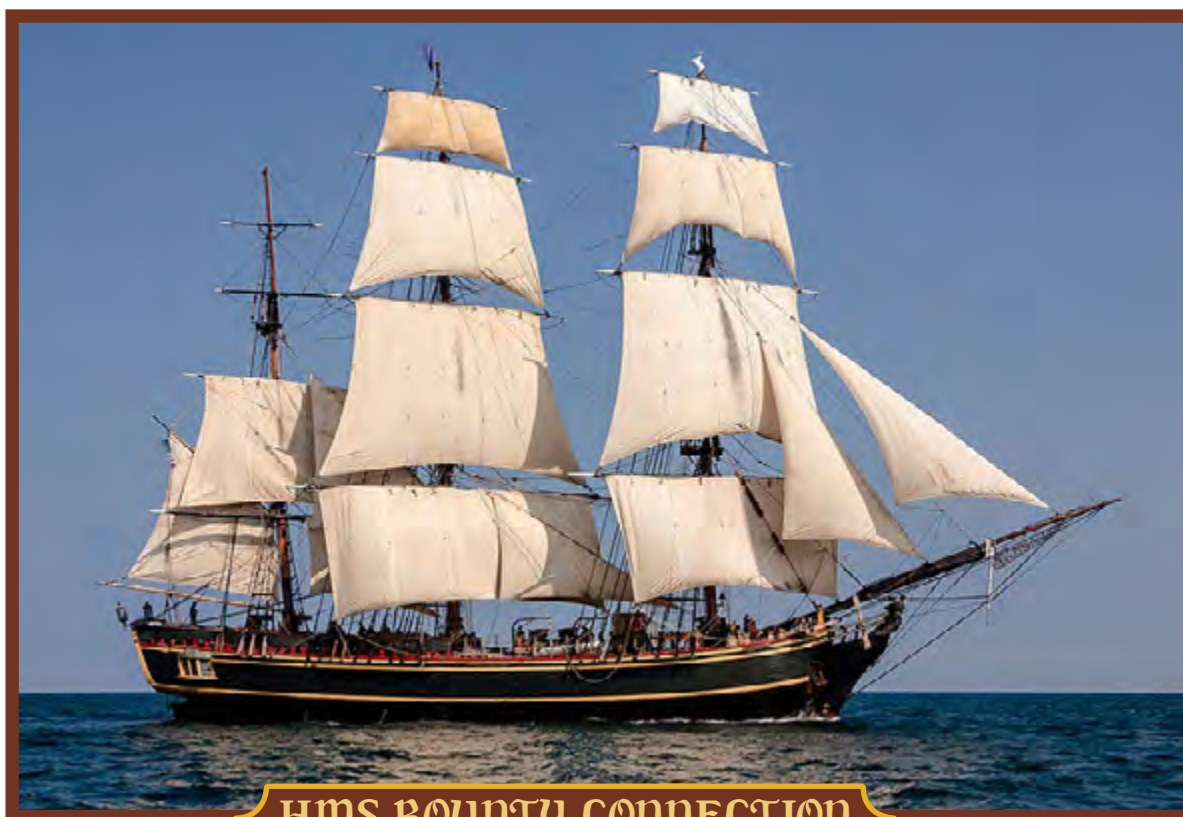




Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Summer 2017 Vol. 42, No. 2



**HMS BOUNTY CONNECTION
TO SANTA BARBARA**

Fraternal Organizations

Native Daughters of the Golden West

A Lion in Our Family

Summer

Summer Supreme

The Simple Joys of Summer

Three Windows to the Past

Loe from Loesmoen



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

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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 Civil War.

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 **PERiodical Source Index (PERSI)** published by the Allen County Public Library, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

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From the Editor



"It is – how shall I put it? – a passion for getting at the truth. In all the world there is nothing so curious and so interesting and so beautiful as truth . . ."

Three Act Tragedy (Hercule Poirot, #11)(24)
by Agatha Christie

THE FICTIONAL DETECTIVE HERCULE POIROT and genealogists clearly have two things in common – the search for truth and a desire to solve mysteries. While genealogists rarely delve into crime, we are always searching for an elusive ancestor. And, like Hercule Poirot, we need evidence to solve our mysteries. Those of us "seasoned" family history enthusiasts well remember the days when gathering evidence required the four Ts - telephone, travel, time and tenacity- as well as the four Ps- paper, person sheets, pedigrees and patience.

A recent trip to the Family History Library (FHL) in Salt Lake City with 18 other members of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society provided an opportunity to reflect on the change technology has brought to our hobby. The themes of the bright new interactive exhibits at the FHL are connections and understanding, which effectively highlight two of the major advances technology has added to genealogy. Our group posed in one of these interactive displays graces the back cover of this issue.

Multiple websites enable family historians to communicate and share information, and contact with distant relatives frequently produces family stories, documents and/or photographs. In this issue of *Ancestors West*, Bob Bason shows how the internet can also yield treasures from total strangers.

Understanding relates to immersion in the times of our ancestors. Historical perspective allows us to imagine their lives. What historical events may have affected them and shaped their decisions? How did one travel in those days and what did that involve? What did people wear? What did they eat? What was their "place" in society in the old world, and what rules governed their

behavior? Longtime SBCGS member John Fritsche points out that this understanding is the very reason he feels genealogy is important. In a quotation included in this issue, Daniel Webster expressed this idea eloquently already in 1820 in his address commemorating the 200th anniversary of the Pilgrims landing on Plymouth Rock.

Yet over and above connections and understanding is the crown jewel of information technology – access to evidence. Bear in mind that the internet does not create evidence—it only makes it more readily accessible. The technological innovations that have allowed copying, filming, digitizing, indexing and "every word searching" have put vast amounts of evidence within reach. And access to the evidence can lead to the truth about our forebears. It is important, however, to realize that not all evidence is equal. While all documents are subject to error, some information available on the internet is more prone to be flimsy. We have all come across family trees that have some resemblance to reality and then veer off into fantasyland. Genealogists are all detectives and, as Hercule Poirot knew well, judicious use of the evidence can lead us to the truth.

There is, however, another advantage of a trip to the FHL in Salt Lake City that has nothing to do with technology. It is fellowship with others who enjoy family history research. The opportunity to express our annoyance at frustrations or joy over successes with others who share our passion is, of course, the *raison d'être* for our SBCGS. Discussions over lunch or dinner or evening gatherings with a group of fellow travelers was a chance to make new friends and discover common threads in our lives. Add to that a half-hour listening to the magnificent Mormon Tabernacle choir and a spring snow frosting the tulips . . . and you have a delightful week.

In this Issue of Ancestors West

In this issue, Mary Mamalakis scours multiple historical records to trace the descendants of one of an almost mythical group of men, the crew of the HMS Bounty. Her results take a surprising turn when they connect to another member of our society! Three treasured letters give Cathy Jordan unexpected insights into the lives of her ancestors in the Midwest and in California. Pancake breakfasts sponsored by the Lions Club remind Marilyn Compton of a benevolent and fraternal organization important to her family. Marilyn recounts the many ways Lions serve communities. The founding and activities of a women's fraternal organization that is unique to California, Native Daughters of the Golden West, is provided by Mary Louise Days. The theme of 'summer' brings back memories for Jim Wilson and Margery Baragona. Margery also notes that the Santa Barbara Public Library reaches the grand old age of 100 this year. Millie Bromball shares her memories of the great depression, including its role in fostering the

“greatest generation.” Highlights of a trip to Norway, including visits to Loesmoen and Øvre Eiker, described by Nancy Loe illustrate the undeniable value of a journey to the homeland.

To round out the issue, Alicia Watt presents another interesting Tech Tip on the use of *Twile*. In Lineage Links Jennifer Annan House introduces the National Society, Daughters of the American Colonists, which has an active and growing chapter in Santa Barbara. The Sense of the Census looks at an obscure military census conducted by the Union in northern Florida in 1864 during the Civil War. Despite its limited scope, this census contains valuable details on over 5000 inhabitants.

The next Issue- DNA Success Stories

The theme of the next issue of *Ancestors West* will be DNA Success Stories. Have you joined the millions of people who have had their DNA tested for genealogy? Has it helped you to make a discovery? Did you break a brick wall? Find a lost relative? Discover a name change? Locate a parent or sibling or uncover new cousins? If so, you are invited to share your story in the next issue of *Ancestors West*.

An additional theme will be Family Reunions. Whether it was a small affair with eight or 10 close family or a lavish gathering of 50 or more, readers would enjoy hearing about your experience. Were you in charge of organizing the reunion, planning the location/entertainment/meals/t-shirts? All the details and words of advice would be appreciated by those contemplating such an endeavor. Of course, your thoughts on the value of family reunions would also be welcome, especially any interesting information you gleaned from relatives.

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

Ancestors West is the product of the efforts of all the authors and my wonderful editorial committee who edit the articles, proofread, design the pages and mail the copies. I sincerely thank all of them for their time, talent and commitment. We are especially grateful to our sponsors for their generous support!

Debbie Kaska
Kaska@lifesci.ucsb.edu



Family History Library (FHL) in Salt Lake City

A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA



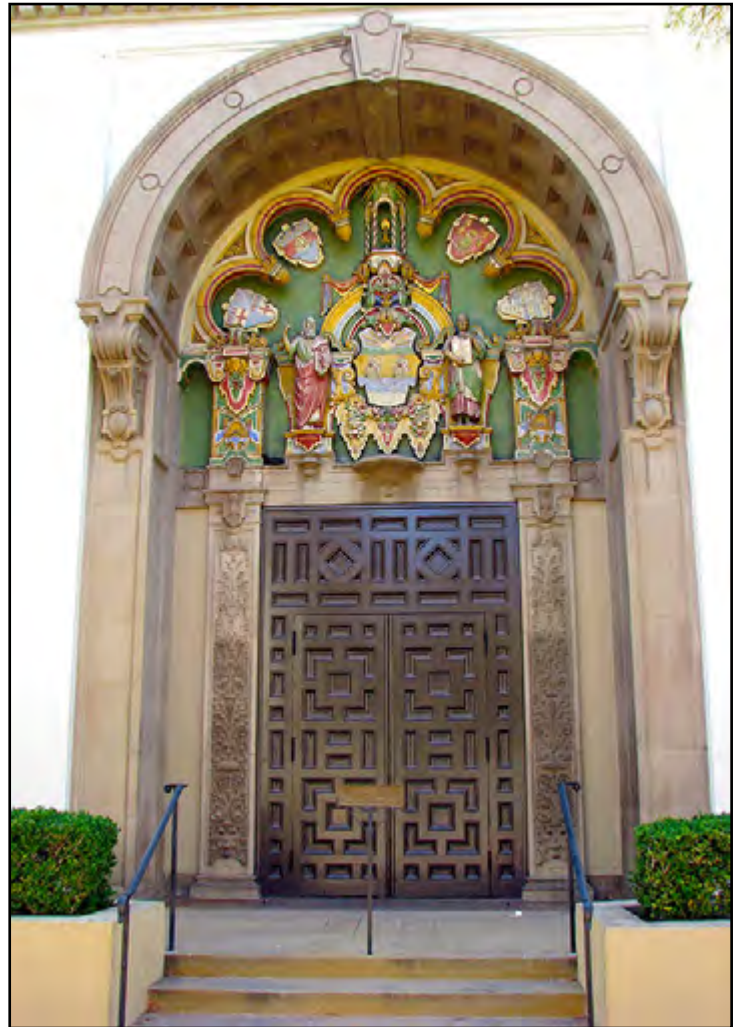
Our Public Library is 100 This Year

by Margery Baragona

IN DAYS GONE BY special treats for children were not Disneyland or Universal Studios, but the simple pleasure of a trip to the library. Our Santa Barbara Public Library celebrates its one hundred-year anniversary in 2017. As an only child and happy reader, it was special when my father would take me there. So many books and small green chairs, a paradise for the pre-school young. That was the beginning of my relationship with our library. Though the façade and configuration may have changed, it remains a stalwart bastion of knowledge and culture with a keen sense of community.

When I was in high school, it became a social meeting place under the guise of being a quiet place to study and do homework. But one had to be SILENT or a strict librarian, Miss Livsey, would ask you to leave. We would go stealthily to the end of the stacks, and hopefully unseen, whisper. A good friend, Leon Litwack, later a Pulitzer Prize winner, was at the reference desk and took pleasure in answering questions from authors Franz Werfel (*The Song of Bernadette*) and Alfred Noyes (*The Highwayman*) and other prominent people doing research.

There is something almost cathedral like about the light-filled main room with its high ceilings. My memories are fond, although looking at the library today it is far different. There are computers, audio books, eBooks, and music. There are many computers being used. Those with no home are seen dozing at tables in the quiet. There is no longer a well-thumbed card catalogue. Aside from the books, much is automated, however, the new children's room should inspire every child to enjoy reading—a hundred thousand items! When I applied to be on the board of trustees some years ago, I told them my main qualification was that I had had a library card for 65(!) years. I was accepted.



The original doorway to the Santa Barbara Public library. Figures of Plato and Aristotle stand on either side of the Santa Barbara coat-of-arms. Above them left to right are the shields of the libraries of the University of Bologna, The Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, The University of Salamanca and the Bodleian Library at Oxford University. Woodcarving by Marshall Laird, designed by Carleton M. Winslow.

LINEAGE LINKS

The National Society, Daughters of the American Colonists

by Jennifer Annan House

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY, Daughters of the American Colonists, was founded December 9, 1920 by Sarah Elizabeth Mitchell Guernsey, and incorporated April 25, 1921. The headquarters is located at 2205 Massachusetts Avenue, NW, Washington, DC. The national website, at nsdac.org, contains more detailed information, including the process for membership, eligibility, the Service Categories List and more. Currently, there are chapters in 40 states. The state of California has 10 chapters.

Our Santa Barbara chapter was California's second chapter and is the oldest surviving chapter in the state. It was organized November 19, 1928, just seven years after the National Society was incorporated, by Mrs. Elmer H. Whittaker (Barbara Sweet). She was active in this Society, and as well as the Daughters of the American Revolution and the California Historical Society. Mrs. Whittaker was born February 26, 1886 in Wisconsin, and passed away in Santa Barbara on July 8, 1973. She was laid to rest at Santa Barbara Cemetery.

The objects of the Society include patriotic, historical and educational endeavors. Members research the history and deeds of American colonists and publish their stories; commemorate deeds of colonial interest, instill and foster a love for American institutions, obey its laws and revere its flag. We work through Patriotic Education in our communities, marking historical sites, serving veterans, providing scholarships for American Indian students and more.

To become a member, a woman must be a citizen of the United States, of good moral character, and at least 18 years old. In addition, "the applicant shall be of lineal descent from those men and women who were actual residents of America when it was under foreign government as colonies and who served prior to July 4, 1776, in any of the twenty-six categories on the Service Categories List."

