered the war, Archie Hillman enlisted in the Army to serve his country. His enlistment date was July 10, 1917, a month ahead of the formation of the Rainbow Division of which he became a member. Archie was 30 years old. In total, the Rainbow Division saw 264 days of combat. Casualties totaled 14,683 (Killed in Action – 2,058; Wounded in Action – 12,625). The Division adopted a shoulder patch with the arches of a semicircular rainbow. Toward the end of the war or soon thereafter the Rainbow Division soldiers modified the patch to a quarter arch, to memorialize the half of the division's soldiers who became casualties (killed or wounded) during the war.

When Archie returned to civilian life he was never the same as before the war. Apparently he was never able to sustain a life on his own. He never married nor had children. I never knew him to take part in any social activities or family gatherings, though he was often yards away from our festivities. He lived alone in a small place at the back my grandparent's house, shunned social interaction with all but his sister Edith. He was a living casualty.

All these many years later, because of an old letter and an old booklet from 1919, I have gained a greater understanding of Archie's life and new respect for the high price he paid for his service to our country in World War I.

Sharon Knickrehm Summer is member of Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, whose passion for genealogy only increases with uncovering more about her ancestors and the circumstances in which they lived.

E. Company, 117the Engineers of the US Army, Europe, December 24, 1918.

Rainbow patch quarter arch, which memorialize the loss of half the division as casualties, either killed or wounded during the Great War.

The Long-Awaited Letter

By Kenneth N. Burns with an introduction by Connie Burns

IMAGINE YOU ARE A YOUNG BRIDE of just a few months, when your new husband, who has been training as a navigator with the 492nd Bomb Group in Texas and New Mexico, must leave to serve in the European Theater in World War ll. He is obligated to serve 30 missions as a navigator in a B24, based in England and flying raids over Germany during this terrible conflict. You know he is in danger, as he is a member of the 8th Air Force, which reportedly has sustained great losses. You rarely hear from him, and when you do, his letters are censored so you don't know the full extent of the dangers he faces.

How do you deal with this? You keep busy and help the war effort as best you can. You work for Civilian Defense, and as President of your hometown's Junior Women's Club, you organize fund raising events to purchase a Red Cross Ambulance, sell War Bonds, entertain local servicemen, and roll bandages. You contact everyone in the service from your hometown and offer to buy Christmas gifts, wrap, and deliver them to their loved ones. And you worry, and you pray, and you write letters to him.

And then, the long awaited letter arrives!

"Hello, Darling,

Tonight I have some good news for you. I have my 30 missions in!

There is a rub though, that has taken the edge off the joy of finishing. It seems that, for a time at least, I must remain on combat status. The "powers" assure me that it is only remotely possible that I might have to fly any more missions here, but I cannot be released. I can't tell you for security reasons, why this is, but I hope that before this reaches you I may know that I have finished."

Norman E. Burns (1916-1999) In World War II

DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR the United States organized, equipped and trained millions of young Americans for military service. One of them was Norman E. Burns. He chose to enlist as an aviation cadet in the Army Air Force because that program offered the prospect of an officer's commission and, he thought, "a good way to fight the war." He did not know then—no one did—that the 492nd Bomb Group in which he flew would sustain one of the highest casualty rates of all American combat forces in the war. He was one of the lucky ones who came home.

The war came to America just after Norman had obtained his bachelor's degree in Business Administration and began to see the prospect of a career with his employer, Prudential Insurance Company in Newark, New Jersey. In 1942-43 there was real competition among the armed forces to earmark pools of manpower that would otherwise be swept up in the draft and become army infantry. Norman was accepted into the Army's aviation cadet program, which was designed to turn out 2nd Lieutenants who would become Army Air Force pilots, navigators or bombardiers. He was called up in February 1943. Most cadets wanted to be pilots; he asked for navigation school, figuring his education and mathematical experience in actuarial work at Prudential gave him the best prospect of success there.

During that training he was temporarily sent to Buckingham Field in Ft. Myers, Florida, for gunnery training, and where he became engaged to marry Vera who also worked at Prudential. They planned a wedding to be held in her hometown, Maplewood, New Jersey, after he completed navigation school.

It was a wartime wedding. Norman graduated and became 2nd Lt. Burns one minute after midnight on December 24th, 1943. He had a few days of leave and immediately boarded a train for New Jersey. These were wartime trains, and delay was the rule. Vera spent Christmas Day 1943 at the train station where, many hours late, Lt. Burns finally arrived. They had set the wedding for December 30 and would, Vera wrote, "make it by the skin of our teeth." The wedding came off as planned, and Norman and Vera had a brief honeymoon in New York City before his orders came through to report to Biggs Field, El Paso, Texas.

Biggs Field was where aircrews were formed and given operational training. There Norman saw his first B-24 "Liberator"–the four-engine heavy bomber in which he would have his combat career. When asked later what he thought of the B-24, his first reaction was the one he had in 1944—"It didn't matter what we thought of it, we had to fly in it." His more considered view was that the B-24 was a better plane than the B-17 "Flying Fortress" (the other American heavy bomber in Europe) in that it flew higher and faster, and carried more payload. On the other hand, he said, the B-24 had the aerodynamic grace of a rock. If it lost power or wing surface, it wouldn't glide very far.

In March 1944 Norman's training at Biggs Field was cut short when his crew and others were sent to Almagordo, New Mexico for combat training and formation into the 492nd Bomb Group. It consisted of four squadrons, each with typically about 10 aircraft. The 492nd was under pressure to complete its training and join the 8th Air Force, which was conducting the American strategic bombing campaign from England. In April

The Val Preda Crew 601 of the 856th Bomb Squadron at Almagordo, New Mexico, March 1944 before leaving for England. Norman Burns, navigator, is in the back row, third from the left.

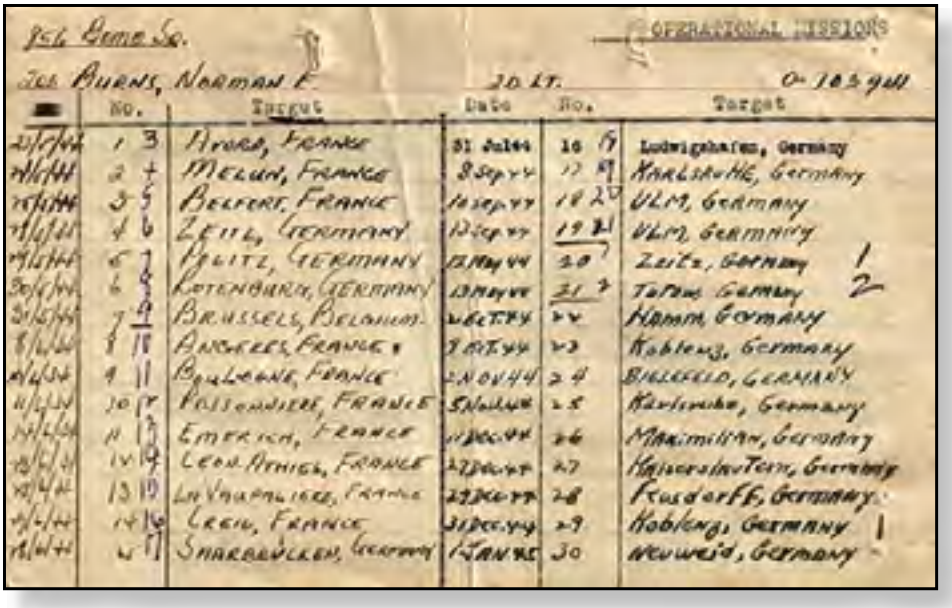
1944 they flew to England via Florida, Trinidad, Brazil, Dakar, and Morocco, arriving at their new base in North Pickenham, Norfolk, England on April 18, 1944.

The 492nd spent late April and early May 1944 practicing combat formation flying and bomb runs over England. Norman flew his first combat mission on May 12, 1944. The 8th Air Force was then conducting a campaign of daylight strategic bombing that required visibility over the target, so good weather months were a time of intense activity. Between May 12 and June 28, 1944 Norman flew 17 missions against both strategic targets in Germany and French targets chosen to support the invasion of Normandy.

Life at the air base was fairly Spartan. Norman lived with other aircrew officers in a Quonset hut inadequately heated by a pot-bellied stove. Food was scarce in England in 1944. For the rest of his life he avoided Brussels sprouts, the locally grown vegetable apparently served at every meal. When telling this story later, however, he hastened to add that as an officer he was more comfortable than the enlisted men, and far better off than those digging foxholes in France. He also had the comfort of letters from Vera written every day he was overseas.

Of all the missions the 492nd flew that summer, Norman would say the most significant, for him, was the one he did not fly: June 20, 1944, to Pölitz, Germany near the Baltic Sea coast. He was away in London on two days leave. When he returned he learned that all the planes of his squadron that had flown this mission, and many others in the 492nd Bomb Group, had been shot down by German fighter aircraft. A few men made it to neutral Sweden and were interned; some became prisoners of war in Germany; most died.

Eighth Air Force crews were told that, upon finishing 30 combat missions, their tour of duty was completed and they would be sent back to the USA (though not discharged from the service). This gave them some hope of survival and was critical to morale. Consequently, a commander did not want to "use up" an ex-



	No.	Target	Date	No.	Target
4/5/44	1 3	Arras, France	31 Jul 44	16 17	Ludwigshafen, Germany
4/6/44	2 4	Melun, France	2 Sep 44	17 18	Karlsruhe, Germany
4/16/44	3 5	Belfort, France	11 Sep 44	18 20	Ulm, Germany
4/16/44	4 6	Zeitz, Germany	12 Sep 44	19 21	Ulm, Germany
4/16/44	5 7	Zeitz, Germany	13 May 44	20	Zeitz, Germany 1
5/6/44	6 8	Rotenburg, Germany	13 May 44	21 22	Tutow, Germany 2
5/16/44	7 9	Brussels, Belgium	6 Oct 44	22	Hamm, Germany
5/16/44	8 10	Angers, France	7 Oct 44	23	Koblenz, Germany
4/4/44	9 11	Boulogne, France	2 Nov 44	24	Bielefeld, Germany
4/4/44	10 12	Poissonniers, France	5 Nov 44	25	Karlsruhe, Germany
4/4/44	11 13	Emerich, France	21 Dec 44	26	Maximilian, Germany
4/16/44	12 14	Leon-Athies, France	22 Dec 44	27	Kaiserslautern, Germany
4/4/44	13 15	La Vaupalliere, France	23 Dec 44	28	Frankfurt, Germany
4/4/44	14 16	Creil, France	31 Dec 44	29	Koblenz, Germany 1
4/4/44	15 17	Saarbrücken, Germany	1 Jan 45	30	Neuwied, Germany

The list of 30 Operational Missions flown over Germany and France during WWII by Norman E. Burns

perienced lead crew on ordinary, fair-weather missions, and then find, when it was needed, that its members had finished their 30 missions and been sent home. In the nearly five months from August 1 to December 26, 1944 Norman flew only eight combat missions, usually in the lead plane for his squadron, group, wing or division. This frugal policy was abandoned during the Battle of the Bulge, when air support was vital to stopping Germany's last ground offensive of the war. Norman flew four combat missions in six days during the Ardennes campaign. The last of these, on January 1, 1945, was his 30th and final mission.

His commanding colonel congratulated Norman and his bombardier (for whom this was also his 30th mission), but told them he had to "hold" them for the time being because no aircrew could be sent home while the Battle of the Bulge was undecided. Only on January 7, 1945 was he told that he would be released. He was coming home as 1st Lt. Burns with multiple combat decorations. He also brought with him what he called his most prized award: a certificate of membership in the "Lucky Bastard Club," given to those who had finished their tour and lived to tell the tale.

Norman returned by troop ship on March 1, 1945. As he told it, the rumor among returning aircrew was that if you said you suffered from nerves and sleeplessness the Army would give you two weeks at an R&R (rest and recuperation) camp. (The trick, he said, was not to appear too nervous, lest they send you to an institution you were not free to leave.) Apparently he did it right, and he and Vera spent two weeks at Lake Lure, North Carolina. He was then assigned to an Army statistical control course at Harvard Business School. He was there when Germany surrendered and he was released from the service in June 1945. He returned to the Prudential Insurance Company, where he worked until he retired in 1972.

Norman Burns was reluctant to talk about his military service for decades afterward. It was a record of great merit: the Distinguished Flying Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster, Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, European Theater Medal with five Battle Stars, and the Presidential Unit Citation for his service in the 389th Bomb Group. He would say, in self-deprecation, that they gave out those medals just for not getting shot down. Late in life he would talk more freely about the fear and danger involved. He had the advantage, he said, of being constantly busy with his navigation work; other crew members had to sweat it out with no such distractions. This was a modest way of saying they all showed courage under fire. He carried with him for the rest of his life the memory of so many lost friends. It made him sometimes sad, but always proud to have served.

