



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Spring 2018 Vol. 43, No. 1

Things That Aren't There Anymore

Treasures from the Past in Santa Barbara

The Universal Meat Grinder

Reminiscences of the Coast Daylight

Our Victorian Condiment Set

Timeless Pocket Watches

It was a dark and stormy night...





Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

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(SBCGS facility)

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Phone: (805) 884-9909

Hours: Tuesday, Thursday, Friday

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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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inside this issue...

- 
- 2 **From the Editor** *By Debbie Kaska*
- 3 **Begin Each Day With a Grateful Heart!** *By Kristin Ingalls*
- 4 **A Touch of Old Santa Barbara** *By Margery Baragona*
- 5 **Treasures from the Past in Santa Barbara** *By Helen Latham Cornell*
- 6 **The Sense of the Census** *By Debbie Kaska*
- 8 **The Kahns Tea Store 1909 Calendar Plate** *By Nancy Loe*
- 10 **The Universal Meat Grinder: A Household Necessity** *By Bob Rothenberg*
- 10 **Childhood Treasures: Doll House Furniture** *By Sharon Knickrehm Summer*
- 11 **It's Different Today** *By Jim Friestad*
- 11 **Things That Don't Exist Anymore** *By Jim Friestad*
- 12 **Reminiscences of the Coast Daylight** *By Melville R. V. Sahyun*
- 14 **A Paper Route Delivers Success** *By Arthur Sylvester*
- 15 **Our Victorian Condiment Set** *By Sharon Knickrehm Summer*
- 18 **Recycled Treasures** *By Sue Ramsey*
- 19 **Timeless Pocket Watches** *By Nancy Ashton*
- 20 **One Stop Shopping at Voegeli Bros. Drug Company** *By Connie Burns*
- 22 **It was a dark and stormy night...** *By Kristin Ingalls*
- 26 **That Kid on the Unicycle** *By Millie Brombal*
- 27 **The Long and Useful Life of "Biddy"** *By Mary Mamalakis*
- 28 **"He Took the Short Route"** *By Dorothy Jones Oksner*
- 30 **A Very Brief Outline of the Military Organization of Land Forces** *By Matthew Hall*
- 32 **Surname Index**
- Back Cover – Sahyun Library Clean-Up Crew**



From the Editor

That's Old School By Debbie Kaska

Voice recognition before software

IT SURPRISES ME to realize how many things from my own childhood are no longer around. The children and grandchildren in the cell phone era would be surprised to know that during the first half of the 20th century you used to get a real live operator on the line whenever you picked up the receiver. Her (it was always a her, never a him) standard question was "Number please?" You would speak the number into the phone, no voice recognition software needed, and she would connect you. You could ask for the police or firemen or doctor and she would connect you. If you saved money by having a party line, you might find yourself in the middle of someone's conversation when you picked up the receiver. Then you could listen in (even comment!) or hang up and wait until they were through. It was one way to get the latest gossip. The phone was black, had a range of a few feet depending on the cord, and belonged to AT&T, affectionately known as "Ma Bell."

We wore bobby sox and saddle shoes and kept our hair in order with bobby pins. On Sunday we wore our best outfit and white gloves. Men, and women too, carried cloth handkerchiefs until the disposable Kleenex became popular. For your camera you needed a roll of film and for your roller skates a skate key. To make a copy of something, you used carbon paper between two sheets of typing paper in the typewriter. Make a mistake and you had two sheets to correct! (The cc on an email message still means "carbon copy.") The teacher wrote on a black board with chalk and often handed out papers fresh off the mimeograph machine. I remember the ink had an intriguing smell—probably toxic, but we liked to sniff it.

In the fall, it was still hot, but the swimming pool was off limits during polio season. If you got sick, the doctor came to your house and examined you in your own bed! Frequent colds or sore throats meant your tonsils had to come out.

Most mothers didn't have jobs outside the home and school age youngsters often came home at noon for lunch. Notice I didn't say, "Mothers didn't work," because there was plenty of work to be done in the days before disposable diapers or electric dishwashers, microwaves and clothes dryers.

In this issue of *Ancestors West*: Things that aren't there anymore

In this issue, Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society members recall many more "things that aren't there anymore" as well as treasures from by-gone eras. Art Sylvester reminds us of the ubiquitous paperboy, a job that allowed any "kid" with a bike and a willingness to get up early to earn their pocket money. Art's reward, however, was much more substantial! Mel Sahyun recalls the unique and colorful *Southern Pacific Daylight Limited*, the train that connected Santa Barbara to Los Angeles and San Francisco for more than 50 years. Connie Burns invites us to visit her ancestor's turn of the century corner drug store in the days when prices were in cents, not dollars.

Nancy Ashton brought pocket watches, Jim Friestad added a slide rule and Bob Rothenberg his family's meat grinder to our own "Antiques Roadshow." Millie Brombal relates her son's efforts to master his unicycle; Helen Cornell shares a rug beater, elegant hair ornaments and other heirlooms from her Santa Barbara ancestors, and Sue Ramsey describes recycled treasures she saved from her grandparent's home. A calendar plate from 1909 might not seem particularly useful today, but for Nancy Loe it symbolizes the pleasure of family history research. Margery Baragona takes us back to the toys and games of former times before electronic gadgets; Sharon Summer recalls the fun of dollhouse furniture. Jim Friestad remembers a history assignment before Google, when digging up information took real effort. A visit to Stow House with Kristin Ingalls presents this lovely Goleta Victorian filled with marvelous antiques at every turn.

If only objects could tell us everything they have seen and heard over the years! Sharon Summer's silvered condiment set survived a journey cross country by covered wagon and graced her family's table for many generations. It surely heard discussions of the American Civil War, WWI, the Dust Bowl and the Great Depression followed by WWII as it revolved, serving oil, vinegar, salt and pepper to the diners.

Those whose ancestors served in the military either in Europe or America will appreciate the outline of military organization by Matt Hall. The influence of Napoleon continues to this day! The Sense of the Census is focused the Union Veterans Schedules, one of the few schedules to survive, at least in part, from the 1890 Federal Census. Rounding out the issue, Dorothy Oksner reports on a project currently underway by the society's Records Preservation Committee. Coroner's Reports are a significant genealogical resource and the committee is digitizing these records that are housed in the Santa Barbara Superior Court. One such Coroner's Inquest is delineated that illustrates the amount of detail disclosed. The report reveals not only the facts, but also much about the times and the place where the death occurred.

The Next Issue – our Ancestors' Homes

We all recall the home or homes where we grew up and possibly we know something about the homes of our parents and grandparents. Do those homes still exist? If not, what happened to them and when? Occasionally even visions of the homes of great-grandparents remain in the form of photographs. Records of home ownership and the chain of title often exist, but obtaining this information is often challenging and can involve wills and probate as well as title companies. Have you been successful in your search for such records or know from family lore something about their old homes? We invite you to present what you have learned about the homes of your ancestors in the next issue of *Ancestors West*. If you have photos of these homes, either old or recent or both, they would be most welcome.

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 May 1, 2018.

I am grateful to all the authors who contributed articles to this issue. *Ancestors West* relies on the efforts of so many in the society, including our generous sponsors. Special thanks always go to my excellent editorial committee for their creative ideas and the generous gift of their time and expertise in the design, editing, proof-reading and mailing of the issues.

Our hearts go out to our members and friends in Montecito and beyond who have been ravaged by fire and floods. SBCGS member Kristin Ingalls has expressed this best in the poem that follows.

Debbie Kaska
kaska@lifesci.ucsb.edu



Begin Each Day with a Grateful Heart! By Kristin Ingalls

Preamble: For those who read Ancestors West but do not attend our monthly meetings, let me explain this piece. My part of the program is to let members and guests know about the books we have for sale at the meetings and in the library. For a couple of years I have done this with silly little doggerel poems, which seem to entertain those present. I had my December poem all ready, but our meeting had to be cancelled because of the Thomas Fire. I thought I might rework it into a January poem. Alas, I could not. After a few of the original lines, I could not continue. With pen to paper I sat and sat. What followed really wrote itself. I read it at our January 2018 meeting, hoping it would be received with reverence and would not add to the pain all of us were feeling at this terrible time.