My ancestor, Robert Annan, born in Scotland, immigrated to the Colony of Pennsylvania in 1761. He was a Minister of the Gospel, and Pastor of the Associate Reformed Congregations (Presbyterian) of Little Britain and Neelytown, New York. He was known for preaching against the king from the pulpit! He was also fortu-



nate to have met with General George Washington of the Continental Army, who toured Reverend Annan's farm to examine mastodon remains while in winter quarters in upstate New York.

Our Santa Barbara chapter meets on the 2nd Tuesday in the months of October, December, February, and April with a luncheon meeting at Maravilla Retirement Community, 5486 Calle Real, Santa Barbara. We are a growing chapter, with several members pending approval at the national level. Most of our members also belong to other lineage societies, such as Daughters of the American Revolution. Last year, our chapter was awarded the trophy for First Place - Membership Growth of 25%. When our meetings begin again in October, we will increase our membership by nearly 50% above that. We are excited to welcome into our chapter, as our newest members in October, the granddaughter and great-granddaughter of our Chapter's 5th Regent, Mrs. Elzo Van Dellen, who served from 1937-1939. We would love to welcome you to one of our upcoming meetings. Please contact our Chapter Registrar, Julene Watson, at (805) 451-8708, or juleneWatson@msn.com if you would like to attend.

THE SENSE OF THE CENSUS

A Forgotten Legacy of the Civil War Era: The Special Census of Eastern Florida

by Debbie Kaska

WHAT DO A FORMER SLAVE, a Confederate deserter, prisoners in the guardhouse and a reverend have in common?

Our Sahyun library contains many remarkable books, but one in particular contains a unique US military census known as the Census Department of the South, November 1864 for Jacksonville, Fernandina and St. Augustine, Florida. Clearly this census is very limited in scope. Moreover, the reason it was taken is unclear. It may have been part of an effort to register voters as part of Lincoln's reconstruction plan, but African Americans living in this region were also enumerated even though they did not yet have the right to vote – and therein lies a major portion of its value to family historians!

Although the original census can be found at the National Archives in Washington DC, researchers will not find the data at *Ancestry.com* or *Familysearch.org* or at any other website. The census was never filmed, but photocopies were transcribed and indexed in this book.

The records list the individual's name, physical characteristics including age, where the person was born or if they were contrabands (former slaves), their place of residence and the name of their former owner (for contrabands), occupation and other remarks such as whether they were prisoners in the guardhouse, confederate deserters, old and feeble, etc. The data open "a window on Florida's Civil War population that had heretofore been closed."¹

Thus I learned that Wash Stroble, age 22, born in South Carolina, was enumerated in the population of Jacksonville, Florida, in 1864 as a confederate deserter. This was most likely the same Washington Stroble, age 70, born in South Carolina, who is listed in the 1910 census in Savannah, Georgia, living with his wife and son. The 1910 census had a column entitled "Whether a survivor of the Union or Confederate Army or Navy," and in that column for Washington Stroble is neatly printed CA (Confederate army).

Three prisoners in the Jacksonville guardhouse in 1864 were Cornelius, Luke and Smith Drawdy, ages 26, 24 and 21, all born in Georgia. The transgressions that put them in the guardhouse were not recorded but it was apparently a family affair. The men must have been released because Cornelius had eight more children with his wife Charity between 1865 and 1880 while

Smith and his wife Mandy had nine. According to the census of 1880, the two families had neighboring farms in Echols County, Georgia.

The Reverend J.A. DeForest age 28, born in Pennsylvania, is also listed in the Florida census of 1864 in Jacksonville, Florida. His last residence was Haverhill, Massachusetts. Was he serving in Florida as a chaplain for the Union Army? That is not delineated, but by 1870 he was a clergyman in Walpole, Norfolk, Massachusetts, married with two young children. For some reason he apparently traveled from Massachusetts to Florida and back within a few years as the Civil War was drawing to a close.

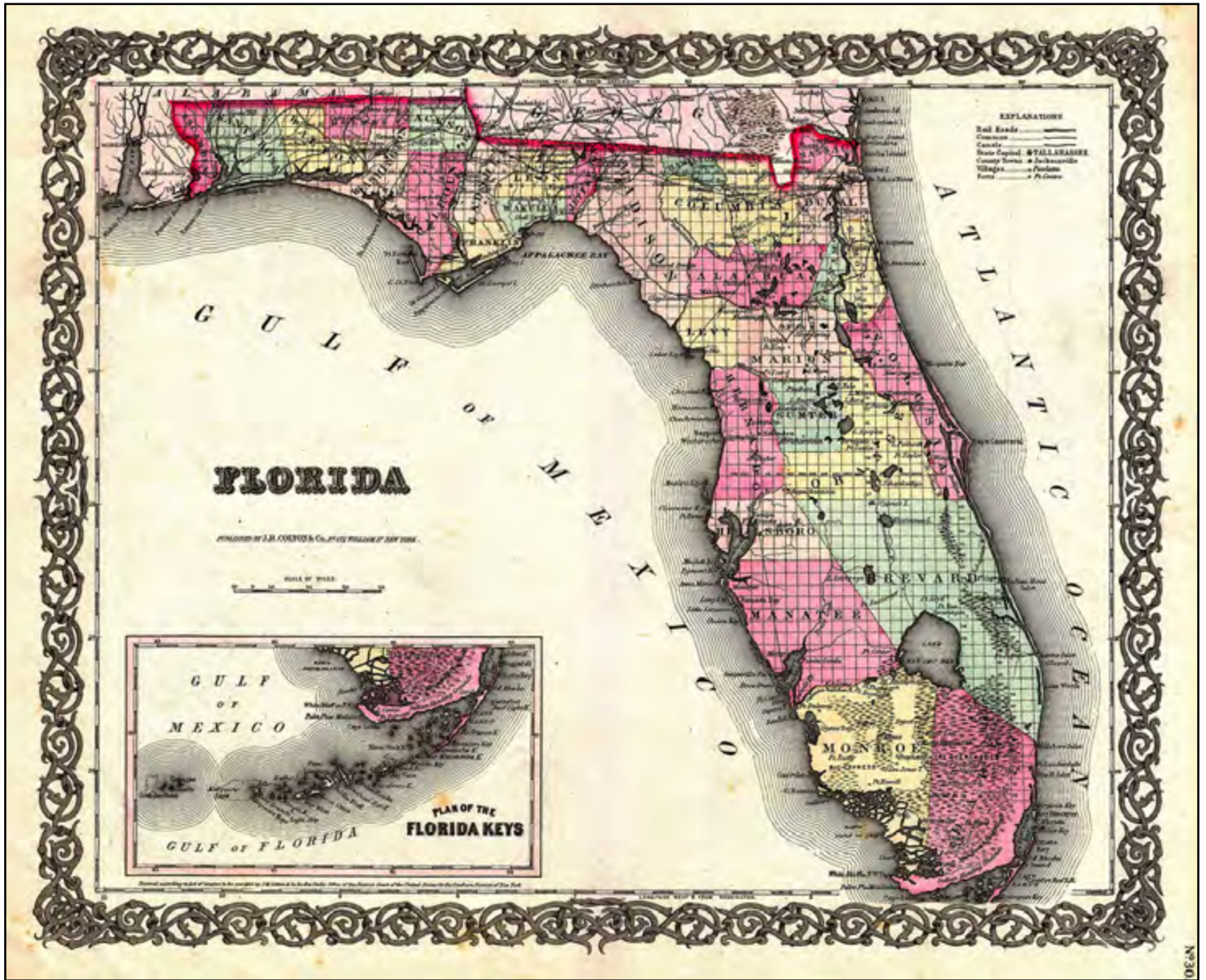
Prince Lampkin, six feet tall and 47 years old, was enumerated as a contraband, the former slave of a Wm Alsop.

Tracing the history of Prince Lampkin after the Emancipation yielded a Freeman's Bureau record of his application in 1869 when he was 54. (Living are his wife, Marie and son John, age four). By the 1880 census, Prince is 65 and living in Savannah, Georgia. His son John is 16, but the wife listed is Susan, age 45 and there is another son, Robert, who may be Susan's child. John Lampkin's son, Prince C. Lampkin, registered for the draft in WWI.

In each case, the November 1864 Census identifies and locates individuals as well as provides information not found in other sources. For former slaves, this may be the earliest record that identifies them by name and indicates their owner. The double index, an every name index and an index of owners, make the data all that much more accessible. For researchers seeking persons who may have been in this area at the time, the book is worth examining.

Sources

1 Forward by Pamela J. Cooper and Kathleen K. Graham to *Census Department of the South, November 1864 For Jacksonville, Fernandina and St. Augustine, Florida*, published by the Florida State Genealogical Society. Heritage Books, Inc. (Sahyun call no. 975.9 DUVAL X2 FLO)



1855 map of Florida. By 1864, regions along the northern Atlantic and northern Gulf coasts were under Union control.

NATIVE DAUGHTERS OF THE GOLDEN WEST

by Mary Louise Days, Historian of the Order

THE WOMEN'S FRATERNAL ORGANIZATION Native Daughters of the Golden West (NDGW) was founded in Jackson, California, in September 1886. A call was issued by the organizer, Miss Lilly O. Reichling, to California-born women who resided in this Mother Lode area town in the foothills of Amador County. The organizing meeting was held September 25, 1886, and the first parlor or chapter was named Ursula Parlor No. 1, with 19 members. By the end of the following month a total of 33 names comprised the charter roll. Miss Reichling, later Mrs. Francis J. Dyer, described the Native Daughters of the Golden West as "the great sisterhood of native-born California women," which would become a "mighty army of earnest workers for the civic and social development of our wonderful Western Empire on the shores of the Pacific." The principal requirement for membership in the Order is proof of birth in California. The Native Sons of the Golden West had been formed some years earlier, and some of the new Native Daughters were married to members of the Native Sons. The first NDGW ritual was formulated by Judge Curtis H. Lindley, whose wife was a charter member.

A selection of the women listed as members of the founding parlor were Lilly O. Reichling, Mattie L. Freeman, Mary Folger, Lizzie Lindley, Maggie Stasal, Amy Badere, Kittie Murray, Flora Dunning, Ella Caminetti, Tina L. Kane, Agnes Leonard, and Henrietta Greenhalgh O'Neill. By June 1887, 17 parlors had been instituted throughout the state. A majority of the early parlors were located in the greater San Francisco Bay Area. In late 1887 parlors were founded in Los Angeles and in the San Joaquin Valley. The Order was incorporated in 1894 as a Fraternal Benevolent Society.

Over 330 parlors have been instituted in California, although not all remain. By the turn of the 20th century there were parlors in San Luis Obispo, Ventura, and Santa Barbara Counties. Three of those vintage parlors remain: San Miguel No. 94 of San Miguel and San Luisita No. 108 of San Luis Obispo in San Luis Obispo County, and Reina del Mar No. 126 of Santa Barbara, Santa Barbara County. The latter parlor was founded



The Order's emblem, or seal, depicts the United States and California flags with sheaves of wheat and California poppies embracing a star, and the letters N.D.G.W.

on April 20, 1901, and has been active for 116 years. Its charter members included Anna E. McCaughey, Mary Ruiz, Soledad Rochin Birabent, Mary Woods, and Inga Larsen Conover. Local families whose representatives have enjoyed membership include Ortega, Cota, Dominguez, Bonilla, De la Guerra, Chapman, Herman, Sangster, Ruiz, Donahue, Storke, O'Neill, Orena, Hill, Pagliotti, Raffetto, Lopez, Hartfeld and George, among many others. The 1910 Grand Parlor Annual Meeting was held in Santa Barbara, as were the conventions in 1938 and 1958. A second Santa Barbara parlor, founded in 1949, is Tierra de Oro No. 304. The parlor in Ventura is Poinsettia No. 318, begun in 1955. Earlier parlors in Ventura and Oxnard had surrendered their charters.

Projects of the organization have included a children's adoption agency, milk funds, restoration of California missions, El Camino Real and its bells, veterans' welfare, preservation of historic buildings and sites, education and scholarships, Americanism and civic participation, and promotion of California history. The adoption agency evolved into a Children's Foundation to provide financial assistance for children's medical care. A separate charitable foundation covers several of

the other continuing projects. Numerous plaques and markers denoting historic resources have been installed around the state. The NDGW office in San Francisco keeps scrapbooks listing these markings. Limited information may also be available in the office about past members of the organization as well as current members.

In the late 19th and early 20th centuries properties were purchased in San Francisco to provide for a residence and headquarters; eventually these were replaced by a 1928 structure designed by Architect Julia Morgan. Located at 555 Baker Street, it features guest rooms for members, meeting facilities, a museum and library. A reference room contains the NDGW Pioneer Roster files. These are biographical forms about California pioneer families (prior to 1870) collected by the organization since 1935. There are over 35,000 entries.

The Native Daughters of the Golden West website www.ndgw.org includes full information about the Pioneer Roster as well as a link to the index. The website also contains a list of active parlors and information about state committees, the Home and Archives, and the Children's Foundation, as well as membership application material.

Many highly accomplished women have been members of the Native Daughters such as the Founder Lilly Reichling Dyer and Past Grand Presidents such as Dr. Mariana Bertola, Cora B. Sifford, Eliza D. Keith, Grace S. Stoermer, Dr. Louise C. Heilbron, Evelyn I. Carlson, Orinda Giannini Petty, Clarice Gilchrist Knowland, Jewel McSweeney, Eileen Dismuke, Nancy J. Conens,

Dolores M. Ferenz, Camelia Robles, Marilyn Bustillos, Sharon M. Johnston, Beth Perrin, and many other Native Daughters. In 1910 a Roll of Honor was established to recognize women not eligible for membership in the Order who have performed "Signal Service" to the Native Daughters or for the State of California. These include Mrs. A.S.C. Forbes of the El Camino Real Association, Phoebe A. Hearst, Jane L. Stanford, Helen P. Sanborn of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, poet Ina Coolbrith, artist Orpha Klinker, Maria Shriver Schwarzenegger and Margaret Biever Mondavi. Santa Barbara women who have been named to the Roll of Honor are Miss Pearl Chase (1937), Vivian Hapeman Obern (2000), and Kathleen Brewster (2003).

For many decades Native Daughter parlors have prepared yearbooks or scrapbooks to record a year of parlor activity. Not all parlors do this, but some have extensive collections. Reina del Mar Parlor No. 126 of Santa Barbara has lent its collection to the Presidio Research Center, 215 E. Canon Perdido Street. Many of the books contain fascinating newspaper clippings about local and California history and current events of the period. Appointments may be made with the Center, which is operated by the Santa Barbara Trust for Historic Preservation, to peruse yearbooks.

SBCGS member, Mary Louise Days is a native of Santa Barbara, a professional historian who was employed by the City of Santa Barbara Planning Department. She joined Reina del Mar Parlor No. 126 in 1962 and is a former Grand Officer of the N.D.G.W. She has been Historian of the Order for over twenty-five years.



