



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Winter 2017 Vol. 42, No. 4

The Grim Reaper Harvest

Symbols in Stone

**A Cemetery
Creepers Tale**

**Old Age and the
Mortality Schedule**

Worker Organizations

**Keepsakes from a
Shingle Weaver**

**"My Dad was
Mr. Jameson"**

An Incomplete History

**Volunteers
Extraordinaire**



PLANNING AHEAD



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

www.sbgen.org

E-mail: info@sbgen.org

Sahyun Genealogy Library

(SBCGS facility)

316 Castillo St., Santa Barbara 93101

Phone: (805) 884-9909

Hours: Tuesday, Thursday, Friday

10:00 AM – 4:00 PM

Sunday 1:00 – 4:00 PM

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

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

Meetings: Regular monthly meetings are held on the third Saturday of each month except August. Meetings begin at 10:30 a.m. at the First Presbyterian Church, 21 E. Constance Ave. at State Street in Santa Barbara. At 9:30, special interest groups (SIGs) meet that include the following: Writers, JewishGen, DNA, German Ancestry Research, Genealogy and Technology, Italian Roots, French Canadian Genealogy, and 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.

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From the Editor

VITA ENIM MORTUORUM IN MEMORIA VIVORUM EST POSITA

*The life of the dead is placed in the memory of the living.
Marcus Tullius Cicero in the Ninth Philippic, 10.*

THE FALL IS A GLORIOUS SEASON for genealogists! October is Family History Month and that is followed by ancestral holidays such as All Hallows Eve (Halloween) October 31, All Saints Day (November 1) and All Souls Day (November 2). Known as Allerheiligen in Germany and Holland, Alle helgons dag in Sweden, la Toussaint in France, Mindenszentek napja in Hungary, Wszystkich Swietych in Poland, and Dia de los Muertos in Mexico, these holidays are a time of remembrance and reflection. Other traditions too have days of remembrance, although they are not necessarily in the fall. Yahrzeit is a Jewish practice that commemorates the anniversary of the death of one's parents. The Double Ninth Festival in China and other Asian countries is a day for visiting graves and paying respects to ancestors. In India, Pitri-Paksha is a two-week period set aside by Hindus to reflect on the contributions to their present life by their forefathers.

Capturing memories

As genealogists, regardless of our heritage, we recognize the significance of Cicero's quotation. It seems to be a universal desire to know more about ourselves and our past than what we preserve in our own memories. What we discover with genealogy are the names and events that our parents, grandparents and their forebears knew. We capture a few of their memories every time we trace their movements from place to place, stand beside gravestones where they also stood, read a letter written long ago detailing their thoughts and hopes, enter a church where they worshiped, touch a tool they used or look at an old family photo.

Gathering information, records and photographs helps us fill in the details of a complex timeline that extends hundreds of years into the past. It is a task that is never finished although the research becomes more difficult as we reach farther into a time when records are scarce and indexes rare. What do we do under any situation where we are unsure how to proceed? We seek help, and genealogy is no exception. In fact, that is the primary reason the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society exists. We strive to help one another by sharing

our knowledge, providing a library of resources and also a forum for experts in many areas to teach us and guide our efforts.

Honoring our volunteers

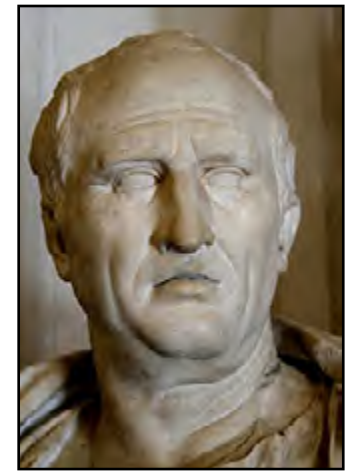
In 2017 the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society is celebrating its 45th year. From humble beginnings, the hard work of countless volunteers and benefactors has established a society to be proud of. This year we will honor six of the volunteers who have worked tirelessly to maintain and improve our society.

They join 18 others who have already been recognized for their contributions. In this issue of *Ancestors West*, we join in honoring Rosa Avolio, Kathie Morgan, John Woodward, Cari Thomas, Michel Nellis and Don Gill who have offered to the society their time and talents for many years. Their accomplishments are ably described by authors Kristin Ingalls, Debbie Kaska, Karen Ramsdell, Bob Goeller, Gary Shumaker and Margery Baragona.

Where were your ancestors 500 years ago?

October of this year also commemorates a significant historical event.

On October 31, 1517, the Western World changed, although I feel confident that few if any people realized it at the time. A 33 year-old monk, Martin Luther, tacked his *Disputatio pro declaratione virtutis indulgentiarum* ("Disputation on the Power and Efficacy of Indulgences") on the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg, Saxony, and sent a copy to his bishop. These Nine-



Bust of Cicero, 1st century BC in the Palazzo Nuovo – Capitoline Museum Rome. Photo by José Luiz Bernardes Ribeiro

ty-Five Theses set in motion what became the Protestant Reformation. Suffice it to say, this did not go over well with the existing church hierarchy, but some secular rulers supported the new ideas. Wars and chaos followed for centuries. Henry VIII declared himself head of the Church of England in 1534 and sepa-



Martin Luther c. 1532 workshop of Lucas Cranach the Elder

rated from the Church in Rome. Beheadings followed. The 30 Years War on the continent, 1618-1648, resulted in millions of casualties, many from starvation. On another October day, October 24, 1648, the Treaty of Westphalia finally ended that religious war in Europe. Church records in many places record the devastation and turmoil that afflicted both rich and poor during those years when the grim reaper vigorously wielded his scythe.

In this issue of *Ancestors West: The Grim Reaper's Harvest*

"The Grim Reaper's Harvest," a theme of this issue of *Ancestors West*, highlights the value of death records to genealogists. Sharon Summer's article "Symbols in Stone" encourages us to visit cemeteries to discover information carved on tombstones. The resting place of our ancestors often provides insight into their lives. A relative of Jim Friestad's ordered his own headstone—one that offers advice and possibly even a message from the grave. The term "old age" is not easy to define. When exactly is one considered "old?" Cari Thomas found the answer for her ancestor in a census schedule. Surnames can be misspelled even on vital records, but Kathy Mastako was surprised when a death certificate disclosed Antonio Souza, a lighthouse keeper from Portugal, had a second surname. Her research uncovered a wealth of documents relating to this unusual occupation as well as controversies at the picturesque Point San Luis Light Station. Winter delayed burials in Connecticut back in the day when graves were dug by hand. What to do with the bodies until the first thaw? Kristin Ingalls found the answer during a visit to her ancestors' graves.

Worker Organizations

Worker organizations became important in this country, especially as more and more men left the farms and found work in factories and cities. They provided fellowship and offered the possibility of a collective voice in a country growing ever more industrialized. Charmien Carrier reports on The International Shingle Weavers Union of America and her grandfather who was a member. What is a shingle weaver? Travel with Charmien to the Pacific Northwest to discover the answer. Another Union member, Cliff Jameson, got his start as a teamster driving for a dairy in Montecito. His daughter, Pamela Jameson Boehr, traces his early life and the growth of the Teamsters Union in Santa Barbara where Cliff Jameson played a major role.

To round out this issue, Margery Baragona takes us back to the construction of the Santa Barbara breakwater. She also reminisces about our lovely beaches. The Sense of the Census presents the backstory and scope of a US Special Census on Deaf Family Marriages and Hearing Relatives 1888-1895, which was conducted in collaboration with the Federal Census of 1890. The dates 1888-1895 are misleading since the data in this little known treasure cover much of the 19th century. Sheila Block introduces a venerable lineage society, the Society of the Cincinnati that formed after the Revolutionary War. Be sure to investigate the item pictured on

the back cover. It represents something of the history of the commodity it was designed to contain.

The Next Issue

Many items that were very important for our ancestors are simply absent in our daily lives; they "aren't there anymore." Gone are the gas lamps, outhouses, washboards, spinning wheels, carriages, butter churns, celluloid collars and corsets. The list could go on. Many of us remember stories told by older generations of a runaway horse and a wild buggy ride, romantic sleigh rides with sleigh bells, games played over and around the one-room school house, barn dances, ethnic traditions that manifested in foods and music, etc. For the next issue of *Ancestors West* you are invited to recall these items that your ancestors used and treasured, but that we hardly recognize, as well as the entertainments they enjoyed before the advent of electricity, cell phones, wifi, movies and the computer. Write up your reminiscences and share them with our readers!

However, themes are only a guide. As always, all articles of genealogical interest are welcome in *Ancestors West*.

The submission deadline for the next issue is February 1, 2018.

This issue completes volume 42 of *Ancestors West*! The list of authors who have contributed articles during the year is included in this issue. I sincerely thank all of them for their willingness to share their stories. The wide range of experience, expertise and writing skill of the members of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society is indeed noteworthy. A wonderful Editorial Committee is responsible for design, editing, proofreading and mailing of the issues and they have my heartfelt thanks.

Debbie Kaska
kaska@lifesci.ucsb.edu

A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA



I Love My Breakwater

By Margery Baragona



Santa Barbara Breakwater c. 1934, shortly after its construction. Photo from the National Archives and Records Administration NAID 295286.

WE KNOW WE ARE BLESSED to be in Santa Barbara: The ocean, the mountains, the flowers, the trees, and while the rest of the country may swelter or freeze, we delight in our calm climate. Those of us who know Santa Barbara have favorite spots, to walk, to hike, or sit quietly. My favorite has always been, and will always be, the walk along the Breakwater. I love the roiling sea on one side, the tranquility of the harbor, and the tall masts of the many yachts. The views of the city and the mountains are dazzling. It encompasses all that is the beauty of Santa Barbara. Major Max Fleischmann (known as the yeast king) gave to the city this treasure. Initially his benevolence was to house his 218-foot yacht. He gave the city \$250,000 for the construction, which was completed in 1929. As the Breakwater was lengthened, more money was needed and he generously responded. Santa Cruz Island provided the stone.

My father would take me as a child to the end of the Breakwater, which seemed miles. At that time there was a lighthouse; it could have been Mars, so distant and mysterious. On a foggy day, the foghorns bellowed somberly. Today there are bronze whale tail benches for seating and a commemorative plaque dedicated to local sailors who have been lost at sea.

As kids we loved walking on the Breakwater. It was free and there was the chance that a rogue wave would go over the wall. We screamed in delight if we got soaked. The sea can be demanding and cruel so extensive repairs have been needed through the years. Today the harbor is filled with boats of all sizes and expensive slips are at a premium. There are many water activities. It has always been romantic to stroll hand-in-hand with your beau or husband. Today the tourists record the surroundings, the sea and sand, with their smartphones. I am glad they too will have pleasant memories. The Breakwater fills me with great pleasure every time I walk there hearing the surf and feeling the sea breeze. As one leaves toward the bustle of the harbor the aromas of the restaurants beguile and beckon and are hard to resist.

I love the Breakwater, its history, and my history with it.

Beach Memories

BEACHES ARE NOT HAUNTED, but they can bring back haunting memories:

- West Beach
- Hendry's
- East Beach
- Ledbetter
- Butterfly

When I was a child, West Beach was "IT;" the waters were calm and there was a wading pool. Wading pools were very popular until the scourge of polio. How wonderful to have the vaccine so summer joy could then return.

Do young people in Santa Barbara still revere our beaches? Do they pray for sunny skies so they can converge on our sandy, kelpie shores? As we got older and more independent and mobile, our parents would let us go to East Beach. It too had a wading pool. We sat with our backs to the small wall, the parking lot visible over our shoulder. We furtively looked to see who had, or might have, borrowed a car. Leaving with someone was more fun than the bus. Think of the hours in the blistering sun, swabbing ourselves in baby oil and iodine hoping to attain a deep tan. It never occurred to us what skin damage lay ahead. The hardy among us did swim, but the cool Pacific was mainly for us a place

to cool off, to wash off sticky sand, and jump up and down squealing in a small wave. It puzzles me why we were so self-indulgent, why no part time job, why no volunteer hours? Only lots of giggles and gossip.

Ledbetter beach was "square"; in the forties it was not popular. I did attend a barbecue there as a teenager to meet a visiting young girl. That was my introduction to Sheila Lodge who became a champion of Santa Barbara and a good friend.

If one had transportation we could go to the elitist Butterfly Beach in Montecito. On a summer outing there with Bud Bottoms, his pregnant wife contemplated naming a girl Sandy. They had another boy.

A summer memory that haunts me was at Hendry's Beach, where I had my first beer. Perhaps it was the sun and the sea, but it was not a pleasant experience.

One cannot overlook one of the biggest memories of our beaches, TAR. Many of us can relate tales of horror, of the thick black stuff marring shoes, floors, towels, car floors, and anything the gooey stuff touched. Some years it was worse than others.