* * *

To the readers of this record, World War II is history. We know how it came out; who won, who lost, who lived and who died. We find it hard to capture the excitement, uncertainty, and fear felt at the time by people who did not know how things would turn out. One can get a little closer to those feelings by viewing a photograph of Norman's B-24 Val Preda Crew 601 at Almagordo, New Mexico. The picture was apparently taken shortly before they left for England. The nine men pictured look tough, confident, and ready to take on the world. They knew this was the great adventure of their lives. Of these nine, four were killed in action; three became prisoners of war; one was interned in neutral Sweden. Norman E. Burns is the only man in the picture who wasn't shot down. As he often said, he was among the lucky ones. The experience made him grateful for every day of his life after the war.

Source note: This description was prepared by Kenneth N. Burns, Norman's younger son, in April 2012 and revised in January 2015. It is based on an audio recorded interview of Norman E. Burns done in March 1990 by an oral historian; on Norman's list of his combat missions and decorations prepared in the 1980s; on information available in 2012 from a website about the 492nd Bomb Group in which he served, "492nd-bombgroup.com"; on his wife Vera's memoir, "What a Life," written in 2009; and on the recollections of Norman and Vera as told to their children over many years.

SBCGS member Connie Burns serves on the Society's Board of Directors, and organizes the volunteer librarians. She loves finding out so much interesting stuff about family members, and thanks her brother-in-law, Ken Burns, (he's not the movie director), for providing the history about Norm's military service.

A Bomber Pilot's Letters to His Family

By John Rydell

Louis Dolan
photo credit: (private collection of Dolan family)

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG BOY, our family traveled to Denver nearly every summer to spend several weeks with my maternal grandparents, Ed and Dorothy Dolan. By the time I was six or seven years old, I became aware that their son, Louis, was a pilot who had been killed in World War II. There was a large picture of "his plane" in one of the bedrooms; and my brother and I had fun looking at his medals and ribbons and playing with the large electric train that had been his. We even saw a few pictures of him.

After my parents died, my wife, Helen, discovered that my mother had inherited from her mother, and kept, all of the letters that Louis had sent home during his time in the Army Air Force. Helen has transcribed all of them, and they are a rare family treasure.

Louis joined the Army Air Force as an aviation cadet in July of 1941. Because the United States entered the war shortly thereafter, he rapidly progressed through flight training and learned to fly the B-17 heavy bomber. His bomb group, the 390th, was ordered to Framlingham, England in June of 1943. It is easy to forget how young Louis and his companions were. He was 23 years old when he arrived in England as a Captain. Seventeen months later he was a Lieutenant Colonel and one of the most experienced combat pilots in Europe. He fought in some of the most famous air battles of the war. On a mission to Munster, Germany on October 10, 1943, our unescorted bombers were met by at least 250 German fighters. Eight of the nineteen planes in Louis' bomb group were shot down. But his group downed at least 62 German planes that day, a total that was never matched by any other bomb group for the rest of the war. The plane that Louis commanded accounted for twelve of them.

Louis later flew in the raid on Schweinfurt that became known as Black Friday; he led his bomb group on a mission to Berlin in March of 1944, and on a shuttle mission from England to Germany, and then to Russia and Italy in June of that same year.

Louis' letters are not a typical war story, filled with descriptions of battles. Due to the Army Air Force's censorship rules, and his desire to shield his parents from the terrifying dangers of the air war over Europe, his letters make only passing references to his bombing missions. However, his letters are insightful, and sometimes humorous, descriptions of what he was doing, observing, and thinking about. Reading between the lines, one can clearly discern not only his pride in his unit and his commitment to victory, but also his increasing fatigue and desire to return home safely to his family.

Reading the letters makes you feel that you know Louis on a deeply personal level. You even find yourself hoping for a different ending. Here are excerpts from a few of my favorites:

July l5, l943

"I had a more or less uneventful trip over – of course it was exciting and thrilling and I can hardly imagine how I made it or that I am so far from home.

The country is very pretty here everything is very green. I don't believe there is a square inch that isn't cultivated. There are several cows and horses in the fields and chickens on the farms. The eggs these chickens lay are really strange, powdered, and Dad the dried prunes are the same as anyplace else.

No one is suffering from the heat. I believe these people are born and die cold and this is only July."

August 26, 1943

"As I believe I have indicated before, that as long as this war has to be fought and we have to be away from home and torn from those we love, I know of no place that I would rather be than in England. I really have found the people to be quite nice, naturally they are different in many ways, and have many different things than we do. Usually much less. The unselfish generosity of these people who have really so little themselves amazed me at first and certainly gave me a good feeling. Also their concern over us boys when they know we are out and their pleasures when we return gives you a fighting spirit, something that could be lost so far from home."

October 1, 1943

"Dad you and Uncle Lou may have twenty five years experience on me, but in twenty five minutes I have had and seen some things happen to me that will trade even up minutes for years on almost any basis."

October 3l, l943

"Four o'clock Sunday afternoon laying in my bunk in my Nissen hut listening to some very good music on the radio. Don out at present doing something or other in a trainer.

Sure would like to be loafing on the sofa at home waiting for Sunday dinner. Strange this world we live in, man is the damndest animal.

I have my shoes off and notice a large hole in my sock, I sure need someone to sew some buttons and darn some socks. Now of course I try to do it but darn it am not a woman.

You know I have on my blouse a pair of embroidered, with tinsel silver, wings. They are really very beautiful. I sure hope that they remain in good condition so you can see them someday. They were given to me for something that took place which I also would like to someday tell you about."

November 25, 1943

"Thanksgiving … seems questionable sometimes, but I am alive, I am well, and I have a swell Mother and Dad and a wonderful wife and I am American, and at least think I understand why I am fighting and I am sure I know what I am fighting for. Maybe this really is thanksgiving and I am sure in a rather selfish way I have plenty to thank God for.

The noon meal today consisted of a very good turkey dinner although not like Aunt Effie used to make. I am sure no one could complain about its goodness.

Jan. 6, 1944

If you did not notice the return address on the envelope or it has not appeared in the local gazette as yet you will probably be glad to know that according to a special order issued at Hq E.T.O.U.S.A. I became a Major as of Jan. 2, 1944. If you already knew it this just confirms it. Naturally I am very proud and thrilled and can hardly believe it yet myself. I don't know what you're little boy is doing, being a Major in this army, but he will continue working and striving to do the best job he can and to prove worthy of the trust and responsibility placed in him. The word still frightens me, but then I have only been called Major for about six hours so I will probably become used to it.

I have some very good music on the radio. Bing Crosby just sang some songs and now a program called workers playtime, an English program, but the music is O.K. I don't know what I would do without the radio."

Jan. 20, 1944

"Well they say that this month we have heavy dew and sticky dust, next month we have rain and mud. I guess the island won't wash away, since it's been here some time."

Feb 21, 1944

"You know I have led 15 missions now. I am beginning to feel like quite a seasoned warrior, having been shot at and attacked with just about everything the jerry had or ever uses, from his flak to his fighters. If the good Lord will ride between the seats on as many more as I fly or at least see that lady luck is there I hope to continue along without too much difficulty."

March 9, 1944

"As you know by the papers we have been quite busy on Berlin the past few days. The Germans now must realize, if they didn't before, that there is no place we can't go. I made one of the trips leading the outfit. Good ride, good fight, good bombing. Anyway Dad you can ask Lou how if at any time before, during, or after the last war if he gazed upon the Unter den Linden or down Wilhelmstrasse anyway I am sure he didn't and I know you didn't. Well I wonder what else I can see, I hope not too much more. London, Paris or Berlin will never give me the thrill that I hope to have when someday I again look down and there – Denver."

March 12, 1944

"Sunday morning and a good time to get a note off to you. Dad your recent letter about the mountains and fishing and the things we used to do sure made me think. I hope above all that when someday I can come home I will find the same world that we all one knew. I know that is the world I want and even though it is hard to remember just what it was like, I know it was good. I often wonder what it will be like to get home, if everything will be the same and if it is will I have forgotten how to use it. I guess this is no time to be sentimental though. First we have to win this war. Have as usual been busy, but we like that.

March 22, 1944

"Mailed a copy of a Stars + Stripes today which I know you will be interested in. It is about the citation the group has received, that we are so proud of. I will write more about it later, however, you may be interested to know that on the original citation your son's name appeared, you see I was flying in the lead ship of the outfit that day. The citation mentions that though our bombing equipment was damaged, wing partially shot away and the pilot's windshield smashed all by enemy action, we led our formation over the target and bombed with great accuracy. We sure are proud of this and it makes all the days + weeks of grueling training we forced through and so much of our effort worth while, to be recognized for a job well done, even though you know at the time it was a good job, makes it even better."

March 30, 1944

"Hop and I wrote a poem last night:

When the night is about half over and you're peacefully dreaming in your sack.
The C. O. shakes and wakes you; and says, "Briefing in an hour sir,"
You wonder what the day ahead holds for you and how the trip will run,
because in a damn short time your going out to meet the Hun!

It's then as sure as anything, you'll start to thinking back.
Of warmth and convenience and the things you left behind,
and the smell of eggs and bacon and the old daily grind.

Cabin in the Sky source: 390th Bomb Group

It wasn't half as hard to rise and shine to the alarm clock's blaring bawl,
especially when you could drowse again until you heard wife's cheery call.
Of course it's no use wishing because that won't change the scheme,
but who can blame a pilot for wanting just to dream.

Though there lots of gripes and bitchin' and complaints great and small,
There is not a worthy soldier though who would change his present stall.
Until Hitlers gone and the Jap too and when again were free.
Our dreams may all come true again, and at wife's reveille,

We'll then make up for all lost time and catch up on our kissin'
For fight'n men have come to know right well, ALL THAT THEY ARE MISSIN'

The end

Smells doesn't it, O.K. so I am not a better poet than a pilot."

August 18, 1944

"My thoughts are always turned toward home and yet it seems so far away. I know, however, if I were to walk in tomorrow it would be just like coming home from work.

Always be thankful though, and realize you're living in God's country, which is the only place in this entire world today where such life exists. Believe me, you can't possibly realize how the rest of the world exists, without trying to live with it. It I know is beyond your comprehension. Not a lecture, just a thought, and not a bitter one at that.

The past year has been a strange one. I feel that I am particularly lucky, because I am still here safe + sound. Truthfully I wouldn't exchange the life and experience I have gained, the sights good + bad, the world I have seen, this year if I were given a chance. Well enough of that."

September 13, 1944

"I very seldom have time to give the subject any thought or should I say I rarely let myself think about – – –how long I have been away + how much I would like to come home. Seriously as much as I would like to get home, I would certainly hate to leave the outfit and the boys and strange as it may seem the war. You see I have seen the aspect of it change from a losing to a winning battle. While it is by no means over and it still remains as terrible + cruel as ever. The feeling of at last seeing the fruits of your labors and sacrifice being repeated is a wonderful thing. Having taken part in the long fight I rather hesitate leaving it until it is successfully ended. I want to be part of this thing the day they throw in the towel or that we have so crushed them that they can no longer fight, that it almost obsesses me."

September 26, 1944

"I can remember so well last Sept., it seemed then that I had been away ages and it must be soon that I would be home. Another Sept. almost gone, and it still seems the same. The sharp pains of loneliness have blunted themselves against time. I have come to know England as well as the skyways of Europe with almost a common feeling like they belonged to me. Always burning however is the desire and want of home and those you love. Someday I am sure God willing I'll make it and then I'll be home. In the meantime, understand as I do there is a big job to be done. A job that at its best is very close to the unpleasantness of war, but a job which is so exciting and interesting that I can't help like it and would actually hate to leave it."

October 10, 1944

"An anniversary today for me, a strange one perhaps, it was a year ago today that I took part in one of the greatest aerial battles of the war at Munster when so many of the old gang were lost. The enclosed picture was taken by the press recently for an article, which was to appear in S + S today, but which I understand is coming out tomorrow, minus picture. Actually an anniversary story about that very mission.