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, John Fritsche,
Norma Johnson, Howard and Maria Menzel, and John Woodward**

A Lion in Our Family

by Marilyn Compton

SUPPOSE WE NEVER KNOW what word or image will spark a memory of our childhood or of someone in our family. For me recently it was the announcement that the focus of the next issue of *Ancestors West* would be service organizations. Immediately my mind jumped to images of time spent with my dad while he cooked pancakes for our local Olivehurst (California) Lions Club annual free pancake breakfast.



Warren and Wilma Compton

My parents, Warren and Wilma Compton, had moved to Olivehurst in 1944 so they could be with my grandmother, Olive Rose Compton, after the death of my Dad's father, Frederick William Compton. As their only son, Dad felt that it was his responsibility to help his mother, so he packed up his small family and headed north. I joined the family in late 1945. Prior to their move, my parents and older brother, Warren Richard Compton, had been living in Tulare, California, where my dad could take advantage of road construction jobs offered by the big agricultural businesses of the area.

The land around Olivehurst was also good farmland. The town had been settled in the 1930s by people moving from the midwest, seeking escape from the Dust Bowl and the Great Depression. Many came from Oklahoma and were known by some local residents as "Okies." Even though the surrounding farmland was productive, Olivehurst was never able to achieve the success of surrounding communities such as Marysville and Yuba City; it simply became a very poor area south of Marysville, the county seat of Yuba County.

By 1955 when I was 10 years old, Dad was working as a salesman for a Marysville home improvement store where he eventually became general manager. He



was later able to buy his own business in Olivehurst near our home. As part of the business community in Marysville he was introduced to the work of the local Lions Club and was invited to join. As a young child I knew he was involved with various local projects promoted by the Lions Club but I was oblivious to most of them. However, two of the club's ongoing projects became very personal to me. One was the annual drive to collect used eyeglasses for distribution to children and adults who could not afford to buy glasses. Since I needed glasses from childhood onward, my old glasses went in the collection barrel every time I got a new, stronger pair of glasses.

The other project was the club's annual pancake breakfast, which was provided free to the community. I remember this event each year because I got to help by setting the big tables that were put up in the school auditorium and helping to clear and wash the dishes afterwards. This didn't seem like work to me at that age! Mostly I remember though, because it was the



only time I could watch my dad wearing a big apron and with several other men making platter after platter of pancakes. This was amazing to me because my dad NEVER cooked anything at home!

Although I enjoy remembering the smell of the steaming pancakes and the sweet hot syrup and my dad standing over that hot griddle, I now realized that I really didn't know much about the Lions Club and why my dad devoted much of his leisure time to this organization. So, I decided to do a little research and was amazed at what I found. By waiting so long to research I was able to find nearly everything I needed on the Lions Club website: www.lionsclubs.org. Don't we all love the internet? Here is a summary of the information I found.

The Lions Club organization (now Lions Club International) was originally the idea of Melvin Jones, a Chicago businessman. After proposing his idea to his local business club in 1917 they formed the Lions Club, an organization of volunteers whose purpose was to reach beyond business issues and address the need for improving their communities and the world. Within three years the organization had become international and now it is the world's largest service organization with 1.35 million members.¹

In 1925 Helen Keller addressed the organization at their convention and challenged them to become "knights of the blind in the crusade against darkness." Since then they have worked tirelessly to aid the blind and visually impaired. In 1990 the Lions Club launched SightFirst, for which they have raised more than \$346 million to target the major causes of blindness. In addition to eye-sight programs, Lions Clubs offer aid in the health field with their hearing programs and diabetes screening.¹

In 1945 the Lions Club was one of the first nongovernmental organizations invited to assist in the drafting of the United Nations Charter and has supported the work of the UN ever since.¹

In their local communities, Lions Club members provide hands-on community service through Lions Crew at Work, which can include remodeling a non-profit community center, painting a shelter for the home-

less or repairing a public park or playground. When a natural disaster occurs, Lions Clubs volunteers are among the first to respond to offer disaster relief.¹

Our little community of Olivehurst experienced this when the Yuba River breached its banks in 1950 and flooded the area south of Marysville. I can remember as a five-year-old packing up our car with our family and my black Cocker Spaniel Sugar and leaving our home. When we returned several days later, the floodwaters were still nearly up to the doorsills.

The Lions Clubs from surrounding towns pitched in wherever there were families in need as they did five years later when the Feather River levee broke and caused massive damage in nearby Yuba City.² We were

relieved that year that the river hadn't flooded south towards our home again, but we were shocked at the damage done to the homes and farms of my aunts, uncles and cousins in Yuba

City. My mom's family, Elax Cleveland and his wife Amanda Agnes Keech and their eight children, had moved from Nebraska to the rich farmland around Yuba City in 1937. Two of their children bought farms and others worked in related industries, nearly all in the areas that flooded. Again, the local Lions Clubs were among the organizations offering help to those in need.

Locally and internationally Lions Clubs children's programs help by providing services as basic as collecting food, clothes and books to constructing schools and orphanages. They also began a children and youth

I appeal to you, Lions—you who have your sight, your hearing, you who are strong and brave and kind—will you not constitute yourselves Knights of the Blind in my crusade against darkness? Helen Keller, 1925.



Yuba City flood of 1955



Wilma Compton's Lions Lady Pins

program called The Leo Club in 1957, the LEO standing for leadership, equality and opportunity. I discovered that in 1975, Lions Club began a Lioness Program and began admitting women members in 1987. According to their website, Lions Club International was the first service organization to admit women members. Now, as members, women can receive the same benefits as the men, including service award pins like my father had. When Dad was a member he received pins as recognition of his years of service and several times he selected Lions lady pins for my mom. I remember Dad being so pleased when Mom would wear one of the pins when they attended a Lions Club event.

Besides the extent of their services, I think I was most impressed by the organization's Code of Ethics. Keeping in mind that the volunteer members are all business men and women, these are the standards they strive to achieve:

- To Show my faith in the worthiness of my vocation by industrious application to the end that I may merit a reputation for quality of service.
- To Seek success and to demand all fair remuneration or profit as my just due, but to accept no profit or success at the price of my own self-respect lost because of unfair advantage taken or because of questionable acts on my part.
- To Remember that in building up my business it is not necessary to tear down another's; to be loyal to my clients or customers and true to myself.
- Whenever a doubt arises as to the right or ethics of my position or action towards others, to resolve such doubt against myself.
- To Hold friendship as an end and not a means. To hold that true friendship exists not on account

of the service performed by one to another, but that true friendship demands nothing but accepts service in the spirit in which it is given.

- Always to bear in mind my obligations as a citizen to my nation, my state, and my community, and to give them my unswerving loyalty in word, act, and deed. To give them freely of my time, labor and means.
- To Aid others by giving my sympathy to those in distress, my aid to the weak, and my substance to the needy.
- To Be Careful with my criticism and liberal with my praise; to build up and not destroy.

Our local club, today is the Goleta Lions Club, which supports the local communities through involvement in the Sight and Hearing Program, Peace Poster Contest, Student Speakers Contest, and Community BBQs. Any-one interested in this organization can reach them by email at goletalionsclub@gmail.com or visit their website at goletalionsclub.org.

Not only am I impressed with the ethics, goals and programs of the Lions Club organization, but it reinforces for me why I so admire my father. Unfortunately he died in 1972 at the age of 58 so my store of memories was cut short, but I do remember how he always tried to be honest and fair in both his business and personal life and was always one of the first to offer help to his family and neighbors. I think the founder of the Lions Club would have been proud, as I am, that Dad was a member!

1. Source of Lions Club International information and photos: Official site of Lions Club International lionsclubs.org.

2. Flood photo: 1955 Flood in Yuba City, CA; Creator/Contributor, Floyd Winters, December 1955; Contributing Institution: Sutter County Library.

Marilyn Compton was born in Marysville, California in 1945. She attended college in San Francisco and lived in the Bay Area until she retired in 2015 and moved to Goleta to be near family. She became interested in family history through a Camp Fire Girl's project as a child but didn't pursue it seriously until her father's death in 1972. Her areas of interest are Idaho, Missouri, New York and England. She has been a member of SBCGS since 2015.

The *H.M.S. Bounty* and a Crew Member's Santa Barbara Connection!

by Mary Mamalakis

IT ALL BEGAN WITH A PHONE CALL in 1998 on an unrelated topic with Myra Manfrina, a person very knowledgeable with regard to Lompoc Valley families. Toward the end of our phone conversation the topic turned to my Morelli and Pico families. Myra wanted to forward to me a family group sheet recently filled out by Patricia McGovern, a granddaughter of Carolyn Pico and Lompoc local, Henry Long. Patricia's maternal great-grandfather was Miguel Pico, a brother to my maternal great-grandmother Maria Christina Pico Morelli. Our mothers were second cousins, next door neighbors in Goleta, and school chums at Dolores Catholic School in the 1920s. Patricia and I corresponded and she kindly shared a few family photos, and among those was a Xerox copy of a tintype of Maria Elena Augustia Pico, older sister to my Maria Christina. Augustia married Juan Samuel Foxen in 1884. At the time I did not actively pursue this line, but that would change 10 years later.



Tintype of Maria Elena Augustia Pico, wife of Samuel Foxen, provided by Patricia McGovern.



Photo of Samuel Foxen (born 1859) provided by Patti Leary, a 2nd great-granddaughter. Samuel's father was Reyes Foxen (born 1832) and his grandmother was Maria Antonia Stuart (Peggy II, born in Tahiti about 1790.)

In August of 2008 I located a great-granddaughter of Augustia Pico Foxen, Patricia Reedy Leary. In my letter to Patti I included a copy of the picture and how we were related. Patti responded immediately, recognizing the photo but did not have a copy herself. In a follow-up phone conversation she happened to mention that her 2nd great grandfather, Reyes Foxen, was the illegitimate son of Benjamin Foxen and a Tahitian woman associated with the '*Mutiny on the Bounty*' story. Huh? In December of 2011 I decided to take a "cursory look" into the connection between the *Bounty* story and Patti's Foxen line. Six months later I crawled out of a genealogical rabbit hole having been totally immersed in the story of the *H.M.S. Bounty* and one crew member in particular, George Stewart!

I thought it would be interesting to relate an abbreviated account of the story of Stewart's relationship with a Tahitian woman he called "Peggy" (Peggy I) and their daughter (Peggy II). My research revealed the world travels of Peggy II and Captain George Washington Eayrs, her children, the direct link to Santa Barbara in the 19th century, to my cousin Patti Reedy Leary, and a surprise relation for someone in our Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society.

The voyage of the H.M.S. Armed Vessel Bounty

IN FEBRUARY OF 1787, England's Prime Minister William Pitt announced to the West India Committee that the British government would sponsor an expedition to the South Pacific. Its purpose was to transport a cargo of breadfruit trees to the West Indies to provide a basic food source for slaves working on the sugar plantations of Jamaica and the Lesser Antilles. The intention was to fill the gap after the American Revolutionary War, which resulted in suspension of the exportation of fish to England and her colonies. In preparation for this expedition, the Royal Navy purchased the *Bethia*, a 91-foot, 215 ton, three masted and fully rigged ship to be converted to house the potted plants. On May 26, 1787, the ship was renamed the H.M.S. *Armed Vessel Bounty*, although many simply referred to it as *The Bounty*. William Bligh was appointed as Commanding Lieutenant. (NOTE: Bligh was sailing master on the *Resolution* in 1769 and witnessed the murder of Capt. Cook by the local natives).

With a crew of 46, the *Bounty* set sail from Spithead, England, to Tahiti on December 23, 1787. For a full month, the ship tried and failed to round Cape Horn



Photo of HMS *Bounty II* by Dan Kasberger. The replica ship was commissioned by the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer film studio for the 1962 film *Mutiny on the Bounty*, starring Marlon Brando.

due to bad weather and monstrous waves. Finally, Captain Bligh decided to take an easterly course around the Cape of Good Hope, across the width of the Indian Ocean, past Australia and Tasmania, and eventually to Tahiti where he arrived on October 24, 1788, after a 28,086 nautical mile journey.

As it was the beginning of the rainy season, the *Bounty* was forced to stay on Tahiti for five months, where crew members built a nursery-type hut to house the breadfruit plants. Beyond this work schedule the sailors were exposed to the idyllic weather, abundant fruits and vegetables, and, of course, the native women with whom many began co-habiting during this stay.

George Stewart

I am going to focus this portion of the story on one particular *Bounty* crew member. George Stewart, a 23-year old midshipman, was born in 1766 on the Orkney Islands in northern Scotland, according to Barbara Juarez Wilson's 1983 book, *From Mission to Majesty*. The author traced this Stewart line back to the 12th century, including genealogical pages and charts re-printed in her book with permission from The Stewart Society and the "Story of the Stewarts," published in 1901.

According to Wilson, Commanding Lieutenant Bligh described George this way:

"Stewart was a young man of creditable parents in the Orkneys. . . was a seaman. . . borne of good character. George Stewart, midshipman, aged twenty-three years, five feet seven inches high, good complexion, dark hair, slender made, narrow chested, and long neck, small face, and black eyes; tattooed on the left breast with a star, and on the left arm with a heart and darts, is also tattooed on the backside."

Like the other crew members of the *Bounty*, George became romantically involved. George called the young native girl Peggy, most likely after his mother Margaret. Many of the Bountians gave their girlfriends Anglo names after their mothers, sisters, even wives back home because the Tahitian language and pronunciation was so difficult for the men. Abstracts from junior officer Peter Heywood's journal have survived which chronicle life in Tahiti during this down time on the island. Though there are no specific records of the event, it appears that George Stewart and Peggy, the daughter of the Tahitian chief Tipau, were married in an island ceremony sometime in 1789. Based on a visit Peter Heywood made with his native wife and baby daughter Helen in November of 1790 to the home of Stewart and Peggy, it is estimated that Stewart's daughter may have been born in early spring of that year. Some sources name the baby Charlotte, but I will refer to the Stewart baby as "Peggy II" for the time being.

The Mutiny

In the five months the *Bounty* was anchored in Matavai Bay, 1,015 breadfruit plants were harvested, potted and brought on board the ship. By now, many of the crew members had become accustomed to island life and did not share Bligh's desire to leave Tahiti and resume the expedition to the West Indies.

Nevertheless, on April 5, 1789, the *Bounty* set sail to the west. By April 11, Lieutenant Bligh was dealing with disciplinary problems resulting in excessive floggings to some of the crew. Violent arguments with master's mate Fletcher Christian grew to a head when Bligh accused Christian of being a coward and a thief.