In recalling our beaches, they were an indelible part of growing up in Santa Barbara where our greatest concern was hoping the gray fog would soon lift.



Hendry's Beach in Santa Barbara, photo by Rebecca Stanek

THE SENSE OF THE CENSUS

Bonaparte, Batteries, and Bell – the Backstory on a Little Known US Special Census By Debbie Kaska

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, Alessandro Volta, and Alexander Graham Bell all played roles in the little known US Special Census on Deaf Family Marriages and Hearing Relatives, 1888-1895. In 1801, Napoleon honored Alessandro Volta for his development of the battery by establishing the Volta Prize, which the French government awarded for scientific achievement in electricity. In 1880, the inventor of the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell, won the prize of 50,000 Francs. Since Bell was already affluent, he used the prize money to found the Volta Laboratory Association, later called the Volta Bureau and eventually the Alexander Graham Bell Association for the Deaf.

Bell's interest in the deaf was personal. His mother was very hard of hearing and his wife, Mabel Hubbard, was deaf. His father and grandfather were teachers of speech and Alexander himself was an important figure in the education of the deaf. Bell's Volta Bureau promoted research related to the marriages of deaf people in America. This research was carried out primarily by Dr. Edward Allen Fay, Professor of Languages at Gallaudet College, during the last two decades of the 19th century. During this period the Eleventh Census of the United States (1890 census) was conducted and Dr. Fay was appointed as a special agent for the collection of statistics related to the deaf. This effort was supported by the Volta fund and by many individuals involved in the education of the deaf.

The goals of Fay's inquiry were to determine:¹

1. Are marriages of deaf persons more liable to result in deaf offspring than ordinary marriages?
2. Are marriages in which both the partners are deaf more likely to result in deaf offspring than marriages in which one of the partners is deaf and the other a hearing person?
3. Are certain classes of the deaf more liable than others to have deaf children?
4. Are marriages in which both of the partners are deaf more likely to result happily than marriages in which one of the partners is a hearing person?

A questionnaire was prepared and distributed among heads of schools for the deaf, as well as to deaf persons themselves and their relatives. The questionnaires were collected between 1889 and 1894 and a total of 4,471 marriages were reported. The numbers of partners in these marriages was 8,504 of which about 85% were deaf.



Volta Bureau Washington DC

Dr. Fay published the results of his study in 1898 in a book entitled *Marriage of the Deaf in America*.¹ While his conclusions are indeed interesting, the significance of his work for genealogists lies in the fact that the original questionnaires are available as the US Special Census on Deaf Family Marriages and Hearing Relatives 1888-1895. It is important to emphasize that while the data was collected between 1889 and 1894, these marriages occurred between the years 1803 though 1894.

The questionnaires asked many questions including the names of the husband and wife, details of the marriage, details of the couple's children, details of the husband's and wife's parents (also mother's maiden name) and siblings. Thus each marriage questionnaire often refers to a dozen or more individuals complete with their birth and death dates, cause of death and other details. Moreover, since the parents of the couple are also delineated, the range of dates covered extends over a century!

The US Special Census on Deaf Family Marriages and Hearing Relatives 1888-1895 is available on *Ancestry.com* in the US Federal Census Collection. The names of the bride and groom in each marriage are indexed, but not the names of their children, parents, or siblings. Thus a search for Richard A. Norris yields the following information.

(Please answer the questions as fully as possible, and return the record to E. A. Fay, Kendall Green, Washington, D. C.)

Code

no. 2851

MARRIAGE RECORD

OR

Richard A. Norris (husband) and Eliza M. Draper (name of wife before marriage)
hearing

I. DETAILS RELATING TO MARRIAGE.

1. Date of Marriage? Feb. 19, 1873 Place of Marriage? Free Union, Albemarle Co. Va.
 Were the parties related before marriage? No If so, what relationship? _____
 Give any other details known relating to marriage. _____

Figure 1

Figure 1. The marriage record of Richard A. Norris and Eliza M. Draper. The line drawn under Richard's name indicates he is deaf, while Eliza is designated as "hearing."

As is sometimes the case in census records, Eliza's surname is misspelled in the index as "Drafer." Thus a search of the index for Eliza M. Draper yields no result. There is, however, a browse feature on *Ancestry.com*, which allows a search by the first two letters of the surname. A search for "Dr" provides a list of names, one of which is Eliza M. Drafer. Note that the details of this 1873 marriage are given.

The second question asked refers to the couple's offspring.

2. Offspring. Total number of children born of this marriage? 6
 How many deaf? 2 How many hearing? 4 How many died in infancy? _____
 Give any other details known relating to offspring; for example—names, dates of birth or death, causes of death, ages at death, etc., where possible. If any are or were deaf, write the word deaf after their names.

Lea Otis b. Nov. 15, 1873
Mary Etta b. Feb. 15, 1876
Charles Albert b. May 5, 1878
Susan Addie b. March 25, 1881
Patti Marshall b. Sept. 25, 1883 burned to death
Fannie Eliza b. April 8, 1887 over 73/118

Cause of deafness - age, not stated on Census cards 1890 - of Mary & Charles - but Bill's cards, Census 1880, say both born deaf.

Figure 2

Figure 2. The children that were deaf are underlined. Note the detail added that Patti Marshall burned to death at age two. Since Patti was born after the 1880 census and did not live until 1900, this may be the only record that she existed.

On the second page of the questionnaire, the first question referred to the husband's parents, i.e. the parents of Richard A. Norris.

II. QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED BY HUSBAND.

1. PARENTAGE. Name of your father? Isabel W. Norris, a soldier in War of 1812
 Name of your mother before marriage? Olly Norris
 Were your parents related before marriage? No If so, what relationship? _____
 Give any other details known relating to parents; for example—causes of death, dates of death, ages at death, etc., where possible. father died Mar. 7, 1844 at Free Union, Va
mother - Oct. 7, 1880

Figure 3

Figure 3. The second page of the Questionnaire. Note the interesting comment that the father was a soldier in the War of 1812!

The maiden name of the mother is also given as well as both their death dates and places.

2. BROTHERS AND SISTERS. Give your full name and date of birth, and the names of all your brothers and sisters, with dates of birth, if possible. Where dates are not given, state whether names are in the order of birth or not. Richard Albert b. 1838 ^{May 9.}

Thomas. b. April 29, 1813; Wm. b. Mar 10, 1815;
Caleb b. Jan 15, 1817; Henry b. Feb 4, 1819;
Fendel b. April 3, 1821; Martha b. Aug 23, 1823;
Mary b. Nov 3, 1825; James b. Jan 18, 1828
Battie b. July 23, 1830

How many of these (yourself included) are or were deaf? 1 How many hearing? 9 How many died young (under two years)? _____ Give any other details known; for example—causes of death, ages at death, etc. Write the word deaf after the names of all who are or were deaf.

James killed in the civil war
Thos. died at Richmond about 8 years ago

Figure 4

3. OTHER RELATIVES. Have you any deaf relatives other than brothers and sisters or children? No
 If so, give relationship and names, if possible.

4. NOTE. Are you deaf or hearing? Deaf If deaf:
 Age when deafness occurred 10 Cause of deafness?
 Attended what School or Institution? Yes
 Residence when admitted? Free Union, Va. ALBEMARLE 46002
 Year when admitted? 1850 Age when admitted? 13 Years under instruction? 7
 Present residence? Free Union, Albemarle Co. Va
 Occupation? Shoemaker

Figure 5

III. QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED BY WIFE.

1. PARENTAGE. Name of your father? George Draper
 Name of your mother before marriage? Olivia Smith
 Were your parents related before marriage? No If so, what relationship?
 Give any other details known relating to parents; for example—causes of death, dates of death, ages at death, etc., where possible. Father died April 25, 1879
Mother " July 17, 1884

Figure 6

Figure 4. In the next question on the second page, the nine brothers and sisters of the husband are listed together with birth dates and some death information. Richard's middle name of Albert is stated. Apparently none of the other siblings were deaf as none are underlined.

Figure 5. Other deaf relatives could be listed next and then the details of the individual's deafness are given as well as his present occupation.

Figure 6. On the third page of the Questionnaire the details of the wife's parents are listed. Compare the letter p in the word April with with the 4th letter in father's surname to convince yourself that the name is indeed Draper.

The document continues with her full name – Eliza Mildred - the names of her siblings and with the fact that Mrs. Norris (Eliza M. Draper) died September 20, 1887, of typhoid fever.

Thus on the one census entry, the names and important details of 25 relatives are listed, the majority of whom were not deaf.

The US Special Census on Deaf Family Marriages and Hearing Relatives 1888-1895 is a treasure house of information that is often overlooked. The entries contained birth and death dates, middle and maiden names, military service, and causes of death – all in an era before vital records were readily available. The 1888-1895 dates stated as part of the title of the census erroneously suggest that only people from those eight years are listed. In fact, data from the entire 19th century can be found.

Even if you don't suspect deafness in your family, you might want to search for family surnames during the 1800s in this special census.

LINEAGE LINKS

The Society of the Cincinnati

By Sheila MacAvoy Block

MY HUSBAND ROBERT BOYD BLOCK and I spent many happy times pursuing family history. In fact, about 1985, Robert was the person who introduced me to the Family History Library at the Mormon Temple on Santa Monica Boulevard. It happened to be across the street from my office in Century City and I could sneak over there at lunchtime or after work. So Robert and I collaborated regarding genealogy from the beginning, before we were married in 1992. Then we took several European trips to explore our families in Ireland, Norway, and Ostfriesland, among other places.

Along the way, Robert found his daughters were eligible for membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution. He became a member of the Sons of the American Revolution. Not too long before he was diagnosed with the disease that would take his life, he discovered yet another hereditary society to which he might belong – The Society of the Cincinnati (the “Society”), Massachusetts contingent. Neither one of us had ever heard of this organization. It has a fascinating history.

The Society was formed in 1783.² Membership required that the applicant served as an officer in the Continental Army during the American Revolution or that he had been a casualty of that war while in the officer ranks. Officers from France were also eligible if they could prove their service during the War. Applications for membership were expected to coincide with the one of the United States or a province of France from which the officer served. Each state or foreign entity who had officers eligible to join the Society would form into discreet groups with their own procedures and goals, always conforming to the charter, or so called “Institution,” of the national Society. The Massachusetts constituent society was actually formed in New Windsor, New York, also in 1783.



Badge of the Society of the Cincinnati.
Gold and enamel.¹

The Society acquired its name from Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, who left his farm to accept a term as Roman Consul and served as Magister Popular (with temporary powers similar to that of a modern-era dictator). He assumed lawful dictatorial control of Rome to meet a war emergency. When the battle was won, he returned power to the Senate and went back to plowing his fields. The Society’s motto reflects that ethic of selfless service. “Omnia reliquit servare republicam” or “He left everything to save the republic.”

The Society adopted a form of primogeniture, which allowed membership to be passed down from a member officer to his eldest son. Women were not then, nor are they now, allowed to be members. A badge was adopted which displayed a bald eagle, the American bird that appears on the Great Seal of the United States. At the first meeting of the Society, chaired by Colonel Alexander Hamilton, those present elected General George Washington as Secretary General. He served from 1783 until his death in 1799. After having accepted his election to head the Society, General Washington became aware of the provisions of inheritance included in the original requirements for membership. He threatened to resign if such requirements were not removed. The Society duly removed them. However, after Washington’s death they were reinserted into the requirements for membership.

In the early days of the Society the hereditary nature of membership elicited disapproval by certain prominent patriots. Thomas Jefferson and John Adams railed at what they saw as an elitist group, the antithesis of all the Revolution was about. Benjamin Franklin protested loudly and publicly that the Society was not open to militia officers and enlisted men of any kind. He called



Cincinnatus leaves the plow to assume lawful control of Rome during an emergency. Oil on canvas by Juan Antonio de Ribera (1779-1860).
Currently in the Prado Museum, Madrid.

the group an order of hereditary knights. But over time, disapproval faded and the Society continued on.

My husband, Robert, was born Robert Howard Boyd on 5 July 1933, son of Howard Albert Boyd, an automobile salesman in San Francisco. He was later adopted by his mother's second husband, Bonnie Arnold Block, and thus acquired the name Robert Boyd Block. During Robert's research concerning his Boyd ancestry, he travelled to Canada and to the Argenteuil region of Quebec Province to study the Boyd family. The Boyds were Irish farmers from Ulster who came to Quebec around 1825 for promises of land. It was a harsh and difficult place of deep forests, uncleared land, and wild game. One of the Boyd sons, James Boyd, married Laura Stevens, born in 1839 in LaChute, Quebec, Canada. The bride was a great-granddaughter of Ebenezer Stevens, an Ensign in the 12th Massachusetts Infantry and later a Lieutenant in the Continental Artillery. It is from that Boyd line that Robert is descended.