'Twas the season to be jolly!

To decorate with boughs of holly.
To shop for presents, no matter the crowd
While listening to piped music that is always too loud.
Lighting the lights, and wrapping the gifts
Hoping the holiday might heal family rifts.
Cooking a supper of a fat roasted beast
Knowing this would be the best holiday feast.
Cleaning and cooking until you could drop
The sound of champagne bottles going pop!
You HAVE to be jolly, like it or not!

And then - Mother Nature thought she would have a say

And show us all in the space of one day
How our lives could change ~ change in a terrible way.
Our sweet little town, it almost closed down.
Sirens replaced carols ~ Oh! what a sound.
Our thoughts shifted from presents under the tree
To the flames roaring towards us, so horrific to see.

No more shopping for me, and dinner can wait.
I need to know about those I love ~ what is their fate?
Phone calls and emails asked "Are you all right?
Do you need a safe place to stay for the night?"
Just when we thought it could get no worse
The rain poured down ~ and this rain was a curse.
Our beloved community, our bit of paradise
Was struck with tragedy, not once, but twice.
Souls were lost while we peacefully slept.
Those gone ~ I did not know them ~ and still, I wept.
It is only with a most reverent air
We can speak of what is no longer there.
I shan't write about the losses, lest my heart break,
The suffering of so many makes our souls ache.
Even for those of us safe, who came out unscathed
Our world is forever and forever changed.
So much has been lost, so much is gone.
How will we recover, how will we go on?
When one felt so alone, so heartsick with grief,
Phone calls between friends were such a relief.
Connections with each other is what gets us through.
It was true for me and I'm sure for you too.
In these times of deep, deep despair
We must share with all just how much we care.
It is kindness, compassion, understanding and calm
That gives us strength ~ together to carry on.
May we find peace.

I wish I had words of wisdom to share, but alas,
I am not that wise...
So I shall leave you with this thought - one I say each
day when I wake up

Begin each day with a grateful heart!



A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA



No Battery Needed for These Childhood Games

By Margery Baragona

Hopscotch anyone?

I marvel when I see our grandchildren work, as if by sleight of hand, their gadgets: iPhone, iPad, video games, and computers.

I recall my very different childhood, where we played such games as musical chairs. How unhappy you felt if you were not fast enough to find a chair when the music stopped. In Ring-Around-the-Rosie we all fell down. In London Bridge you could be captured! I remember the loud cries we heard of Ollie-Ollie-Oxen-Free as the last hidden person was allowed to come out in Hide and Seek. A child today could get many miles on their Fitbit playing these games. Perhaps today children do get silently frustrated when immature fingers press the wrong button on their device.



Thinking of all of this in psychological terms, there's a sense of rejection of being ousted in each of these games. Was this preparation or a prelude to later life?

Remember too the ritual at birthday parties of Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Donkey. It was scary having that blindfold on as children giggled behind you. At a birthday party today often there is a huge air-filled bouncing house. It too might frighten.

Little boys played Cowboys and Indians – not politically correct today. Playing war would also be suspect.

Do little girls today play dress-up and learn to be mommies by playing house? They are probably already dressed up with nail polish, lipstick, and pierced ears. I don't know if they pretend to learn to cook.

As we got older and the hormones hovered, we played Spin-the-Bottle. More rejection if the spinning bottle passed you by.

I try not to be critical of these changes. Probably I am envious as I have not succumbed to much of modern technology. But I do hope our youngsters will occasionally look up from their screens and their social media friends and go outdoors. Hopscotch anyone?



Image courtesy of the Children's Museum of Indianapolis

Toys-Were-Us

How many times did you hear as a child, or say as a parent, "If you don't pick those up I'll sweep them away?"

I am thinking of all the pieces of the toys of my childhood, and that of my boys. Do you think today's children can identify jacks, marbles, Tiddlywinks, dice, dominoes, Tinker toys, checkers, Pick Up Sticks, Erector sets, tops, yo-yos, chessmen, wood burning sets, blocks, Lincoln Logs, 1,000 piece puzzles, and string for Cat's Cradle? I recall my Peabody School boyfriend, Henry Eder, giving me a tiger-eye agate marble for Christmas.

Do kids know the pleasure of new Crayola crayons, coloring books, or pencil boxes? I recall fondly my many sets of paper dolls, and the arduous task of having to cut them out. I loved my Dy-Dee Doll; as soon as I stuck a bottle in her mouth she would dampen her clothes. Do the little girls of today, with their electronic marvels, take time to have tea parties with tiny china cups and pretend pastries with their dolls as guests? Do they play dress up?

I recall the dread of my mother threatening to sweep away my treasures. Today there may be far fewer "small pieces." However, there may be a silent robot circling, sweeping indiscriminately. Toys beware!



Treasures from the Past in Santa Barbara

By Helen Latham Cornell

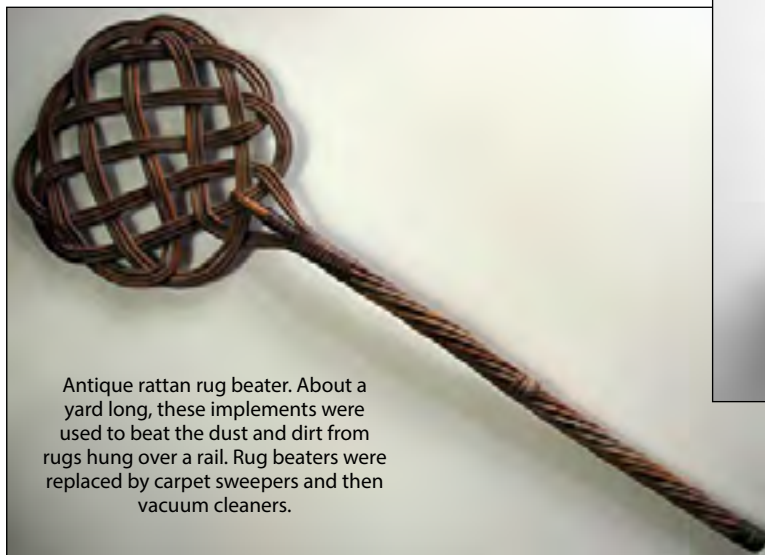
SBCGS member Helen Latham Cornell has roots in Santa Barbara that date back to the founding of the Presidio. Over the years many treasures have been saved by her family that reflect a way of life in times gone by. A time before vacuum cleaners when rugs were cleaned with a rug beater and kerosene lamps lighted the rooms at night. Her mother, Matilda Herman, grandmother Clorinda Mendez and great-grandmother Maria Inocencia Cordero all wore elaborate and delicate hair ornaments during fiesta. Her grandfather Ernest Herman, who drove the stage between Los Olivivos and Santa Barbara, had his boots made using his own heavy iron boot form. These keepsakes are all "Things that aren't there anymore."



Iron boot form (right) and a pair of boots that belonged to Ernest Herman (1876-1963).



Delicate and decorative hair combs, ivory fan and hat pin used by the mother, grandmother and great-grandmother of SBCGS member Helen Cornell.



Antique rattan rug beater. About a yard long, these implements were used to beat the dust and dirt from rugs hung over a rail. Rug beaters were replaced by carpet sweepers and then vacuum cleaners.



A kerosene lamp was a familiar light in the days before electricity.

THE SENSE OF THE CENSUS

Survivors of the 1890 census: Union Veterans Schedules

By Debbie Kaska

ON DECEMBER 31, 1862, at the battle of Stones River in Tennessee, Corporal Frank Wm McKim in Company I of the 2nd Kentucky Infantry was shot in the instep of his left foot, had a shell wound in his left thigh and a wound in his right breast. He was taken prisoner that day and confined in Libby Prison until paroled March 28, 1863 at City Point, Virginia. This detailed description was recorded in 1890 on the special enumeration of Union Veterans and Widows conducted as part of the 1890 US Federal Census. In 1890, Frank Wm McKim was a resident of Burlington, Boone County, Kentucky.