According to the journals of Lt. Bligh, 1300 hundred miles west of Tahiti in the early hours of April 28th Fletcher Christian and three other crew members came into Bligh's cabin, dragged him out of bed, tied his hands behind his back and forced him on deck. A launch from the *Bounty* measuring 23 feet by six feet



British ships with fishing craft in Matavai Bay, Tahiti, painted by William Hodges in 1776.

nine inches was lowered into the sea. Along with Bligh, 18 crewmen who had remained loyal to the Lieutenant were ordered into the boat. There were additional sailors who did not want to partake in the mutiny but were forced to remain on the *Bounty* due to lack of space in the launch. Among those were Peter Heywood, Joseph Coleman and George Stewart. Fletcher Christian provided Bligh and his men with minimal provisions, including canvas, sails, water, bread, pork, wine, a tool chest, compass, a book of nautical tables and Christian's own sextant, and cast the launch out into open waters with little to no chance of surviving the journey.

Using only a sextant for navigating, very little rations and no loss of life, Lieutenant Bligh brought his crew safely to port on the Dutch island of Timor, a distance of 3618 nautical miles, on June 14th, 41 days after being set adrift by Christian and fellow mutineers. One account was quoted on Bligh's navigation in the paper, *The English Chronicle*. It stated in part, "an overloaded and under provisioned boat" of "his little skiff through so dangerous a sea" a "matchless... undertaking that seems beyond the verge of probability."

Lieutenant Bligh and his men left Timor in the schooner *Resource* and sailed to Java where they arrived on October 1st. Two weeks later these 19 sailors set sail on the Dutch ship *Vlijt*, bound for the Cape of Good Hope and then on to Holland. On March 13, 1790, ten and a half months after the mutiny, William Bligh arrived in England and the story of the *Bounty* rapidly spread throughout the country. There were trials, court-martial hearings, etc. and by the end of the year Bligh was cleared of any wrongdoing and pronounced a national hero.



Fletcher Christian and the mutineers turn Lieutenant William Bligh and 18 others adrift; 1790 painting by Robert Dodd.

The Pandora

Captain Edward Edwards was given orders to sail the 24-gun ship *Pandora* to the South Pacific and bring back any of the *Bounty* mutineers for trial and punishment. He set sail on November 7, 1790, with a crew of 134 men and arrived in Matavai Bay, Tahiti on March 23, 1791. I am not going into the movements of the *Bounty* or what happened to the men and the ship. However, it is important to note that 12 of the mutineers along with four sailors who were loyal to Bligh chose to return to Tahiti. Of those who returned, Peter Heywood, Joseph Coleman and George Stewart plus two others paddled out to the *Pandora* on the morning of March 23rd thinking to clear their names from the other mutineers if returned to England. After identifying themselves to Captain Edwards, they were immediately put into chains and taken below deck. Nine other sailors were found in the following days, arrested and likewise put into shackles. Edwards pieced together the events after the mutiny from the journals that had been confiscated from the prisoners in order to try and determine where Fletcher Christian and his men went with the *Bounty*.

For two months the *Pandora* lay in anchor while her crew searched the island for Christian's motley crew. During this time, George Stewart and the other prisoners were kept in deplorable conditions; no circulating air, the stench of human waste, and little food on which to survive. And of course there was no communication with the native population and families. The ship's doctor, George Hamilton, insisted that the men be transferred to the upper deck and the captain finally agreed. The prisoners were placed in what was called a "roundhouse," but what the men called "Pandora's Box." This container was 11 feet long and 18 feet wide. As further described in Barbara Juarez Wilson's book,

"...there were 2 heavily barred scuttles, 9 inches square, and on the roof through which entrance was made by way of a ladder. These openings supplied...little light. Midway between the walls was a line of 14 heavy ringbolts to which the prisoners' leg irons...with a 12 inch chain were attached. One key unlocked all the leg irons and another, the handcuffs. The master-in-arm held the keys."

During this time some of the native wives and children of the sailors were allowed to visit their husbands, and Peggy I with her baby daughter were among those anxious to see her husband George Stewart. The scene of this emotional visit was described

in Lady Diana Belcher's 1871 book, *The Mutineers of the Bounty* where she quotes from James Morrison's abstracted journal:

"During the whole period of their stay at Tahiti, the ship was daily surrounded by canoes, not only with supplies, but with the numerous friends of the prisoners, full of sorrow and lamentations for their misfortunes. Few were allowed to come on board to see them, but among the few was the young girl Stewart had married, and named Peggy. She came with her infant in her arms, and seeing her husband lying on the deck among the others heavily ironed, her grief knew no bounds; even the hard-hearted captain and his lieutenant were touched by her sorrow and she was admitted into the prison-house. With reiterated cries, she clung to Stewart and the scene becoming too painful, it was necessary to remove her by force. Stewart was so completely unnerved by the interview that he entreated she might not be allowed to see him again. Poor Peggy, however, was not to be deterred from remaining on the beach, where she could at all events, see the vessel from the earliest dawn to midnight. Her father and friends were seen endeavoring to persuade her to take food and rest, but in vain; she was daily at her post, and within a few weeks after the departure of the *Pandora*, the broken-hearted girl sank into an early grave, leaving her infant to the care of her sister, who took a mother's interest in the welfare of the little orphan."

**In after years this account was brought to England by the missionaries, by whom the little girl had been educated.

On May 8, 1791, the *Pandora* left Tahiti to continue the search for the *Bounty*, but to no avail. After three months of canvassing the various islands in the South Pacific, Capt. Edwards turned west for the return trip to England. Nearing the Torres Strait in heavy surf, the



HMS Pandora in the act of foundering

Etching by Robert Batty (1789–1848), from an original sketch by Peter Heywood (1772–1831) - Originally published in Barrow, Sir John (1831). *The Eventful History of the Mutiny and Piratical Seizure of HMS Bounty: Its Causes and Consequences*. London: John Murray. Between pages 186 and 187. {{PD-1996}}

frigate hit the outer Great Barrier Reef and sank on the morning of August 29th. Some of the prisoners were able to free themselves as they were touselled severely in the "box," but unfortunately George Stewart was hit in the head with a gangplank and along with four other prisoners and 31 crew members, he perished as the ship sank beneath the waves. Peter Heywood was among those who survived, clinching his prayer book, a gift from his mother, between his teeth.

As tempting as it is to continue with the survivors of the wreckage, their trip back to England, the trials and outcome, I am going to stop here with the death of George Stewart and return to his infant daughter Peggy II and the rest of the story.

George Washington Eayrs

George Washington Eayrs was born in Boston, Massachusetts, around 1775 to Moses Eayrs/Ayers and Prudence Gray. In 1806 Eayrs was made first mate on the ship *Mercury*, a ship that gave him success followed by notoriety and ultimately the loss of his command, separation from his family, and confinement in Mexico with the charge of smuggling. What is significant to the Stewart saga is Eayrs' relationship with young Peggy Stewart (Peggy II), orphan daughter of George Stewart and Peggy I.

As first mate, George Eayrs was under the command of co-owner William Heath Davis, Sr. from 1806 to 1808. The *Mercury* left Boston in January of 1806, went around the Horn and reached the Pacific Northwest in July to begin bartering New England merchandise for furs. In the book "*A Yankee Smuggler on the Spanish California Coast*" author Robert Ryal Miller highlights Eayrs' future trading trips from the Northwest to Baja, California for the next seven years, the last five years as captain. The route began in Alaska with the Russian American Company contracting Eayrs to procure otter and seal skins. From there the *Mercury* stopped near Bodega Bay to supply the Russian colony at Fort Ross, then to Morro Bay to trade with Mission San Luis Obispo. The next stop was 20 miles west and north of Santa Barbara in Refugio Cove. Here, Eayrs traded for supplies with Don Ortega, owner of the Rancho Refugio de Nuestra Senora, and Franciscan friars from Mission Santa Inez. Next, Eayrs anchored in San Pedro and did business with the various missions in the southern part of Alta California. He then stopped in San Diego before sailing to the west coast of Baja California. With one more run along the California coast, the *Mercury* would turn due west and cross the Pacific Ocean on her way to Canton, China, with a stop in the Sandwich Islands. This somewhat triangular route was common and the items brought back to California were extremely popular and considered by many as necessities.

Spain's Colonies Fight for Independence

Since the Louisiana Purchase in 1803 and the Lewis and Clark Expedition in 1804-06 which took the explorers to the Pacific Ocean and claimed Oregon, Spain felt threatened by any foreign incursion. California was a

Spanish territory as well as Mexico (called New Spain), so laws and decrees were handed down by Spain for this region, which included no commercial relations with foreigners. Only Spanish requisition ships called *memorias* were allowed to barter with the locals, and these trips were infrequent. Sea merchants like Eayrs who did not have a license to do business with the local population chose to become smugglers and deal in contraband, taking care to anchor in sparsely populated coves so as not to attract Spanish patrols on the lookout for such ships. This need for supplies became all but crucial in 1810 with Europe embroiled in wars on the Continent. Napoleon declared a blockade on Britain and ordered any American vessels that had been seized during this time to be charged with violating the blockade. Britain prohibited American sea merchants from trading with France. Britain would stop and board American ships to search for English deserters as well as press American sailors into the Royal Navy. These infractions were some of many that led to the War of 1812.

Meanwhile, several of Spain's colonies began their own wars for independence. In New Spain/Mexico, fighting began in September of 1810, and for the next 10 years, *memoria* ships did not sail up to Alta California, which meant no supplies and no pay for the soldiers. All this warring created the perfect business opportunity for smugglers like Eayrs to take advantage of the economic vacuum and provide much needed items for the local population. Some of the items bartered from China were silk, cotton, shoes, furniture, dishes, pottery, miscellaneous hardware and tools, ink, paper, tea and spices. The local *rancheros*, some soldiers and friars from the missions would then trade with sea otter skins, eggs, flour, sheep, soap, salt and cash.

Peggy II Begins Her Journey with George Eayrs

Considering the lack of any accurate written account or date, I can only guess that somewhere between 1808 and 1809 George Eayrs sailed the *Mercury* into Matavai Bay, Tahiti, where young Peggy II caught his eye. Perhaps this 18-year old young woman, raised by relatives and educated by English speaking missionaries, felt Eayrs' invitation to join him on the *Mercury* and see the world was an opportunity she needed, and so she embarked on this adventure. For the next four plus years, Peggy II and George Eayrs traveled to India, China, Alaska, the coast of California down to Baja, on to South America and up the Eastern seaboard.

1813 and the *Mercury* in Refugio Cove

In 1813, George again entered into a contract with the Russian American Company to acquire furs and drop off supplies to the Russian outposts in northern California. On May 7, 1813, the *Mercury* docked in Bodega Bay where Peggy gave birth to a daughter. From Bodega Bay the ship traveled to a cove near San Luis Obispo on May 25th where Eayrs heard about the series of earthquakes that hit the central coast and were felt as far south as Los Angeles, according to Owen H. O'Neill in his book, "*History of Santa Barbara County*."

On June 1st the *Mercury* sailed south towards Santa Barbara and anchored in Refugio Cove where Captain Eayrs went ashore to negotiate for supplies with Don Ortega. On board, the sail master noticed a ship coming in their direction but determined it was not Spanish so felt there was no threat. However, on the morning of June 2nd, when the crew realized the ship approaching them was Spanish, they pulled up anchor to sail away. Unfortunately, just then the wind died down and they were forced to re-cast the anchor. A launch from the visiting ship approached the *Mercury* with 14 armed sailors who came aboard and quickly took over the crew and ship with no resistance. A second boat docked next to the ship and an officer came aboard and identified himself as Nicolas Noe, captain of the merchant vessel *Flora* and acting as a privateer (*Noe was originally from Peru who had permission to do business in California*). When Eayrs could not produce a license to trade legally in Alta California, Noe forced the pilot, a mate and a sailor from the *Mercury* to come aboard the *Flora*, and then ordered both ships to sail for Santa Barbara. When the ships arrived in Santa Barbara, the presidio commandant at the time was Captain Jose Dario Arguello, and he immediately sent four armed soldiers on the *Mercury* to prevent the crew from sailing her away. The first item of business for Captain Noe was to declare the *Mercury* a prize, confiscate the cargo to be sold and collect the monies for himself and his crew. Reports were sent to Governor Arrellaga in Monterey about the action, and the response was to have an inventory taken of the *Mercury* and cargo and all personnel removed from the ship.

On June 4th, Eayrs and his common law wife Peggy Stewart, their 25-day old newborn daughter, and an eight year old Indian slave boy, disembarked for the last time from the *Mercury*. Commandant Arguello did allow Peggy to keep \$400 dollars in coins from her trunk and a few cooking utensils. Besides the four of them, Eayrs' 2nd officer and three other crew members were given temporary quarters at the Presidio.

Two weeks later, the commandant began proceedings against Eayrs, taking depositions by crew members from both the *Mercury* and *Flora* and their captains. Afterwards, Eayrs was escorted back to his quarters only to find that Noe's sailors had ransacked the family's trunks. This whole ordeal was viewed by a distraught Peggy, who wasn't even allowed to keep a pair of shoes. She was also ordered to pack her few belongings and with her baby to leave the rooms immediately and be separated from George. A week later the inventory of the cargo took place; items listed in Robert Ryal Miller's book, *Yankee Smuggler*, were valued at over \$16,000 dollars in silver coins plus many bolts of cloth, Chinese silk and 50 pounds of iron.

At the end of June, Governor Arrellaga ordered Capt. Noe to sail the *Mercury* to the capital at Monterey so some of the items could be distributed to the four garrisons. Capt. Noe agreed to give Gov. Arrellaga \$8,800 of the silver coins for the payroll at the garrisons as well as

the bolts of material and 50 pounds of iron. Meanwhile, Eayrs was still under arrest at the Presidio in Santa Barbara. In September of 1813, Commandant Arguello gave to Lieutenant Jose de la Guerra y Noriega, then paymaster, the assignment to escort George Eayrs, his family and four of his crew members to the Presidio in San Diego where Eayrs would then be transferred to San Blas, the Spanish naval headquarters that had jurisdiction over California. They arrived on October 1st.

Baptism of Peggy's daughter at San Diego Presidio Chapel

On November 7, 1813, at the chapel of the San Diego Presidio, Father Vicente Francisco de Sarria (as spelled), Commissary Prefect of the California Missions, baptized Eayrs' daughter. I visited the Santa Barbara Mission Archives for the following records:

7 November 1813

"I, the below inscribed commissary prefect of the missions that are in charge of the College of Holy Propaganda of San Fernando, Mexico, solemnly baptized a girl of about five months of age, born on the sea, daughter of George W. Eayrs of the Anglo-American nation and of the Protestant Religion, who navigating his frigate called Mercury on the coast of this sea of California, was captured by Don Nicolas Noe, captain of the frigate Flora, and daughter of Margarita Pegue, native of the Sandwich Islands, who is said to be the wife of the same George. He, having supplicated me very earnestly, and with much insistence, to administer the Catholic rite of the Sacrament of Baptism to his said little one, in virtue of the serious and repeated promises which he made that on arriving at his land of Boston, he would present himself there to the Spanish Consul, that through his help, he might direct himself to a Catholic priest from whom in his time he may receive competent instruction in the same Holy Catholic Religion; thus I was able to accede to his said petition. I gave for a name, Maria de los Remedios Josefa Antonia. Her godparents were: Don Jose Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega, Lieutenant of the Company of Cavalry of the Presidio of Santa Barbara, native of the mountains of Santander in Spain, and his legitimate wife, Dona Maria Antonia Carrillo, native of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, New California, to whom I explained the obligations which they had contracted; and that it may be in due form, I have affirmed it at this Mission of San Diego, the said day, month and year."