Here is the official entry in the records of the Massachusetts contingent of the Society, kindly provided by J. Archer O'Reilly III, Secretary.³

EBENEZER (STEPHENS) STEVENS (1854)

The son of Richard and Priscilla (Jones) Stevens, he was born in Taunton, Massachusetts in September of 1745; died Rockingham, Vermont [or Lachute, Quebec] in 1785; Private, Phinney's Regiment, May-December 1775; Sargent, 18th Continental Infantry, January 1, 1776; Ensign, November 13, 1776, transferred to 12th Massachusetts, January 1777; 2nd Lieutenant, November 1, 1777; 1st Lieutenant, 2nd Continental Artillery, April 30, 1778; served until June 17, 1783.

He married first in Taunton September 3, 1765, Sarah Danforth and, second, there June 30, 1768, Lydia French, daughter of William and Lydia (Cobb) French born March 22, 1747 in Berkeley, Massachusetts. Adult children:

- i. EBENEZER, b. 1770, d. Lachute, Quebec 1842.
- ii. JEFFERSON, b. 1772.
- iii. PHOEBE, b. 1775.
- iv. PHILANDER, b. Rockingham, Vermont Oct 10, 1783, d. St. Andrews, Quebec Mar 12, 1861, m(1). Feb 16, 1806, Hannah Darling, m(2), Nov 15, 1836, Eunice Ann Brooks.

Children, all but three & four born Lachute, Quebec:

1. Timothy James, b. 1808, d. 1871, m. Laura Stearns;
2. Alvah, b. 1811, d. Nov 1, 1882;
3. Rachel, b. Rockingham 1814, d. Oct 2, 1842;
4. Jefferson, b. Rockingham Jun 15, 1815, d. Aug 27, 1883;
5. Philander, b. May 26, 1817, d. Mar 29, 1897,

m(1), Sep 12, 1837, Abigail Stearns, [5 children], m(2). Mar 29, 1852, Elizabeth (Bessie) Boyd. 9 children: b) Laura, b. Lachute Apr 10, 1839, d. Gore, Quebec Sep 23, 1920, m. May 11, 1858, James Boyd. 14 children:

xi) George Albert, b. Gore May 18, 1877, d. Seattle, Washington Jan 8, 1954, m. Jan 18, 1907, Mary Jane Bosanko. three sons:

A. Howard Albert, b. Butte, MT Mar 31, 1908, d. San Francisco Feb 9, 1982, m(1). Los Angeles May 1, 1926, Blanche Kone, M(2). Seattle, Washington Jan 20, 1932, Louise A. Twedt. Son: Robert Howard, b. Jul 5, 1933, q.v. ; 6. Martin Edward, b. Dec 22, 1818, d. Nebraska May 31, 1898, 7. Matilda, b. 1819, d. 1894, 8. Maria, b. 1820, d. 1880, 9. Hannah (Mary) Martha, b. Aug 6, 1822, d. Iowa 1880, 10. William Dene, b. 1824, d. Nov 7, 1895.

ROBERT BOYD BLOCK (2010 - 2013)

A 4th great-grandson of Captain Stevens in a line from his third son, Philander, he was admitted to represent him in 2010. The son of Howard Albert and Louise Alwilda (Twedt) Boyd, he was born Robert Howard Boyd in San Francisco, California July 5, 1933; died in Santa Barbara, California February 12, 2013; BA, JD, University of California Berkeley. His name was changed when he was adopted by B. Arnold Block in 1941. He served in the United States Army 1954-57 (E-5) and was on the State Department staff for the 1955 Geneva Conference on the Peaceful Use of Atomic Energy. He was a Patent and Trademark Attorney residing in Santa Barbara, California and a member of the California, Santa Barbara, and San Francisco Bar Associations. He was a member of the St. Francis Yacht Club of San Francisco.

He married first in Wheaton, Illinois July 6, 1963, Mary Frances Varley, and second, in Santa Monica, California June 6, 1992, Sheila MacAvoy. Children born i. SHANNON LOUISE, b. Jun 28, 1964, m. Santa Cruz, California, Grant Howard Calverley. Children born Anacortes, Washington:

1. Amelia, b. Jul 27, 1999, 2. Zoë Janeen, b. Sep 6, 2002, 3. Tasha Anne, b. Nov 29, 2006.

ii. ERIN ELIZABETH, b. Apr 18, 1966, m. San Francisco Oct 31, 1999, Dr. Christopher Robert Braden, Children born

Atlanta, Georgia: 1. Isabella Jeanette, b. Dec 17, 2001, 2. Robert Boyd, b. Jan 23, 2007.

Ebenezer did not join the Society and your husband was the first to represent him. That means that Mr. Block's descendants have absolute priority to fill this seat. I see that Robert Braden is only ten years old. The minimum age for membership is 18. In 2025 he should send the Society a note



Robert Boyd Block's Badge –Society of the Cincinnati.
From the collection of the author⁴

indicating his interest and the necessary application forms will be sent to him.

Thank you for your interest. I hope the above will meet your requirements.

*J Archer O'Reilly III
Secretary
archo3@aol.com*

During the Depression of the 1930s, when Robert's natural father, Howard Albert Boyd abandoned his wife and child, Robert spent several years in Edgewood Orphanage in San Francisco. Thus, Robert was an orphaned child with living parents residing in the same city who didn't seem to have a strong commitment to his nurturing. When he discovered he was eligible for membership in a Society of elite patriots, he enthusiastically seized the opportunity to belong to a group that valued him in a special way. The photo on the left shows the lapel pin he proudly wore on his green bathrobe.

The Society of the Cincinnati has an active membership that has as its main goals preservation of historic documents and artifacts, education, service, and charitable giving. Its headquarters in Andersen House at DuPont Circle in Washington DC is the site of many social and professional functions in the nation's capital. Andersen House was the home of Ambassador Larz Andersen and his wife, Isabel. Andersen was an ardent member of the Society, being the great-grandson of one of the original founders. Built in 1905, Andersen House, the official home of the Society, was bequeathed to the Society upon the death of Ambassador Andersen in 1937.

1. https://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Society_of_the_Cincinnati&oldid=795705318
2. <http://www.societyofthecincinnati.org/>
3. http://www.societyofthecincinnati.org/about/organization/constituent_societies_machusetts
4. From the author's collection
5. http://www.societyofthecincinnati.org/anderson_house/history



Andersen House, the home of Ambassador Larz Andersen that was bequeathed to the Society of the Cincinnati in 1937.⁵

Symbols in Stone: What Headstones Can Tell Us

By Sharon Knickrehm Summer

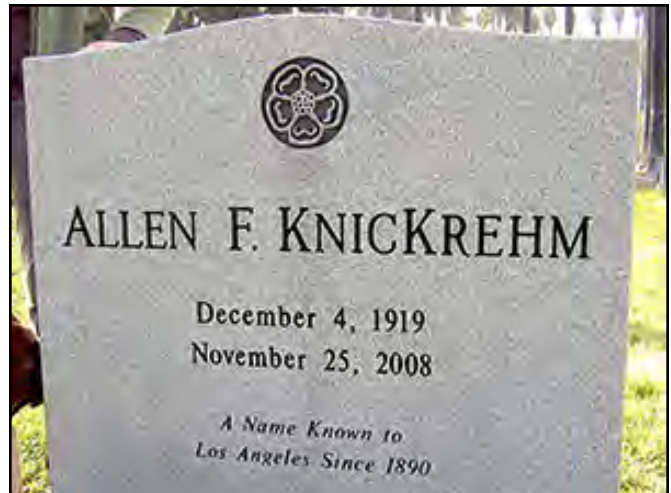
HEADSTONES CAN YIELD valuable information for genealogical research. Gravestones, also known as grave markers, headstones, and tombstones, often include symbols and words to commemorate the loved one. The artwork can vary from religious to humorous, from symbolic to literal, from traditional to one-of-a-kind, and their themes can differ from one era to another.



Skull with wings: Gravestone of Deborah Leavitt (d. 1789), wife of Joshua Leavitt, Hingham Center Cemetery, Hingham, Massachusetts
Photo: WikiCommons

The most obvious information is the name of the deceased, date of birth, and date of death. Yet even more clues can be gleaned from those stones. Early 18th century New England Puritans, among others, chiseled a death's head or skull on gravestones, often with wings. The death's head is a non-religious symbol and was the first imagery to be carved on gravestones. By the mid-1700s the death's-head motif gave way to winged cherubs as headstone art. By the end of the century ornamentation turned to urns and willow trees.

Trends in the markings on grave stones changed over time. Knowing what was popular during specific time periods can help date a stone, especially if the numbers and letters have been softened by weathering over time so they cannot be easily read. The type of stone used can also indicate an era. For example, from the 1660s to



A Rose symbol, designed for Allen F. Knickrehm by his son Glenn Knickrehm, based on the Rose of Lippe, Schaumburg-Lippe, Germany. A one-of-a-kind inscription, "A Name Known to Los Angeles since 1890." Specially designed for Allen F. Knickrehm, Angeles-Rosedale Cemetery, Los Angeles, California Photo: Sharon Summer

the 1850s, tombstones were made of sedimentary rock such as sandstone or limestone, and sometimes slate. Later stones were made of granite.

Grave markers are essentially "documents in stone." The purpose of a headstone is to memorialize the deceased's life. Using symbols is a way the family can leave a permanent marker about some aspect of their loved one's life. Sometimes symbols are unique to that person. One woman had her recipe for fudge carved right there on her headstone! A man had his whole marker shaped like a 1961 automobile. We can safely deduce that she liked cooking and he fancied his car.

For a symbol on my own father's headstone, my brother designed a stylized five-petaled rose to be



The symbol for the Masons, a fraternal organization, is a compass and a carpenter's square. This example shows the inch marks on the square. Santa Barbara Cemetery Photo: Sharon Summer



Woodman of the World - tree trunk and emblem Santa Barbara Cemetery, Santa Barbara, California Photo: Sharon Summer

carved at the top of the stone above his name, Allen F. Knickrehm. Inspired by the rose on the coat of arms of the House of Lippe, 1129 to 1528, my brother's rose represents the location from which our Knickrehm ancestors emigrated - the Bückeburg area of Schaumburg-Lippe, Germany. My brother found that the rose is also a symbol of achievement and completion. After having overcome thorns in life, the reward is a flower of great beauty. After having overcome the tests and difficulties of life come inner harmony, union, and happiness. The petals of this rose reminded me of the California poppy, the favorite flower of both my dad and me. In the last years of Dad's life he and I took car rides together looking for poppies. One flower, multiple meanings, multiple ways of honoring and taking comfort, all from one graceful symbol.

Symbols often indicate affiliation with a fraternal, military, or religious group. Some show the tools or emblem of their profession. Walking through cemeteries you will surely see examples, as I did, strolling the Santa Barbara Cemetery. From these symbols we can glimpse the deceased's interests, profession, or personality while they were alive. Then we can look for membership lists and publications in hopes of finding more about our ancestor.

One fraternal organization often represented on tombstones is a secretive fraternal society called the Freemasons or Masons, an organization that may date



back to the Middle Ages in Europe when stonemasons built great cathedrals and other buildings. On a tombstone, membership in the society may be indicated by a carving of a compass within a carpenter's square, the tools of stonemasons. The compass-and-square symbol often has a "G" in the middle. The G is believed to indicate God, helping others, courtesy, honesty, and unity among members.

A fraternal organization, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows' symbol or emblem found on grave markers is the chain with three links, meaning Friendship, Love, and Truth. Like the Masons, this fraternal group remains active to this day. The Odd Fellows website says they are an "altruistic and friendly society that came to be known as "Odd Fellows" because [when the group was formed] it was odd to find people organized for the purpose of giving aid to those in need and of pursuing projects for the benefit of all mankind. It was believed that they were "an odd bunch of fellows" who would behave in such a selfless and seemingly impractical fashion.

Woodmen of the World is a fraternal group founded in 1890 in Omaha, Nebraska, based on the idea of making life insurance available to everyone in the United States. The most well-known symbol of this organization is the distinctive headstone in the shape of a tree trunk or tree stump. Many of these headstones can still be found in cemeteries across the nation. Originally headstones were given free to members. In the Santa Barbara Cemetery a friendly caretaker said a number of the Woodmen of the World's stone tree trunks had fallen over and had to be removed. I found one elaborate example, though it may be a replacement headstone.



Headstone showing a Caduceus, indicating the medical profession - two snakes winding around a winged staff. Santa Barbara Cemetery, Santa Barbara, California Photo: Sharon Summer



Military emblem of the United States Navy and praying hands pointing upward Santa Barbara Cemetery, Santa Barbara, California Photo: Sharon Summer



Here Lies Vincent van Gogh, Paris, France. Note the stones on top of the headstone, left by visitors in the Jewish tradition. Photo: Sharon Summer



The caduceus is common in the United States as a symbol of the medical profession, featuring two snakes winding around an often winged staff.