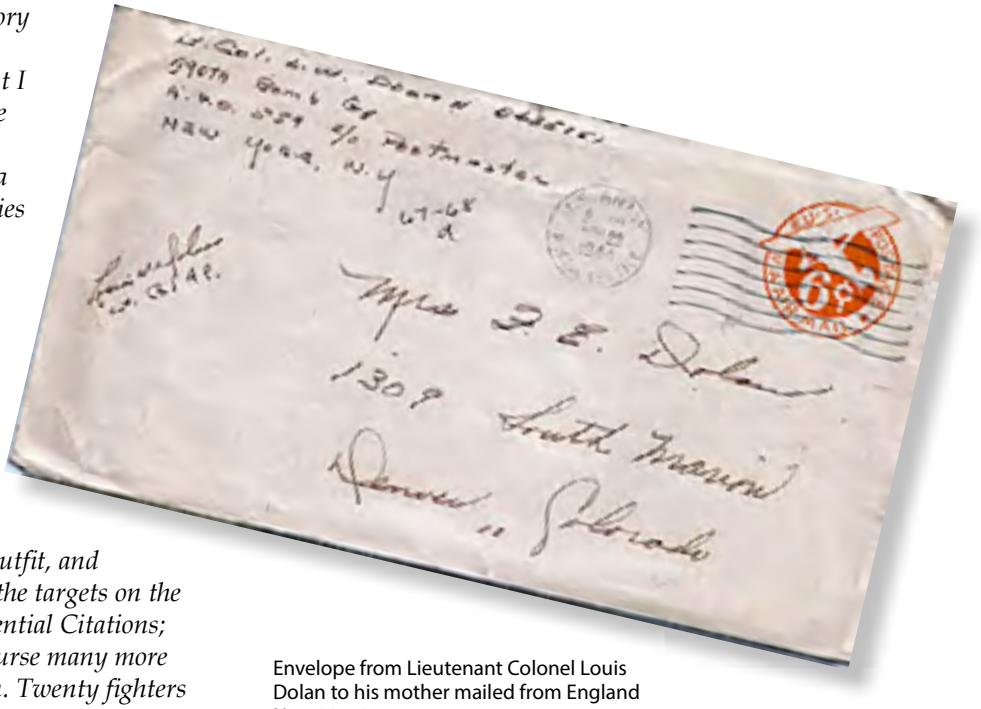
Since I have nothing better to write about I am going to write about the picture, not me or Zach or Forbes or Brown, but about the Cabin. You see it is an airplane which has a very soft spot in my heart. She no longer flies over Germany, but is a retired war weary, that certainly deserves a rest, actually the only plane of our old bunch still flying. The point of importance being she was our old squadron flag ship. We first flew her back at Gieger Field and it is that very airplane which I piloted on that long forgotten, but still memorable to me, trip across the Atlantic Ocean. The Cabin or 338 as you wish took me on my first mission over Europe. She led the outfit, and it was her bombs which first smashed into the targets on the two missions for which we received Presidential Citations; The Africa Shuttle, and Schweinfurt, of course many more times she led the group down the bomb run. Twenty fighters are credited to her guns, I have heard of no ship with more. Eleven you see on one day, that was a year ago today. Later of course she was retired to a wing and piled up a total of fifty-four trips. The Cabin often came home shot almost to pieces, and once with engines out and not able to maintain altitude, she came home separated from the formation alone, so low at one time that she hit a tree and brought back a good sized branch of a German birch in her cowling. Yes you see "Cabin in The Sky," we named her for the song because that night after flying the Atlantic it was the first thing we heard while trying to tune up the radio on approaching England, is quite an airplane. I feel that she is almost mine and that I own quite a bit of her, but probably owe her more than I own."

November 22, 1944

"Mom, I do enjoy your letters, you just seem to write like you were talking and sometimes I feel I am almost sitting there with you. The man who wanted you to wait on him because he wanted to know about that boy certainly tickled me. My gosh, that was almost two years ago the time I surprised you at the store. Also try to get some sleep even if it's in the daytime. I guess I spend about half of my days in bed or at least parts of half of them. Don't worry I am getting enough rest and every two or three weeks I take a day or two and get away from it all. You really have to after such a long time."

On his 32nd mission, Louis died fighting the Nazi regime in an explosive burst of flak over Merseberg, Germany on November 30, 1944.

John Rydell is the husband of Helen Rydell, active member of the SBCGS.



Envelope from Lieutenant Colonel Louis Dolan to his mother mailed from England Nov, 23, 1944.

Revealing Letters

By Lou Dartanner

Jim and his sister Bobbe

MY MOTHER "BOBBE" WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL when her mother became pregnant with her fifth child. How embarrassing it was to explain to your friends your mother was going to have a baby! Much shock and giggling in the locker room probably followed that revelation!

Jim was born four days after Bobbe's 17th birthday. Bobbe and her two sisters, Doris, 18, and Margaret, 13, quickly warmed to the little boy as they traded dolls for the real thing. However, the novelty wore thin when he became a toddler. Having to take him with you when you went out with friends was not amusing and Bobbe often found ways to avoid this "big sister" role.

Interestingly, not so many years later she and Jim became quite close. Perhaps it was when he visited our family when we lived in Goleta. In 1947 and 1948 he would spend summers with us. He was 14 or 15 at the time and I was six or seven, so he was like my big brother. Mother taught us to sew and knit and I remember Jim and me sitting on the sofa working on our knitting projects. If one of us dropped a stitch, the other would try to help until we both caught a bad case of giggles. Mother had a little retail store in Goleta and she would let him help her at the store, teaching him all about the retail business.

Recently I was searching through some boxes containing my mother's records, newspaper clippings, cards and letters, etc. I came across several folded yellow legal pad sheets. I carefully unfolded the first of the two letters. Jim's neat block printing was easy to read. Dated December 7, 1987, it was written a few months after he had had open-heart surgery.

"…In all of the reflections of my past, which occurs after major surgery, one important time in my life came to the forefront and I want to tell you what is was.

I suddenly realized what an important part you played in my life each time that I would come and visit you for a time in the summer of "47" – "49". It was like having a mom the right age, teaching me to knit, run an adding machine, make out sales slips, total daily receipts, cook, play with someone close to my age, to share with others, see and play at the ocean, enjoy a loving and kind father in Louie [Bobbe's husband].

These things may seem trivial to you but to me they have left a lasting impression and have certainly helped shape my life.

So, I just want to say thanks for your love and time. You're my favorite even if you did put sticker burrs in my hands in much earlier years and for that damned pregnant rabbit for Easter one year.

Love to you always

Jim"

The second letter, also on sheets of a yellow legal pad, was dated Thursday October 12, 1989. His printing is a little larger, more flowing. After an introduction:

"I was washing my hair tonite w/shampoo which had a strong coconut scent. Does this sound familiar. "Bobbe if you slam that door 1 more time and make my cake fall, I going to tell your Dad!" Then you got to lick the batter bowl and the icing bowl. But at dinner was this cake (homemade) with white icing and coconut spread all over the top. Isn't that silly to drag up memories like that from a shampoo!!!

Then came thoughts of "Mother May I," "Hopscotch," "Annie Over," "Hide & Seek," what our imagination led us to for passing of time with no toys. Wouldn't trade for all the toys in the world…"

These letters gave me insight into the relationship between Bobbe and Jim I hadn't known existed. As adults, my only contact with Jim was during family reunions and such and my impression was that he was a fun guy to be around and I was glad he was my uncle.

Bobbe developed congestive heart failure when she was in her 80s, but she told no one about it. About a year before her death, Jim invited her to go on an adventure. They drove up the coast of California, on to Oregon and Washington, then British Columbia to see the Butchart Gardens. On their way home, they visited Bryce Canyon in Utah.

These letters revealed their close relationship and I now believe Jim knew of her failing health and wanted to do this for her. When her condition worsened to the point of hospice, Jim came over from his home in Las Vegas and was with her when she passed.

He was my big brother who stayed with me and helped me through those difficult days that followed.

JOSEPH NEWMAN:
HUSBAND, FATHER, AND PATRIOT
A Genealogist's Quest

By Jean Pettitt

ON A HOT HUMID DAY IN MID-JULY I stood beside my son Bill at the gravestone of Joseph Newman, a man I deeply loved and admired, with tears streaming down my face. With a heavy heart I paid tribute to this remarkable man, a man I had never met but knew only through letters and diaries. Joseph was my husband's 2nd great-grandfather. He lived in another century, during a time of national and personal crisis, years before I was born. While we had never met I did feel a connection with this man through the many letters and diaries that were written during the Civil War between 1861 and 1863.

This day in the small graveyard in northwestern Ohio was the culmination of a three week journey that took Bill and me through Ohio, Kentucky, Mississippi, Georgia, and Tennessee traveling in Joseph's footsteps as described in over 100 letters and diaries. The route was easy to follow, as Joseph was quite precise and detailed in his descriptions of where he was, what he was doing, and where he was going. While it was interesting and informative to travel to towns, campsites, forage locations, and battlefields retracing Joseph's movements during the Civil War, the highlight of our experience was referring to Joseph's letters as he shared his innermost thoughts from a very human perspective.

The day before our visit to Joseph's grave, Bill and I arrived in Williams County, Ohio, where Joseph's journey, as described through his Civil War letters, began. In the small town of Bryan, not far from where Joseph grew up, married and started his own family, Bill and I went to the local genealogy society located in a small room in the Bryan Public Library to see what information they might have on the Newman Family. Not only did we find the typical public records but also a treasure trove of letters and articles that gave us additional insight into the family that raised Joseph and provided him with the moral compass and values that guided his life's decisions.

It was not surprising to learn that the Newmans were politically active and held strong beliefs in support of their "young country and its experiment in democracy." They supported the newly formed Republican Party and the abolition of slavery. Not only did they hold strong beliefs but also they felt it was important to act upon those beliefs. Through these newly discovered letters and documents we learned that the entire extended family was active in the Abolitionist Movement. In fact the highlight of our day at the library was learning about the excavation and archaeological dig of

Joseph Newman

the Newman homestead as a stop on the Underground Railroad. The findings from this Project have since been described in Heath Calvin Patten's book "*Follow the Drinking Gourd, Williams County and the Underground Railroad, Newman Cabin Archaeological Project.*"

One of the more interesting articles that we found was written by the Ward family in 1887 to be read at the Ward Family Reunion. It gives details about Joseph's mother's family, their journey from England to Ohio in the spring of 1819 (when his mother Jane was 12), and information on aunts, uncles and cousins. The following is a short excerpt:

"The family of Joseph Ward and Elizabeth Dickens Ward of Repton, Derbyshire, England, were passengers on the "Speedwell."

Mr. Ward, with the title of Esquire, had been manager of a large estate near Repton and on Sunday played the organ and led the choir in the village church. He had a tenor voice of rare quality which had gained him much attention outside his community so that when Hayden's Creation was first given in London in March, 1802, he was selected to sing the tenor part of Gabriel. Hayden's biographer records

that the success of Creation in England was as immediate as it proved permanent.

It was a matter of pride with him and his family that his voice had contributed to that success.

Both were cultured, intensely religious, and interested in good music. There has never been a descendent of that couple who had no music in his soul."

The article goes on to mention the Ward family's support of the Underground Railroad in Richland County, Ohio.

"They were enemies of slavery and became ardent Abolitionists. During the years of bitter agitation before the war each Ward family home was a station on the "underground railroad" by means of which fugitive slaves were helped to escape to Canada."

Joseph Newman, Civil War Soldier

When the Civil War broke out in April of 1861 there was no question that the Newman family was in support of President Lincoln and the Northern cause. Jacob (Jake), the eldest son, was a merchant in La Grange, Indiana, and would join his local regiment, the 44th Indiana. Andrew (Andy), the youngest son, was a law student at Ohio Wesleyan University but joined immediately after the attack on Ft. Sumter during the first call to arms. When the 38th Infantry of Ohio was formed with local boys from Williams County, Andy joined that regiment and was voted in as Captain. Joseph, the middle son, was running the family farm and sawmill near Bryan, Ohio, with a wife and three small boys to take care of, so deciding whether to join the army was an agonizing decision. After much soul searching he signed up for Andy's regiment, the local 38th Infantry of Ohio. In a letter to his older brother Jake dated July 9, 1861 Joseph explained his decision:

"You seem to think I ought not go to war from the fact that I have a family of children to provide for & to raise & educate. This is a solemn fact & one to which I have fully argued & comprehended & had it not been for this I would have went with Andy when he went. But now the matter stands. Thus I have always said that governmental organizations was indispensable to the welfare & development of the human family & I have said a thousand times that I was ready to serve my country in defense of its organization. Now I have joined a Co. that is subject to the acceptance of our country if necessity demands it. Now am I not bound by every moral principal that exists in me to go & will my children not honor me more than if I should stay & educate them & let my & their country go down. Now my strength is not going to do much but the argument is the same as if I done it all."

Joseph enlisted with the rank of Sergeant but would soon be promoted to 2nd Lieutenant. While he fought in many battles, for much of the war during the most brutal fighting he was in charge of supplies safely behind the front lines. For a year, between 1862 and 1863, he was on loan from his regiment to the staff of General George Thomas. This however did not shield him from the horrors of war and the worry for his family who were at home struggling to keep the farm and mill going and to pay the bills.

In letters to his wife and family Joseph describes the deaths of many of his childhood friends (Civil War regiments were made up of young men from the same communities who enlisted together), the horrors of the battlefield and the misery of citizens living in towns caught up in the fighting.

Several letters written by both Joseph and his brother Jacob describe the events in April of 1862 when Joseph's regiment, the 38th Ohio, arrived in Shiloh just as the battle was ending. Joseph and his brother Andy went in search of their older brother Jacob who commanded Company H of the Indiana 44th. They heard that Jacob had been mortally wounded while charging into battle carrying his regimental flag. They finally found him lying on the battlefield where he had been for over 24 hours, left to die because it was determined his wounds were so severe he would not survive the night. Joseph and Andy brought Jacob to the hospital tent and then went into town to hire a physician to administer to his wounds. After he was stabilized they hired a Negro to accompany Jacob on a hospital ship to Cincinnati where his father met him and took him home to recover. Jacob would outlive both brothers and die peacefully in 1909 but would always suffer physically from his wounds.