Fr. Vicente Francisco Sarria

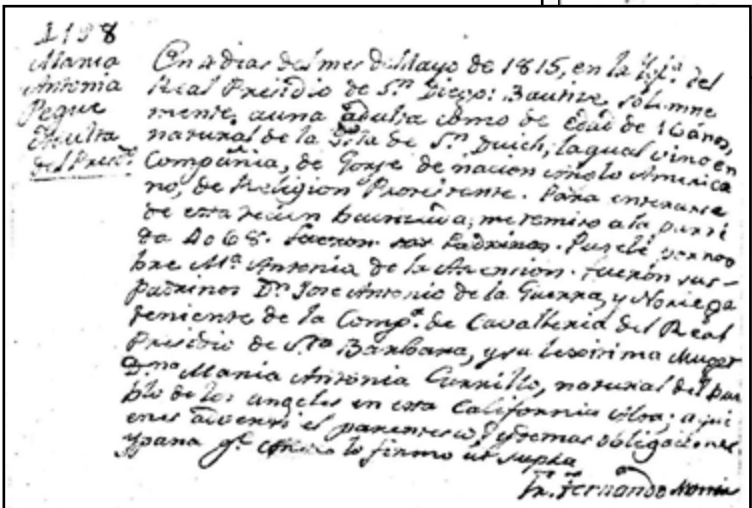
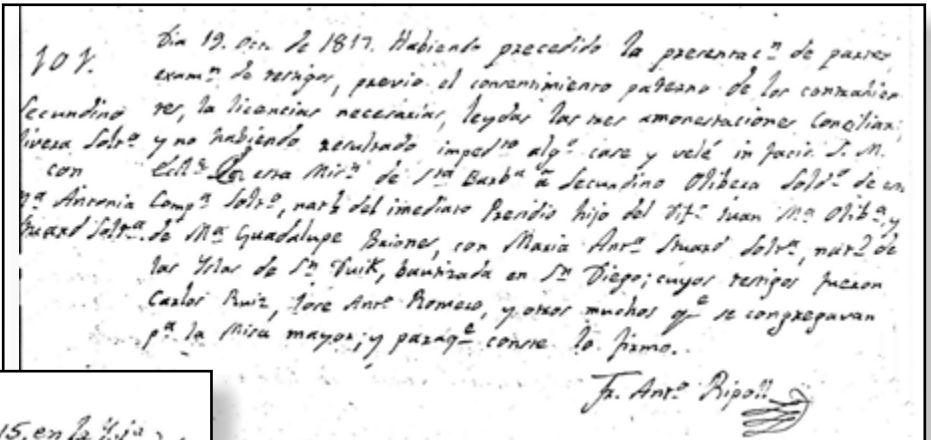
In early 1814, George Eayrs wrote several letters to the Mexican government lamenting the loss of his ship, the cargo and his personal situation. On October 22, 1814, Eayrs and his four former crew members were put on board the recently captured Spanish ship *Tagle*, to be taken to San Blas. This was the last time George had contact with Peggy and his newly christened daughter Maria as he never again ventured out of Mexico. Over the next 25 years, George Washington Eayrs would write hundreds of letters to his family in Boston, the new state of California and the US Congress regarding his reimbursement for the loss of the *Mercury* and her

items. I found several relevant records for George Washington Eayrs in indexes for Mexico on *Ancestry.com*:

1. A marriage record for George Washington Eayrs Y Gray and Mariana de Velasco in Guadalajara, Jalisco on November 13, 1818.
2. Three baptismal records for sons, Jose Maria Carlos born September 18, 1822, Jose Martin Mariano Ygnacio on February 5, 1824, and George Felipe Mariano Washington Valasco born February 8, 1831.
3. A death record for George Eayrs on May 16, 1855 in Guadalajara and where he is also buried.

Baptism of Peggy 'Eayrs' at San Diego Presidio Chapel

Peggy II and 17-month old Maria became wards of Lieutenant Jose Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega and his wife Dona Maria Antonia Carrillo, and on May 4, 1815, Father Fernando Martin baptized Peggy Stewart/Stuart in San Diego.



"In the Church of the Royal Presidio of San Diego, I solemnly baptized an adult woman of about sixteen years of age, native of the Isle of San Duich, who came in the company of George, of the Anglo-American Nation, of the Protestant Religion. To understand this recently baptized person, I refer you to entry #4069. I gave her the name of Maria Antonia de la Ascension. Her godparents were Don Jose Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega, Lieutenant of the Cavalry Company of the Royal Presidio of Santa Barbara, and his legitimate wife, Dona Maria Antonia Carrillo, native of the Pueblo of Los Angeles in this New California".

In September of 1815 Jose de la Guerra y Noriega was transferred back to Santa Barbara with his wife and family. Peggy II, now known as Maria Antonia de la Ascension, along with her baby daughter Maria accompanied their guardians to Santa Barbara.

Maria Antonia de la Ascension Stewart

Don Jose de la Guerra wrote a letter to Governor Pablo Vicente de Sola on August 9, 1816, which mentions Maria Antonia and daughter Maria. Barbara Wilson provided the transcription of the letter in her book and in part says:

"Maria Antonia de la Ascension Stuard, sponsor and Goddaughter of mine known by the nickname of "Peggy," sailed with Mr. George Gayus (Eayrs)...for about four years

as his own woman; she stays with me, with her daughter by George, who is also my Goddaughter, since October, 1814, at which time he sailed for San Blas, and since his first woman was unfaithful and ran away from him, George begged me to keep them in my home and now they stay with me, she and her daughter, like my own family through the Spiritual Parenthood..."

On the 19th of October, 1817 Maria Antonia de la Ascension Stewart married Joseph Antonio Secundino Olivera at the Santa Barbara Mission.

"Secundino Olivera, Santa Barbara, son of Juan Maria Olivera, deceased, and Maria Guadalupe Briones, with Maria Antonia Stuard, native of the Sandwich Islands, baptized in the chapel of the Presidio of San Diego on 4 May 1815 by Father Fernando de Martin".

Secundino and Maria Antonia Olivera (Peggy II) had the following children:

1. 25 Aug 1818 Maria Luisa who married Victor Cota 4 Aug 1838 1st cousins
2. 21 May 1820 Jose del Espiritu Santo; died at a young age
3. 22 Mar 1822 **Maria Josefa; married Jose Antonio de la Torre** 2 Oct 1848***
4. 14 Feb 1824 Josef Antonio Francisco Solano, only child born in La Purisima Mission; he married Maria Francisca Olivera on 12 Nov. 1849 1st cousins
5. 3 Oct 1826 Maria de los Angeles Francisca; married Juan Capistrano Ayala 2 Dec 1847
6. 11 Mar 1829 Maria Guadalupe Catarina; married Francisco Ortega 6 Mar 1848

Secundino Olivera died at age 35 on Dec. 11, 1828, which means his last child was born 4 months after his death.

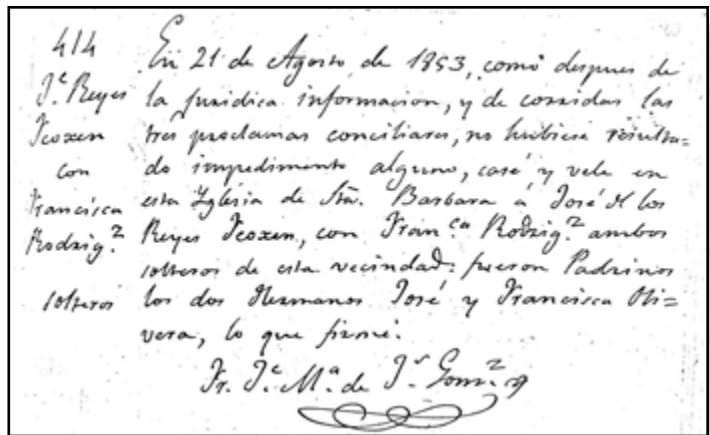
*** The significance of this marriage is explained at the end of the story

Benjamin Foxen later known as William Domingo "Don Julian"

Benjamin Foxen was born in Norwich, England, in 1798 and began his career in the British Navy as a young boy. Over the next several years he graduated to merchant seaman and eventually to first officer and sailed extensively in the South Pacific. It was on one of these trips to the South Seas that Foxen met Capt. A. B. Thompson whose primary residence was Santa Barbara. Thompson dealt in the hide and tallow trade

between California and Boston and offered Foxen a position as first officer on his ship, which Foxen accepted. In 1820 Foxen made his first visit to Santa Barbara. In December of 1827 a law was passed that stated any Spaniard born in Spain was ineligible to hold government positions in Mexico and Alta California. This meant that Jose de la Guerra y Noriega would no longer be the Commandant of the Santa Barbara Presidio. It was at this time that Benjamin Foxen met Captain de la Guerra and entered into business with the Don, building a small schooner that would be used for trading up and down the California coast.

At some point between 1829 and early 1831, the widow Maria Antonia Stuart Olivera (Peggy II) met Benjamin Foxen, most likely through her association with the de la Guerra family. This "relationship" resulted in a pregnancy in March of 1831. At the same time, Foxen may have had early marital intentions towards Maria Eduarda de Carmen Osuna in 1830 as he was baptized a Catholic on August 4th of that year. (Church law states that a non-Catholic could only marry a Catholic in the Church if he or she were baptized in that faith). Benjamin Foxen and Maria Eduarda de Carmen Osuna married on May 28, 1831. On January 4, 1832, a son was born to Maria Antonia Stuart Olivera; Maria Antonia was 41 and Ben Foxen 34.



Record of marriage of Jose de la Luz Reyes Foxen to Francisca Rodriguez

6. Salvador baptized May 1864
- 7/8. Twins Eugenio and Maria baptized 15 Nov. 1866; Maria died at birth but Eugenio lived to adulthood
9. Epifanio baptized 16 Nov 1870
10. Cayetano baptized on 1874; he died 3 Sept. 1880
11. Mererdo/Meardardo, baptized on 8 June 1875
12. Joseph baptized on 20 July 1880

Juan Samuel Foxen and Augustia Pico married in 1884 and had 11 children, eight of whom died in infancy and one daughter who lived to the age of five.

The last two children born were the only ones to reach adulthood, Marianne Angela Leontine and Raymond Joseph. My cousin Patti Reedy Leary is the granddaughter of Marianne Angela Leontine Foxen, born April 27, 1895. In 1922 Marianne Angela Foxen married William H. Reedy. Bill and Marianne had two children, Bruce Reedy who died at the age of four and Bill Jr. who is the father of Patti.

Maria Antonia (Stewart/Astuar) Olivera in Census and other records

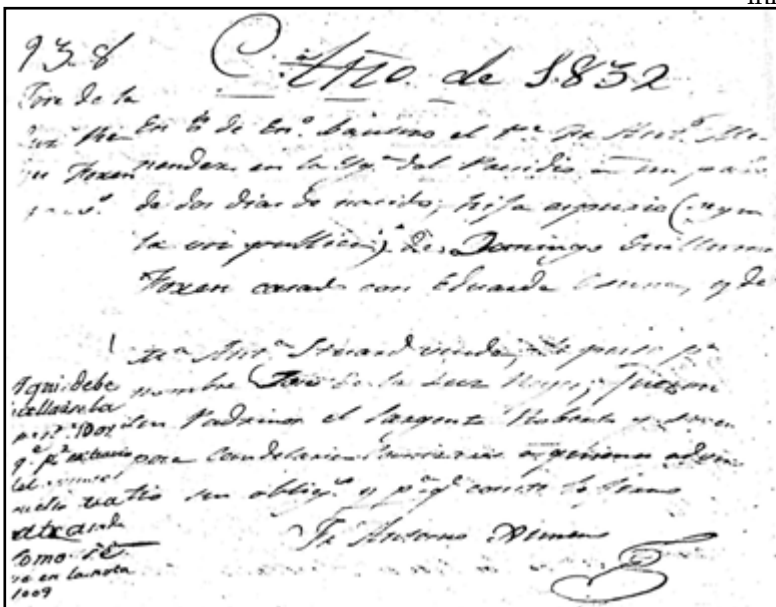
1825 Presidio Easter Sunday census – Maria Antonia Pegue Astuar with husband Secundino Olivera.

1832 Santa Barbara Padron – was not listed. Maria Antonia was a widow by then and the census appears to be of soldiers and their families only.

1834 Santa Barbara Padron – Ma. Anta Astaur (Stuart) a widow (Viuda), age 36 from the Isles S. Luis (Sandwich Islands). With her is daughter Maria (Eayrs), six Olivera children and one grandchild by Maria.

NOTE: Maria Antonia (Peggy II) bore a child named Lino on Sept. 24, 1835, father given on child's baptismal record #1121 (also duplicated on #1184) at Santa Barbara Mission as George Raid or Reid. The duplicated record #1184 suggests that the birth of Lino was "natural" therefore illegitimate; no marriage record was ever found and both father and son were not listed in succeeding census records for Santa Barbara.

1850 Federal census, Santa Barbara - Maria Antonia Olivera, birthplace of Scotland and her son Jose de la Luz Reyes (Foxen) is listed as "Raes" Olivera, age 19. Both are



Baptismal record for Jose de la Luz Reyes Foxen 1832:
"On 6 of January the Father Jose Antonio Menendez baptized in the Church of the Presidio an infant two days born; spurious child (according to public opinion) of Domingo William Foxen married to Eduarda Osuna and of Maria Antonia Stuart widow; he was named Jose de la Luz Reyes...
"(His name is literally translated as 'Joseph of the Light of the Kings')

Jose de la Luz Reyes Foxen married Francisca Rodriguez on Aug. 21, 1853 and together had 12 children.

1. Filomena, baptized 6 July 1854; died 28 June 1855
2. Ramona, baptized 9 April 1855
3. **Samuel (Juan Samuel), baptized 6 May 1859*** husband of Maria Elena Augustia Pico**
4. Elisa who went by Alice as an adult, baptized in 1862
5. Simeon baptized 18 Feb. 1863

included in the household with daughter Maria Josefa de la Torre but spelled as “Latore,” and next door to Benjamin Foxen, his wife Eduarda and their 8 children.

1852 California State Census - Maria Antonia Estua de Oliveira.

1870 Federal census, Santa Barbara, Maria A. Stuard with daughter Francisca Ayala (Maria de los Angeles Francisca) and family; son Reyes Foxen and family live next door.

Maria Antonia de la Ascencion Stewart Olivera died on September 30, 1871 and is buried at the Old Mission cemetery. The record gives her name Ma. Antonia Estuar.