Military emblems can be found on veterans' headstones, often with something to designate the person's rank in the Armed Services. Pre-World War I markers note the name and regi-



ment enclosed in a shield. The United States Army Parachutists show "Jump Wings." The Department of Veterans Affairs maintains a list of approved symbols, 65 of them in 2017, that may be used for a burial in designated veterans' cemeteries, like the Arling-

ton National Cemetery. Military inscriptions can be a motto: "Duty, Honor, Country" or "Semper Fidelis." There are many other military symbols and these can lead to the discovery of military records.

Religious symbols are widespread on headstones. If the deceased's grave shows a religious symbol there may be church records to research. Historic church records may list christenings, marriages, and deaths.

On both of my great-grandparents' side-by-side headstones is the inscription: "At Home with Jesus." Those words, symbolizing their religious life, inspired my brother and me to seek out the Los Angeles church with which they were affiliated. In the treasure trove of records of the First German Methodist Church in Los Angeles we found listed our great-grandparents, sever-



A ship engraved on a headstone showing the passion of the loved one. Inglewood Park Cemetery, Los Angeles, California Photo: Sharon Summer

al of their children including our grandfather, addresses for their homes, dates of events, and visits from other family members. The church even had photographs of our grandparents in their church publications, showing them on the various church committees on which they served. The current pastor was very accommodating to us, laying out everything for our visit.



Two marble lions eternally guard the soul of a crowned King. Basilica of St. Denis, Saint Denis, Paris, France Photo: Sharon Summer

For Christianity, the cross has long conveyed a strong religious message. An open book usually symbolizes the *Bible*, faith, or the *Book of Life*; however, a book may also be the mark of a teacher. The dove is a Christian symbol of love and peace. The dove also symbolizes purity, resurrection and the Holy Spirit.

Jewish tombstones frequently show the six-pointed Star of David, a symbol commonly associated with Judaism. While the Star of David is often used on the grave of a man, a candle or candelabra often is used on the tombstone of a woman. The menorah symbolizes the deceased person's, especially a female's, commitment to his or her Jewish faith. Many more Jewish symbols and their meanings are listed on websites.

It is a Jewish custom for visitors to leave small stones on grave markers to signal that a descendant has visited. Another genealogist told me that people would take great care in selecting the small stone they'd place on their loved one's grave marker. Some pictures of artist Vincent van Gogh's gravesite show a number of stones placed on his headstone. Though van Gogh was raised Protestant, he had a strong connection to Jewish people throughout his life. Perhaps this explains the appearance of those small stones.

Hands are a frequent carving on stones. The positions of fingers have different meanings. For example, two hands with outspread fingers indicates the deceased person was a descendant from priestly people. Clasp hands on a gravestone symbolize that a loved one may be gone, but those they left behind often have hopes of seeing them again someday. Symbolizing unity even



A lamb sits atop a child's headstone, symbolizing innocence, 1889. An inscription at the bottom from her grieving mother. Santa Barbara Cemetery Photo: Sharon Summer



An example of humor carved in stone: "I told you I was sick." Winged skull on the top. Photo: WikiCommons

after death, the clasping hands are also often depicted on the shared graves of spouses. Hands with fingers together pointing upward, praying, is a sign of asking God for eternal life.

A broken tree trunk or branch often signifies someone who died young, whose life was cut short. Small grave markers signify infants. A cemetery may have an area of many small stones marking infants who died, perhaps in an epidemic afflicting the very young, along with many adults.

Scenes or photographic images can be etched into a headstone or monument design. This custom has been popular when expert craftsmen or carvers are available in a particular area. One of my ancestors loved sailing so his children had a sailing ship etched on his headstone.

Animal carvings can be found on grave markers. Lions symbolize the power of God and eternally guards the tomb against evil spirits. The lion also recalls the courage and determination of the souls which they guard; lions manifest the spirit of the departed. For instance, a number of marble lions guard the tombs of the Kings and Queens of France in the Basilica of St. Denis in Saint Denis, a northern suburb of Paris.

Lambs symbolize innocence and usually mark a child's grave. A very good example in the Santa Barbara Cemetery has a lamb atop an older headstone. The child died in 1889. An inscription on the bottom says, "Loaned for a little while to Mama now returned to God."

An inscription is a few words engraved on the surface of a stone. An epitaph is an inscription, usually a phrase or statement written in memory of a person who has died. It may take the form of a piece of prose or a poem, a Biblical reference, or something as simple as "For my wife." Or it might be a line from a favorite song, or the traditional "Rest in Peace" or "In Loving Memory." Like symbols, the inscription may be traditional, as in "Here Lies..." or something unique to deceased like the one that said: "I Told You I Was Sick."

Seventeenth and eighteenth-century stones often had solemn epitaphs which prompted passers-by to contemplate mortality and the fleeting nature of life on earth.

At the top of many Jewish tombstones is an abbreviation in Hebrew which means “here lies.” Hebrew characters are often inscribed on the stone, and are likely to be the person’s Hebrew name. Hebrew inscriptions not only show the date of death but often the person’s age or date of birth, and may also include the given name of the deceased’s father, helpful to Jewish genealogy.

A current website says one need not be restricted to particular designs or templates for inscriptions. Almost anything can be carved into a headstone. In my father’s case my brother chose words from our dad’s business card. Dad had started his business in Los Angeles in 1948 and ran it nearly all of his adult life. His business card read “Allen F. Knickrehm, A Name Known to Los Angeles Since 1890.” Shortly before he died, when we told him we would like to use those words on his headstone, he smiled happily.

As of 2011, digital information can be embedded into stone. A Seattle-based company created burial markers that are a scannable, stamp-like image called a “quick read” – or QR code. These codes are placed on tombstones so visitors can learn more about the dearly departed by going to their website, www.qrmemorials.com. Visitors download a free app onto a smartphone which will read the QR code. They can then view whatever has been uploaded, a photograph of the deceased, read a story of their life, or see a video. Remember this is not a primary source, so information must be checked. The QR code can offer great clues for further research. In 2015 I saw a QR code on the grave of one Andre Chabot in the famed Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris, France. In his crypt we could see a very large camera. On the outside, to one side of the stone, was a small square, a QR code. I had no idea at the time of my visit how to use this code, but I took its picture. It may be that we will see many more of these QR codes on headstones in the future.

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A crypt in the famed Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris, France. The small square on the right side is a QR Code holding information about the deceased.

Photo: Sharon Summer

Sharon Summer is a member of Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society. She began her research into her family history in 2009, becoming ever more fascinated by what she finds. She used her iMac computer to create 10 thick binders (so far) with pages which tell the story of her family, with supporting documents, a bit of world history for context, illustrations, lists, tables, and pictures of her family.

Holding Vaults and Other Secrets of Yard#21: A Cemetery Creeper's Tale

By Kristin Ingalls



White Hall Yard 21 in Mystic, Connecticut.

THIS STORY BEGINS in the Fall 2016 issue of *Ancestors West*. It was 2001, and my first trip back to New England with ancestor hunting on the agenda. As I look back, I realize how woefully unprepared I was. I had names, dates, places, but that was about all. I've enough good stories to fill several volumes of the publication, but keeping in mind the theme of this issue, I will share one kind-of-funny, kind-of-creepy find.

Knowing I had a passel of colonial Connecticut ancestors, I booked into a cute B&B in Mystic. The landlord, a rather sweet helpful man, saw the Denison name on my Pedigree Chart and informed me there was a Denison Museum-Preserve just down the road. Now this is where preparation would have helped. The museum closed in less than an hour and would not open again until after my hunting took me on to Massachusetts. So I drove like a maniac and got there in time to meet two docents – who turned out to be descendants of my same Denison! Shrugging off the closing time, they gave me a jaw-dropping tour, filling in all the history. Cousins, even distant cousins, are so special to stumble across. But here is what really WOWed me... Our ancestor came to this country with his parents in 1631 – and these descendants were still there! In almost 400 years, their families had

not moved more than a few miles from the original homestead! What must that be like? This is a story in itself. But back to my story...

For those who have not done colonial research, you are missing a treat. Back east there are historical societies and libraries in almost every little town and hamlet. At those I visited, I came away with maps of all things of interest for

historians and genealogists. You know, those cute ones with drawings of houses, churches, eateries, souvenir shops, and graveyards. Graveyards! I visited as many as I could, but here is the real find. I went to the burial place of my Wheeler ancestors. It is named White Hall Yard #21. Not graveyard, not cemetery, not last-resting place. Yard. Yard #21 no less.

It is a small plot of land about 200 ft by 100 ft or so, and contains 227 graves. It was on a side street, behind a hardware store. It is amazing how many of these small cemeteries exist in the East. You find them every-



Headstones, well over 150 years old, mark the graves of Wheeler ancestors.



The holding vault where the dead waited out the winter until burial in the spring.

where. These are not the huge cemeteries we are used to, but just a small plot of land, tucked in a corner of a farmyard, or all alone by the side of the road, or behind a hardware store. This was the first time I had ever found and visited a graveyard of my distant ancestors. It was surprisingly moving,

Something caught my eye – a funny little mound with a door at the edge of the cemetery. I wandered over and peeked in. It was a little room poking out of the dirt. On the far wall were two stone benches or ledges.

I could not for the life of me figure out what it was. The following day at one of the libraries, I asked a nice lady named Pat what it was. “Oh, those, why those are holding vaults.” Silly me, for not knowing that. “What do they hold?” I asked. “Bodies,” she said with a smile on her face. “Bodies?” I stammered. “Oh, yes, you see in the winter the ground is too frozen to dig a grave and so they store the bodies there until spring. It is cold enough to keep them preserved. These days we have heavy machinery to do that, but back then the family had to wait until spring to bury their dead.” Ghastly visions filled my head: now what must it be like to have grandma all wrapped up in a winding cloth, stacked in the holding vault with god knows how many others, waiting for the first thaw? Oh the possibilities of things that could go wrong... It gave me the shivers.

As I was packing up to leave, I chatted with the landlady, who had never seemed as happy as her husband. Perhaps that was because he drove away to work every morning after our communal breakfast, leaving her to do landlady chores. She was grumbling disparagingly about all the Fall Leaf-Peepers that were coming.

Hmmm. I pondered what she called people like me: Graveyard Ghouls? Cemetery Creepers? Bone Pickers? I do have to wonder why anyone who so clearly disliked those guests who were helping her pay her mortgage would go into the hospitality business. As I bumped north on the country road through all the colorful trees, I paused to think what she would do for a living if a sudden blight killed all the trees and the Leaf-Peepers stayed home. Perhaps work on the assembly line in a matchstick factory. That happy thought kept me entertained for quite some time.

Explanation of the object

“One lump or two?”

The object pictured on the back cover is an antique silver sugar scuttle made by Walker and Hall in Sheffield, England. Until the latter half of the 19th century, sugar was produced as large cone shaped loaves. A sugar cone was then nipped into lumps with a sugar-nipper. The lumps could be collected in a sugar scuttle to serve at tea time.

This sugar scuttle was bought at an antique shop in Melbourne, Australia in 1945

Special thanks to Rosslyn Ray for sharing this family antique.

Old Age and the Mortality Schedule

By Cari Thomas

MORTALITY SCHEDULES of the 1850-1880 US Censuses bring to genealogists some fascinating information on when, why and how some of our ancestors died. Personal information in 1850 included Age; Sex; "Color (Black, White, Mulatto)"; "Free or Slave"; "Married or Widowed"; "Place of Birth (Naming State, Territory, or Country)"; "The month in which the person died"; "Profession, Occupation, or Trade"; and finally "Disease or cause of death" and last: "Number of days ill."

The 1850 census-taker was to record this information specifically about inhabitants who had died "...during the Year ending 1st June, 1850..." (ie, a death date of 1 June 1849 to and including 31 May 1850) for each "...whose usual Place of Abode at the Time of his Death was in his Family."

I knew that John McQuaid, my 3rd great-grandfather (and a young emigrant from Ireland prior to the American Revolution), had died on 17 June 1850 in Sugar-creek Township, Venango County, Pennsylvania.

Death notice: front page of "The Venango Spectator": Franklin, Venango County, Pennsylvania, Thursday, June 20, 1850: Column #1:

"DIED. On Monday last, at his residence in Sugarcreek township, Mr. John McQuaid, in the 89th year of his age. Mr. McQuaid was one of the eldest settlers of Venango County."

However, John wasn't to be found in the 1850 census! Instead, I found him in the mortality schedule. Yes, he had died after the official census date of 1 June 1850, BUT it had been the 24th of July – more than a month after John's death – before his widow Isabella had been enumerated in her son's household. Clearly the cen-

TABLE 4. Persons who Died during the Year ending 1st June, 1850, in *Sugarcreek Twp* in the County of *Venango* State of *Pa*, enumerated by me, *R. S. McCormick* Ass't Marshal.