The two-day battle at Shiloh produced more than 23,000 casualties and was the bloodiest battle in American history up until its time. After Shiloh the exuberance for fighting for a cause, whether North or South, faded as the realization for how brutal war was set in.

Joseph describes the horror of the battlefield in a letter to his wife Tury just after the Battle of Chickamauga in 1863. At the time he was in charge of going to the battlefield and bringing the wounded to the hospital in Chattanooga and then retrieving the dead for burial.

"Many of our wounded who have been brought off the field are dieing on account of exposure and mal. or not treatment sustained while out there. Many of them lay on the field where they were wounded. When our train went after them that was the 8th day. A goodly number of these too had not had a bite to eat during the whole time. I never saw a glad set of men till I say these as they came in. They were hard sights too. Some had not been washed since before the Battle and had been rolling in the dirt ever since, however dirt don't make the picture. Men coming out of Battle are as black as Negroes on account of burned powder that is settled and blown into their faces and rubbed off their hands. This had not yet been washed of many of them and if it had not been for their eyes I could hardly have told them from black chunks. The Rebs had taken every blanket from them and many had torn strips off of their shirts to bind their wounds. Others had found pieces of horse blankets for bandage. Some pieces of tents, in fact every conceivable material that is strewn on a field was represented by these wounded as bandages."

After the Northern Army's defeat at the Battle of Chickamauga, during the fall of 1863, the army retreated to Chattanooga where the Rebels held them under siege for several months. It was during the siege that Joseph wrote several letters to his sons Charlie (age six), Frankie (age four) and Eugene (age two). A fourth son, named Joseph after his father, was born shortly before these letters were written and nine months after Joseph's only leave.

The grave of Joseph Newman in Shiffler Cemetery near Bryan, Ohio.
The inscription reads "Joseph Newman was wounded at Mission Ridge Nov. 25, 1863 and died Dec. 12, 1863 Aged 28 Y 10 M and 4 D"

"Dear Little Charlie, Frankie, and Eugene,

When you Pa don't write you, you must not think it is because he does not think of you. It is because he has not the time to spare. I received your letters with Ma's the other day, was pleased to see you had improved in writing, think if you are improving as much in spelling you can soon read. Ma says she has signed you a scholarship to Mrs. Snediker School. Your Pa was glad to hear that. He thinks if you go to school to Her 13 weeks you will learn lots, maybe to read. You must both be good Boys when you go to school and mind what your mistress tells you, and what Ma and Lydia [Tury's mother] tells you too, then your Pa will love you and when He comes home we will have a good time reading, writing & C, and when we get tired of that will take your double barreled shot gun out and kill squirrels. You mind when I was at home how your Uncle Jake, Jake Kelly and me went out and shot squirrels. It would make you laugh to see soldiers catch rabbits. See we are sent to shoot only when we see a Rebel so you see we can't shoot the rabbits so we take it another way, about a thousand soldiers will take the iron ram rods out of their guns and surround a bushy field where there is lots of them, then about a dozen of them will go inside of the ring and scare them out and as they go to run the ring the soldiers kill them with their iron ramrods. This makes lots of fun sometimes.

Good Bye my little men for this time.

Your affectionate Pa Joseph Newman"

Following is a partial letter with the first page(s) missing, probably written in Chattanooga during the siege to Joseph's son Charlie

"The men who used to live here are all gone to War or have run off to get rid of the rebel conscript. Except a few very old men there is not men enough in a neighborhood here to bury the dead respectfully. The other day I saw a funeral of a little boy about Charlie's size, and how do you think it was conducted? Why they got an old black man to dig the grave and make the coffin (it was two miles to graveyard) then they put the little fellow into the coffin and carried it out to the road and the little fellows old Grandpa got on a horse and his ma and aunt handed the corpse up to him, then the ma and aunt got on another horse and the three started off to bury the little fellow. (Oh how his ma cried) when they got there. The old black man and grandpa buried the little fellow. Now don't that look hard. The reason there was no more there was because his Pa and Uncle and all the rest of the neighbors was in the rebel army. Now Ma if Charlie and Frankie don't understand all this you must explain it to them.

Your devoted Pa, Jos Newman"

The above letter was the last letter Joseph wrote. On November 25, 1863 Joseph charged up Missionary Ridge during the battle of Chattanooga and was wounded in the knee shortly before he reached the crest of the ridge. He was taken to a hospital where he was to be operated on to remove the ball. The wound didn't seem serious at first as was reflected in the letter written by Joseph's brother Andy to his wife Tury.

"Camp 38th Ohio Vols, Chattanooga Tenn
Dec. 6th 1863

Dear Tury,

Joe is better today. He is resting more easily. His wound is doing very well. His suffering is beginning to reduce him some in flesh but that is no detriment to his welfare. The ball is not yet extracted but the surgeon thinks another day or two will reveal its exact locality then it can be taken out without lacerating the flesh but very little. The wound is running finely which is the best of encouragement. I think he will have a stiff knee joint though it is hard to tell. I hope I am wrong. Two of our Company boys are with him day and night. The boys take turns at it and are very glad to lend him help. My own health is better but I am just able to be on foot. Will continue writing you regularly but you will have to pay the postage as I have no stamps and cannot get them.

A Newman"

Tragically Joseph never made it home to be with his wife, to help run the farm and the mill and to educate and guide his boys. Sadly he never got to hold his youngest son. The wound became infected and he died unexpectedly the afternoon of December 12, 1863.

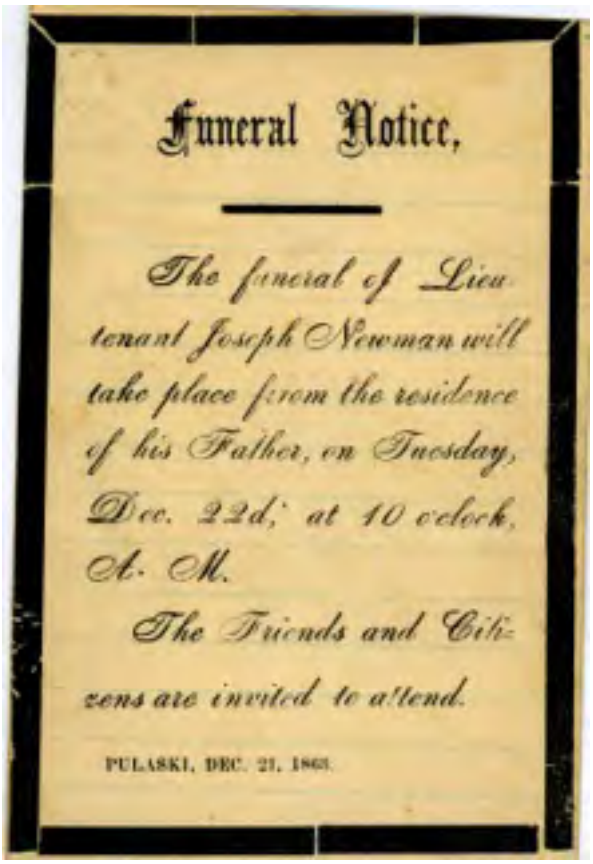
"Chattanooga Tenn, Dec. 12 1863

Dear Tury,

My heart is sick tonight. I have just returned from the hospital where I have witnessed the death of our Dear Joe. I little expected this when I wrote you this afternoon but mortification had taken place and I was not aware of it. None of us was. He died at five O'clock this evening. He died very calmly and was not aware that dissolution was nigh. I have had him dressed in his uniform and will endeavor to take his body home but do not know whether I can get permission or not. If not I will have him buried in the National Cemetery. I think I can get him home when I can give you all particulars.

Your much Grieved Brother

Andrew Newman"


Funeral Notice.

The funeral of Lieutenant Joseph Newman will take place from the residence of his Father, on Tuesday, Dec. 22d, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Friends and Citizens are invited to attend.

PULASKI, DEC. 21, 1863.

Epilogue

After Joseph was wounded, his brother Jacob arranged for their father, Henry, to obtain a pass to cross into Kentucky, Tennessee and the city of Chattanooga to bring Joseph home where he could recover. Sadly, it was Joseph's body that Henry brought home. Joseph's funeral was held several days later on Dec. 22nd at the home of his parents and he was buried in the Pulaski Shiffler Cemetery near Bryan, Ohio, later that day, just as his regiment was returning home on-leave to celebrate Christmas.

Joseph's brother Andy soldiered on until the end of the war making him one of only a few soldiers to serve from the first call to arms to the disbandment of the army after General Lee's surrender at Appomattox. He would lead his troops at the Battle of Atlanta and would lose over half of his men, he would march with Sherman to the Sea and then up the coast to Washington DC where he was dismissed from service and returned home. He went back to college in the hopes of finishing his law degree but could never escape the horrors of war. Three years later he passed away. His obituary stated that he died from "exposure to a soldier's life."

Joseph's widow, Veturia, (Tury) never remarried and continued to run the farm and raise her four boys. In later years she retired to a small house in Bryan close to her children and grandchildren. She died in 1922 at the age of 89 surrounded by family and was buried next to her husband in the very cemetery that Bill and I visited on that hot humid summer day.

Our three-week trip ended that day at the cemetery but the memories remain. We are still shedding a tear, not only for Joseph but also for all his family who suffered as a result of that terrible war.

Jean Pettitt first became interested in genealogy after she rescued from the trash (not her mother's interest) the family history files that were compiled by her grandmother. She joined the SBCGS when she moved to Santa Barbara in the late 90s. Her primary interest is in the historical context of the times and places in which her people lived. Those places include the British Isles, New England, the Mid-Atlantic States and the Mid-West.

SPRING

By Jim Wilson

Gathering sacks of beans with our 1929 REO truck, November 1946. The truck driver is my mother, Ruth Wilson. On the ground, my father, Charlie, left; cousin Clark Rawson; uncle Charles Rawson. On the load, brother Art, left, with .22-caliber rifle used in our disputes with rattlesnakes, and to harvest the occasional cotton tail rabbit for the evening's pot; the author, wearing the white hat; three-year-old brother Lewis (nearly hidden); and cousin Carol Annette Rawson.

IN THE SPRING a country boy's thoughts turn to planting. My father, Charlie Wilson, was a farmer. He "dry farmed" beans (garbanzo and black-eyed beans) and grain in northern San Diego County, depending on rainfall for irrigation. Spring was always a race to get the seed in the ground as early as possible so the crop would mature and be harvested before the chance of early fall rain. However, the planting work could not start until the ground was dry enough to get the tractor on it. Our fields were a heavy, slow drying, adobe. After the heavy rainfall of 1951, the barley lost from the previous year's crop sprouted before the ground was dry enough to work. No planting, no problem! That crop of "volunteer" barley was the one of the best crops Dad had in his decades of farming.

The spring work began with chiseling to loosen the soil down eight to ten inches. This was followed with a disk to break the clods down. Planting followed disking, and in the case of grain, planting was followed with a harrow, which was dragged over the ground to incorporate the seed into the soil. Beans were planted with a "drill" which set the seeds two or three inches below the surface.

In the fall, grain would be thrashed, sacked in burlap bags, and hauled to the warehouse in Oceanside. It would then be cleaned of chaff, weed seeds, and loose, stray parts of Dad's thrashing machine. The warehouse stored and brokered the year's crop. Harvesting beans was more complicated. Where the thrasher would cut the grain stalks and feed them directly into the machine, the bean plants had to be cut loose from the ground and consolidated into piles large enough for the thrasher to pick them up. With rows a mile long, hand piling with a pitchfork was a VERY tedious, time-consuming job for the family, but it had to be done!

My Dad was as much mechanic as farmer. He and Will Kelly, the local blacksmith, designed, built, modified, and repaired machinery for the ranch. To speed up bean harvesting, they built a bean cutter that was pushed by the tractor, and a "piler," which was pulled. The cutter was modified from an existing unit, the piler, a wondrous invention, made up of conveyer belts, a gearbox from a washing machine, a galvanized pipe drive shaft, and wheels from some unknown source.

It took two to operate their invention, one to drive the tractor, and one to operate the bean piler. As the eldest

son I was the number two operator. A typical day of harvesting began at 1:00 AM with a bite of cold cereal and a cup of coffee. Then to the field, and by the dim light of a jury-rigged headlight, we cut beans until the fog burned off and the sun dried the foliage. When dry, the pods would break open losing the beans. We would stop, drop the cutter and piler, hook onto the thrasher, and thrash beans until late afternoon. Then park the thrashing machine, hook the tractor onto a trailer, and drive around the field picking up the sacks of beans. We always looked carefully, rolling the sacks over to insure there were no rattlesnakes curled up in the shade. Rattlesnakes were a constant presence, and we anticipated the snakes would not enjoy having their rest disturbed. Once the sacks were gathered and stacked in a pile, my younger brothers slept the night on them, warding off anyone who thought stealing was easier than farming. The trailer would be replaced with the bean cutter and piler, readied for the next morning. Then the cows were milked, dinner eaten, and we were off to bed until the 1:00 AM alarm and another day in the field.