Thank you Patti, for introducing me to this remarkable tale.

The story continues with Sue Ramsey...

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The Huntington Library and my thanks to William P. Frank, Curator of Hispanic, Cartographic, & Western Manuscripts, and Andie Reid, HEH Research Dept.

Santa Barbara Mission Archive Library

My local roots run deep on my mother’s side of the family, going back to the early days of the Presidio. I have been involved in genealogy for 35 years, the perfect conduit to satisfy my enjoyment in reading, meeting people, solving a mystery, research and preserving stories by trying to separate facts from family lore. I think I am like many genealogists in that I love researching, or simply the act of the “hunt” itself. I have been a member of SBCGS for several years and feel that our city is extremely fortunate to have the Sahyun Library and a group of dedicated members and volunteers who share the same goal of providing support and information for the public at large.

Some of my family surnames : O’Meara, Carey, Hunt (English), Hunt (German), Sickler/Ziegler, Mulcahy, Manton, Pico, Lopez, Sinova, Morelli, Caselli.

The Crew Member’s Santa Barbara Connection: Truth is stranger than fiction! by Sue Ramsey

ADDING TO MARY MAMALAKIS’ excellent account of George Stewart/Stuart, Peggy I and PeggyII, I will continue with how my husband, Ed de la Torre, is connected to this story.

Many years ago, Ed’s cousin, Joe de la Torre (1928 – 2014) prepared a beautiful family history of the de la Torre family. Joe did his research the old-fashioned way – before computers. He traced the family back to the Spanish soldier, Jose Joaquin de la Torre (1778 - 1845) who came from Spain to Monterey. In 1803 at the Mission San Carlos in Carmel, CA, Jose married Maria de los Angeles Cota (1790 – 1877). She was born at the Presidio Santa Barbara. Ed’s roots go deep in Santa Barbara.

As a result of Joe’s chart, I admit to being lazy in doing further research. Then along came Mary Mamalakis. Over the years since meeting Mary in Jan Cloud’s adult education class in 2004, we’ve become good friends. She has since discovered that Ed’s 2nd great-grandmother, Maria Filomena Lopez (1817 1898) and her 2nd great- grandmother, Maria Ysabel Augustina Lopez (1829 - 1880) were sisters.

Then in 2012 came the real bombshell – Mary discovered that Ed is a descendant of George Eays and Peggy Stewart/Stuart (PeggyII)! After she presented us with all the documentation, we pulled out cousin Joe’s chart, and sure enough, there is his great grandfather, Jose Antonio de la Torre (1819 – 1905) married to Josefa Soledad Olivera (1821 – 1891). “Peggy II” was Josefa’s mother!!

Jose Antonio de la Torre and Josefa homesteaded 160 acres here in Santa Barbara in a location that we now know as Rattlesnake Canyon. The deed was finalized in 1885.

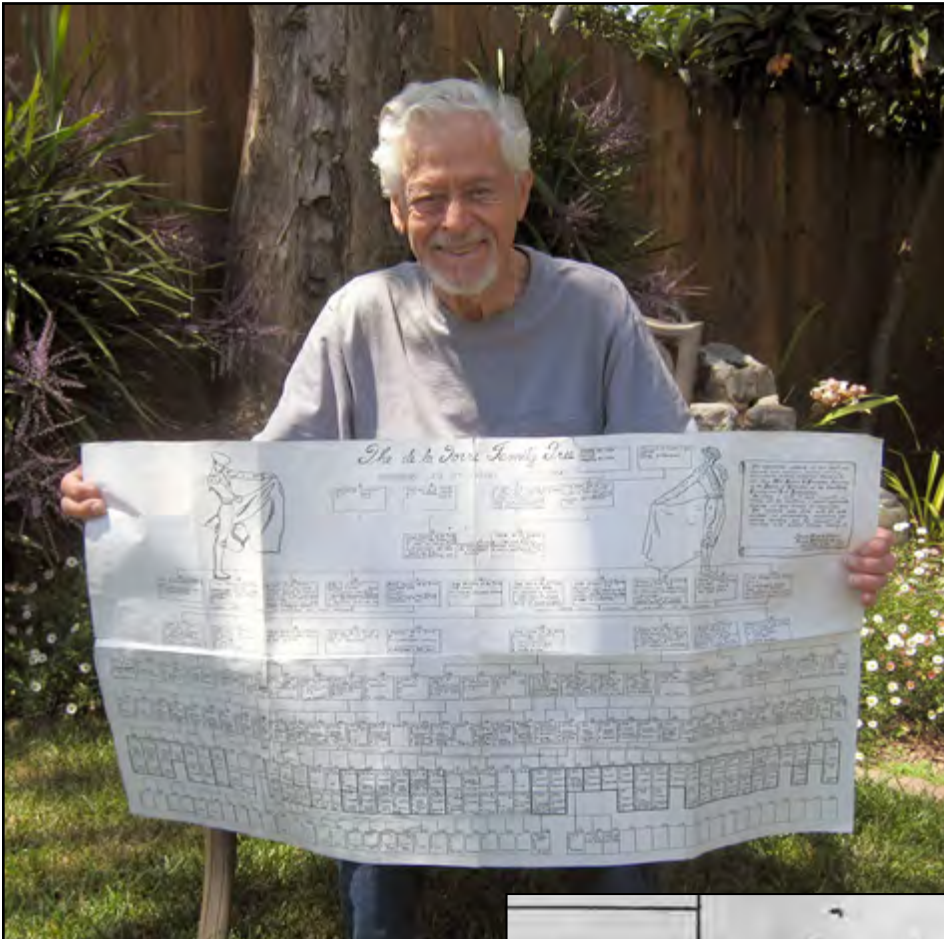
Below is a brief descendancy chart from the Spanish soldier to Ed. The de la Torre chart prepared by Joe de la Torre can be found in the de la Torre surname file at the Sahyun Library.



As a matter of further interest, I had Ed take a DNA test from *AncestryDNA*. The results were thus: 12% Native American, 31% Italy/Greece (which includes France & Switzerland – his mother’s heritage), 21% Ireland (includes Scotland & France), 17% Iberian Peninsula (Spain), 7% Scandinavia, 5% Great Britain, 3% Africa North, and lastly, 2% **Polynesian**.

So as they say, truth IS stranger than fiction. Many thanks to Mary for her incredible research and uncovering this amazing story. It certainly added “spice” to the family tree!

I credit my interest in family history to being blessed with having all 4 of my grandparents into my 20’s. I loved each one dearly and enjoyed hearing their stories. Since I worked full time, I always watched for genealogy classes to be held at night and, finally, in 1993 a beginning class was offered and led by the late Mary Leigh Johnston. Shortly afterward I joined SBCGS. My research was sporadic until my retirement in 2004. I’m a past board member and long-time volunteer librarian. I enjoy helping others with their research as much as I do my own.



Ed de la Torre holds the de la Torre family history prepared by his cousin Joe de la Torre.

Inset: the record in the family tree of Jose Antonio de la Torre and his wife Josefa Soledad Olivera, the daughter of Peggy II.

<p>5 Jose Joaquin de la Torre BD-1778 or 1784 Ruenes, Santa Y. Professional soldier and secretary to Gov. Pablo de Sola. Arrived in Monterey 1801</p>	<p>3 married 8-7-1803 IN SAN CARLOS DE MONTEREY MISSION</p>	<p>6 Maria de los Angeles Cota B-1790-S.B. Presidio BAPTISED AUG. 21, 1791 Mission Santa Barbara. D-MAY 21, 1877 Monterey, Ca. 87 years</p>
<p>11 Manuel de la Torre sgd 1829 er- onvela maitorena er maria Teresa was wed in 1851</p>	<p>12 Jose Antonio de la Torre 1819-1905 M-Josefa Soledad Olivera 1821-1891</p>	<p>13 Jose Maria de la Torre 1817-July 18, 1842 V-soldier in c at 1836, JUEZ de in 1842. Died in age 29 - no record</p>

Summer Supreme

by Margery Baragona

*Jacaranda-Agapanthus
The periwinkle blossoms clump
The faded leaves drift to
The ground as the next
Blooms stretch to the heavens.
The purple skies
Give way to the uplifted
Blues and white.
May brings the jacaranda
June the abundant agapanthus arrive
The colors outshining
One another as the summer
Accentuates their struggles
The city is ablaze with
The vibrant colors that soon
Will begin to fade as the days begin to falter.*

I may use these words today, but growing up in summertime Santa Barbara is far different in the memory of my youth.

I remember pony rides at West Beach, the wading pool, a walk on the breakwater hoping for splashing waves, ice cream at a place that is now Sambo's, bands playing in the shell at Pershing Park, and feeding the ducks at the bird refuge.

There were picnics at Oak Park (I spent many days exploring the creek; poison oak was one reward). We took a ride to see the airplanes at the Marine Base in Goleta, a gas coupon allowing. The July Fourth parade was poignant during WW II, then the glory of fireworks illuminating the harbor and much of our city. And always there was the beach and the sand and the sun — each beach with its own personality. If early fog persisted there was maybe an opportunity for Paradise (well named) and Red Rock over the hill. I was fortunate one summer to attend a Girl Scout camp near Mt Pinos. I hated cleaning the latrines, but my most painful memory is being on a slow moving horse and falling off into a yucca plant. To my enduring embarrassment, I had to take off my jeans so the prickly thorns could be removed.

Today we experience a far different summer. There are island excursions with the hope of seeing whales and dolphins, exotic foods to eat in the Funk Zone, and the festivities of our raucous Summer Solstice. But then as now, the highlight of our summer is Fiesta in August, once held under the full moon. After a glorious summer, the days grow shorter and school starts. So long to wait for another Summer Supreme!



The Simple Joys of Summer

by Jim Wilson



Swimming Hole
Photo credit,
Henrietta Rawson
A bunch of kids in the water, mid 1940s. This was a hole in every sense of the word, no more than a couple of feet deep, the least activity stirred up the muddy bottom. We shared the water with a few small turtles, and an occasional fountain pen diameter, foot long, water snake. Note the horse watering trough in the foreground. Repurposed to keep water out rather than in, we used it, with modest success, as a boat. Here shown sinking, which was all part of the fun.

IN THE FALL OF 1942 my parents purchased what amounted to a quarter section of the Agua Hedionda land grant, five miles outside Carlsbad, California. The sellers had purchased the property from descendants of the original grantees and with the outbreak of World War II they were drafted and sold the property. The ranch was bisected by the mighty Agua Hedionda creek. Not noted for its flow rate, in the few places where you couldn't jump over it, it would scarcely wet your ankles to wade across. Its might lay in that it was one of the few creeks in western San Diego County which flowed year around. The name translates into "Stinking Water," and was bestowed when, in July 1769, the de Portola party camped near where the creek flowed into a slough (lagoon). Father Juan Crespi recorded in his diary that he named the lagoon "San Simeon Lipmaca," however, the soldiers name has stuck. History is not clear as to whether the stench arose from the waters of the slough or the midden of an Indian village on its shore.

With perennial flow over the ages, a lush growth of oak and sycamore trees had established along banks of the creek. At the entrance to the property along the creek road there was a level acre or two, nicely shaded by sycamore trees, and with easy access to the creek. Here Charlie and Ruth Wilson, my parents, established a "picnic ground." With the help of aunts, uncles, and friends, we built tables and benches out of what scrap lumber could be found. We also built a "barbecue" from creek stones. It was not a barbecue in the sense we

would understand today where one cooks directly over the flame. We cooked on a steel plate heated by the fire. Hamburgers and hot dogs were cooked directly on the plate, which would also reheat "pot-luck" dishes.

With his handy bulldozer Dad built a dam across the creek to form a swimming hole. We kids were pretty close to heaven! With a picnic grounds, a swimming hole, horseshoe court, and a dozen and a half aunts, uncles, and cousins in town, plus a legion of friends, there was no problem gathering 20 or 30 for a picnic. On occasion the pastor of the Union Church would announce from the pulpit that there would be a picnic at the Wilson's ranch and the crowd would swell to 50 to 75 people. With wartime gasoline rationed to four gallons per week it was a great attraction to have such a relaxing afternoon within two and a half quarts, round trip.

As the festivities started, someone would start the fire, another would crush ice for the ice cream maker, a handful would spread out tablecloths and set the tables. We kids would alternate between the swimming hole and cranking the ice cream freezer. Lunch was a sumptuous repast; lemonade, hamburgers, hot dogs, fried chicken, beans, potato salad, and casseroles beyond count, all finished off with watermelon, cake, pie, and ice cream. The meal was followed with the admonishment from our mothers that we could not go swimming for an hour. It was well known in those days that swimming within 60 minutes of eating would cause cramps and you would drown!

In spring and early summer my father would lead hikes around the ranch to see the wild flowers: shooting stars, Johnny jump-up, wild rose, ever-present poison oak, and along one trail, golden back fern, which when pressed to your arm would leave a golden print. On one small well-drained north facing slope there was a stand of uncommon chocolate lilies (*Fritillaria*). Then there was the walk back to the picnic grounds, clean-up, pack cars, and head back to town. Such were the simple joys of summer in the 1940s.

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.



Picnic

Photo credit, Henrietta Rawson

Lunch under the sycamore trees, the occasion lost in history.



Stone Barbecue

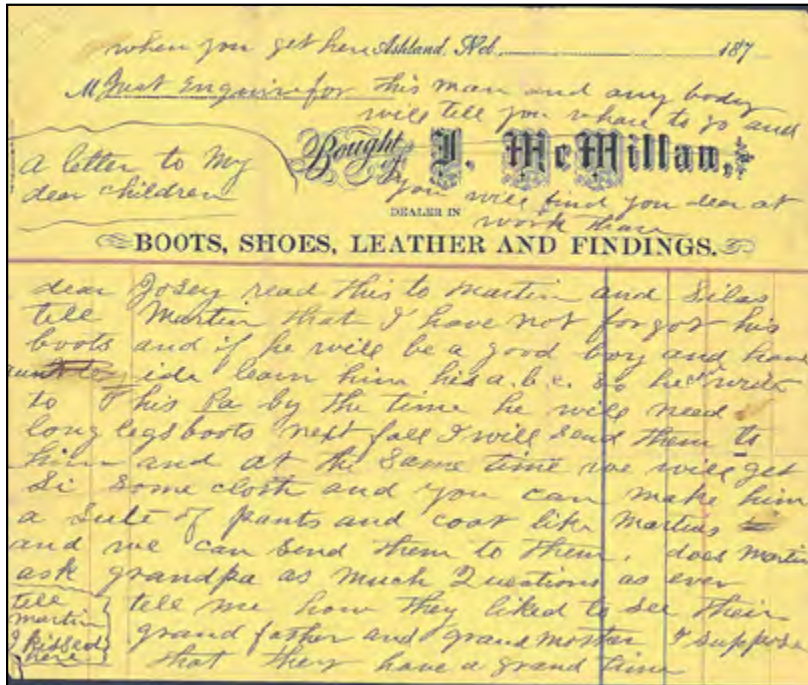
Photo Credit, Jim Wilson

Though not currently tasked at the time of the photo, still standing solid, more than a half century after its building, awaiting the laughter and splash of children, the buzz of adults, and its next fire.