NAME OF EVERY PERSON WHO DIED During the Year ending 1st June, 1850, whose usual Place of Abode at the Time of his Death was in his Family.	DESCRIPTION.						PLACE OF BIRTH. Naming the State, Territory, or Country.	The Month in which the Person Died.	PROFESSION, OCCUPATION, OR TRADE.	DISEASE, OR CAUSE OF DEATH.	Number of DAYS ILL.
	Age	Sex	Color	Free or Slave	Married or Widowed	Mode of colored.					
<i>Mr. M. McQuaid</i>	<i>88</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>M</i>	<i>Ir</i>	<i>June</i>	<i>Farmer</i>	<i>Old Age</i>	<i>90</i>	
<i>John McQuaid</i>	<i>11</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>M</i>	<i>England</i>	<i>July</i>	<i>Farmer</i>	<i>Old Age</i>	<i>12</i>	
<i>William Raymond</i>	<i>11</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>M</i>	<i>Engt</i>	<i>July</i>	<i>Farmer</i>	<i>Old Age</i>	<i>12</i>	
<i>Margaret Benson</i>	<i>80</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>M</i>	<i>Ir</i>	<i>Sept</i>	<i>Farmer</i>	<i>Old Age</i>	<i>60</i>	
<i>John W. W. W.</i>	<i>70</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>M</i>	<i>Ir</i>	<i>January</i>	<i>Farmer</i>	<i>Old Age</i>	<i>60</i>	
<i>John Wiley</i>	<i>20</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>M</i>	<i>Ir</i>	<i>March</i>	<i>Farmer</i>	<i>Old Age</i>	<i>60</i>	

sus-taker, Assistant Marshal R. S. McCormick, had not followed census instructions! He had recorded John in the Mortality Schedule.

Most of the information on my deceased 3rd great-grandfather was good to know, but somewhat mundane: 88 yrs old, male, white, (free), married, b. Ireland, d. June (!), and a former farmer.

However, as the years pass, I find myself envying my 3rd great-grandfather. At 88 years old – the eldest of eight residents in Venango County shown in that schedule who died of "Old Age" [the other seven aged 60-80], John was the only old person listed with the "number of days ill" recorded!

Ahhh, to live to 88 and be OLD for only 90 days!

Cari Thomas has researched her families' paper trails and been a member of the SBCGS since 1995. Her main locales are Pennsylvania and Indiana in this country, and Germany, Alsace, and Ireland in the old. She taught a course in Beginning Germanic Genealogy at Wake Center for nine years and currently chairs the German SIG every month. She's been a very active member, and has shared her how-to knowledge of family history research through these 22 years.

Planning Ahead:

Earl Johannes Friestad 9/27/1928-9/8/1999

By Jim Friestad

MY COUSIN, EARL was always a bit unorthodox. He had cancer and knew he was going to die in the near future so he started to do some research on tombstones. He found a place that would make a tombstone with his picture on it and also some of his thoughts. So, he bought it and had it designed and installed prior to his passing.

He died in Delavan, Walworth County, Wisconsin, and is buried in the East Delavan Cemetery. They said he also considered having a weatherproof phone installed on top so people could call him.



Jim Friestad has been doing genealogy for over 25 years. His father came from Norway and his mother's parents came from Norway. So that is where the majority of his research is done. Jim and his wife Marj have visited Norway many times and have been able to meet with aunts, uncles and cousins there. "They continually tell us we know more about them than they know about one another!" Jim has served as President of the SBCGS for two years (2000-2002) and for many years on the Board of Directors as well as Chairman of the IT Committee.

He is retired from Delco/General Motors having worked there for over 40 years.

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Ancestors West Sponsorship 2017

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**John Woodward, John Fritsche, Margery Baragona, Rosalie Bean,
Millie Brombal, Wayne and Elaine Chaney, Helen Cornell, Norma Johnson,
Howard Menzel, and Yvonne Neumann.**

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

Keepsakes from a Shingle Weaver

By Charmien Carrier



Shingleweavers in front of the Seaside Shingle Mill, Everett, Washington, 1913. Grandpa Wilfred Carrier is sitting on the ground in front and to the right of the bundle of shingles. From the Carrier family photo collection

"Jobs in the mills were tough and dangerous. Men pushed hunks of red cedar through huge circular saws, smaller shingle saws, and finally trimmer saws. The shingle saws could be set to cut nearly a shingle a second and the worker had to clear each shingle over the saw by hand. One slip and a finger, hand, arm – or a life – could be gone. With the sawyer handling 30,000 shingles in his 10-hour shift, slips were inevitable.

Once the shingles were trimmed, they were dropped down a chute to be packed into bundles. A skilled packer worked with such speed, he appeared to be "weaving" the shingles together. The "shingle weaver" label originated from this activity and became the generic term for shingle mill workers."

~Excerpt from the publication, *Lumber and Shingle Mills*, by the Everett Public Library

ONE DAY, while looking through a box of old family photographs, my eyes were drawn to two eight by ten photographs. One photo shows the interior of a sawmill, and the other the exterior of the sawmill with the workers all lined up to have their photo taken. There in the front row, was my grandfather sitting on the ground next to a bundle of shingles stamped "Seaside Shingle Mill." On the back of the photo, someone had written "1913."

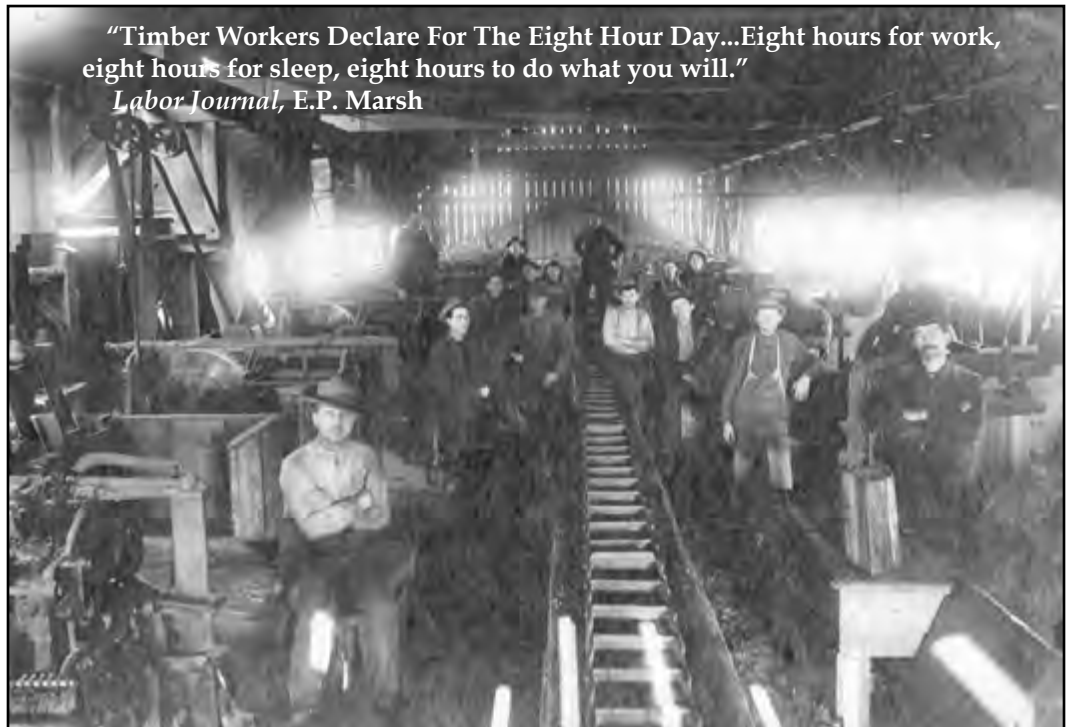
For most of my life I had known my grandfather, Wilfred "Bill" Carrier, as a farmer in Rush City, Minnesota, but here he was, as a young man, working at a sawmill in Everett, Washington.

In the box of photos, I also found two membership badges and Grandpa's membership card for the International Shingle Weavers Union of America. Seeing these things, I became curious, so I Googled "International Shingle Weavers Union of America" and found an essay about the union's history called, "Seattle's General Strike: International Shingle Weavers Union of America," written by Philip C. Emerson at the University of Washington. <http://depts.washington.edu/labhist/strike/emerson.shtml>. In the article, Emerson says that the International Shingle Weavers Union of America was "for two decades, one of the largest, most powerful unions in the Pacific Northwest."



Seaside Shingle Mill, Everett, Washington, 1915. Photographer: Juleen. Used with permission from the Everett Public Library.

By 1914, my grandfather's family in Minnesota wanted him back on the farm to help with his aging parents. So he left Everett with his wife Martha and two children, Maizie, age two, and Wilfred (Bob), age one, and began his life as a farmer. According to his youngest daughter, Delphine, he missed living in the Pacific Northwest and working in the sawmill. Perhaps that's why my father, Grandpa's only son, ended up with Grandpa's memorabilia and going out west to build houses in Seattle, and my grandfather ended up with all ten of his fingers.



Workers inside the Seaside Shingle Mill, Everett, Washington. From the Carrier family photo collection



The Teamsters Union Headquarters at 1114 Chapala Street, Santa Barbara, California c. 1960.

“My Dad was Mr. Jameson”

By Pamela Jameson Boehr

THAT’S HOW MY DAD would respond when anyone would address him as Mr. Jameson. He was always “Cliff.”

Dedication to His Union

As a member of the Santa Barbara High School Class of 1959 it wasn’t hard for me to be a bit envious of classmates who could easily step into family businesses after completing their education. I knew that I could hardly fit into such a category because my dad worked for the Teamsters Union. That didn’t mean I missed the experience of working summers at the office of the lovely Spanish-style building located at 1114 Chapala Street. It had been headquarters of Teamsters Union Local No. 186 for 20 years. Unfortunately, the City of Santa Barbara decided to raze the building to make way for a parking lot in 1964. Under my dad’s leadership and with the approval of the union’s board of trustees, 3.8 acres were purchased at 6185 Carpinteria Avenue in Carpinteria in a newly developed industrial area. He hired the architectural firm of Kruger and Benson. The new headquarters building was designed not only for aesthetic beauty, but also for providing features which today would be considered environmentally friendly.

My dad was so proud of the new headquarters and he stressed in his column written for the *Southern Cal-*

ifornia Teamster that it would be conveniently located for members who lived in Oxnard, Ventura, and Santa Barbara. The executive board dedicated the meeting hall in his name.

My dad never forgot his roots. When I was 10 he drove us back to Abingdon, Illinois, to meet his cousins, aunts, and uncles. When his business took him to places like Chicago, he’d manage to fit in time to check in with those relatives.

Although Dad’s busy work schedule kept him away from home frequently, there were perks to being a “Teamster Daughter.” My mom and I went along on some of his business trips. When I was a student at Santa Barbara Junior High we visited Lake Tahoe and Las Vegas, but the most memorable trip was in 1957 when we drove through the South to the 17th International Brotherhood of Teamsters Convention in Miami Beach. Jimmy Hoffa was elected general president. It was quite a thrill for delegates and their families to attend a variety review at the Miami Beach Auditorium and see entertainers including Miss Patti Page, Sam Levenson, and the Four Aces. While delegates attended meetings, my mom and I attended luncheons at the Eden Roc and the Fontainebleau. On that long drive Dad made sure our itinerary included a visit to New Orleans. We also drove by Central High School in Little Rock, Arkansas, and



Cliff Jameson in 1911.

visited Monticello on our way to Washington D.C.

My dad was not a Teamster in name only. During his many travels to other states he checked out how wages and working conditions compared to those in California. I learned about so-called "right-to-work" laws, heard how people should not purchase Coors

beer because it was

non-union, and that all printed items should display the union bug which meant they came from a union shop.

Recognizing the Value of Hard Work

On July 30, 1911, the local newspaper in Abingdon, Knox County, Illinois, simply reported, "Born to Mr. and Mrs. Thad Jameson this morning an eight-pound son." It was an inauspicious beginning, to be sure.

While the topic of birth order continues to be of interest, it surely must not have been easy for this middle child to have received much attention while sandwiched between a talented older sister and a cute younger brother. My assumption was strengthened when I discovered his essay from English class in 1927 entitled, "My First Ambition," which was to work on his uncle's farm, "gathering eggs, feeding horses, going after cows, and milking one of them." What impressed me was that in order to get to the job site, that young boy had to take a train to a place within three miles of the farm and walk the rest of the way. It was no surprise Dad was made to feel important. He had a job! No wonder he was against the family pulling up stakes from what for him was a secure and happy life to move to Santa Barbara in 1921.

When the earthquake struck Santa Barbara in 1925, Dad was with his Boy Scout troop in Santa Ynez. His father and sister experienced the trauma, however. I came across a letter my grandfather had written to my grandmother who was visiting the folks back home in Illinois along with her youngest child. He assured her that Cliff would be able to continue his routes delivering *The Morning Press*. At that young age, he undoubtedly was helping his family financially.