What was the purpose of this special enumeration? How was the information to be used? Why did a large part of it avoid the fate of the 1890 population schedules that were destroyed in the 1921 fire in the Commerce Building in Washington D.C? And what happened to the other part—Union Veteran records for the states Alabama through part of Kentucky?

In 1890, 25 years after the end of the Civil War, a large percentage of the approximately two million men who fought for the Union and about half that number who were in the Confederate Army were still alive. The 1890 census was designed to yield a more precise number

of survivors of that destructive conflict and document their location. Moreover, the US Pension Office requested a special schedule of Union veterans as well as surviving widows to inform Congress when addressing pension legislation. The special enumeration was also intended to help Union Veterans locate their comrades who might be needed to testify in pension applications. A preliminary count of Union survivors was 1,099,668 and 163,176 widows.

In this age of rapid data analysis by computer, it is often not appreciated that until the census of 1890, all census data were tabulated by hand; a task that required eight years to complete. In 1890, the

data were tabulated using punchcards and an electrical tabulation system, which reduced the processing time to six years.

The original plan called for the publication of lists of veterans and their addresses as books to be placed in libraries for veterans to consult. The work of examining and classifying the information from the Veterans Schedules began promptly; the information was transcribed onto printed cards, one for each veteran or widow. But the effort was suspended already in June



Battle of Stone River near Murfreesborough [sic], Tennessee. Illustration by Kurz and Allison, circa 1891.

The loss of nearly all of the 1890 population schedules so overwhelms and saddens genealogists that this surviving special census schedule taken that year is often overlooked. As the enumerators collected the census information in 1890, one question inquired whether the individual had been a soldier, sailor or marine during the Civil War (Union or Confederate). Widows of the fighters were also included. If the combatant fought for the Union, then a special schedule was also to be completed, which included service related questions.

of 1891 while waiting for Congress to appropriate the funds for the volumes.

Alas, the money never materialized and after several years, it was decided that the address information was no longer valid. The fate of the existing cards is unknown, and the proposed volumes were never published. The original special schedules were moved to the Pension office and stored in bundles alphabetically by state. Eventually they came under the control of the Veterans Administration and finally were accessioned by the National Archives in 1943.

Since they were maintained separately from the 1890 Population Schedules, they were not destroyed in the 1921 fire. However, when the Union Veterans Schedules were microfilmed, only the states of Kentucky (partial) through Wyoming could be found. The fate of the bundles containing the first 14 states in alphabetical order is a mystery to this day and another tragic loss for genealogists.

Nevertheless, approximately 885,000 entries on 75,000 special schedules were preserved and indexed.

The upper half of each page lists the names (also widows), rank, company, regiment and dates of enlistment and discharge.

Note that #15 Charles McKim fought in the same company and regiment as #26 Frank Wm McKim. Were they brothers? That is very likely because a William F. McKim age 25 was living together with Charles McKim age 27, in Burlington, Boone County, Kentucky according to the 1870 census after the war.

The lower half of the page contains the post office address, any disabilities incurred in the service and general remarks. Note that #15 (Charles McKim) was "shot in head."

As is often the case, enumerators did not strictly follow the instructions to list only Union Veterans, and thus the names of many veterans of earlier wars and Confederate Veterans found their way onto the schedules. The Confederate names are often marked "Conf" and crossed out, but the data are readable. Note that three of those crossed out in the list of names are marked "Conf" in the left margin.

To access the 1890 Veterans Schedules using *Ancestry.com*, under the Search heading select Census and

| Place | Special Schedule - Surviving Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines, and Widows, etc. | S. No. | E. No. | Minor Civil Division | | |
|-------|---|---------|---------|----------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| | | 4 | 1 | Burlington | | |
| No. | Name of Person (Surname, Given, etc.) | Rank | Company | Date of Enlistment | Date of Discharge | Length of Service |
| 13 | Edwards John R | Private | 15 Co | Apr 18 1864 | Apr 1864 | 1 |
| 14 | Wood Henry | Private | 15 Co | Apr 18 1864 | Apr 1864 | 1 |
| 15 | McKim Charles | Private | 2 Co | Apr 18 1864 | Apr 1864 | 1 |
| 16 | McKim Harrison | Private | 9 Co | Apr 18 1864 | Apr 1864 | 1 |
| 17 | McKim Harrison | Private | 9 Co | Apr 18 1864 | Apr 1864 | 1 |
| 18 | McKim Harrison | Private | 9 Co | Apr 18 1864 | Apr 1864 | 1 |
| 19 | Hull A. G. | Private | A | Apr 18 1864 | Apr 1864 | 1 |
| 20 | Vig Charles | Private | C | Apr 18 1864 | Apr 1864 | 1 |
| 21 | Winderhill Harry | Private | A | Apr 18 1864 | Apr 1864 | 1 |
| 22 | Kelley Ben | Private | A | Apr 18 1864 | Apr 1864 | 1 |
| 23 | Slattery Robt | Private | A | Apr 18 1864 | Apr 1864 | 1 |
| 24 | McKim James | Private | A | Apr 18 1864 | Apr 1864 | 1 |
| 25 | McKim James | Private | A | Apr 18 1864 | Apr 1864 | 1 |
| 26 | Palmer S. A. | Private | A | Apr 18 1864 | Apr 1864 | 1 |
| 27 | McKim Frank Wm | Private | A | Apr 18 1864 | Apr 1864 | 1 |

The upper half of the 1890 Special Schedule—Surviving Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines, and Widows, etc. #s 13-26. Frank Wm McKim is #26 and Charles McKim in #15. Note that #s 14, 17, and 23 are marked Conf (indicating Confederate) and crossed out

| No. | Post Office Address | Disability | Remarks |
|-----|---------------------|--------------|---------|
| 13 | | | |
| 14 | | | |
| 15 | | Shot in head | |
| 16 | | | |
| 17 | | | |
| 18 | | | |
| 19 | | | |
| 20 | | | |
| 21 | | | |
| 22 | | | |
| 23 | | | |
| 24 | | | |
| 25 | | | |
| 26 | | | |
| 27 | | | |

The lower half of the same Special Schedule where the Post office address and details of any disability were recorded.

voter lists. Then Narrow by Category to the US Federal Census Collection and scroll to the bottom of the page. Select 1890 Veterans Schedules.

The loss of the 1890 population schedules was especially tragic as that era was a period of intensive immigration and migration across the country. Occasional State Census records taken in 1885 or 1895 serve as partial substitutes, but don't overlook the Veterans Schedules, which lists men and widows, their locations in 1890 and details of their service to the Union in the Civil War. Keep in mind that the records are organized by the state in which they lived in 1890, not by the state for which they served.

The Kahns Tea Store 1909 Calendar Plate

By Nancy Loe

THIS KAHNS TEA STORE 1909 calendar plate comes from the tea and coffee store owned by Carl Wilhelm August Kahns, my mother's step-grandfather.

For years, the calendar plate resided on a high plate rail in our kitchen, nestled with dozens of other antiques. My parents were avid antique collectors for 50 years. I didn't think that was so wonderful as a kid when the car trip every weekend seemed to end up at an antique store and minutes passed like years while my sisters and I waited in the car. But before long, we all shared their appreciation and knowledge of these objects from the past.

Every once in a while, my mother would bring the Kahns calendar plate down from its lofty perch and talk about Grandpa Kahns, who stocked candy in his store and gave her rides to school in his very own car, making my mother the envy of her classmates.

But even as a teenager, I was confused about this German Grandpa Kahns. The grandpa I'd heard of was Austrian and named Hann. Kahns? Hann? Kahn? Hahn? Had he changed his name? Were we German or Austrian?

After 1977, when I began my family history research, these confusing grandpas resolved themselves into two different sides of the family. Gottfried Hann was my father's grandfather, who came from Austria. Little else was known about him because he died two months before my father's mother was born.