In the late 1930s Dad bought a used thrashing machine. The purchase was consummated in Ramona, east of Escondido. On a Sunday, we chained the thrasher to the rear bumper of our 1935 Pontiac, towed it down the hill, through Escondido, and on to Carlsbad, taking up most of the width of the two-lane Highway 78. It was an "All-Crop 60" built by Allis-Chalmers. "All-Crop" was to suggest its wide range of thrashing applications, model "60" being the width of the grain swath it would cut. A 60-inch cut required some 65 circuits around our field, about 130 miles of thrashing. Over the years, Dad repaired and modified the machine to the point that it was as much his construction as it was Allis-Chalmers. He even replaced the engine for more horsepower. Perhaps that is the root of my lifelong involvement in hot rodding. One evening, when parked within easy distance from the road, a neighbor neatly chalked Charlie's Folly on the radiator.

At the end of harvest, Charlie would stop the tractor, jump off, and throw his well-used hat onto the draper belt and watch it disappear into the trashing machine with the last stalks of grain or pile of beans. A few pieces would come out in the sacks, but most would go through with the straw to compost for the future.

Thus, spring faded into summer, summer into fall, and fall into the hope for a rainy winter to nourish next year's crop.

Jim Wilson has been compiling his family history since 1991, and a SBCGS member since 2005. He is a Director-at-Large on the SBCGS Board and Chair of the Investment Committee.

The thrasher, "Charlies' Folly"

Growing Up In Goleta
The Good, the Bad and the Funny

By Lou Dartanner

MY PARENTS AND I MOVED TO GOLETA in early 1946. There being a housing shortage even then, we stayed temporarily on Tecolote Avenue at the Camel Court, a collection of little cottages with a gas station in front on Hollister Avenue. It had a lot of trees, probably eucalyptus, around the property and a big dog that would show up unexpectedly and jump on me.

I was glad when we moved to Hotel Ellwood, a 2-story structure on Magnolia Avenue. It was a fun house because we could make lots of noise running up and down the wooden stairs. The tenants probably didn't appreciate that, but since it was mostly during the day they were likely at work.

After a few years, my father went to work for the Bureau of Reclamation on the Lake Cachuma and Lake Casitas projects. We moved to our little house near the dead end of Nectarine Avenue. It was a one-bedroom and I slept on a sofa bed in the living room. We had an icebox and I had to check the drain pan every day and empty when needed. The milkman would deliver bottles of whole milk with cardboard stoppers. The butterfat would rise to the top and Mother would let me make butter from it. In summer the iceman would chip off some ice for us to suck on. The house had a laundry room/porch and Mother would wring out the wet clothes by turning the crank on the washer then hang them on the line to dry. Everything had to be ironed in those days and you mixed the starch solution with water and put it in a Coke bottle with a sprinkler top. The ironing board was built into the wall in the kitchen.

My dad built a large rock fire circle barbecue behind the house with a grill that he could raise and lower over the wood fire. My folks would invite neighbors and friends over for a potluck and they would bring their own meat and something to share. Mothers would wrap potatoes and corn in foil and place them in the hot ashes to bake. The kids were put to work turning the crank on the ice cream maker. After dinner, everyone would move chairs to the fire, toast marshmallows, tell stories of "back home" and sing Americana songs.

When the kids got so tired they couldn't stay awake, parents would put them in our house or the neighbor's. We would go to sleep in peaceful bliss listening to the soft murmur and occasional laughter of our parents enjoying a summer evening. We felt so safe and secure. My mother would occasionally call up a bunch of folks early in the morning and say, "Breakfast! Come as you are!" By the time they arrived in PJs, bathrobes, and slippers, pancakes and bacon would be ready on the backyard grill.

I was an only child and my mother a stay-at-home mom, so by the time I was old enough to start school, I could read and even write a little. I was so excited about school because now I could "learn 'rithmatic and play baseball." The kindergarten was in a little building to the rear of Goleta Union School. It wasn't long before I was one disappointed little girl. All we did in school was listen to stories, finger-paint, have naps, recess, and snacks of graham crackers and milk. I got bored and felt sorry for the kids in class and started teaching them how to read. The teacher was not amused. The principal called my parents and suggested it would probably be in the best interest of everyone if I waited until first grade to start school. I guess you could say I was likely the only kid in Goleta to be kicked out of kindergarten.

Three "innocent" little girls, Patty, Sandy and Lou, ready for an adventurous walk to Goleta Union School, never realizing there were "spies" watching for them.

Two girls about my age lived next door, so the three of us would walk to school, up Nectarine to Hollister then three or four blocks to the school, where a crossing guard helped us cross the street. About half way to Hollister, at the intersection of Mandarin, was a dirt service road that ran behind the businesses on Hollister and came out near the school, probably at the lumber yard. There were large tanks of some kind and other hazards, including an open well. We were forbidden to take this "shortcut" to school. The first few times we did take it, we didn't get caught and nothing happened. But it

wasn't long until we were met by mothers with sour faces and threatening yardsticks.

"You took the shortcut!" Not a question; a statement. "Well, how do YOU know?" was the unwise response. "My spies told me!" My friends' mother gave them the same "spy" story. Well, you can be sure we looked behind every bush and in every tree on the way to school for days to see where the spies were but never did see any. Years later, Mom told me the proprietors of stores along Hollister would watch out for the kids and check on any they didn't see that day.

I enjoyed school and did fairly well. When we started cursive writing, we had inkwells on our desks and used pens to do loops and esses to get the feel of the flow of the letters before writing them. We'd come home with our fingers black with India ink and black spots on our clothes. I never mastered good penmanship but managed to drag my grade to Satisfactory.

We got report cards four times a year and a parent had to sign it and send it back to school. It was quite extensive. Grades were given for seven categories in Social Habits, four in Work Habits, two in Health Habits (neat and clean), and Attendance. Skills grades included Social Studies, Reading, Language Arts, Arithmetic, Music, Arts and Crafts, and Physical Education. We had our fingernails inspected weekly and in the fall the kids who helped pick walnuts were excused from Health Habits because their hands were stained with juice from peeling walnuts.

I enjoyed the special projects, like building a mock-up of the mission and putting on puppet and marionette plays. Field trips to the dairy and bread factory were eagerly anticipated. We had a little orchestra and I tried the trombone first, but my arms weren't long enough to extend the slide. Percussion turned out to be my forte; my friend and I took turns on the bass and snare drums.

Sometimes if we didn't feel well we could go to the nurse's office. She'd put us in a room with a thermometer in our mouths. If we weren't quite feverish enough to be sent home, we'd take the thermometer and hold it near the radiator. But we'd have to watch it or it would get up to 110 degrees and we'd have to shake it down.

I would sometimes have lunch in the cafeteria. If you didn't want something on your tray, like an apple or slice of bread, you'd give it to the next kid, who would do likewise. The food would make its way down the table until someone wanted it. When it rained we were all herded into the auditorium at lunch and shown movies (the same ones over and over).

Of course, everyone liked recess. There was a big bell inside the school with a rope to pull to ring in the students at the end of recess. We'd gather around the playground teacher to get permission to ring the bell. It was fun to hang on to the rope and let it lift us up. Sometimes we'd find a red anthill and use a stick to poke the hole and stir them up. During the winter, the farmers would use smudge pots at night, burning fuel oil to keep citrus trees safe from freezing temperatures. In the morning, a dark haze would hover over the valley and we would come home with strings of black smudge on our clothes.

I was an avid reader and we had a little library in the school. We could also check out books at the Goleta Library. In the summer, the library would have "contests" to encourage reading. We would have to write a little book report, which a parent would sign, to make sure we actually read the story.

Like most small communities, Goleta had a number of service clubs involved in making the community run smoothly. During the 1940s and 50s, the "government" wasn't very involved in these activities. These clubs and the churches were instrumental in taking care of residents and making the community a fun place to

Roy Smallwood directing an orchestra rehearsal at Goleta Union School.

live. Dad was a charter member of the Goleta Chamber of Commerce and Goleta Presbyterian Church. He was also active in the Goleta Lions Club and he originated and provided the trophy for the Golden Deed Award, still given today as the Man and Woman of the Year. He also helped with the Goleta Boys' Club.

Mother was active in the PTA, Community Chest, Volunteer Bureau, Lions Auxiliary, and church. She was especially active in the Goleta Women's Service Club, which sponsored a number of wonderful events. Their flower show filled the school auditorium with plants, cut flowers, and arrangements. They had dozens of categories to enter, including some for kids. Mother and I usually had something to display. The Service Club also sponsored a float in the Goleta Valley Days parade.

We girls were also involved in a number of organizations. The Brownies was the entry level for the Girl Scouts and it was a lot of fun. We got to take some great field trips, such as to the Natural History Museum. My favorite exhibit was the rattlesnake. When you pushed a button, it would shake its rattles. We also learned about camping and nature and there was a summer day camp.

Lou at about age six? Now does she look like she could have possibly gotten into so much mischief?
(Si Gilbert Photo)

The 4-H program was very popular in the valley because there was a lot of ranching and farming activities. I wished I could have raised a rabbit or lamb for the 4-H, but I had to stick to the home economics section. My mother had taught me to sew by the time I was six years old, so I enjoyed that and similar activities in the program.

There was always the YMCA for summer camp, where we would spend the day doing projects like weaving hot pads and key fobs and learning new skills like pool. We also had a summer sports program. I'd always loved baseball and there was a girls league for us to play in, probably run by the City of Santa Barbara, because we played at Pershing Park. We were a tough team to beat!

In 1949, Mother opened the Jack & Jill Shop, a children's apparel store, on Hollister Avenue. It was between the Rexall Drug Store on the corner of Magnolia and Hollister and the Goleta Barber Shop. In 1951, the store was remodeled and reopened as Dartanner's Wendel Store, adding women's apparel. Being a seamstress, Mother made many items for her shop. There was a little room separated from the store with a curtain where she kept extra merchandise and props. She had her sewing machine there and a little table and chairs. When I came home from school she would usually have a snack ready and we would discuss school and homework.

Christmas was Mother's favorite holiday and she went all out decorating our house inside and out, as well as her store. She had a little writing desk she would cover with brick-patterned paper to make a fireplace. The Christmas tree had to be "just right" and she would decorate it with great care until it was beautiful. Mother had made virtually all of my clothes since birth and one year for Christmas, all I wanted was something "store bought." I got a nice pair of shorts with a label in the back. I knew she had made them and sewn the label on, but I acted surprised and happy.

On the corner of Hollister and Orange Avenue was the Bank of America where I had a small savings account. Mother decided I was old enough to have my own checking account, so the Bank set me up with an account (requiring two signatures, of course). I felt very grown up when some of the business owners allowed me to write twenty-five cent checks.

The drug store had a lunch counter and sometimes after school the kids would be allowed to buy a chocolate Coke or cherry fizz. On special occasions we could buy lunch there, which was a can of beef stew or chicken and noodles, heated and served with saltine crackers. The store had a really good collection of comic books and would allow us to "gently" read them, buying those we wanted to keep.

To the east of our block was Benny's Liquor Store on the corner of Hollister and Magnolia. It was pretty exciting to watch the construction of the building. It was finished with stucco – as tempting as wet cement – and we couldn't resist the enticement to note our approval in the fresh stucco. As usual, those darn spies had snitched on us and our parents knew about our misdeeds before we got home. I was furious because my friends wrote their own names while I wrote someone else's. We had to go back to the building, apologize to the contractor, write letters to the owner, and endure further punishment to our backsides. We obviously didn't learn our "spy" lesson from earlier very well.

Next to the liquor store was Si Gilbert's Photo Service. He did great work with children's portraits. Next door was Bill Tomlin's men's store. Since my father needed nice clothing for work at the Bureau of Recla-

mation, Mother would alter Mr. Tomlin's customers' suits in exchange for a discount on my father's shirts, trousers, and hats. Also in that block was the newspaper office. The *Santa Barbara News-Press* had a satellite office there as did the *Goleta Valley Times*. Steve Sullivan was the local editor and he let me hang around there a lot and actually printed quite a few of my articles and photos in the paper.

Summer baseball team

Crisman's Grocery Store was next and then the Goleta Bakery, operated by a German couple. The aroma of baking bread permeated the area and their hot cross buns were special. Next to that was the Goleta Post Office. "Butch" was our mail carrier and of course he knew everyone in town, so we would sometimes receive mail addressed to my parents "Bobbie and Louie, Goleta, California."

The sidewalks were quite a bit higher than the street, so when it rained hard, water in the gutters got quite deep and went into the traffic lane. Workers would put boards from the curb to past the water flow so pedestrians could cross the street without getting their pants legs soaking wet. Speaking of sidewalks, they were figuratively "rolled up" on Sundays, as stores were closed and shopkeepers spent the day with their families and friends.