Cliff Jameson's SBHS senior class photo in 1929.

While he was no matinee idol and certainly no athlete, he earned a varsity letter in high school as basketball team manager under legendary Coach Schutte. There were 191 graduates in the Santa Barbara High School Class of 1929. What a time for those young people to be embarking upon their future on the brink of The Great Depression. Despite what obstacles lay ahead, the custom was to place a characterizing quote beneath each graduate's Olive and Gold yearbook photo. Dad's was, "The World's Mine Oyster." That characterization seemed to be fortuitous.



Teamsters strike in the 1940 to preserve daylight dairy deliveries.

In between terms, during, and after college he was forever working. From city directories I learned he had been employed as a gas station attendant, a chauffeur, and an assistant at a car dealership. He sold *Wear-Ever* pots and pans door-to-door. It broke my heart to come across a letter from his boss at the Royal Ice Cream Company on Chapala Street saying although he was highly regarded as an employee, due to hard times, he would be terminated.

Despite it all, and with as much support as the family could provide, along with employment at the school cafeteria and summer jobs, he earned a degree from the College of Agriculture at the University of California, Davis in 1931. He had planned to become a dairy chemist, but the best he could do in those tough times was to stay close to the industry, so he began employment with Live Oak Dairy. From Maria Churchill's article in "*Montecito Life*," 28 July 1988:



Cliff Jameson as a new father.

“Live Oak Dairy, producing top raw milk, was a busy place in the Montecito of the 1930s, with cattle corrals, feeding areas, a milking shed, bottling operation and office, above East Valley on San Ysidro Road.”

Although the cows stayed in Montecito, the bottling works moved to a new Live Oak Creamery on Milpas and Canon Perdido Streets in Santa Barbara around 1940.

My dad would tell me about having to start work very early in the morning and when we’d drive on the Riviera and the Upper East Side he’d point out steep steps he had climbed and residences he had served for nearly a decade.

Utilizing His Work Ethic to Help Others

While he fought alongside his peers as a milk truck driver seeking improved wages, hours, and conditions, this organizational drive was stymied because big dairies of the day retaliated effectively with company unions. Teamsters Union Local No. 186, originally chartered in 1936, was forced to disband and was not activated again until 1938. Dad was initiated that year. Meanwhile, he continued to drive a retail milk truck until the strike of the early 1940s, when two Santa Barbara dairies attempted to take away daylight delivery. The dispute in which he was involved lasted 14 months during which time I was born. Thousands of dollars were spent to squash the strike, but ultimately the strikers won.

In 1942, gas was rationed so we moved to Ventura because Dad went to work at Port Hueneme Pacific Naval

Air Base as a Teamster. Soon after he was employed as a business agent by Local 186, handling labor relations between Base contractors and the union. He continued in this capacity until 1945, when the Base went under civil service, at which time there were 6,500 Teamsters employed there. Following this successful venture, we returned to Santa Barbara. He was assigned to organize in the Ventura-Oxnard area, where he was instrumental in effecting agreements with canneries, freezing plants, dry bean warehouses, fresh vegetable packing sheds, vacuum coolers, crate yards, dehydration plants, and field trucking firms. He organized and negotiated contracts with 50 companies. Lots of commuting during those years!

KEEP YOUR UNION STRONG



Re-Elect

CLIFF

JAMESON

SECRETARY-TREASURER

Teamsters Union #186

8

Cliff H. Jameson <small>(Incumbent)</small>	X
--	---

PROTECT YOUR

Wages—Pension

Hours—Health Insurance

Cliff Jameson served from 1961-1973 as the secretary-treasurer of Teamsters Union #186.

After his service as a business agent he ran for and was elected to the Local's top position of secretary-treasurer. He was re-elected three times (1961-1973). Local 186 was a miscellaneous Local with contracts including but not limited to the areas of freight, beer, dairy, construction, liquor, bakery, and soft drinks. The jurisdiction encompassed Ventura and Santa Barbara counties from the Los Angeles County line to the Santa Ynez River. During his service the Local flourished with offices in Carpinteria, Ventura, and Oxnard. It was the jewel in the crown of the Western Conference of Teamsters, which includes 13 states. In 1967 there were 11,000 members and Local 186 was in tip-top shape financially. Dad served on numerous organizational boards and committees. Additionally, he held the position of secretary of the Santa Barbara Central Labor Council for 12 years.

From farm hand, newspaper boy, salesman, truck driver, business agent and secretary-treasurer, this kid from rural America succeeded in helping with the uphill fight of the labor movement to achieve the high level of organization, security, wages, hours, and working conditions enjoyed by so many today.

In 1987 I found a small piece of paper in his wallet with words from Calvin Coolidge:

Nothing in the world can take the place of Persistence.

Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent.

Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb.

Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts.

Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent.

The slogan 'Press On' has solved and always will solve the problems of the human race.

Pam Boehr is a long-time SBCGS member whose maternal ancestors settled in Santa Barbara County in 1896. She is regent of the National Society, Daughters of The American Colonists, Santa Barbara Chapter, recording secretary of Mission Canyon Chapter, NSDAR, and a member of The Colonial Dames of America, Santa Barbara Chapter, and United States Daughters of 1812, U.S.S. Constitution Chapter.

Authors featured in *Ancestors West* Volume 42

The following have contributed to the issues of *Ancestors West* in 2017. Thank you to all of you for sharing your stories!

Baragona, Margery
 Bason, Bob
 Block, Sheila MacAvoy
 Boehr, Pamela Jameson
 Bottomley, Berri Lynn
 Brombal, Millie
 Burns, Connie
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 Watt, Alicia
 Wilson, Jim

Volunteers Extraordinaire

The Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society celebrates its 45th birthday this year. There are many remarkable forces behind this accomplishment; one is that the organization is and always has been entirely volunteer run. When one contemplates the beautiful library, the librarians, the officers and board of directors, the coordinators of all the educational and social activities, management of the facilities and finances, purchase and cataloging of books, maintenance of electronic resources, publications and many other activities that the society offers, this is truly an astounding undertaking.

This year six of these volunteers who have been instrumental in the success of our society have been honored at an Honors Luncheon, November 11, 2017. A photo of each honoree and the highlights of their service to our society are presented in this issue as an additional note of gratitude.



Rosa Cortese Avolio

by Gary Shumaker

We are very fortunate to have so many talented people in our organization and it is a good thing that we take some time once in awhile to recognize some of them. Today, we have the opportunity to do just that.

If you have been doing “genealogy” for any length of time, you will find that an introduction to someone is not quite the same as it once was. Now you will actually listen to the name and think upon its significance: maybe it is Irish, English, maybe something you know from a search you have done. Once in awhile, you will be introduced to someone and it becomes an exciting event—the name resonates with story and history. This afternoon, I would like to introduce you to Rosa Cortese Avolio. She has a wonderful name. Rosa’s life and her family are marvelous. It is wonderful—like reading the story of our country.

Her grand-parents were part of an extended family line in Sicily. When they came to America, they were processed through Ellis Island and settled in the area of New York

City called “Little Italy,” which is in the borough of Manhattan. If you have any imagination at all, you can appreciate Rosa’s world and all that family means to her. She grew up in Brooklyn on 28th Avenue and went to school at PS 212. Her cousins lived close by, her uncles and aunts came over to her house for family events and holidays. There were weddings, funerals, communions and all the things that make family vital and real. To me her life must have been like something I have only read about or seen in a movie: it seems almost unreal.

Rosa can remember going to Coney Island, riding the El and doing the fun things a young person does in New York. She also remembers hearing about when her father Antonio or Tony went off to War and returned home after service in the South Pacific, a decorated veteran. Not too long after that, she left her family’s home to go to Kings County Hospital School for nursing in Brooklyn where she graduated and soon found work as a registered nurse.

However, as so often happens to a lovely, bright young woman, she met a handsome young man and fell in love. It happened to Rosa while she was working as a summer camp counselor. She met Glenn and fortunately for us, they did not stay in New York. It must have been very difficult for everyone to have them leave but we are fortunate that they did. In 1973, when Rosa and Glenn were in their early twenties, they loaded all that they had into the car and drove to Santa Barbara.

Their two beautiful children, Paul and Alissa were born here in Santa Barbara

Early on, after Rosa and Glenn established their home and lives here, it was our lucky fate that Rosa met two members of our society, Michel Nellis and a fellow nurse Emily Aasted. Somehow, those two worked their magic and got Rosa to join us. Since coming into the society, Rosa has been very involved with researching her family. She has been to Salt Lake City on several occasions and has documented her very extensive family line.

At this time she is involved with the records preservation our society is doing for the community and she is a member of the cadre of courageous volunteers who man the desks, phones and computers of the library—she is one our unsung heroes who keep our doors open to the members and the public on a regular basis.

Just one of the several more recent activities she has undertaken is organizing and producing our Webinars. That, as well as continuing to provide the Lunch and Learn in the library, must take a good part of her life. Her efforts have added new dimension to the societies outreach and service. In the next few years, she will continue what she is doing now but she will also be our new program chair person.

All of this service and time dedicated to our society is why we are here today to honor Rosa. She wears a lot of hats and has been a part of our organization for a long time. She is a happy grandmother who dotes on her family, encourages everyone with her energy and knowledge. She means so much to us. Rosa, we want you to know we appreciate you and look forward to a continued loving relationship we now have.

Thank you, thank you very much.



Don Gill

by Robert Goeller

There is a story by Horace exhorting people to “Carpe Diem” and in 1670 John Ray recorded the expression “the early bird catcheth the worm.” Don Gill embodies these proverbs. Before our library opens for the day Don has tagged, labeled and cataloged our weekly new book purchases and gone home all before the sun rises. We have doubled our cataloged items to over 20,000 during his 17 years as a volunteer. We have a world class genealogical research library because of the many dedicated volunteers that help out with the myriad chores required to operate our fine library. Don is an integral cog in our machine.

Don joined our Society in February 2001 after many years at the Los Angeles and Thousand Oaks public library systems. In 1973, he moved to Santa Barbara to work at General Research Corp, designing and selling library cataloging systems to libraries across the country.

He first took a course from Betty Root and then worked with Ted and Marion Dennison. Don served as the Society’s head librarian for about three years and on the Board of Directors from 2002-2008.

French Canadian immigrants came in waves to New York, Massachusetts, Maine, Rhode Island or New Orleans. Specifically, his ancestors settled in Woonsocket, Rhode Island. When he was eight years old the family moved to the South Bay. Eventually he went to El Camino Junior College, Cal State Long Beach and earned his master’s degree in Library Science at night at Immaculate Heart College while working for the Los Angeles public library system.

He and his wife Sue met at the Los Angeles County library where she also worked. They have had three children with a son, daughter and her family that live locally.

Don is a fellow French Canadian and has an extensive and very detailed tree. Our special interest group relies heavily on his extensive knowledge of sources.

Don has made many contributions to the Society and its library, which we deeply appreciate. Don, we congratulate you on today’s honor.



Kathie Morgan

by Kristin Galls

Don Gill
Had taken ill.
Doc said, “It would be best
If you had a long rest.”
So Don’s job Kathy did fill.

How shall we praise her? Let me count the ways:

She is accepting, thoughtful, open, determined, compassionate, understanding, willing, fun, kind, patient, clear, charming... the list goes on and on.

Kathie brings all these gifts to her position as Library Director.

When the library expanded, we had lots of space to fill up. There was also a lot of space to fill with leadership. An expanded library brought an expanded vision of what our society and library could and would be.

Growing up in Lompoc, Kathie Lower had two ambitions – to become a nurse or a librarian.

Nursing won out and Kathie moved to San Francisco to attend nursing school. While there she also worked in the nursing school library. She lived and worked in San Francisco until 1967 when she returned

to Santa Barbara. One thing made Kathie homesick. In San Francisco she missed hearing birds singing. For those who don’t know Kathie well, she is a avid bird lover!

Upon her return she worked at Cottage Hospital. They sent her to Los Angeles to do specialized training so that she could help establish the first Cardiac Care Unit at Cottage. After Kathie and Bill Morgan were married, she went to Goleta Valley Hospital and was the Director of Education, training nurses and medical staff and in 1974 taught the first class of Paramedics in Santa Barbara. After she retired in 1996, she did legal nurse consulting and also volunteered at the Cottage Hospital Medical Library.

So, how did a nurse from Lompoc evolve into a Library Director?

After she retired, Kathie’s friend and nurse co-worker, Rosa Avolio, invited her to visit the genealogy library. It took Kathie a while, but she soon became a fixture in the library as a researcher and volunteer.

In passing, Kathie told then Society President, Art Sylvester, about her girlhood ambition to be a librarian. And the job was hers!