On my mother's side of the family, Carl Wilhelm Kahns was my great-grandmother Anna Schumann Kirschstein's second husband. Anna and her first husband, Bruno Kirschstein, had three children, the eldest of whom was my grandmother, Edith. The Kirschsteins divorced in 1905, a fact little spoken of even years after the fact.

A few years ago, my mother entered assisted living, her antiques auctioned off and her house, where we had lived since 1951, sold. Wanting to stay out of the inevitable dramas that occur when families divide heirlooms, I asked my mother for just one thing: the Kahns tea store 1909 calendar plate. Happily, my mother decided I could have it.

The Kahns tea store was undoubtedly typical of independent mom-and-pop stores that sprang up in Chicago neighborhoods in the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries. According to *The Encyclopedia of Chicago*:

As residents moved into neighborhoods segregated by class and ethnicity and into the suburbs created by the new street railways and railroads, small family-run stores sprang up to meet their needs. These new groceries, meat markets, vegetable stands, and bakeries typically reflected the ethnic demographics of the neighborhood... Stores often carried ethnic foods that were hard to find elsewhere and conducted business in the native language of their customers. Workers



followed this pattern as well. The bakers' union had separate locals for its German, Bohemian, Scandinavian, Polish, and English members, while the meat cutters had separate German, Bohemian, Jewish, and African American locals.

The site of the tea store at 2019 Milwaukee Avenue is today a parking lot for a Walgreen's.

Calendar plates were offered by small merchants like Charles Kahns as complimentary gifts to customers. Most common between 1906 and 1921, calendar plates peaked in popularity in 1910. Most were produced in East Liverpool, Ohio. But Grandpa Kahns, true to his roots, gave away Dresden china plates.

Finding Charles William Kahns helped me improve my German genealogical research skills. The family emigrated from Germany to Chicago in 1869, anglicized their names, and added an "s" to their surname.

Supposedly born in Hamburg, Carl Wilhelm August Kahn actually was baptized on 27 Nov 1859 in Mölln, Kr. Lauenburg, Schleswig-Holstein. In family records, his parents appeared as Henry Kahns and Elizabeth Mary Dray, born in Berlin and Mecklenburg, respectively. In reality, Joachim Heinrich Kahn was also from Mölln; his wife, Margaretha Sophie Elisabeth Drews, was from Wedendorf, Mecklenburg.

Fortunately, Schleswig-Holstein records are well represented in *Ancestry's* "Deutschland, Ausgewählte Evangelische Kirchenbücher 1500-1971" database, leading straight to the parish records for the Kahn family.

Charles became a widower in 1927 with the death of his first wife, Minnie Hoffmann. I don't know how Charles and my great-grandmother Anna met, or when they were married. According to my mother, her grandmother Anna Friedrike Luise Schumann Kirschstein Kahns was rather tough sledding, a dominant personality who was extremely devoted to radio evangelist Billy Sunday, who described himself as "an old-fashioned preacher of the old-time religion."

When Charles died in 1938, no mention was made of his second wife in the death certificate or the death notice in the *Chicago Tribune*. Charles was buried next to Minnie at the Arlington Cemetery in Elmhurst, while Anna was interred next to her ex-husband at Forest Home Cemetery in Forest Park.

BINGO! \$29 GONE!
Chas. Kahn walked into his tea and coffee store at 1639 W. Madison this morning and was surprised to find a burglar. He was more surprised when said burglar sapped him over the head, and left, unexpectedly with \$29.

"Bingo! \$29 Gone!" *The Day Book* (Chicago, Illinois), 30 Jan 1917, p. 7.
https://www.newspapers.com/clip/17068798/the_day_book/?xid=865

For me, the Kahns Tea Store Calendar plate is a living connection to my family history and not just something purchased for money from an antique dealer. It also neatly symbolizes the pleasure I've had researching my family history and turning the names I'd heard for years into real people.

It now it sits on my plate rail, part of my family history.

Nancy Loe has an MA in American History and an MLS in Library Science and Archives. She has appeared on PBS's American Experience, at Rootstech, SCGS Jamboree, and state and regional genealogy conferences. Her website was featured in Family Tree Magazine's "Social Media Mavericks: 40 to Follow."



Ancestors West Sponsorship 2018

We wish to thank the following members of the Santa Barbara County Genealogy Society for their contributions, which greatly help to defray the publication costs of **Ancestors West!**

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The Universal Meat Grinder: *A Household Necessity*

By Bob Rothenberg

THIS UNIVERSAL NO. 2 Hand Meat Grinder has been in my family since the early 1920s. It was first used by my grandmother, then my mother, and when she passed in 1998, I inherited it.

First produced by the Landers, Frank & Clark Company in 1897, the Universal became a household necessity across the US. Believe it or not a hand version was produced up until 1965 when the company went out of business. The Universal Meat Grinder can still be purchased on the Internet.

Before meat grinders, bits of meat were produced with a mincing knife, which was very laborious. The very first meat grinders were developed in the 1800s and processed meat by forcing it through a metal plate, which had several small holes. The meat emerged as thin strands. The hand crank permitted the person to grind the meat more easily than by using a mincing knife. The hand-cranked machine meant that people who had to grind up large amounts of meat did not get tired from all of the processing they had to do.

Aside from grinding meat into finer pieces, other people found other novel use for the machine, such as making peanut butter!



Bob Rothenberg has been a member of the Board of Directors, Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society for five-plus years, and a member of the society for seven years. He has been doing research on his family tree for over 10 years. He is a retired banker, and a founder of The Bank of Santa Barbara, which recently merged into American Riviera Bank.

Childhood Treasures: Doll House Furniture

By Sharon Knickrehm Summer

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL in about 1947 my mother presented me with two suit boxes full of dollhouse furniture. I recall she told me that the furniture originally belonged to another little girl. That child must not have owned the pieces for very long because my research says these pieces were likely made in 1944.

Recently I discovered a website called *Etsy* that showed a doll house kitchen set and living room pieces identical to mine. The caption read, "These hard plastic pieces were made by Plasco in 1944." The site also noted, "The decade of the 1940s was a watershed one for dollhouses and furnishings because of the introduction of new materials such as plastic, which was so amenable to mass production."

I liked playing with the furniture back then but I don't remember putting them in a dollhouse. Instead I liked setting up "rooms" on the floor so I could move



A 1940s kitchen with a red rug made of grosgrain ribbon.

the pieces around the way I wanted to. I am delighted to discover that I still have these pieces, which are now about 75 years old!

It's Different Today

By Jim Friestad

IN 1949, WHEN I WAS A FRESHMAN at Williams Bay High School in Wisconsin, our American History teacher, at the start of the semester, told our class that anyone who wanted to get an “A” in this class must identify who Haym Solomon was and what he did for our country. We had six weeks to do this.

It took our class of about 20 students almost a month to identify who he was.

Today, with the advent of the Internet, it takes less than five minutes.

“Haym Salomon (also Solomon; April 7, 1740 – January 6, 1785) was a Polish-born American Jewish businessman and political financial broker who immigrated to New York City from Poland during the period of the American Revolution. He helped convert the French loans into ready cash by selling bills of exchange for Robert Morris, the Superintendent of Finance. In this way he aided the Continental Army and was possibly, along with Morris, the prime financier of the American side during the American Revolutionary War against Great Britain.”

From Wikipedia



Heald Square Monument in Chicago, Illinois, is a sculpture depicting Robert Morris (left) and Haym Salomon (right) — the two principal financiers of the American Revolution — along with George Washington. The sculpture was begun by Lorado Taft and completed by his associate Leonard Crunelle. Photo by Antonio Vernon.

Things That Don't Exist Anymore By Jim Friestad

THE SLIDE RULE! Back in the days when I was in college and working you could tell who was an engineer and/or engineering student because there was always a slide rule hanging from his or her belt.

It was the iPad, cell phone, etc. of its day. I worked on the Inertial Guidance System for the Apollo Program and you don't know how much data were checked and validated using that handy slide rule.

Several years ago, I taught a class on the Apollo Program to a group of junior and senior high school students. As part of the class I talked about the slide rule. Most had no idea what it was, but there was one girl who stayed after class and wanted me to show her how it worked.