In 1952 a huge flood caused many residents on South Fairview to be evacuated, some by boat, to the school. Our parents were quick to respond to help at the shelter. Chicken pox was going around and I had a fever but no spots. The neighbor girls had full-blown pox and her mother was staying home with them. The doctor told Mother to go ahead and let me stay with the girls. He said if I didn't have the chicken pox I would get them and if I did, I couldn't get any worse. I ended up with one spot and my folks were able to help with evacuation and sheltering.

At 5AM July 21, 1952, we had a rude awakening when the San Andreas Fault caused a magnitude 7.3 earthquake in Tehachapi and it was very strong in Goleta. It was quite scary with the house shaking and a lot of breaking glass as things flew out of cabinets and a five-gallon bottle of water fell over. I was sleeping under a picture window in the living room and my parents were frantic to get to me. My dad had been a fireman before coming to California and always kept his pants and shoes near the bed. Every time Dad tried to get out of bed, he was tossed back on it, all the while yelling, "Where're my pants?! Where're my pants?!" The window didn't break, but the house was a mess. Later that morning we went downtown and it was really eerie; the only sound was that of burglar alarms ringing. The dress shop had some manikins overturned and other slight damage but the liquor store and drug store had merchandise all over the floors!

On Saturdays, Dad would drive into Santa Barbara to Mission Linen and pick up deliveries to take to the local ranches like Bishop and Dos Pueblos. He would often let me go with him and it was fun to take such a long ride with Dad. Occasionally on the way back he would turn into the airport (across from the runways) and let me shift gears on the car and sometimes steer it. After we got back to the store, I was allowed to listen to the car's radio for an hour. My favorites were the Lone Ranger and Sergeant Preston.

Just about every house had a 55-gallon drum with a small opening in the bottom to burn trash. Occasionally, it would be necessary to take a load to the dump on a Saturday. The wives dreaded the day. Not only did the husbands take things to the dump, they would prowl around for hours looking for something they might use – some day – and bring it home. Kids enjoyed going up and down the mounds of trash, too.

I had an Irish Terrier named Mike, short for Michael O'Toole. I always wanted a pony and instead of dolls I had toy horses and all the accessories and I even made blankets, bridles, etc., for them. Mike thought he was a horse. I'd hook him up to my wagon and he knew "giddy-up" and "whoa." In addition to Mike, I brought home a grey kitten named Smokey from Bakersfield, where I was visiting my grandparents. That cat used his first nine lives in a year, but lived to a very old age.

We had a neighbor with a small boy she would place in a playpen between the two houses and outside her kitchen window. If the baby started to cry, that cat was right there to check on him. They also had a little Boston bulldog. The dog would chase the cat around and around the house, then the cat would chase the dog. Very funny pair!

I also had a parakeet named Tweetie. When I was sick, the dog, cat, and bird would all keep me company in the bed and they got along amazingly well. When the bird died, we put him in a matchbox and had a little funeral and buried him in the back yard. Every day I would dig him up and open the box to see if he had gone to Heaven. After a few days my parents interceded and the next time I looked, Tweety had finally reached the Parakeet Pearly Gates.

During the summer we'd often go to Goleta Beach to have lunch and play in the sand and water with Mike. Of course, foot inspections for tar were made before we got in the car and any spots were washed away with gasoline from the car's gas tank.

Sunday afternoons after church and lunch, we might pile in the car for our Sunday Drive. We'd go all the way out to the Ellwood gas station or drive along Hollister Avenue past lemon and walnut orchards, lima bean fields, truck farms of tomatoes and pumpkins, etc. One day I guess I'd been rather naughty that week because my parents threatened to take me to Juvenile Hall. I didn't believe them until they reached the driveway and asked me if I'd "straighten up." We came to a truce rather quickly!

Summers were worrisome for parents and a nuisance for kids because everyone was afraid of polio. We would have be in bed early and every sign of illness was acted upon immediately. But summers were also great fun, playing outside until we got hungry or called

Mike, Lou's Irish Terrier, hitched up to the wagon.

Lou dressed in cowboy boots and outfit on Christmas morning. Her parakeet Tweetie is perched on the new BB gun.

by mothers. Each mother in the block had her own way to call her kids. Some used a police whistle, a dinner bell, or fingers-in-the-mouth whistles.

Many birthday parties were at Tucker's Grove park. Mom always made contingency plans because it seemed like every kid in the park would gravitate over for cake and ice cream. We'd be sharing the fun with kids we didn't even know and certainly hadn't invited. I also had birthdays at home and we'd sprawl out on the lawn and eat our ice cream and cake.

If we wanted to go to the movies, we had to take the bus in to Santa Barbara, which was quite a treat. Later, the drive-in theater opened and it was wonderful to be able to sit in the comfort of the car with the speaker hung from the car window.

Sometimes we'd get to go to work with fathers. One time my friend's father was cleaning out a creek with a bulldozer and we got to ride along. We went up and down the banks at scary angles, creating much noise and clouds of dirt. That was so much fun! We came home so dirty our parents used the outside hose to wash the top layer of dust off of us. My dad worked for the Bureau of Reclamation as a blueprint operator. His office was at the airport and his job wasn't near as exciting as the 'dozer operator's. His workroom smelled like ammonia and there were maps everywhere.

The first television set in the neighborhood had everyone excited. We would sit close to it and look at the snowy little round picture. We were severely restricted on when we could watch and had to be invited to come over.

It was very special when we were taken to John and Shirley's Pony Rides near the beach in Santa Barbara. I wore my cowboy hat and holster and sometimes in addition to the ponies, we would ride in the little cart.

It's amazing that the Goleta Union School lives on as the Goleta Community Center. When I walk into the auditorium, it's as if time has stood still. I'll swear those are the same dark draperies that were there when I was a kid! The cafeteria looks familiar, too.

Looking at kids today walking along texting each other on their cell phones, I'm really glad I grew up in Goleta in the Good Old Days!

While searching through old records to learn more about her parents, SBCGS member Lou Dartanner found quite a few photos of her childhood. They brought back so many memories she decided to write a little story about growing up in Goleta for her genealogy book.

Goleta Union School – The Spirit of Goleta

By Tom Modugno

THIS DISTINGUISHED LOOKING BUILDING with its majestic Spanish architecture sits in the heart of Old Town Goleta. A front park with a gazebo, beautiful trees and a winding brick path give it the feel of a town square. Known today as the Goleta Community Center, every local knows this as the hub of Old Town Goleta. On closer inspection, you'll notice it was once called the Goleta Union School. It served as an elementary school for generations of Goleta children, from 1927 to 1976. The word Union explains that it was the result of a consolidation of the first three elementary schools in the Goleta Valley: the Goleta School, Cathedral Oaks School and La Patera School.

The first school in the valley was the Goleta School that was originally called the Rafaela School, named for the widow of Daniel Hill. It was located on the south side of Hollister Avenue, across from Chapel Street, where the Goleta Hospital is today. The land was donated by T. Wallace More and the little red schoolhouse was built by volunteers in 1869. It was only 16 X 20 feet in size, but it served eight grades! The students were nicknamed the "Clodhoppers." Frank Kellogg, a local dairyman, was the teacher there for 14 years.

AS THE POPULATION GREW, the need for a larger school become apparent, so in 1883 a new two-story building was constructed just around the corner on Patterson Avenue. The four lower grades were downstairs…

And the four upper grades were upstairs. The new school was cleverly nicknamed the "Two-Story School", but the students were still Clodhoppers. This school served the community well, until 1911, when it was condemned as a fire danger and had to be demolished.

It is fascinating to study these young faces. We've all fantasized about living in Goleta back in the good old days, but judging by their expressions, maybe things weren't so great.

Or maybe the photography process was long and painful?

TO REPLACE THE TWO-STORY SCHOOL, this beautiful new school was built at the same location. By petition, it was named the Goleta School and it served the community there until 1927.

The Two Story School and the Goleta School were both located at 177 South Patterson, which today is where an auto repair shop is located.

FARMER'S KIDS living in the foothills couldn't walk all the way to Rafaela/Goleta School every day, so they started holding classes in a barn on the Maria Ygnacia Ranch in 1874. Concerned parents and residents paid Captain R.P. Tucker $50 for an acre of land and in 1877, they built this one room country school.

The kids at Cathedral Oaks School were mostly children of ranchers and farmers. Around this time, a widely circulated photograph had given Goleta national attention for their gigantic pumpkins, so these farm kids were nicknamed the "Punkin-Rollers."

Amazingly, Cathedral Oaks School is still serving Goleta as a preschool to this day. It has been remodeled and added to, but the original building is still in there. A sign in front of the building, at the corner of Cathedral Oaks and San Marcos Road, designates its historic value.

Also in 1877, parents living on the west side of Goleta formed a third school district called La Patera. Originally classes were held in an old house just west of Fairview Avenue. In 1881, a new schoolhouse, shown here, was built further north, on the east side of Fairview Avenue. The school was located adjacent to the present day Goleta Library. La Patera School was moved again in 1895 to La Patera Lane, just north of today's railroad.

Due to its proximity to the slough and all the waterfowl, La Patera students were called the "Webfoots."

IN 1925, the community voted to consolidate these three Goleta Valley schools into one Goleta Union School District. Land was purchased from the Begg family on the south side of Hollister Avenue, just west of San Jose Creek. It had previously been the location two different saloons.

A building design by Santa Maria architect Louis N. Crawford was chosen and construction began at the end of 1926. A cornerstone ceremony was held on February 26, 1927, with much pomp and circumstance.

It was designed in the Mediterranean style and only superior materials were used. They spared no expense, using reinforced concrete, fireproof walls and roof, hard maple floors, and the overall construction was said to be "earthquake resistant." This was just after the 1925 earthquake, so it was heavy on their minds

Goleta Union School was ready for students by the Fall of 1927. The impressive new school had eight classrooms, a beautiful auditorium with a stage, offices, a kitchen, a locker room with showers and other modern conveniences.

GOLETA UNION SCHOOL CLASSES 3A AND 4B 1939
Top row Left to Right: x,Yvonne Smith, John Pomatto, x, Donald Wagner, x, Colleen Menting, Elma O'Neill, Helen Gonzales, x.
3rd row: x, x, Dolores Hammond, Patsy Ryan, Patricia Hoffard, Mrs. Steven,Teacher, Ruth Hughes, x, x, x.
2nd row: x, x, John Dryden, x, x, Renzo Corbelline, x, x,
Front Row: Wayne Adams, Whitney Newland, x, ?Marcus
Dorothy Oksner Photo

IN 1928, the former Goleta School building that was on Patterson Avenue was moved to the back lot of the new school and used as a kindergarten until 1957, when it was demolished.

The PTA was very active at the new Goleta Union School, helping to raise funds for important things like stage curtains and soup and sandwich lunches. The students were excited for all the new classes and activities like sewing, cooking, organized sports and performing on a big stage in an auditorium!

Most of the Goleta kids were thrilled to go to such a big, beautiful new school, and to have so many more friends to be around. Clodhoppers, Webfoots and Punkin Rollers were all united at last!

While the Goleta Union School was built primarily to educate the children of Goleta, it also served as Goleta's first library, a community dance hall, a theater, a refuge for flood victims, a USO facility during World War II and a public meeting place. After World War II, the population of Goleta boomed, and several more new schools were built.

THE 1970S brought a decline in enrollment and several Goleta schools were closed. In 1976, the Goleta Union School was closed due to the lack of students and the old building didn't meet modern earthquake standards. This was the class of '75, the last year schoolkids posed on these steps.

Rather than letting the beautiful structure to be torn down, local activists and two prominent government officials, Jack O'Connell and Bill Wallace, led a drive to save the historic building for use as a Community Center. In 1977, the county signed a 10-year lease with the School District to renovate the property and the Goleta Valley Community Center was born. But there was much work to be done. The citizens of Goleta stepped up to save the beloved old school. Volunteer work parties were held and a "Goleta Center Fund" was started, raising money through donations and charitable events. It was truly a community effort, rallying folks together to save a part of their history, and to create a place of value for future generations.

The Goleta Valley Community Center was dedicated in 1978, during the Goleta Valley Days event. Opened on a slim budget, it immediately began to meet local needs with a small, but dedicated staff

The 1980s brought budget cuts, and it looked like the Goleta Community Center would have to be sold. A commercial development company proposed tearing the old building down to make way for a profitable new shopping center, but once again the citizens of Goleta came to the rescue. At a well attended public meeting in 1983, the people made it clear that they felt the school building was a "landmark worth saving" and that the center was a "vital Goleta institution." In 1983, the County saved the day and purchased the property from the school district. They then leased the property to the Goleta Valley Community Center's board of directors. They continue their stewardship to this day, continually improving the facility and making the grounds a charming, park-like setting.

THE CENTER IS THE HOME TO the Goleta Valley Senior Center, the Community Action Commission's Head-start program, three daycare centers, food programs, Legal Aid, dance and karate studios, business seminars, training classes, churches, and much more. Several historic memorial plaques are on site, and annual events are held there, such as a Veteran's Day celebration, summer concerts and a Christmas tree lighting. It is now, more than ever, the focal point for media gatherings, political meetings and public announcements. In 2013, the City of Goleta purchased the property. Due to the building's age, safety issues have demanded City Hall's attention. They hope to work out a plan that will renovate the old school and keep it functioning as a community center and a town square for Goleta.