We could not have found a more perfect fit to fill the “front of house” position than Kathie. As Library Director, she sets the tone of the library and librarians. For a place that deals primarily with the dead, the library is a surprisingly cheerful place to spend time.

New challenges and opportunities have been met with creative solutions. Once she helped sand, stain and move books onto our new shelves, Kathie and the incredible Cataloging Team did a complete inventory of the library’s holdings. Boxes of important but damaged books had been unpacked from storage and mended by the book doctor, King Strauss, and added to our collection. More volunteer librarians have been added – and are trained on a regular basis. New society members are now invited to orientation classes, and mentors are available for them. Kathie participates in community outreach programs, the extended summer hours experiment, and orienting new members of the

Salt Lake City research group. She and Rosa began the Lunch and Learn series, now quite a social event – standing room only on some days!

There is nothing that goes on at the library that Kathie is not, if even peripherally, involved in. Her best quality is how she encourages others to develop and implement their new ideas.

I once asked the seemingly-unflappable Kathie if she ever loses her cool, ever gets mad? “Oh, yes,” she replied with a twinkle in her eye... “When I get angry, talk through my teeth.” And showed me what that looked like. Thankfully, I believe that rarely happens.



Michel Cooper Nellis

by Karen Ramsdell

Passion for history, thirst for knowledge, organized, analytical, thinks outside the box, and loves a challenge. These are some of the qualities of a good genealogist and, by no coincidence, they are also qualities shared by Michel Nellis.

Michel Cooper Nellis is a third-generation Californian. The first of four children, she was born in San Bernardino and spent her formative years in Ontario. After attending local schools, she started her college career at USC and received her BA degree in history at UCLA. In 1967, Michel married her high school and college sweetheart, Bryan Nellis, and they began their life together in Los Angeles where their son and daughter were born.

In 1972, the young Nellis family moved to Santa Barbara. When her children started school, Michel enrolled in a real estate and tax class. She decided to follow the tax career

path which did not require spending her weekends at open houses. In the 1980s, Michel returned to school and earned her Masters’ degree in Public Historical Studies and wrote her thesis on the History of Downtown Isla Vista. She thought that her public history skills would help with her genealogy research but found the reverse was true.

Two events in Michel’s life may have presaged that genealogy was in her future. As newlyweds, Michel and Bryan’s first apartment was above a mortuary’s embalming room. Michel’s apartment always had fresh flowers from the dearly departed who were not going to be buried. Later, Michel set out on a quest to find out the truth behind family lore that her family was descended from Stonewall Jackson. Michel’s research dispelled the family story as Stonewall Jackson only had one daughter. So, if not a Jackson descendant, who were her family’s ancestors?

As fate would have it, Michel’s tax clients were Preston and Jan Cloud. During client meetings, Jan talked about her passion – genealogy. Once Michel asked, “What is genealogy?” that is all Jan needed to hear. In 1985, Michel became a new member of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society. Since then Michel has traveled to the Salt Lake City Family History Library at least a dozen times and to ancestral homes in Germany and Ireland.

During her 32 years as a Society member and volunteer, she has been instrumental in the improvement of the Society’s financial management and in securing its financial future. Elected as Financial Officer, she served in that capacity from 1998-2002. As Financial Officer, she established the Investment Committee and served on the Finance Committee. She continues to serve as the Committee’s Chair. Michel believed it was important to secure the Society’s financial future by establishing an endowment fund. Initially, life memberships were created as the cornerstone of the Endowment Fund.

Michel’s other contributions include participation on the commit-

tee tasked with finding the Society a permanent home, coordination of the Picnic in the Cemetery events, with co-chair Dorothy Oksner, and as facilitator for the board’s long-range planning workshops from 1998 to the present. What she values most about the Society’s history is the development of leadership and that it continues to run as an incredible organization with all volunteers.

The Society takes this opportunity to express its gratitude and to honor Michel Cooper Nellis for her many contributions that have greatly benefited the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society.



Carolyn McQuaid Thomas

by Debbie Kaska

Often there is a spark that ignites our interest in family history. For Cari Thomas it was Civil War letters from her great great-grandfather Cornelius Richmond, who at the age of 44 enlisted in the 119th Pennsylvania Volunteers. As Cari transcribed his letters she was drawn into the past – into the life and death of this man who was one those “missing in action” at the Battle of Chancellorsville. Who was he? Where did he come from? That was more than 20 years ago and since then she has discovered much about her ancestors. And as members of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society we have reaped huge benefits.

Those of us who knew Jan Cloud remember her amazing ability to recognize talent and recruit new members, and Cari fell under her spell. Early on Cari became our representative to the Federation of Genealogy Societies, did public relations for our society, served on the Board of Directors and was involved in treasure sales to help raise funds.

Meanwhile she was delving into her family history and encountered German ancestors. German genealogy is a phenomenon all its own. It is characterized by a language rather than as a geographical entity. And the language is written in a script that is often described as “chicken scratches.” As she knew she was at least 50% German, this was not something she could work around.

There is a self-published book by Edna Bentz called “*If I can, You can-Decipher Germanic Records.*” With this book as her inspiration and genealogical bible she embarked on the study of German. She enrolled in German classes at Santa Barbara City College and excelled at her studies to the point where she was awarded student of the year for Foreign language!

As Cari mastered German and made more and more progress with her Germanic family history, Jan Cloud saw another opportunity for the Genealogy Society.

She suggested to Cari that she teach a course in German Genealogy in Adult Education. That was a stroke of genius! For nine years Cari taught this special class and helped hundreds of us make real progress in this fascinating and complex world of German records.

While this was happening Cari also began working with the German Special Interest Group that meets before each General Meeting. You will find her there every third Saturday discussing German places, words, documents and the latest German records available on the internet.

I asked Cari what she valued most about genealogy and she said it was the connection to history and geography. She remembers the look in her grandson’s eyes when she showed him the 1863 letter from his ancestor where he reports he has been to a grand review and “old Abe was there.” Genealogy allows us to reach out and touch history. Cari has also traveled to Germany to see the places where her forebears came from, and had wonderful encounters with people there.

According to Cari, she has gotten much more out of genealogy than she put in, and I think that sums up how most of us feel. We are never too old to learn something new and Cari is a perfect example of that.

Today we honor Carolyn June McQuaid, from Aspinwall, Pennsylvania, known to us as Cari Thomas, who has much to be proud of—including two daughters, four grandchildren and a precious great-grandson. Your contribution to our society has been unique, enduring and deeply appreciated. Thank you, Cari!



John Woodward

by Margery Baragona

I'm afraid that in my allotted time I can hardly do justice to the many accomplishments and contributions John has made to the society. John was born in Morristown, New Jersey, near the United States' first historical monument, George Washington's headquarters. This may have ignited John's interest and dedication to history.

Following college and law school in Denver, John came to Santa Barbara in the late 1960s. Though no hippie it was the summer of love.

Intending to start a law practice he instead became interested in the Santa Barbara Trust for Historic Preservation. He served from 1972 until 1979 as its executive director. In his experience with the Trust and in management of the El Paseo he became friendly with Pearl Chase. She found this young man pleasant company and they spent hours riding around Santa Barbara (John drove!). With her tutelage he became interested in the history of

early Santa Barbara, an interest that continues. Finally he started his successful law practice.

John's grandfather and father were disciplined and faithful genealogists, so it is not surprising that John has continued in their passion and can trace his family for many generations.

A member of our society for 27 years, John was instrumental in the rather complicated negotiations when the Sahyuns gifted their property to us. And he has given generously in grants to the capital campaign from the Woodward Fund.

As a life member he has participated in every facet of our planning and development. His accomplishments range from free legal counsel, the book buy program and the endowment fund. He is especially proud of having planned, designed and participated in the carpentry for the beautiful wooden book shelves in the library. As a member of the board of directors John confided to me how uplifted he feels after our meetings, compared to many he has attended. Threatening to retire from his law practice, John will then have a monumental task, as he is the recipient of hundreds of thousands of Santa Barbara photographs, from among others, Joel Conway's collection. These must be maintained and cataloged so Santa Barbara's history can be preserved. We congratulate John on today's honor and on his enduring support and generosity. We hope his devotion to the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society and to the history of our lovely city may long continue.

An Incomplete History of Antonio Souza

Assistant Keeper at Point San Luis and Point Conception 1890 – 1907

By Kathy Mastako, Volunteer Docent and Researcher, Point San Luis Light Station



San Luis Obispo Light Station, California. Fog signal house. Date: 2/21/1894
National Archives Identifier: 45709081 Local Identifier: 26-LG-66-4 Container Identifier: 66
Creator: Department of Commerce. Bureau of Lighthouses. 1913-7/1/1939

IN 1890, THE FIRST YEAR of the Point San Luis light station's operation, Antonio Souza was appointed its 2nd assistant keeper. He served under Henry Young, Keeper, and with Stephen Ballou, 1st assistant keeper.

Souza was born in 1851 in Portugal, and came to America in 1872. In 1881, he married. His wife, Francisca (née Oliveira), was born in 1858, also in Portugal, and came to the US in 1876. Both lived in San Luis Obispo County, in the Beach district, at the time of their marriage. The couple had no children.

In February 1881, Goodall, Perkins & Co., agents for the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, wrote to US Senator James Thompson Farley (Democrat, California) urging a government light and fog signal be

installed at Point San Luis. They pointed out San Luis Obispo's importance as a center of shipping commerce between San Francisco and San Diego, noted the volume of steamer traffic and sailing vessels passing San Luis Bay, and praised its fine harbor. But the letter stressed how dangerous the approach to the harbor could be at night and in foggy weather due to the underwater rocks surrounding its entrance. In addition, for ships passing up and down the coast,



The man standing by the fog signal house is thought to be Antonio Souza.

the lack of a light meant no illumination between Point Conception and Piedras Blancas, a distance of some 40 miles. The letter also urged a new lighthouse for Point Conception, which had been so badly damaged by an earthquake in 1857 that it was “liable to tumble down at almost any time.”

A Private Light House is Built in 1881

Frustrated by the government’s inaction, Goodall and Perkins took matters into their own hands. In June 1881, the local paper reported on a light the Pacific Coast Steamship Company was installing at Point San Luis:

UNCLE SAM DERELICT

Port Harford is assuming such importance as a shipping port, that it is quite necessary that there be a light house at “the Point.” Messrs. Goodall, Perkins & Co. have been unable to get the Government to take hold of this project, and have attended to the matter at their own expense. The lantern and fixtures came down on the [steamship] *Orizaba* last trip, and from this time forward the light will regularly send out its radiance over the oft-troubled waters. The entire expense of building the light-house, together with that of employing a man to keep the lights trimmed and lighted, is borne by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company.

—*San Luis Obispo Tribune*, June 25, 1881

One of the men employed was most certainly Antonio Souza. In some paperwork he completed in 1904, shortly after the lighthouse service was transferred from the Treasury Department to the Department of Commerce and Labor, Souza wrote that his prior occupation was keeping the steamship company’s private light.

The US Government Finally Sees the Light

Eight years later, in 1889, a contract for the construction of a government light station on Point San Luis was finally awarded:

The Secretary of the Treasury has awarded the contract for the construction of a lighthouse, double keeper’s dwelling, fog signal building, etc. for Point San Luis, California, light station to Geo. W. Kenney, of Santa Barbara, at \$18,893.

—*Los Angeles Herald*, July 31, 1889

Kenney’s bid was the lowest by far of the bids received, and he lost a great deal of money on the project. The contract called for the station to be completed by December 15, 1889. On May 14, 1890, Kenney finally finished, 149-1/2 days late, incurring a penalty of \$3,737.50—25 dollars for each late day. The lighthouse district engineer wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury that the delay was not occasioned by any fault of the government, nor by bad weather, but was due to “indifference, carelessness and lack of ability on the part of the contractor who throughout a great portion of the time neglected his work by absenting himself there-

from.” On June 30, 1890, the Point San Luis light began operation:

In July 1890, a dog attack at the lighthouse was reported:

Mr. Barnett, of San Francisco, who has been at the light house as an expert placing the [illuminating] apparatus, was severely bitten by a dog and was compelled to return to his home for treatment. It seems that the dog, which was a bull of a dangerous description, came jumping up on Barnett, as he supposed in a playful way, but suddenly without warning grabbed him by the throat, sinking his fangs in deeply, and was taken off with some difficulty, making a terrible wound, from which the most frightful consequences may result. The dog belonged to Antonio Souza and was shot by its owner immediately.

—100 Years Ago, 1890: Excerpts from the *San Luis Obispo Morning Tribune*, compiled by Wilmar N. Tognazzini

Souza became a naturalized American on October 3, 1890, sworn in as a citizen before the San Luis Obispo Superior Court. On October 17, 1890, he was hired as the Point San Luis 2nd assistant keeper, replacing John P. Devereux who had come from the Point Reyes light station and then resigned after serving only a couple of months. Even before his hiring, Souza may have worked as a substitute keeper at the light station for day laborer wages, filling in when one of the regular keepers was away. This would explain why he was at the lighthouse when his dog bit Barnett.