Daylight engine 4449 pulls the *Freedom Train* through the Naval Air Station, Miramar, California, on January 15, 1976.

book, "Southern Pacific: Passenger Train Consists and Cars, 1955-1958." To this day the train has its own website, www.SPDaylight.net. A fine documentary film, "Daylight, the Most Beautiful Train in the World," was produced by Michael Gross in 2007 (available from www.travelvideostore.com).

My more intimate acquaintance with the train came during college years in the late 50s and early 60s, towards the end of the *Daylight's* career as a premier train. It was during this period that the train transitioned from its traditional red-and-orange paint scheme, immortalized in the tile panorama now gracing the entrance to the Santa Barbara Amtrak station and an important piece of our public art, to generic silver-and-red, based on *Sunset Limited* livery. This change was driven in part by the structural deterioration of the fluted steel siding on the cars regularly assigned to the *Daylight*, leading to its replacement with sheet stainless steel.

I had learned from my father to reserve a parlor car seat when I rode the *Daylight*. Unlike the Pacific Parlour [sic] Car of today's *Coast Starlight*, which is really a café-lounge for first class passengers, the *Daylight* parlor cars were all reserved; passengers had their own designated swivel chairs. Parlor car passengers had exclusive access to the train's rear-end observation lounge, along with at-seat beverage service. The parlor cars were, unlike the rest of the train, also all-smoking, an amenity well-ex-

Reminiscences of the Coast Daylight

By Melville R. V. Sahyun, Ph.D.
sahyun@infionline.net

ALTHOUGH NOT A LIVING, human relative, the Southern Pacific (SP) *Daylight*, which operated between San Francisco and Los Angeles between 1922 and 1974, seemed like part of the family. Santa Barbara now enjoys better and more frequent passenger rail service than was certainly available during the 1950s and 1960s, but the *Daylight* of treasured memory remains one of those important and defining things we don't have any more. For most of its history, at least until the advent of the interstate highway system in the 1960s, the *Daylight* was the lifeline connecting "small town" Santa Barbara with its urban pole, San Francisco. Its sister train, the *Lark*, for which the contemporary funk zone eatery is named, stopped in Santa Barbara at less convenient hours, so never had the same significance as the *Daylight* for Santa Barbarans.

Many family stories and experiences involved the *Daylight*; my maternal grandfather, Charles Johan Valde (1874-1928), worked for the Southern Pacific. During the first five or six years of the *Daylight Limited's* operation he had been responsible for maintenance of a section of the track over which the train ran. Visits to the Santa Barbara Southern Pacific (now Amtrak) station to see the *Daylight* come and go were highlights of my childhood, experiences which no doubt made a lifelong rail fan out of me. Relatives came to visit and left on the *Daylight*. At one point the *Daylight* even operated over my father's property, now the Sahyun Library property; this was during construction of the Castillo Street underpass, and a temporary right-of-way for the SP was constructed where the redwood grove now stands. When my wife, Irene Nordquist Sahyun, first emigrated from Canada, she arrived in Southern California on the *Daylight*.

The *Coast Daylight* was, of course, one of the quintessential trains of the streamliner era. It was variously known as the *Morning Daylight*, *Daylight Limited* (prior to its 1936 streamlining), or simply the *Daylight*. For rail fans the motive power and rolling stock for the *Daylight* are well documented in Harry Stegmaier's excellent



Miss Pearl Chase, portrait from the Santa Barbara Community Recreation Center on Carrillo Street in Santa Barbara, California
 By Babbage (own work)

[CC BY-SA 3.0 (<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0/>)]

ploited by the primarily male clientele. The upgrade to parlor car seating was only about \$5 for the entire trip; even a student could afford that. Once in the parlor car he might rub shoulders with a senator, as happened to me on at least one occasion in 1962. As I remember it from this vantage point, over a beer in the observation lounge State Senator Alvin Weingand (1904-1995), (D-Santa Barbara), long-time owner of the San Ysidro Ranch, and I had a long discussion about the merits and morality of capital punishment, a still unresolved issue in California.

On another trip I found that I was seated next to the inimitable Miss Pearl Chase (1888-1979). For those who did not know her or know of her, Miss Chase, as she insisted on being addressed, was a force of nature. Things happened or didn't happen in Santa Barbara because of Miss Chase's thoughts on the subject; civic beautification was her prime motivator. We have her to thank for the Presidio Santa Barbara State Park, preservation of the great Moreton Bay fig tree at the Amtrak station, Unity Shoppe, and Chase Palm Park among other things. Anyway, through her extensive "grapevine" Miss Chase had already ascertained that I was currently living in a high-rise in Los Angeles, and immediately inquired about it. I told her that I was living on the seventh floor. She asked, "What's it like to live that high off the ground?," and then added by way of explanation, "I have never been above the third floor myself."

Parlor car DL20 was certainly the place where Santa Barbara networking occurred.

Two parlor car attendants became great friends of mine, Reuben, whose surname I never knew (see photo), and Joe Wong (1906-1962). (If any readers know Reuben's surname, I would like to know. The *All California, Railroad Employment Records, 1862-1950*, available through *Ancestry.com*, a source that has been useful to me in researching other railroad employees, was not



The author with parlor car attendant Reuben in 1962. Note that the car on the left has already received its new siding, while the one on the right is still in original *Daylight* livery (photo by Geraldine Sahyun).

helpful in this case.) Note from the photo, below, that, to fit in with parlor car clientele, I donned suit and tie for this mode of travel. Joe Wong would bake chocolate chip cookies and bring them for his passengers. Shortly prior to his untimely passing from a heart attack, Joe shared his recipe with me. Joe was a bachelor, and the passengers, especially the "regulars," were his family.

Food was an important part of the *Daylight* experience. The train was famous for its "tri-unit" diner, a three car articulated unit with a kitchen-service car in the middle and table cars at each end. In the years when I rode the *Daylight*, the tri-unit operated only in the summer and holiday seasons; a conventional twelve-table diner provided food service the rest of the year. For passengers departing San Francisco or Los Angeles, the diner served breakfast. My favorite was the big baked apple, served warm with cream, accompanied by cinnamon raisin toast. Starting about 11:30 a.m., an hour after departing Santa Barbara northbound, the diner re-opened with an all-day menu. Service continued until about an hour before arrival in San Francisco or Los Angeles, so the last call, for an early dinner, was about 5:15 p.m. My favorite from this menu was the hot turkey sandwich, served with gravy, cranberry sauce and mashed potatoes. Coffee and dessert were included for \$1.85! Apple pie, baked on the train and served warm, and the strawberry sundae, made with fresh California strawberries, were dessert specialties. (The pie recipe survives in Will Hollister's railroad recipe compendium, "Dinner in the Diner").

One trip in 1957, three years after diesel locomotives took over powering the *Daylight*, was particularly memorable. I was concluding a visit to San Francisco and returning to the university in Santa Barbara in the fall. Shortly after departure I noticed smoke blowing past the diner window. It was fire season in California, so I first thought of a right-of-way fire. However, we were in urbanized territory and the smoke continued. When I returned to the parlor car I could see to the head end of the train as we rounded a curve, and there, instead of the then-usual three or four Alco diesel units, was a big, black GS-5 steam engine. When the engine was turned, according to usual practice, in San Luis Obispo, I was able to confirm that it was SP 4458, one of the two GS-5s built in 1942 for *Coast Daylight* service and the regularly assigned motive power for the train until 1954, i.e., one of the locomotives I had loved to watch as a child.

This may have been 4458's last time to pull the "varnish," as water towers along the route, necessary to supply the steam engines with water, came down shortly thereafter, and 4458 itself was dismantled, appropriately, the next year. As a footnote to this story, famous *Daylight* engine SP4449, only surviving member of the series, which would later pull the 1976 *Freedom Train* as well as appear in many movies and TV shows, seldom, if ever, actually pulled the *Coast Daylight*. It was usually assigned to other runs.