There may be no other building that represents the spirit of Goleta better than the Goleta Union School. Hopefully, it will be preserved as a historic landmark by the city of Goleta and kept open to serve the community well into the future.

Sources: Goleta Valley Historical Society, Walker A. Tompkins, Horace A. Sexton, Gary B. Coombs, *Santa Barbara Independent*, *Santa Barbara News Press*, Justin Ruhge, Rosa Avolio, Sandra Esqueda Viola, Dorothy Oksner and special thanks to Lisa Scoggins.

A Bell for Three Daughters

Bonnie Raskin

The bell, which was commissioned by Walter and Elizabeth Humphry in memory of their daughters, has called the faithful to worship for 117 years.

DESPITE THE CHILL and gray of a May morning in 2016 there was excitement and anticipation in the air on Eucalyptus Lane in Montecito. At All-Saints-by-the-Sea Episcopal Church a huge red crane sat in the fenced-off parking lot, its long boom and hook poised skyward, ready to pounce. At a safe distance, clusters of children from the parish school, wearing miniature yellow hard hats, chattered away. A group of adults gathered outside the fenced area. Despite gray skies,

All Saints by the Sea in Montecito, CA

this was a special day. It was the day the bell in the stone tower would come down for repair and refurbishment as part of the Church's major renovation and seismic update. The belfry would be dismantled, each stone carefully numbered, taken off site, and cut to fit around a new core to make a more secure and seismically safe structure.

"All Saints," as it is affectionately known, was established in 1890s. The Miramar Hotel was a major draw for wealthy tourists, many of whom were Episcopalians. The closest place of worship for them was a 90-minute horse-and-buggy ride to Trinity Episcopal Church in downtown Santa Barbara, and another 90-minute ride back. The Diocese responded to requests for a service near the Miramar, and All Saints was born. It began as a mission, with the Reverend William J. O'Brien serving as Missionary-in-Charge from 1896 to1898. Reverend Melville M. Moore of Springfield, Missouri accepted the call to head the mission in 1898. A temporary chapel was built in the same year on land owned by the Doulton family adjacent to the Miramar Hotel. Reverend Moore regarded this arrangement as only temporary and almost immediately retained the services of Arthur B. Benton, a respected Los Angeles architect, to design a permanent structure. A chiseled cornerstone on the church building proclaims 1900 as the date the sanctuary was completed. On November 27 of that year, The *Santa Barbara Morning Press* headlined the dedication of the sanctuary and called the new home of All-Saints-by-the-Sea "one of the prettiest little edifices in Southern California…partly of stone and partly of the heaviest of timbers…The entrance is crowned by a heavy stone belfry of artistic pattern…"

Before entering the ministry, Reverend Moore had worked as a clerk and bookkeeper, and he kept meticulous records. Among his archives were bids and invoices for the entire church construction, along with a detailed summary on a single sheet of paper: construction time was 10 months and cost $2,881.65; George Ferguson was paid $358.50 for the stonework; cement from Santa Barbara Cement and Lime came to $75.01; hauling of stone and sand cost $117.00, and lamp black for the cement amounted to $.30.

A bell for the church was commissioned by Montecito residents Walter Humphry and his wife, Elizabeth Ann (Ellery) Humphry. Placed in position, it rang for the first time on the day the church was consecrated. The inscription read:

"This bell was presented to the
church of All-Saints-by-the-Sea
Montecito Valley, California
on the day of its consecration
by Mr. Walter Humphry and his wife

to the glory of God
and in loving memory of their three children
Ann Alida aged 16
Mary Ellery aged 21
Charlotte Elizabeth Maud aged 20

The bell had not been taken down since its original placement in the belfry, and its sad inscription gave rise to more than a few questions for parishioners. Who were the Humphrys? Where did they come from? Why did their daughters die so young? A bit of genealogical research revealed some answers to this little mystery.

Walter Humphry was born in Cornwall, England in 1822. Named after his father, he was the first born of the seven children of farmer Walter and Ann (Truscott) Humphry. By 1850, the entire Humphry family had emigrated to the United States and were living in Caledonia, Racine County, Wisconsin. Walter, Jr. followed in his father's footsteps as a farmer. He married Elizabeth Ann Ellery in 1866 in Fayette County, Iowa. She was born in 1835, and was 13 years her husband's junior. Elizabeth was the daughter of Onondaga County, New York farmer Henry Ellery and his wife, Ann.

In 1870, Walter Humphry, Jr. and his young family were living in Illyria Township, Fayette County, Iowa, where he owned land valued at $10,000.00, with personal assets amounting to nearly $2,500.00. Three daughters were born to Walter and Elizabeth Ann Humphry: Mary Ellery, born 21 August 1867, Ann Alida, born 11 October 1869, and Maud, born 3 July 1873. In 1880, the Humphrys were still living in Illyria, but by 1900, Walter and Elizabeth Ann were living in Montecito, with no mention of their daughters on the US Federal Census of that year.

All three Humphrey daughters died young: Ann Alida was the first, dying in 1886 at the age of 16. Mary was next, passing at the age of 21 in 1888. Maud, the youngest, died in 1894 at 20. Their burial permits indicate all three girls died of "consumption" (tuberculosis), suggesting that the family may have moved to Santa Barbara from the Midwest for health reasons. Mrs. Humphry died in 1901 of "pleurisy" (perhaps related to tuberculosis?); Walter Humphry died in 1903 at the age of 81. All five are buried at the Santa Barbara Cemetery, where they share a single monument.

On October 23, 2016, the newly reconstructed and seismically-safe sandstone bell tower at All-Saints-by-the-Sea Episcopal Church, with its cleaned and refurbished bell, was rededicated by Reverend Aimée Eyer-Delevett. The bell rang out, now with a clear and beautiful tone, calling the faithful to worship once again.

Bonnie Raskin is a SBCGS member whose research journeys span the United States, England, Europe and South America. She would like to thank Reverend Aimée Eyer-Delevett, Susan Evans, Patsy Brock, and the parishioners of All-Saints-by-the-Sea Episcopal Church for their gracious assistance in the preparation of this article.

The Children's Blizzard of 1888

By Art Sylvester

THE MIDWEST UNITED STATES was still pretty much the "wild west" in the 1880s. People choosing to settle there soon discovered a very harsh and unforgiving region replete with horrific tornadoes, blinding dust storms, severe drought, sweltering heat, bone chilling cold, and fierce blizzards. Nothing, however, could really prepare these men and women for the brutality of the Children's Blizzard of January 11 and 12, 1888. Other midwest blizzards have been colder, covered more area, and lasted longer, but the tragedy of the Children's Blizzard of 1888 was that it claimed such a high proportion of school children.

The blizzard was so deadly because it arrived so abruptly and unexpectedly on a relatively warm day, when people ventured outside unprepared for what was about to hit them. Arctic air swept in from the north and mixed with saturated moist air roaring up from the south, creating almost immediate blizzard conditions. Eventually Iowa, Nebraska, the Dakota Territory and much of southern Minnesota, were blasted by the blizzard and blanketed with its snow.

This blizzard was a "whiteout" storm featuring sideways-blown, flash-frozen droplets that produced an onslaught of speeding ice needles moving at more than sixty miles per hour. Even without the accompanying whiteout conditions, many people were blinded because the microscopic bits of ice froze their eyes shut. Children lost their way home from school and died of hypothermia. Some of their bodies were not found for days or even months. Contemporary newspaper accounts estimate from 250 to 500 people died in the blizzard. A precise number may never be known, however, because it's believed that not all deaths or missing persons were ever reported.

Several SBCGS members have personal connections with this tragic event:

The ancestors of Rosa Avolio's son-in law, the Heins family, experienced a very personal tragedy the day of the blizzard. Lennox and Canton, South Dakota are towns south of Sioux Falls. The following was reported on page 1 in *The Daily Plainsman* on Jan 18, 1888:

"Canton, Jan 17. – Special to the Sioux City Journal: The death of Edwin Kylling, a farm boy of 17 year, is just reported from twelve miles south of Canton. He was after hay and could not reach home. It was reported that thirty-one school children are missing in Turner County. Three children of Mr. Heins, northwest of Lennox, perished while going home from school. The lady teacher argued and pleaded with the scholars not to leave the schoolroom, and finally locked the doors, but they were too many for her and had their own way. One scholar aged 17 was among the lost. Heins is nearly crazy and wanted to kill the school mistress, but the explanation of the balance of the scholars exonerated the lady. This makes seven children lost in the vicinity of Lennox."

Sharon Summer's grandmother Edith Hillman in 1913. Edith survived the blizzard of 1888 in Faulk County, Dakota Territory.

The three Hein children lost in the blizzard were Peter, age 14, Nicholas, age 12 and John age 10. Their sister Rosalie was a baby at home the day of the blizzard and thus survived. She married Ray Allen Parks in South Dakota and later moved to Nebraska and eventually to California.

Sharon Summer's great grandfather, Henry I. Hillman, is mentioned in the book, "*History of Faulk County, South Dakota*" by Caleb Holt Ellis, published 1973, Google Books, (Chapter VII, page 52, titled "*The Blizzard of January 12, 1888.*"):

> *(Students) "Herman and Edwin Giese, aged respectively 12 and 9 years, of 117-70, were at school with (teacher) Miss Lamar, and against their wishes, accompanied her and little Carrie Auman from the school house into the storm. The boys report that when Miss Lamar gave out they all lay down and remained until Friday. The snow had drifted over them and gave some protection. Though badly frozen, the boys were able to walk a half mile to Henry Hillman's and said they could not wake the teacher and Carrie — they were dead."*

When the storm struck, Sharon's then two year-old grandmother and her one year-old brother were living in Faulk County, Dakota Territory, in one of the hardest-hit areas. Their father, Henry I. Hillman, had secured a land grant there in 1885. Married for merely one year, he and his wife Carrie settled on their farm and soon had two children. One was Sharon's grandmother, Edith M. Hillman, born November 3, 1886 and the next year came her brother, Archie M. Hillman, born December 4, 1887. The day of the Schoolhouse Blizzard the family must have stayed inside during the sixteen hour blizzard, thus surviving with their tiny children, Edith and Archie.

Hardy souls, those early settlers! It is understandable that Henry Hillman is found on the July 17, 1890 Voter Registration list in Hueneme, Ventura County in sunny southern California!

Art Sylvester is a long-time member of SBCGS. He has served our society in many capacities, most notably as Past President, and is currently a Director-at-Large. Art would like to thank Rosa Avolio and Sharon Knickrehm Summer for their contributions to this article.

Surname Index

21 New Generations

By Nancy Loe

Ringebu Stavkirke (Stave Church) in Oppland, Norway

THIS IS THE RINGEBU STAVKIRKE in Oppland, Norway, where my 7th great-grandmother, Synnøve Eriksdatter Lunde, was buried on 9 May 1733. At least 108 of my ancestors (and more to find) were baptized, married, or buried from this church.

I know this, because I went there this summer, fulfilling a dream of mine for ancestry travel. I didn't expect to come home with 21 new generations, stretching back to 1220 when this Ringebu church was finished. But thanks to the research help of SBCGS member Jim Friestad and local genealogists in Ringebu, that's exactly what happened.

My great-grandfather, Hans Christensen, was born on 1 Aug 1854 on the family farm Loesmoen (Loe's heath or meadow), Eiker district, Buskerud fylke or county, Norway.

And his future wife, my great-grandmother, Ahne Andersdatter, was born on 10 Feb 1856 on the family farm Flatmoen (flat heath or meadow), Ringebu municipality, Gudbrandsdalen district, Oppland fylke or county, Norway.

For several years, I researched and learned about Norwegian records and naming patterns (thanks, Jim and the Norwegian Rootsweb List!). I discovered that my Norwegian paternal great-grandparents used habitational names, based on family farm names, combined with the traditional patronymics, based on father's first names.

Since my husband and I had never been to Nordic countries, we decided to make Norway our first reverse journey to the Old World. We began our trip with Grand Circle Travel and visited Russia and Finland, where we saw a lot of reindeer, photographed reindeer, petted reindeer, and ate a lot of reindeer. We then sailed on Hurtigruten (Fast Route) – a cruise, ferry, and cargo line plying the coast of Norway since 1893.

Leaving the tour, we went about three hours north of Oslo past Lillehammer's Olympic ski-jumps to Ringebu (rhymes with PEEK-a-booo), the birthplace of my paternal great-grandmother. Still a small village in the heart of the unbelievably beautiful Gudbrandsdalen valley, Ringebu boasts a lovely B&B in the heart of the village, where we stayed.

When our B&B host learned I was there to find my great-grandmother's farm, she immediately called her friend and local genealogist Knut Kvernflaten, who rearranged his schedule and appeared about 15 minutes later. He compared his research to mine and emailed me a list of Norwegian websites.