In 1892, the paper reported on the good jobs the keepers were doing:

The government’s light house supply steamer, *Madroneño*, departed this morning, having left coal and general supplies at the light house. Capt. Young with Souza and the irrepressible Ballou keep everything in and about the lighthouse shining...and the inspector was immensely pleased with their conduct of the government property.

—100 Years Ago, 1892: Excerpts from the *San Luis Obispo Morning Tribune*, compiled by Wilmar N. Tognazzini

In 1894, Ballou left the lighthouse service to run for county sheriff. (He won.) In a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, the Light House Board recommended Souza for the vacancy. Irby Engels, married to the granddaughter of John Price, the founder of Pismo Beach, was hired as the new 2nd assistant. In September 1899, Engels was transferred to Point Conception and promoted to 1st assistant. He was replaced by Frank Berk, who transferred from Point Bonita.

Tree Trimming and Boat Incident Create Problems for the Keepers

For a time, it appeared all was well; the Keeper and Souza seemed to get along. But by 1900, this was no longer true. Souza was in his 10th year of service at Point San Luis when Keeper Young filed charges against him in a letter to Commander Uriel Sebree, U.S.N., the 12th district lighthouse inspector at the time:

February 16, 1900

Sir:

I have to complain of Mr. Souza's conduct for the last two or three weeks. On the 30th of last month he maliciously disfigured two of the most important trees on this station. . .

Three years ago he sawed the branches off the inside of both trees, without speaking to me, and spoiled them. I told him at that time not to touch the trees again without orders, all the same he repeated the operation on the above date. On asking him why he did such a mean thing he said the trees interfered with the view of the road, and that he cut the trees partly to please his wife. What the other part or reason was he did not say.

I had made up my mind not to bother you with such a complaint when he brings on more trouble.

Yesterday morning he went to town and I gave him permission to keep the boat at the wharf till his return at noon.

My wife came down on the same train and naturally expected to be taken home, but Mr. Souza could not be seen, and after waiting for a long time (I should judge about half an hour, as the train arrived before noon and the boat landed at our wharf at 12:45 pm) she asked a young fisherman to take her over. He answered that as his boat was dirty and that if he took his boat his brother and father would be idle till his return he could not do it, but would willingly and without charge take her in the Light-House boat, and return with the boat for Mr. Souza.

Of course the woman was glad to go, but just after starting Mr. Souza hove in sight and began screaming and jumping about the wharf as if crazy, using such language as God dam [sic] you, come back with that boat or I will send the sheriff after you.

He admits using some bad language but it was for the benefit of the fisherman, not for Mrs. Young...

We have always had the respect of the people about us. What must they think now, after such a scene, if I don't report him and have him punished...

Sir: I charge Mr. Antone [sic] Souza with willful destruction of government property, disobedience of orders, of using insulting language while under the influence of liquor, in the presence of, if not to, a respectable woman.

I have handed to Mr. Souza a copy of the charges, word for word, and will hold this till he is ready with his answer to them.

*Very Respectfully,
H. W. Young
Keeper*

—National Archives Record Group 26, Letterbook Volume 1313, Letters Received by the Lighthouse Board from the 12th Inspector, January-June 1900

Souza answered Young's charges in a letter to Sebree that has suffered badly from the ravages of time. The words in brackets are my best efforts at filling in missing or illegible text:

Dear Sir:

I have this day received a copy of Mr. Young's complaint which I understand has been mailed to you, charging me with "willful destruction of government property, disobedience of orders, and using insulting language while under the influence of liquor in the presence of, if not to, a respectable woman."

After 10 years of continued service this charge seems to me so remote and insignificant that it should bear but little weight. However, I shall endeavor to treat upon the charges as above described.

Some three years ago Mr. Young instructed me to cut the branches of some of the larger trees to conform with the smaller ones [to make them more] uniform. I spoke to Mr. Young some time ago about the trees mentioned in his complaint, requesting permission to remove some of the branches that were shutting out the light and obstructing the view and he made no objection at the time.

Mr. Young makes the charge of disobedience of orders, but fails to make any specific case.

The last but not least, "using insulting language while under the influence of liquor in presence of a lady," I took the boat with permission of Mr. Young and went to Port Harford, made the boat fast to one of the moorings, took the 9 A.M. train for San Luis Obispo, returned on the 11:45 A.M. train.

On the arrival went to the post office on the end of the wharf to write and post a letter and on my return to the boat I found it had been taken from the mooring, and occupied by a fisherman's son, J. Beck, and Mrs. Young who had also returned on the 11:45 A.M. train.

I called to the young man to return with the boat (as he was only about 10 rods from the wharf) but he [refused]. [I said if he] did not return, I would make aid for the sheriff to recover it.

On his return he stated that Mrs. Young instructed him not to turn back. I am ignorant of any authority invested in Mrs. Young, she be the wife of a keeper, that will allow her to take the boat while in my possession and without my knowledge. There are 8 to 10 boats moored at the wharf, which any of them could be used, which is owned by Mr. Beck who offered to take her home in his boat but she would not consent to this insisting that the Light-House boat be used knowing



San Luis Obispo Light Station, California. Date: 2/22/1894 District: 18
 National Archives Identifier: 45709181 Local Identifier: 26-LG-66-42 Container Identifier: 66
 Creator: Department of Commerce. Bureau of Lighthouses. 1913-7/1/1939

that I was at the post office and that I would be put to the inconvenience of getting home and in total ignorance of the whereabouts of the boat. I used no profane language, neither was I under the influence of liquor. I am not addicted to either vice and after living on this Point 27 years there is no one who can say truthfully that they ever saw me under the influence of strong drink. [This is what] took place and if you desire I will gladly [swear to] a statement of them.

As stated in my letter of recent date that a certain feeling of enmity existed on the part of Mr. Young that made [continued service] undesirable and requested if [possible] to transfer me to some other place but it seems Mr. Young does not wish it that way, prefers to see me dishonorably discharged from my service. I am in correspondence with a party with the view of making a change as outlined in your [letter] and as soon as concluded I will advise you the result. You can readily see that the charges are groundless and only made to [give vent to] the pent-up feeling of enmity that has existed for some time.

*Your truly,
 Antonio Souza*

—National Archives Record Group 26, Letterbook Volume 1313, Letters Received by the Lighthouse Board from the 12th Inspector, January-June 1900

Sebree investigated the report and found that the trees were trimmed without authority. However, the claim that Souza was drunk was not proved. Sebree concluded that the two men have sufficient disagreements such that they should be separated. Since Mr. Souza had been in lighthouse service for 10 years without incident, it was recommended he be transferred to Point Conception.

The transfers were made; the keepers were exchanged. Irby Engels returned to San Luis Obispo and Souza moved to Point Conception.

Mr. Souza—a Man of Many Talents.

Souza was fondly remembered by the son of Harley A. Weeks, head Keeper at Point Conception, as shown in these excerpts from “Harry Weeks – The Keeper’s Son,” published in the Winter 2001 issue of “*The Keeper’s Log*,” the United States Lighthouse Society magazine:

We lived in a house right at the top of the bluff. The larger double dwelling was next to ours, where the 1st and 2nd Assistant keepers and families lived.

At first I was the only child at the station. Although the assistants were married, none had children.

Mr. Souza was a man of many talents and he taught me many things. His wife was a small, wiry, excitable woman, bubbling with energy, who often visited our house to chat with my mother.

Mr. Souza liked practical jokes. Sometimes stirring a cup of coffee, he would look me straight in the eye, talking until he had my full attention, then suddenly he would pull his spoon out of the coffee and touch my hand. Although it wasn’t hot enough to burn, it did cause me to jump. The Souzas were very hospitable and insisted on serving food and drink to anyone stopping by.

One day, Uncle George came with his wife and my cousin Eva to visit. Eva was a pretty little girl about my age. I showed her my favorite sights, but she was most impressed with my shell collection. I was flattered and looked for other ways to impress her. Our house had a high porch on the back and we took turns jumping off it. Every time I jumped Eva “oohed” and “ahhed,” which goaded me into leaping farther. I ran the length of the porch and flew toward an area which sloped away from the yard and I ended up going farther than intended. I landed in a heap, causing a searing pain in my leg, which turned out to be broken. As I couldn’t get up, Eva ran for help.

The break appeared to be a simple fracture, so my parents decided to set it themselves with the aid of an assistant who had some medical training. Mom held my hand while the men set my leg and put on splints. It was apparent that there would be no running and climbing for some time. My summer appeared ruined. Mr. Souza fashioned me a pair of crutches.

Mr. Souza taught me to swim. He was a powerful swimmer who swam far offshore and dove to deep depths.

Summer was especially a time for painting and renovating the light station. Mr. Souza was a fine carpenter and he built cupboards and fences and did a lot of repairs. The government furnished a very high grade of paint for the main buildings, but Mr. Souza mixed up a whitewash for the fences and outbuildings that seemed even better, because the salt spray didn't discolor it as much.

One night a fierce storm came up with low scudding clouds and high winds. I was sitting with Dad that night when suddenly there was a loud crash. The weight cable (of the clockworks) had broken. Dad began to turn the lens by hand, while I went to get help. I donned a slicker and ploughed through pounding rain to Mr. Souza's house, which was nearest the lighthouse. Then I returned to help Dad.

Turning the lens by hand wasn't too difficult because it was on ball bearings. We took turns, and while one turned it the other timed the turns with a stopwatch. There were 16 sides, or flash panels, and the characteristic was a flash every 30 seconds, so the lens made a full rotation every eight minutes. Mr. Souza arrived with the other two keepers and it took them two hours to rig a new cable and attach the weights.

A bond of loyalty and close friendship held these men together in a common cause. No matter what came up: bad weather, machine failure or health problems, they were bound to keep that light flashing all night, every night.

After many years of working at the station, Mr. Souza retired. The Souzas purchased a home in Goleta and I helped them move. They were good friends as long as I can remember. My parents considered them family, their lives were so interwoven with ours, and I felt a deep sense of loss at their leaving even though I would visit them occasionally. He had taught me so much over the years.

Souza's letter of resignation, dated July 1, 1907, was a simple one:

Please accept my resignation as 1st Assistant Keeper at this station to take effect August 31, 1907.

—National Archives records related to the federal service of Antonio Souza

He gave no reason.

Just as Harry Weeks recalled, Souza and his wife moved to Goleta, in Santa Barbara County. There he took up farming. The 1910, 1920, and 1930 censuses place the couple in the Goleta Township, on Fairview Avenue. Antonio passed away in 1931; Francisca in 1936. They are buried in Santa Barbara's Calvary cemetery.

Afterward:

In one of the wills made shortly before her death Francisca left small sums to her nephews Martin, John E., and Frankie Marshall, and a niece, Mary Marshall Faria. There was another niece, Aurelia, but she died years before the will was written. All were frequent visitors at the Point San Luis lighthouse during the 1890's. Their parents were Francisca's sister, Rita Isabel Oliveira Marshall, and John Souza Marshall. Aurelia and her parents are buried in Old Mission cemetery in San Luis Obispo.

Minnie Morrell, owner of Minnie's Café, inherited the bulk of Francisca's estate. She was a neighbor and good friend in Goleta who took care of Francisca during the long illness preceding her death.

Francisca's executor was Antonio C. Lima. According to his grandnephew, Lima was a deputy sheriff and jailer for the city of Santa Barbara, worked for the Boeseke-Dawes hardware company, sold insurance, and had real estate rentals. He was active in the Santa Barbara Portuguese community and a ranking lodge member. He is listed as the informant on both Antonio's and Francisca's death certificates.

Although not in his lighthouse service records, Antonio Souza's legal name was apparently Antonio Souza Coelho. This is the name he used each time he registered to vote, and is the full name listed on his death certificate.

I became interested in researching the history of those who worked and lived at the Point San Luis light station while I was training to be a docent there. I realized that learning more about the keepers and their families would help inform my tours and add to their interest. The assistance of the Santa Barbara Genealogical Society has been invaluable in this endeavor. At least three of the keepers at Point San Luis – Antonio Souza, Irby Engels and Bernard Linne – also served at Point Conception. George W. Kenney, awarded the contract to build the light station, was from Santa Barbara. And our second Keeper, William Jarred Smith, who succeeded Henry Young in 1905, retired to Santa Barbara in 1920 and lived there until his death in 1940.

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 1 MB, and preferably over 2 MB, 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

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Things that aren't there anymore!

THIS IS A FEATURE DESIGNED to bring back memories. Objects will be illustrated that were once part of the everyday lives of our ancestors.

Can you identify this item and it's use?

If you can't imagine what it is used for, look on page 18 for an explanation of this sweet little treasure.