A Paper Route Delivers Success

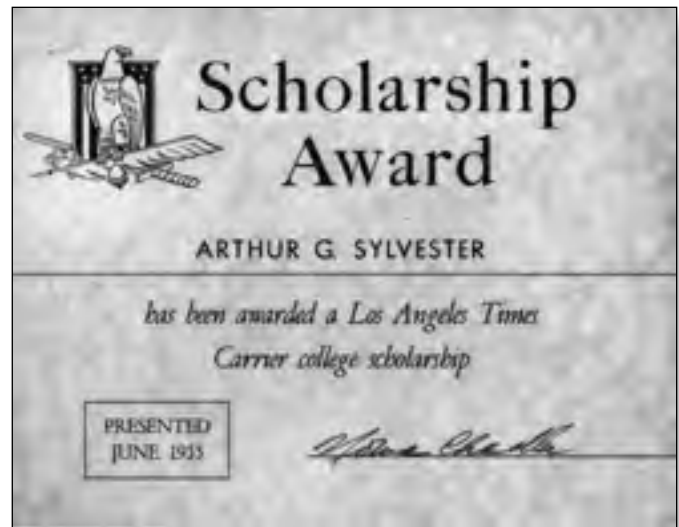
By Arthur Sylvester

SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY the Adohr milkman delivered bottles of milk on our back porch, and on frosty mornings, it was a real treat to spoon off the cream that had separated from the milk, risen to the top, and pushed up the paper cap. Wasn't it just yesterday when the tweet of the Helmsman's whistle brought us out to the street to buy bread, donuts, and usually a cake or a pie for dinner? Oh, and how about the paperboy who deftly pitched your newspaper on the porch as he sped by on his bicycle?

I was such a paperboy in junior high and high school. Every weekday after school and Saturday afternoon, a stack of 35 copies of the *Los Angeles Daily News* was delivered to our garage, where I folded them



Los Angeles Times article on Sunday May 15, 1955 that featured the five newspaper carrierboys, including Art Sylvester, who won full college scholarships.



The Scholarship Award signed by Norman Chandler, Editor of the Los Angeles Times from 1945-1960.

and cinched them with a rubber band. If it was raining or looked like rain, I folded them in wax paper. Then I hopped on my bike and spent the rest of the afternoon taking great pride in tossing them on customers' front stoops or down their sidewalks. A few evenings each month I had to visit each customer and collect subscription payments.

Then I graduated to a *Los Angeles Times* paper route - 150 papers each morning, including Sunday - and a much shorter bicycle route. Up at 5:15 a.m., fold the papers, load them into a big slatted vegetable crate that fit onto an "L" bracket on my handlebars, and then ride out on the route to have all the papers delivered before 6:30 a.m. School started at 8 a.m.

So different from today - no teenagers deliver newspapers anymore, but instead, men flip papers through their car window. Maybe the paper lands somewhere out on the sidewalk, driveway, or front parking strip. And maybe it is there before 7 a.m. Or maybe it is delivered online - no more paper copies at all.

That paperboy work not only paid \$25-\$40 a month, but each year, the *Times* awarded four-year, full tuition scholarships to five of their stellar carriers to attend the college or university of their choice. Imagine my surprise when I opened the *Times* one Sunday morning before heading out with a load of papers and saw my picture on page B3 with four other boys for winning one of the scholarships. Egad! Instead of wondering how I was going to attend a community college, if at all, that scholarship enabled me to attend Pomona College and set me off on my life's course.

Arthur Sylvester has been a member of the SBCGS since 1992, its president 2006-2010, and member of the Board of Directors since 2004. His latest literary venture is geological, not genealogical: "Roadside Geology of Southern California."

Our Victorian Condiment Set

By Sharon Knickrehm Summer

"No stylish Victorian or Edwardian dinner table would be without its condiment or cruet set..."

MOST SELF-RESPECTING TABLES HAD ONE. My family's treasured Victorian condiment set was passed to me from my grandmother, Edith M. Hillman. She was very fond of it, telling me that it had belonged to her mother, Carrie Brainard, and that it had traveled "across the country in a covered wagon." As the story goes, the set came to California from the family homestead in the Dakota Territory. Before enduring the blizzards and drought of the Dakota Territory, the condiment set had journeyed with our family from Lewis County in upstate New York to Carroll, Iowa, where it was passed to Carrie Brainard.

A Victorian condiment set is sometimes called a castor set, as my grandmother called hers, because the glass inserts are the castors. Castors are the cut-glass containers for shaking or "casting" condiments such as salt and pepper, dry mustard and sugar. Other cut-glass containers are known as cruets. Cruets are bottles with lids for liquids like oil and vinegar and often have a lip or spout and a lid or stopper. Typically, the two cruets join a trio of castors to make five containers arranged in a neat circle in a silver stand. A handled "stem" goes down through the center of a swiveling section, which has five holes for holding the glass castors and cruets. The swiveling section revolves so each person at the dinner table can have easy access to his or her desired condiment.

"... Some containers, known as castors, had perforated lids to sprinkle dry condiments such as salt, pepper and sugar. Stopped bottles held oil, vinegar or hot pepper sauce, while mustard was kept in a lidded pot. A variety of condiments, including ketchup, chutney and lemon juice, found their way to the table, all identified by silver tickets around the necks of the bottles."

I remember living with my grandparents in the mid-1940s and seeing our condiment set at their house, always occupying a place of honor at the center of the dining room table. At that time the set held beautiful crystal glass containers, which sat in the circular holes. Each one of those castors and cruets was decorated with a cut-glass leafy vine design etched into its sides, winding around the clear glass.

One day my grandmother began telling me the story of the set. As she talked she gave me permission to move the condiment set from the center of the large lace-covered dining room table, to my place at the table so it sat right in front of me. I studied it idly, rotating the section holding the castors, while listening to her words. There weren't many. With a serious look on her face she only repeated how the set had belonged to



Our condiment set as it looks in 2018.

her mother and had "come across country in a covered wagon" and then she waited expectantly to see my reaction. As a very young child I didn't know quite how to respond. Now that I know how treacherous that long wagon journey must have been, and how extraordinary it is that the condiment set survived, I wish I had asked her to say more.

I found out a decade later how the swivel part of the set got bent. My grandmother said it had fallen out of the covered wagon on her family's journey to California, bending the section that rotated. My memory is hazy, so that section could have gotten bent at a later time. It might have been during a move my grandparents made to a different house in the 1950s. I do know that the lovely etched-glass condiment castors I remembered were lost. Late in my grandmother's life she obtained plain glass castor replacements, simple dime store ones. Then they too were lost but the etched-glass ones with vines were more beautiful anyway. Recently we were able to purchase cut-glass castors that are similar to the originals.



Our family's Victorian Condiment Set as it looked before it was polished.

Eventually my mother was given the condiment set by my grandmother, who died in 1974, and wished for me to have it. My mother kept it for me, though I never saw it on her table. She gave it to me in the late 1970s. It wasn't until about 2010, after I started doing genealogy that I started to wonder more about this item of family history, which had been left to me so many years before.

My brother and I were able to uncover its mysteries, restore its glory, and learn why so many middle-class families had condiment sets.

By the time I became interested in it, the heirloom looked brown, almost like iron. In 2017, after some trepidation, I took the set to a trusted jewelry repair company in Santa Barbara, California. Assuring me that they would proceed only if there would be no damage, they managed to shine the silver almost to its former glory and also were able to partly even out the bent castor-holding section. The jeweler told me we were lucky that the condiment set could be polished. The reason was because quite a lot of the silver remained on its surface. It was a lovely surprise to see the restored and polished condiment set looking so bright and shiny. I later learned that our set was not double-plated with silver as was usual, but triple plated, which explained why enough silver remained to produce that shine a hundred years later. Two Brainards had been employed in the Meriden Britannia Company in Meriden, Connecticut, one as a polisher and the other as a lather burnisher. Could we have acquired our extra-plated condiment set as a result of having a relative working at the factory?