Three Windows to the Past

by Cathy Jordan

AMONG THE SAVED DOCUMENTS in my family are three particularly fascinating letters that opened a window into the personalities of the writers, offered a glimpse of their lives at the time of the writing, and made these people more than names in a family pedigree chart. The letters are quite diverse, written in different decades, and are from three different people.



The first letter was written by my great-grandfather, Michael James Feely to his wife, Josephine Mallery Feely. Michael and his wife had been living in Salt River, Missouri, where the 1870 census lists him as a shoemaker and my grandfather is a three-month-old infant. In 1872 another child, Silas, was born. Sometime after 1872, Michael Feely left Missouri and went to Nebraska, presumably to seek a better life for his family. His wife and children stayed behind until he sent for them; her parents and some siblings were in that area to provide support. The letter was written about 1874 when Michael was in Ashland, Nebraska. Much of it concerns boots, shoes (Michael was still a shoemaker by trade), and clothing for the two boys and his wife, but what touches my heart are the endearments: “tell Martin I kissed here” (Martin was my grandfather and about four years old at the time). Also there is: “...Good by [sic] wife from your loving and ever faithfull [sic] husband M J Feely a kiss for you dear.” I would never have known his sweet, tender feelings for his children or his wife without this letter.

My grandfather’s brother, Clarence Feely, wrote the second letter to all his sisters and brother. It was written

on March 21, 1935, from Jennings, Kansas, a tiny town in the northwestern corner of the state. Always efficient, Uncle Clarence typed the letter on a typewriter using carbons so he could send the same letter to each of his sisters and to his brother. My grandfather had sold his mercantile store in Jennings to his brother when, as a widower, he brought his own three children to California in 1923. So Clarence was running the store as well as being a wheat farmer. This was the time of the Dust Bowl, and the letter, while sprinkled with his characteristic Irish humor, gives a dramatic picture of what people in his area and he, in particular, went through during those difficult years. His humor? “You all remember the old story of the easterner who was in Kansas for the first time and asked the little boy

‘Does the wind blow this way in Kansas all the time?’ and the boy replied, ‘No Mister, some times it blows the other way.’” And another example: “The man in Oklahoma was hit on the head by a rain drop – and they had to throw two buckets full of dust in his face to bring him to.” However, this humor did not fully mask the seriousness of the situation. Regarding the store, he relates that they had to operate the lights almost all the time. He comments that the damage to the merchandise meant he “has a good stock of second hand stuff right now.” And the wheat fields were very much damaged by the conditions: “I had 160 acres wheat drilled in stubble with a new style semi deep furrow drill. Good thick growth of stubble and weeds on this ground and it had not been stirred with anything since midsummer of 1933, and today it is blown down just as far as any implement ever went into the ground.”

And then the housewives had so much to contend with: “I have seen floors of good homes here after several hours of high wind, that were covered with a level layer of this gray dust at least ¼ inch thick. And they clean it out in the morning and it comes back in during the afternoon.” He goes on to mention deaths of animals and people by suffocation. How these people on the plains kept going is remarkable. This letter made the Dust Bowl much more personal and gave me a deep respect for Uncle Clarence and everyone else who survived under those conditions. The letter also showed me how he used his natural humor to cope with hardship in a typically Irish manner.

The third letter was written by my father, Murl “Mac” McDuffie, to my mother, Lola Feely, in 1930 before they were married in 1935. It was one in a stack of his love letters she kept. They were all sweet and gave me such a wonderful glimpse into their lives, the economy, and family relationships at the time. But this one was very special. He wrote an account of their meeting as if it were an entry in his diary. By reading this I learned how my parents met, something they never told me! On July 4, 1929, a mutual friend, Florence Anderson, arranged a blind date for my mother and father. They went on a traditional Fourth of July picnic with

Jennings, Kans. March 21st 1935.

You all remember the old story of the easterner who was in Kansas for his first time and asked the little boy "Does the wind blow this way in Kansas all the time?" and the boy replied, "No mister some times it blows the other way". Well that was a better story than I thought it was at the time I heard it first. It surely describes this spring. First from the north, the next day from the south, then back north then west and then south again. And these few days it blew from the west so those easterners saw some dust Oh! My! they thought it was bad.

For four weeks we have used lights in the store for almost all the time, now and then part of a day the sun peeks through but in an hour or two the wind changes and back it comes. On certain bad days we have not been able to see lights across the street in the afternoon, and this dust has been whipped back and forth until it is as fine as talcum powder and comes right through the sides of houses; around windows, under the window sashings and falls on the floors in pools. Ordinary houses are merely a windbreak. The dirt is swept up and carried out literally in sweep shovels. We have piles at the ends of our front porch that contain bushels of dirt that will have to be hauled away if it ever stops. Every man suit and hat is the same color a sort of a mouse gray even if it started out to be a blue or a brown or a gray before it is now dirt gray.

In the country most of the frame houses are unlivable particularly where there are fields north or west or south of the house. Yard fences are drifted four feet deep, roads are plowed one day by wind from the north and opened up the next day by a south wind, cause drift full one day and empty out the next day. In fact it seems to us that the whole world is moving around.

The velocity of this wind generally is not high. Yesterday when Salina, Wichita and Topeka hollered so loudly the highest velocity was only 28 miles per hour in Kansas at any point, today it was around 30 or 35 miles per hour, but last Friday evening at 8 o'clock it reached 63 miles per hour from the northwest and that was really a stiff breeze. That was the baby that lifted fields right up and moved them out. I had 150 acres wheat drilled in stubble with a new style semi deep furrow drill. Good thick growth of stubble and weeds on this ground and it had not been stirred with anything since midsummer of 1932, and today it is blown down just as far as any implement ever went into the ground. You can see each line where that new drill scratched the bottom with the cists just 10 inches apart. That is a fair example of what can happen and then remember all of our allotment acres both wheat and corn acres were summer fallowed last year. Every farmer had summer fallowed ground and it has all moved to other parts as far as I know. I now believe the russian thistle is a good thing as fields that had a growth of this then that were not out for hay and still with us.

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.



4920-4th Avenue
Los Angeles, California
July 4, 1929

Dear Diary
This has certainly been one of the most enjoyable Fourth of July's I have ever spent. The Andersons invited me to spend the day with them and a number of their friends at Goff Island. We left the house about eight-thirty and our first stop was at 1039 West 51st where I was introduced to two young ladies who did me the honor to make the trip in my car. (Now one of those young ladies is, without a doubt, that certain party for whom I have been searching.) Now to go on with the story, the next stop was at the home of Mrs. Conkey but one either car and mine did not wait but decided to continue to Goff Island and wait for them. That was on

others to Goff Island, near Laguna Beach, California. To read the letter, he was smitten on this first date: "This day shall always be another reason for me to rejoice for I have met the sweetest and best girl in the world. Now if she will permit it I am going to see her often and perhaps she will learn to care for me. If anything like that should happen I would be some [sic] happy believe me. Guess that would be more than my share of good luck but one can always hope." His good luck held and they were happily married for 49 years.

Having the privilege of reading these three letters and learning so much more from their contents than merely what they relate in words, essentially giving a window into the hearts and minds of these three ancestors, has provided such insight. Two of the three letters are in my ancestor's handwriting, which is an added personal bonus. It strikes me that future generations will no longer have such gems from their immediate ancestors. They are no longer teaching cursive writing in schools. No one writes letters any more; social media such as email, Facebook, blogs, and the like are used to communicate - and are far less personal and revealing, I think. So these faded letters, windows to the past and into our ancestor's hearts and lives, take on an added value as "endangered species" to hopefully be treasured by future generations.

I FOUND MY FAMILY — ON *eBAY* by Bob Bason

“YOU NEVER KNOW,” she said, “what might pop up.” I was sitting in yet another genealogical seminar when the speaker said something that caught my attention. She was talking about registering whatever we were looking for on *eBay*. Somebody told me once that if I could get one good idea out of a genealogical conference, I should grab it and run with it. So I did. I went home and looked up the process for registering on *eBay* for “Bason” and “Benshoof” (my mother’s maiden name) and two variations of the same name, “Benshoff” and “Banzhaf.” Then I sat back and waited.



The 1876 tintype wedding picture found on *eBay* of Bob Bason’s maternal grandparents, George William Benshoof and Alice Virginia (McGarvey) Benshoof.



An 1870 tintype purchased on *eBay* of Bob Bason’s grandfather, George William Benshoof as a teenager, holding a bullwhip. Photographers often used props related to occupations in their posed pictures. George and his father both drove teams for coal mines in Kansas and Iowa.

Imagine my surprise when I began receiving a lot of notices about bathroom fixtures for sale. Apparently, many Americans think that the bathroom sink is spelled “Bason” instead of “basin.” Well, click them off...genuine surprise. I first bought an 1876 letter for \$10 from a “Frederick Bason” in Virginia, a different line from ours here in the US, but undoubtedly related back in England. From the same family, I have bought at least a half dozen Confederate-era pewter plates on the back of which is etched “G. F. Bason, Chapel Hill, Virginia.”

The best of all, however, happened just a few weeks ago. Up popped a tintype picture of a young couple on *eBay*. The seller said that on the back was written “G. W. Benshoof and Alice Benshoof.” I quickly bought it – before anyone else could grab it. A week later, I had it in my own hands. It was the 1876 wedding picture of my maternal grandfather, George William Benshoof, and grandmother, Alice Virginia (McGarvey) Benshoof – a picture that no one else in the family has or had ever seen.

I immediately wrote to the seller to see who he was and how he had gotten the picture. He told me that he had bought it from a dealer in Illinois, but knew nothing else about it. "However," he added, "I do have another tintype of the same gentleman I think. At least it says 'Benshoof' on the back." I bought it, of course, and now have another never-before-seen 1870 picture of my grandfather as a teenager in a posed portrait holding a bull whip. (He and his father drove wagons for the coal mines in Kansas and Iowa.)

SO - HOW DO YOU REGISTER ON eBAY?

It's pretty simple, really. Just follow these instructions:

1. Go to the *eBay* site. (If you don't have an *eBay* account, you may need to sign up - but you don't have to buy anything.)
2. There will be a blue button in the upper right-hand corner at the top saying "SEARCH" - and right beside it will be the word "Advanced." CLICK on the word "Advanced."
3. Fill in what word (or words) you are searching for. I have several searches, both for surnames and for the small towns where my family lived - like Blue Grass, Iowa.
4. Search for that word or words on *ebay*, then note at the top of the page there is a green cross (+) and the words "Follow this search." Click on that.
5. Sit back and wait for the surprises. If you want the item when it pops up, you usually have the choice of bidding on it in an on-line auction or "buy it now" if you just can't take the chance of losing it.

Have fun. I hope you find as many things from your family as I have from mine.

Bob Bason, a former president of the Santa Barbara Genealogical Society, is an avid researcher of the Bason and Benshoof lines. Today he has over 15,000 relatives on his public Ancestry.com tree, as well as 3,000 family pictures. He and his wife Carol, now split their retirement years between Montecito, California, and Grafton, Vermont.



Sometimes, if you register on *eBay*, you get offered items like this T-shirt. You can just click "NO" and wait for the genealogical surprises to show up. They will.



"We live in the past by a knowledge of its history, and in the future by hope and anticipation.

By ascending to an association with our ancestors; by contemplating their example and studying their character; by partaking their sentiments and imbibing their spirit; by accompanying them in their toils; by sympathizing in their sufferings and rejoicing in their successes and triumphs, we mingle our existence with theirs and seem to belong to their age."

- Daniel Webster

Plymouth Oration,
delivered at Plymouth, Massachusetts - December 22, 1820.
(Thank you to SBCGS member Marianne Corradi for this apt quotation.)

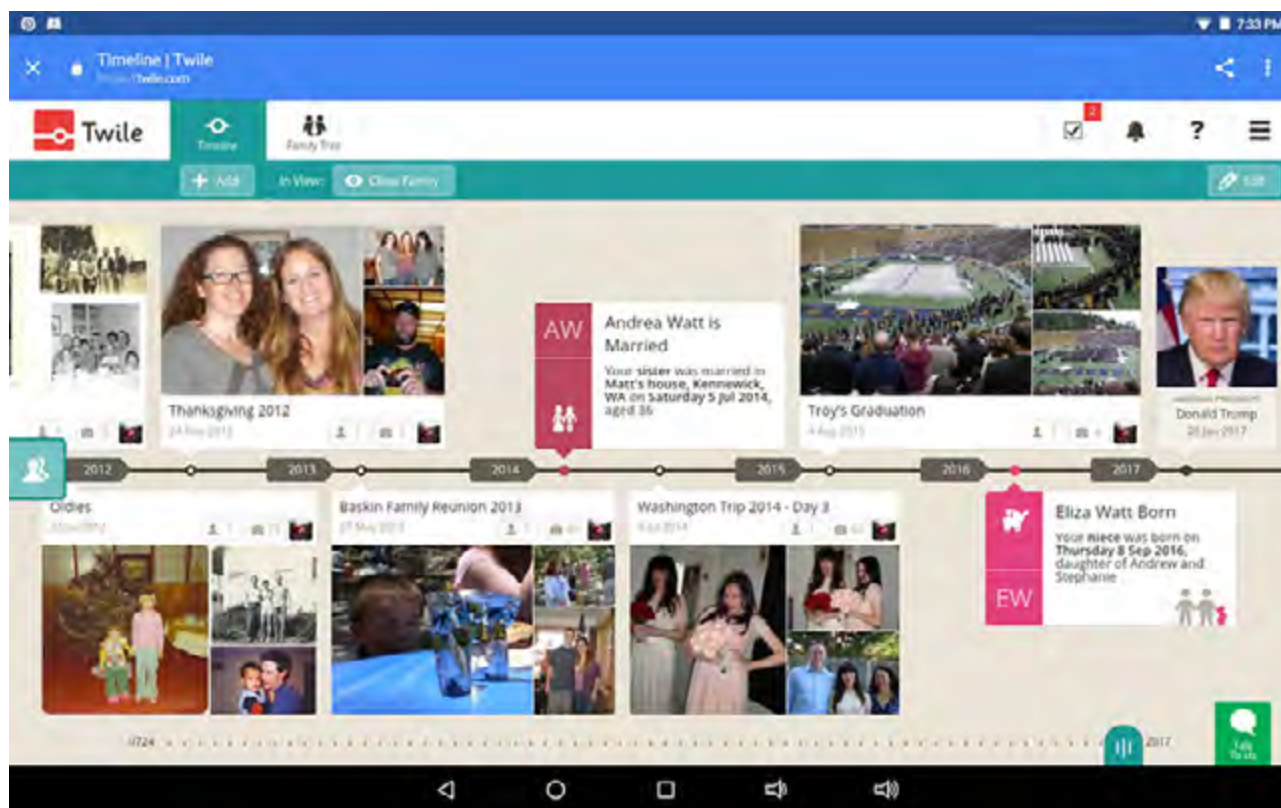
Twile.com: A new FREE timeline tool

by Alicia Watt

WE, THE ENTRENCHED GENEALOGISTS, are often puzzled by the disinterest of our relatives, particularly the younger generations. Thankfully, a new tool has emerged with the potential to draw the younger, more tech savvy among our family members into our dusty little world. It's called *Twile* (twile.com) and it's free!