Then he showed me the second volume of the Ringebu bygdebok (farm book), *Ringebu – Home and People. Vol. 2 – Kjønnås*, compiled and published in 2005. He found my great-grandmother and her ancestors immediately. Then he showed me *Utvandringa til Amerika frå Ringebu*, a volume documenting Ringebu inhabitants who emigrated to America. Later, I was delighted to find and buy both books at the local bookstore, two doors down from our B&B.

Knut then went to his truck, saying, "Follow me!" and took off at a brisk pace up the steep hillsides of the valley and we bounced along behind in our rental car. He found my great-grandmother's farm, Flatmoen, and even called ahead to his friend who lives there. Mr. Forkalsrud (yes, we turned out to be distantly related) met us at the gate and had copied the bygdebok (farm book) entry for Flatmoen and printed out a photo of the farm in the 1920s for me. He has two sons who live in Santa Barbara and we marveled at how small the world is.

After spending two hours with us visiting the gorgeous countryside of my ancestral farms, Knut showed me the most amazing database called "Skleter fra Ringebu og Gudbrandsdalen" at *www.onshus.no*. Thou-

sands of individual entries have been compiled by avid local genealogists, who have scoured original baptism, confirmation, census, and land records for all of Ringebu. Before the trip, I had researched back to Ahne's parents and grandparents. Using the Onshus database, I found almost 500 ancestors and 21 generations of my family at three local parishes: Ringebu, Fåvang, and Venabygd. Knut would only let us buy him a cup of coffee and made us promise we would come back for a longer stay, before he was off to help someone else.

The next morning, we went to the Ringebu stave church, one of only 29 surviving examples from the thousands of Norwegian stave churches. The stave church is a medieval wooden Christian church architectural style, once common in northwestern Europe. The name comes from the posts (stafr in Old Norse; stav in modern Norwegian) used in the timber framing. Much of the surviving building at my ancestors' stavkirke at Ringebu dates to the early 12th-century, as does the soapstone font from 1120 used to baptize so many of my ancestors.

My immigrant great-grandmother, Ahne Andersdatter Flatmoen, was baptized at this church on 23 Mar 1856. She was confirmed there 18 May 1871. After working as a tjenestepige (hired girl) at a nearby farm, Ahne left for Chicago in 1882, where she met my great-grandfather who hailed from a nearby flyke or county. They were married the following year and had six sons, all baptized at a Chicago Norwegian-language Lutheran church.

It was all overwhelming in the best possible way, finally being in this place I'd looked at on the web so many times, meeting people with a shared obsession with the past and with family history. I learned about Norwegian culture, religion, language, food, and architecture, but mostly I learned about incredible Ringebu generosity.

Finding Norwegian ancestors in Ringebu – that feeling of rootedness, of walking where my ancestors had walked – was even more satisfying than I ever dreamed.

Nancy Loe has an MA in American History and an MLS in Library Science and Archives. She managed archives and genealogy collections in public and academic libraries for 35 years. She has appeared on PBS's American Experience, at SBCGS, Rootstech, Jamboree, and state and regional genealogy conferences.

Her Web site, sassyjanegenealogy.com, was featured in Family Tree Magazine's *"Social Media Mavericks: 40 to Follow." Sassy Jane includes blog posts and genealogy guides on search strategies, primary sources, and organizing genealogy research, all from an archivist's perspective. Nancy is working on her own family tree in Norway, Sweden, Scotland, Austria, and Prussia, as well as the United States.*

Churchyard of the Ringebu Church, Oppland, Norway.

Ancestors West Article Contributes to Comfort Heritage Foundation in Comfort, Texas.

AN ARTICLE ENTITLED "A Little–Known Civil War Massacre Battle of Nueces" by Sharon Summer in the November 2014 issue of *Ancestors West* described the fate of her ancestor Fritz Vater and his brother Adolph, who were both killed in the battle.

Recently the article came to the attention of The Comfort Heritage Foundation, Inc. in Comfort, Texas. Anne Steward, the archivist for the Foundation, wrote the following in a letter to Sharon, by way of her cousin Dana, dated October 4, 2016.

"The Vater story in the Santa Barbara Genealogical Society is most welcome. We are adding it to family stories of the men buried at the Treue der Union (Loyalty to the Union) Monument. Slowly but surely, all the names on Monument Hill will have their story."

This is a fine example of how family history research presented in *Ancestors West* can enhance the efforts of others well beyond the borders of Santa Barbara County.

Experiment: Using Mind Mapping App to Examine a Brick Wall

By Alicia Watt

WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE. You've searched every place you can think of; you've put it aside and picked it up again months later; you've asked other genealogists for opinions and help - you're still stuck. It's called a brick wall, and it's super frustrating!

I've been working on one for a couple of years now, and I'm still stuck. It's a pretty straightforward problem: Who are the parents of William Bradbury, my 2nd great-grandfather? Folks on *Ancestry.com* say they know, and I interviewed my Aunt Roberta who agrees with the folks on *Ancestry.com*. The problem is that there is no actual evidence, no proof, to back up the story. So, I've started working on the problem from both sides: 1. learning all I can about William in hopes of finding a smoking gun (working backwards), and 2. researching all of his supposed siblings from the *Ancestry.com* trees in hopes of linking them to William and their parents. As you can imagine, it can be difficult to keep track of all of the threads and see any connections. That's where mind mapping comes in.

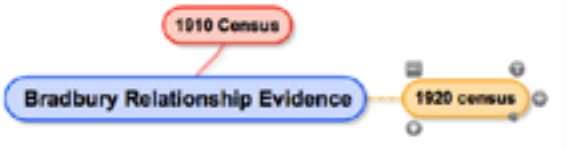
A mind map is one of those brainstorming techniques where you draw lines connecting various thought bubbles. This can be done using paper and pen, of course, but there are various types of free software and apps available now as well. I have used free software called "Freemind" and, more recently, an app called "SimpleMind Free." These two are very similar, so the transition was easy. There are many other free and paid options available, so explore until you find one that works for you.

They all start the same way. You begin a new mind map by naming it. SimpleMind Free calls this the "central theme.":

This will be the center of your mind map, the center bubble you build from:

In the case of this app, the tools to add to your map appear around your bubble like this:

By tapping on the "T" you can add a note that will not appear on your map, but will be attached to that bubble. You can look at it any time, but it won't clutter your map. This would be a great place to add evidence for a point in your ancestor's life or a family story, for example.

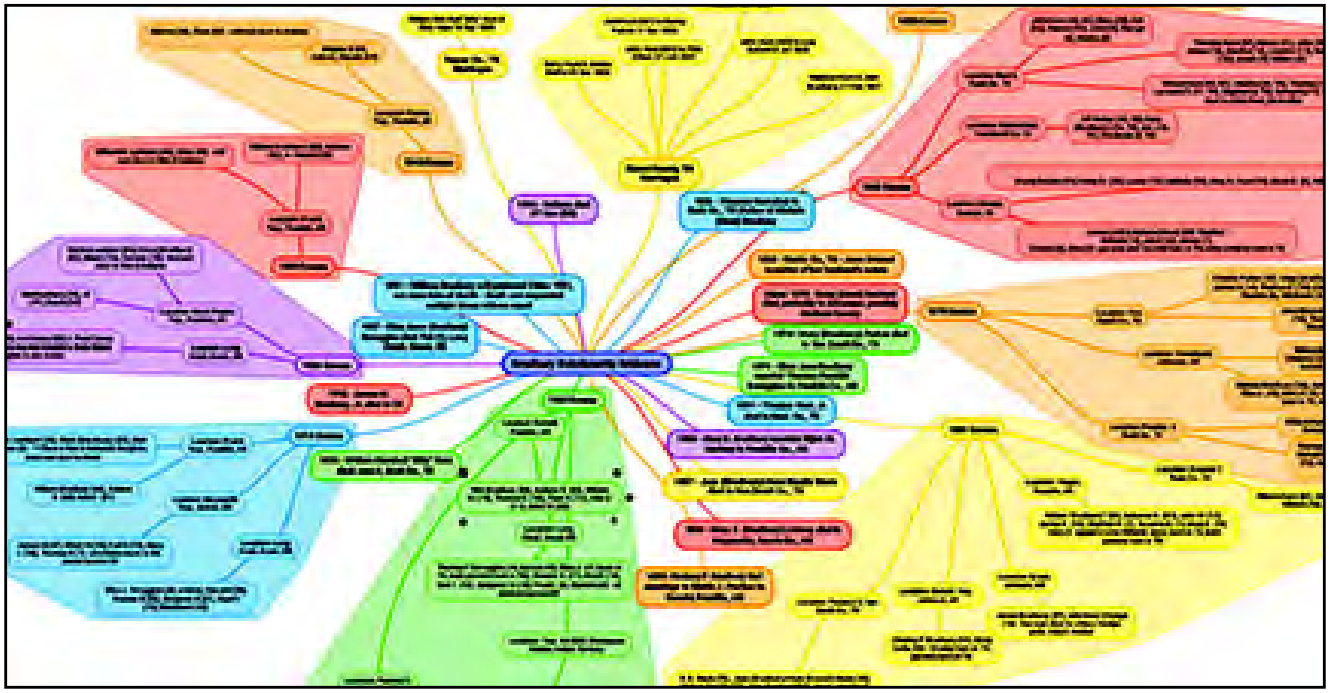


By tapping on the "+" you can add another bubble, or "topic" as they call it in this app. In the case of my Bradbury brick wall, I chose to begin with each census year. From there I added the location of the person in that census, and then another bubble for each family's information.

Tapping the "..." gives options for editing the bubble and its attached bubble family. That's how I was able to highlight each census clump. You can also cut out whole sections of the map from here if you decide you don't need them. Tapping the "*" adds a "sibling" (same level) bubble rather than a "child" (coming from the bubble in question) bubble. Tapping the down arrow collapses the mind map to the central theme. There are other tools I haven't used yet, and there are likely other ways of performing each function as well. The mind mapping tool you choose may be very different—just play around until you figure it out.

So, what's the point? How does this help? Well, for me in the case of, "Who were William Bradbury's parents?" it did a couple of things. First, I was able to add the information I had about William, his supposed siblings and parents, and their siblings and parents to one map which includes time periods and locations. That's a lot of information in one place! It's clear, for example, that there were Bradburys and Hunts in Blount County, Tennessee, at the same time and they were intermarrying and living near one another. The old adage, "proximity implies relationship," seems to lend credence to the family stories. I can also see areas where I can dig a bit further for evidence that may resolve this mystery. For example, it seems that two of William's supposed siblings left Arkansas sometime after 1880 and ended up in the same town in Oklahoma (then Indian Territory)—why did they go? Did they buy land? Might Land Entry Files yield more clues?

I can't say I've solved this brick wall yet, but looking at it in a different way using mind mapping has certainly made me feel like I'm making progress, however slow. It will, I think, also help me explain the whole puzzle better the next time I ask one of you for an opinion. It's another tool in the toolbox to move our genealogy forward and organize our thoughts, if nothing else. Hopefully it will help some of you!



Family Treasures Up for Grabs on the Web

By Art Sylvester

NEW THINGS OF GENEALOGICAL INTEREST come up on the web every day, including family pictures. Two years ago, about a dozen pictures of my mother's Pritchard family came up on eBay. I notified cousins and together we bought every one of them. Then a few weeks ago, my sister texted me: "Two photos of Annetta Belle Wheat Chittenden are for sale on Family History Photo Archive," I jumped. (*http://www.historyphotoarchive.com/**)

Annetta is the granddaughter of my 2nd great-grandfather, Sylvester Hamilton Pritchard, and, according to Relationships in the application Reunion, she is my first cousin twice removed. Her pictures deserved to come home.

I bought the pictures, scanned them, and shared copies with my sisters and all my Pritchard cousins. One picture of Annetta was taken on Christmas Day 1903 when she was 15; the other on Christmas Day 1910 when she was 22. She married Wilbur Chittenden a little more than a year later. Sadly she died without issue about a year after that at the age of 24.

Annetta Bell Wheat, Age 22, Christmas Day 1910

Annetta Belle Wheat, age 15, Christmas Day 1903.

** The history photo archive website accepts no advertising and is supported by an annual subscription fee of $3.*

Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated July 2015

ARTICLES FOR *ANCESTORS WEST* focus on useful genealogy or research sources, helpful research strategies, compelling historical accounts, and interesting case studies. The items represent the mutual interests of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society membership. Each issue follows one or more themes that are meant to draw together a selection of content within the journal; submissions are not limited to the themes, however.

Manuscripts

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

Images

Any piece is enhanced by images. Please provide images if you can to support your piece. The images in general must be over 1MB, and preferably over 2MB, with good quality resolution (300 dpi) – clear and sharp to the naked eye when printed at a reasonable size (e.g., 3″ x 4″ - plus). Please include a caption for each picture, a photo credit or source, and insert the caption in the location in the document where it should appear. The images must be sent as separate files.

Author information

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

Deadlines

Submissions with images are due the 1st of the month in February, May, and August, and October 15 for the November Issue. Address submissions to the editor, Deborah Kaska, at kaska@lifesci.ucsb.edu

Contributor copies

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

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