My detective work began with a call from my brother in Massachusetts suggesting that I look for a manufacturer's stamp on the set since finding that stamp could give us valuable information about its origin. But I found nothing. Months later, after the jeweler had shined the silver, I looked again. Using a magnifying glass to inspect, I located a very tiny stamp on the horizontal surface between two castor-holding holes, previously hidden under years of tarnish. The circular

stamp is less than a quarter inch in diameter and is officially called a "hallmark." Our hallmark clearly shows the logo of weighing scales used by the Meriden Britannia Company. The Meriden Britannia Company was formed in 1852 in Meriden, Connecticut, as a manufacturing company focused on producing wares in Britannia metal, which is typically 92% tin, 6% antimony, and 2% copper, on which silver plating can be added. In the 1700s, condiment sets had been used only by royalty. They were made of pure silver, thus very expensive. But in the mid-1800s the two enterprising American owners of the Meriden Britannia Company began to coat their products in silver through an "electro-plating" process. Silver-plated Britannia condiment sets were more affordable than the pure silver ones. Now ordinary people, including farmers, could afford them and feel like royalty. With the increasing popularity of their wares, by 1893 the company covered eight acres in downtown Meriden, and had warehouses in three

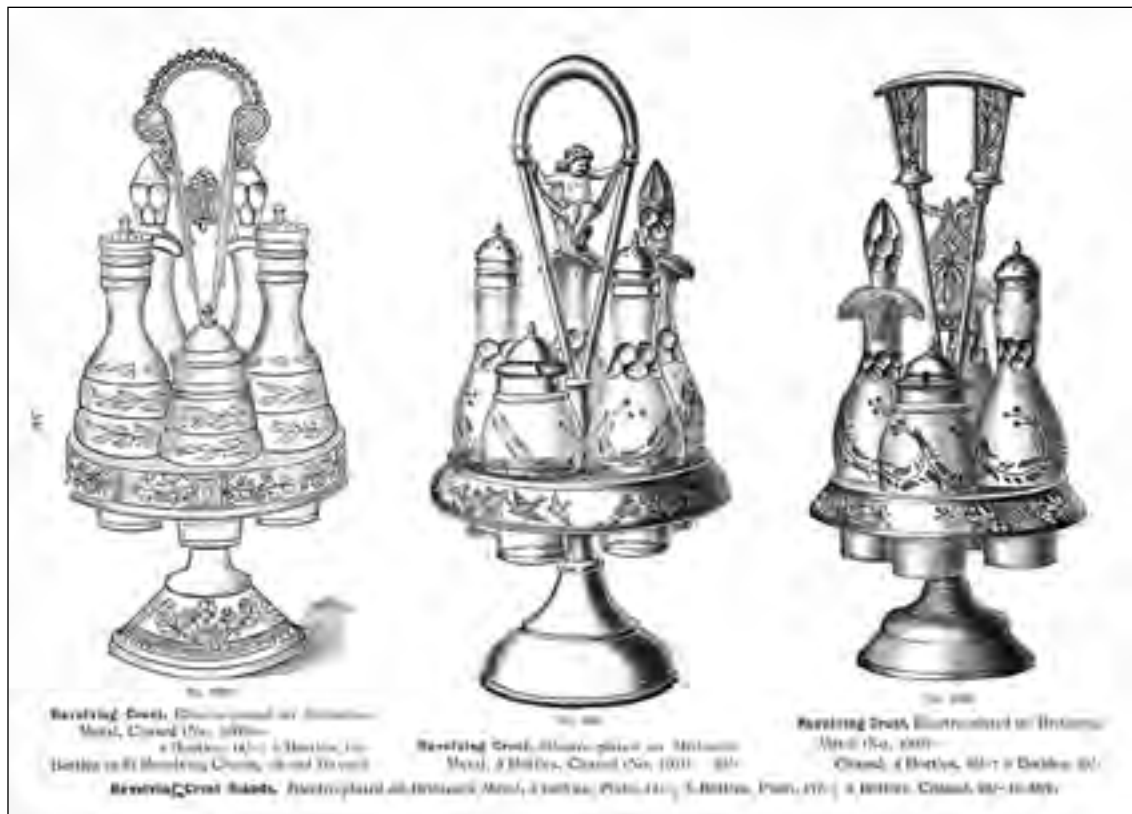


Our condiment set showing the Brainard family name and the tiny hallmark (arrow)

states and three countries. Their full-page catalog was over an inch thick and offered a large number of Victorian items for the home with multiple styles to choose from. In one of the catalogs we were delighted to find a picture of a condiment set just like ours!

From the style of hallmark my brother was able to determine the date the Meriden Company began manufacturing our particular condiment set: it was the year 1852. The company produced this item for ten years under that version of the company name, until 1862. Our set is definitely an antique! Eventually we were able to find new castors and cruets for it, however, our finds are partially damaged and missing lids. But these make our set look nearly complete and we are happy.

Our set has the family name Brainard etched on its revolving rim, something rather unique since most pieces do not possess a name. Brainard was the maiden name of my grandmother's mother, so we think the



Pictures of condiment sets from the Meriden Britannia Company Catalog.

castor set originally belonged to her parents, Daniel and Sarah Brainard. They would have acquired the set during their marriage, after 1852 when their version of the set was manufactured, and before 1862. Manufactured around 1853, our condiment set celebrates its 165th birthday this year. It is likely that in 1884 they gave their condiment set to their daughter Carrie Brainard, my great-grandmother, either upon her marriage to Henry I. Hillman in 1884 or as a tenth anniversary gift in 1894. I got excited when we found a website stating that historically tin or pewter was the suggested material for a ten year anniversary gift! Since Britannia metal is basically tin or pewter, it would have made a perfect 10th anniversary gift for the year 1894. Additionally we know it was in 1894 that Carrie and her husband Henry

set out to homestead in the Dakota Territory, carrying the set with them. The Hillmans stayed for the required five years of homesteading before journeying by covered wagon to Hueneme, California, and on to Los Angeles by 1902. The puzzle was coming together.

My brother also researched the meaning of an X in the tiny space on the hallmark between the weighing scales of the company's logo. He found that it means our set is "triple plated," indicating three layers of silver were applied on top of the Britannia tin alloy, which increases the value and the shine of the piece. Even though the dark spots seen on our set are where the silver plate has worn off over time, it remains an important heirloom from our family's past.

Our condiment set has been handed down for five generations:

1. Sarah Brainard, 1818-1901
 2. Carrie Hillman, 1855-1925
 3. Edith M. Hillman Lowman, 1886-1974
 4. Evelyn Knickrehm, 1917-1975
 5. Sharon Knickrehm Summer, 1943-
- And one day to: Granddaughters Karen, 2000- or Laura, 2002-



The Meriden Britannia factory where our condiment set was manufactured, Meriden, Connecticut.

Sharon Knickrehm Summer, member of Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, continues to be fascinated by what can be learned by researching family history and the times in which events occurred. She hopes to find out more about her Hillman and Brainard ancestors. Recently, for instance, she learned that Sarah Brainard's line came to Plymouth, Massachusetts on the second ship, the Fortune.

Recycled Treasures

By Sue Ramsey

IN 1973, MY GRANDPARENTS' declining health necessitated their having to move into my aunt's home so she could care for them. Their little house and property, with so many years of wonderful memories, had to be sold. One Saturday, the family descended on their home to clean out the remnants of the belongings left behind.

My paternal grandparents, Elmer and Gertrude Elliott, were not people of means. For most of their lives, they worked hard and made do with what they were able to scrape together. What the children and grandchildren sifted through that day were treasures only in the sense that they belonged to beloved parents and grandparents.



Sue Ramsey's grandparents, Elmer and Gertrude Elliott, on their 60th wedding anniversary April 1973.

My grandparents "recycled" long before the word became part of our common vernacular. Nothing went to waste. For example, Grandma cut up old bed pads and scraps of material leftover from her sewing projects to make potholders.

With eight children and over 20 grandchildren, her hands were always busy sewing, canning, or baking. After our marriages, we girls could always count on two of Grandma's potholders for Christmas. I have never used the last two I received from her. They are made with a garish green print but they are treasures to me.