This program/website does a few interesting things. First, it allows you to upload a gedcom file and uses that file to populate a family tree and a timeline based on your research. If you aren't sure how to download your gedcom file from *Ancestry.com*, it's pretty easy. You simply open your Tree Settings page and look on the right side near the bottom. There's a button to click that says "Export Tree." Don't worry, you aren't removing anything from Ancestry in this process, you're just downloading a copy of your tree – text only, no photos – onto your computer. It's probably a good idea to do this periodically anyway, just to back up your work. There are similar export options in most genealogy software, so you can get your gedcom file that way as well. Once you do, you can upload the file to *Twile*, and you're off and running.

The next step is where it gets really fun. You can upload photos to points on your timeline in two ways. First, you can import photos from your *Facebook* page, which may include family reunion, holiday or wedding photos as mine does. It's a very fast way to move a lot of photos and they are placed on your timeline where they belong without any effort on your part. You can also upload photos from your computer in a more directed manner. The program only seems to accept jpeg files right now, but if you were to scan documents as images, you could add those to your timeline as well.



Twile.com timeline screenshot.



Twile family tree page.

All the information from your gedcom file and *Facebook* photos also gets added to your family tree on *Twile*. You can click on people in the tree to add information about them or upload photos as well. When you do, that information is also reflected in your timeline. So, for example, I added something that wasn't in my *Ancestry* tree – my graduation from UCSB – to my profile on the family tree. Now it is also a point on my timeline!

So how does this help us get the next generation interested in all our hard work? Well, you can invite people to your timeline using their email addresses. They will then be able to see your timeline and tree, but even better, they can add to it! This interaction is sure to make this tool appeal to those family members less apt to read an article or listen to a story. It also has the potential to act as an online family reunion, a way for everyone to keep in touch. They also use the information you upload to create a fun graphic that you can share with your family in print, email, or on *Facebook*. Here's mine:



I posted this on *Facebook* and got immediate responses from two family members who really don't understand why I'm so interested in a bunch of dead people, so I can tell you it works!

Did I mention all this is FREE? I'm not sure it will stay that way, but it is for now. And, being a genealogist, I asked them if there was a way to add another tree for the other side of the family. It turns out they're working on that, but for now you can only upload one tree. Hey, it's a start, and you can't complain about anything you get for free, right? So, give it a try and see if it appeals to the millennials in your life!

A blind date leads to good fortune for Santa Barbara and the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society!

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

William Shakespeare, Julius Caesar Act IV scene III

A ROW OF PINEAPPLE PLANTS flourished in the small greenhouse; several bore lovely fruits that would soon grace the breakfast table. Pineapples, unique historical photographs of Santa Barbara, antique postcards, etched glass and sculptures crafted in Adult Education Classes, genealogical research and the commemoration of Santa Barbara's aviation history are just some of the many facets of the life of long-time Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society member John Fritsche.

Although his horticultural skills stem from a degree in agriculture from Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo, his career became centered in the important electronics industries located in Santa Barbara. But Santa Barbara might never have been his home if it weren't for a blind date.

For many years Cal Poly was an all-male school, which meant dates were hard to come by in San Luis Obispo. So John asked an acquaintance if he knew any girls in Santa Barbara. Thus a blind date was arranged, and by 1952 John and Ruth were married!

Just about that time, however, Uncle Sam came calling as the Korean conflict was heating up. John was inducted at Fort Lewis, Washington, but was soon sent back to Camp San Luis Obispo, a WWII army camp that was used again during the Korean War. When the opportunity was offered to go to a radio repair school, John volunteered. This brought John and his wife to Fort Sheridan outside Chicago, Illinois, where their daughter was born.

After he finished his service in the US Army, John and family headed back to Santa Barbara. While Ruth and the baby flew, John drove west along Route 66 hauling all the baby gear and their possessions on a trailer.

Defense contracts provided many new jobs in Santa Barbara in those days, and John was soon employed at Aerophysics. A job at Raytheon followed where John's expertise at keeping detailed records proved valuable. He used his documentation skills also at Delco, and he eventually entered the complex world of configuration management in collaboration with Hughes, working on highly classified projects.

John began looking into his family history in the era when records were hard to come by and the work was slow. However, he knew his father's family, like many Germans, had settled in St. Louis, Missouri.



John Fritsche

Surprisingly he uncovered much about his family in an old cemetery in St. Louis where several generations were buried. The Fritsches originally immigrated to the US from Potsdam, Germany, a town he later visited.

An aunt supplied details so that he could visit Sweden and visit his mother's birthplace. He has

since researched the genealogy of family and friends and offered an important piece of genealogical advice, "If anyone has written a book about the area you are interested in, for Pete's sakes buy the book and hope the author is still alive. Because that person can be the key to getting into various places!" He used this advice to good effect in England and Northern Ireland where he was able to walk on the family farms and find the exact cemetery where ancestors were buried.

When asked "Why is the study of family history important to you?" John replied, "To me it is interesting to know what your grandparents and great grandparents came through. I learned an awful lot about life too." During his research he discovered that his father had a patent on how to lock a car, and John got a copy of it. In those days anybody could easily steal a vehicle. The locking device John's father designed was a simple padlock on the steering wheel.

John's outstanding collection of photographic images of old Santa Barbara began as an interest in postcards. Postcard collecting was an inexpensive way to collect historical photographs and he often attended postcard shows at Earl Warren Showground. Now people writing about Santa Barbara's history come to him for photos to illustrate their articles. Postcards, John recalled, have an interesting history. They started to be produced in the 1800s and most were made in Germany. Originally postcards were black and white; any colored cards were hand painted. On the early picture postcards there was no room to write a message. The backside was strictly for the name and address. In 1907 the Post Office changed that rule so that the back was split as it is today; the left side is for writing messages.



The plaque on State Street commemorating the Loughead Mfg. Co. and the history of aviation in Santa Barbara.

A popular hobby for boys in the 1930s and 40s was making model airplanes, and John was no exception. In Santa Barbara, from 1916-1929, the Loughead boys, Allan and Malcolm, built real airplanes! Loughead is pronounced Lockheed, but often caused confusion so later the name was indeed changed to Lockheed. John proposed to the city of Santa Barbara that a memorial be placed in the 100 block of State Street near the site where the original airplanes were built. The city agreed and local artist Susan Dunbar was commissioned to create a plaque. The colorful tiled image of an advertisement of Lockheed's Scenic flights now commemorates an important part in Santa Barbara's history during the dawn of the aviation industry.

John also sought to honor Flora Loughead, the mother of Allen and Malcolm, who was an unusual woman. She succeeded as a widow in supporting the family as a writer and teacher. She died in 1943 at the age of 88 and was buried in St. Mary Cemetery in Oakland,

California, but the grave was unmarked. John Fritsche was involved in finding the unmarked grave and then arranged with the Lockheed family to erect a stone. She is now on the Important Women tour at the cemetery.

John has been a member of the SBCGS for many years, beginning in the days when it was housed in a small room at the back of the Santa Barbara Historical Museum. He remembers Ed Storr and the fact that the room was so small it was hard to move around. Thus when construction of the new library was underway, John was an enthusiastic contributor – not only financially but he also donated his time and talent to make the idea a reality.

Over the years, John Fritsche has been a generous supporter of many aspects of the society, including most recently sponsorship of the new driveway project, Records Preservation and *Ancestors West*. We are grateful.

Interview by Debbie Kaska and Dorothy Oksner.

Loe from Loesmoen

by Nancy Loe

WHEN I MARRIED, I kept my maiden name of Loe. It's not very old, but it's unusual. Just three letters that most people in the United States try to make into four, or five, or six. When I've tried surname DNA matches, I find people from England named Low or Lowe who emigrated from England to the Carolinas in colonial times.

So I'm a Loe from Loesmoen, the name of the farm where my great-grandfather, Hans Christensen Loe, was born almost exactly one hundred years before me (and my cousin Wanda) in 1854. The joy I experienced several years ago, finding Hans in my first Norwegian baptism record, was wonderful. Discovering the origin of my odd surname was even better.

And I experienced equal joy going to Norway for the first time, which fulfilled a dream of mine for ancestry travel to the first of five of my ancestors' European countries.

My husband and I started in Saint Petersburg, Russia, then traveled the length of Finland, and boarded a Hurtigruten (Fast Route) ship that sailed the coast of Norway. We experienced peaceful and prosperous Norwegian cities and farms, lefse, midnight sun, reindeer (in fields and at dinner time), fresh salmon, fjords, polite drivers, Viking ships, stavkirke, and herring for breakfast. (OK, it's true, I didn't experience herring for breakfast, but my husband loved it. And my father would have been delighted.)

Eiker Farms

But my greatest delight was making connections in Eiker. We met for a great dinner with Svein, a cousin discovered via matching MyHeritage trees. (If you're looking for Scandinavian and/or European cousins, really consider uploading a tree there.) Svein has helped me avoid mistakes for years on my tree. For example, Eiker and Eger are the same place, but Eiker and Eker are different places. Small thanks on our part to take him to dinner and learn more about him, life in Norway, and our family.

Just days before I left, I heard from someone who matched my DNA and who lived in the area. Martin and his friend Anne Marie are accomplished genealogists. Anne Marie found an emigration record for my great-grandfather



The signpost to Loesmoen in Southern Norway.

Hans I'd been searching for for years. She also showed me her book-length work on emigrants who left Nedre Eiker for America. Then it was off in her car for a guided tour of my ancestors' farms. Loesmoen is now a mix: farms, a condo development, and an industrial business called Loe.

Just as in Ringebu, we were overwhelmed by the generosity of my Norwegian cousins. This time Svein, Martin, and Anne Marie did research, tramped through rainy churchyards, and always, always politely ignored the ways in which I murdered the Norwegian language. Thank you, all.

Haug Kirke in Øvre Eiker

As if this were not enough, Anne Marie also arranged with the Haug caretaker to open the church for us, turn on the beautiful chandeliers, and give us a tour. One of Anne Marie's ancestors saved the church from burning and I think they are still very grateful!



The Haug Kirke (church) originally built in 1172 and remodeled in 1861-62 where many of Nancy's ancestors were baptized, married and buried.

My paternal 5th g-grandfather, Jens Nielsen, was baptized on July 20, 1690, at the Haug Kirke in Eiker. So many of my father's ancestors (and more to find) were baptized, married, or buried from this imposing church.

The Haug church in Øvre Eiker is a long church, originally built 1152. The original church from the Middle Ages was partly demolished and rebuilt in 1861-62. The long church architectural style features an elongated nave to symbolize the sacred path ("via sacra") from the west toward the sunrise in the east. This was the most common church design in Norway from the Middle Ages through the 1900s. Architectural historians believe there must have been an earlier stave church on this site, or close by.

So this was my summer genealogy adventure, finding Norwegian ancestors, meeting new friends, and experiencing a sense of rootedness, of walking where my ancestors had walked. I was so excited I managed to forget to take pictures of Martin and Anne Marie, and then leave my camera behind. The resourceful Anne Marie tracked it down and saved the day (and the trip). I highly recommend everything in Norway, except losing your head and your camera.

Original post here: <https://www.sassyjanegenealogy.com/finding-norwegian-ancestors-in-eiker/>



Interior of the Haug Kirke

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The Greatest Generation by Millie Brombal

THE GREATEST GENERATION is a term used by news commentator, Tom Brokaw, a renowned journalist and NBC nightly news anchorman, in his book, *The Greatest Generation*. It was published in 1998.

Brokaw refers to the generation born in the years 1910 thru 1925 who were raised during the Great Depression and fought the Second World War, not for fame and recognition but because it was “the right thing to do.” When they came back they rebuilt America.

In a speech at the Friends of the National World War 11 Memorial in November of 2015, Mr. Brokaw said he believed the depression years prepared many for the sacrifices they were called upon to make for the terrible war.

Many children of the depression, of which I am one, learned at an early age to “waste not, want not.” At mealtime in our family, we were told to “clean your plate as the children in China were starving.” That did not make sense to me then or now, but as children we ate everything on our plate, knowing early on not to take more than we could finish. I remember being sent to the neighborhood grocery store with 25 cents to purchase a loaf of bread and a quart of milk.

My parents were home renters until late in their lives and, at one time during the mid 1930s, rented a house at 2733 S. E. Kelly Street in Portland, Oregon, for \$35.00 a month. The house next door became vacant and the owner offered my parents a \$5.00 decrease in rent to \$30.00 monthly if they would move next door to her house, 2725 S.E. Kelly Street. My sister, Helen, remembers the bathroom in the house where we were presently living had just a washbasin and tub, the toilet was in a small room next to the back porch where an old hot water tank was located. The tank would pound like

mad when the water was heating! So, the \$5.00 savings in rent and the toilet in the bathroom were really great incentives to move. So we did, and without the help of a moving company.

To this day, I save string, and grocery twist ties for plastic bags. I rinse off and reuse kitchen foil and save wrapping ribbon and parts of gift paper to reuse. Recently, I was lamenting to a friend, also a child of the Depression, that my favorite navy blue cardigan sweater would finally have to go as the elbows were now threadbare. Without pause, she said I should just cut off the sleeves above the elbow, hem them and have a short sleeved sweater. Of course, a perfect solution by a child raised during the Depression!

The Greatest Generation developed a “can do” attitude in preparing and fighting WW II.

At the end of the war, they went on to build America and rebuilt parts of Europe. The VA Loan Program assisted veterans to buy homes and the government sponsored GI bill allowed service men and women to complete their education. This helped them develop the ability to foster big ideas and projects. Some ideas and projects were: landing on the moon; introduction of non-violent protest by Martin Luther King; trust in the Rule of Law; voting rights for all; opening up relations with China; Ronald Reagan’s “tear down this wall” to begin normalizing relations with Russia; and importantly, the introduction of technology that has transformed most of our daily activities.

Mr. Brokaw also believed that one of the legacies of the Greatest Generation is the belief that everyone working together can promote great ideas and be able to preserve our freedom in America.



The houses side by side on Kelly Street in Portland, Oregon, in the 1930s.

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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Members of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society gathered in Salt Lake City in April, 2017, for fun, fellowship, genealogy research and to explore the new interactive exhibits in the Family History Library.