In going through Grandpa's desk, I do believe he saved every pipe he ever smoked. Some of the bowls were nearly closed



Potholders made from repurposed material by Grandma who was a devoted recycler.



Grandpa sitting on the front porch with his pipe and listening to either the Polka Parade or a Dodger game.

from use. Most all of the stems were wrapped in adhesive tape for better gripping. I couldn't help taking several of them. I've given away a few to my brother and cousins who couldn't be there that day and all were thrilled to receive one of Grandpa's smelly old pipes. You can't think of Grandpa without a pipe and the sweet odor of Prince Albert tobacco.

Out in the wash house I found a stack of old letters tied up with a blue ribbon. Since some of the return addresses indicated they were from distant relatives, I decided to add them to my pile. Twenty years later, those precious letters gave me invaluable clues to kick-start my genealogy research. They have brought to life people that were merely names on a census page. I have copied and shared them with other family members near and far. In other words, they have been "recycled" time and time again.

Grandma had a very well-stocked kitchen. One of the items I still use is a small 9 x 11 inch shallow aluminum pan. It has been used regularly over the past 40+ years and looks it. It's black around the edges and quite warped but, in the spirit of Grandma's "make do" attitude, it's still quite serviceable. My sister-in-law teases me about that poor pathetic-looking pan. I keep threatening to will it to her.

On that sad Saturday so long ago, I basically went along for the ride with my folks. As items were sorted, many were not wanted by anyone so I would set them aside for myself as I could not bear to see them hauled off to the dump. By the end of the day, my poor father's half-ton pick-up truck was bulging with items-- mostly mine. Obviously, I'm not going to detail all the items I came home with, but there is one more I'd like to tell you about.

As mentioned earlier, Grandma sewed. I've learned in reading her own mother's journals that Grandma, her two sisters, and mother all sewed their own clothes.

Grandma had eight children over the span of 23 years and her mother and sisters pitched in to make clothes for all those kids. Sitting on Grandma's sewing machine was her button basket, which I now have. It is faded from sitting in the window of her bedroom but full of wonderful old buttons. Some are new but most are cut from discarded or recycled garments. Several years ago, I decided to sort and package similar buttons in the basket. I found five very tarnished round silver buttons. I used some silver polish and a little elbow grease and they polished up beautifully. I wish I knew their provenance but, unfortunately, I do not.

At one time, I had them sewn on the vest of a three-piece wool suit. Years later, when it was time to discard the suit, I cut the buttons off and they remained in my jewelry box for years afterward. Several years ago, my step-daughter, who lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico, took me to a store in Corrales, New Mexico, owned by a woman who makes pendants and earrings out of old buttons. She had been a collector of buttons for years and decided to make jewelry out of them. So, I decided to have her make pendants out of Grandma's silver buttons.

For Christmas in 2008, I gave my brother's daughter, daughters-in-law, and foster daughter each a pendant. I wrote out this story and ended with this:



A silver pendant made from one of Grandma's silver buttons.

"Our family is not wealthy by the world's standards but we are wealthy in the love that has been passed down from our parents, grandparents, and the ancestors before them. This pendant is merely a token to remind you of that love. I hope that the love I hold for my grandparents will be recycled in and through your lives to your descendants for many generations to come."

*All my love,
Aunt Sue*

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



Timeless Pocket Watches

By Nancy Ashton

MY MOTHER LEFT ME a box holding three pocket watches. She had made an effort to have these watches overhauled but a note enclosed from the jeweler noted that parts could no longer be found. On the left is an Elgin pocket watch circa 1910. In the center is a ladies pocket watch made by American Waltham. This belonged to my great aunt and has her name inscribed inside. The third made by Illinois, is a railroad watch used by my grandfather who worked on the railroad.

I decided to check out the history of pocket watches and discovered they were already manufactured by 1524, although only with an hour hand. The minute hand did not appear until the late 17th century at which time men began to wear them in their pocket instead of as a pendant. Fashion changed and a small pocket was placed at the front waistline in man's trousers or on the front of a vest. The watch was placed in the pocket with a chain hanging in front of the vest or waist. Women's watches remained a pendant into the 20th century. When wristwatches became popular after World War I, pocket watches lost their popularity. Again we see change today as many people no longer use wristwatches and prefer to rely on cellphones, Fitbits or other electronic devices.



"... but when the rabbit actually took a watch out its waistcoat-pocket, and looked at it..."

Original illustration by John Tenniel for *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll, 1865.

One Stop Shopping at Voegeli Bros. Drug Company

About 1888 – 1914, Minneapolis, Minnesota



By Connie Burns

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER, Thomas Voegeli, was born in New Glarus, Wisconsin, in 1856 to Swiss immigrants, Tobias and Anna Voegeli.

He studied for his teaching credential at Plattville Normal School, received his teaching credential in 1881, and taught school for several years.

In 1880 in Fountain City, he married Mary Fyfe, who had been born in Scotland to Malcolm and Jane Fyfe. She was also a teacher, and in 1882 my grandmother, their daughter Ethel Mary Voegeli, was born.

Sadly, in 1884, Mary died in an influenza epidemic, leaving Thomas and Ethel bereft. Thomas then married Charlotte Skinner, also widowed, and the family of three moved to Minneapolis, Minnesota. Together they had a daughter Marguerite Voegeli, my great aunt.

Thomas and his brother Henry opened their first drug store in Minneapolis in the 1890s on a busy street corner. Business was slow at first, but then the Voegeli Brothers Drug Company thrived. Over the years, the brothers opened three more stores and continually upgraded them, putting in all the most modern features, such as a soda fountain and counter. It was reported in the local paper that they “established a drug store on the corner where every streetcar in Minneapolis had to come sooner or later.”

Other items sold were stationery, candies, photographic equipment, cigars and cigarettes, liniments, tooth paste, salves and ointments, cosmetics, “patent medicines and toilet preparations,” and on and on. One stop shopping!



Interior of one of the “Voegeli - Modern Druggist to the People” stores in Minneapolis, with neatly arranged shelves of goods, and the soda fountain in the very back. It was NOT self serve!

Thomas became renowned in the world of retail business, and in 1904 he was elected President of the National Retail Druggists' Association. At the Association's Annual meeting in St. Louis in 1904, with 1000 delegates in attendance, the local newspaper reported, "Among the important resolutions adopted by the association was its decision not to handle medicines containing the drug cocaine, the resolution in favor of the reduction of the United States revenue tax on alcohol, and the adoption of the resolution whereby druggists, by signing contracts with proprietary medicine companies, become agents of the company, and thus aid in maintaining a uniform scale of drug prices throughout the country among druggists."

Thomas was also active in his community, a member of the Minneapolis Rotary Club, active in the Republican Party, a member of the Masonic Order, a thirty second degree Mason, a Shriner, a member of the Elks and the Commercial Club. Also, he sponsored a local youth baseball team. Thomas Voegeli was quite the guy!

In 1902, a federation of drug store owners formed the United Drug Company with 40 investors, one of whom was Thomas. They began licensing their Rexall brands to thousands of stores across the country. Thus grew the chain of Rexall Drug Stores, which lasted until 1977.



A horse drawn carriage in front of "Voegeli Bros. Drug Company," about 1897.



Thomas Voegeli (center) and Company sponsor the local baseball team.

CUT PRICES FOR

| Saturday Specials | |
|--------------------------------|------|
| Patent Medicine Dept. | |
| 7c Allen's Chlorine Salve | 15c |
| 7c Allen's Chlorine Salve | 20c |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 15c |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 25c |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 35c |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 45c |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 55c |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 65c |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 75c |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 85c |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 95c |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 1.00 |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 1.10 |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 1.20 |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 1.30 |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 1.40 |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 1.50 |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 1.60 |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 1.70 |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 1.80 |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 1.90 |
| 7c Chamberlain's Pain Expeller | 2.00 |

Candy Features

| | |
|---------------------|--------------|
| Martin's Chocolates | 1-3c per 100 |
| Peewee Five Star | 1-5c per 100 |
| Star Chocolate | 1-5c per 100 |
| Victoria Six Star | 1-5c per 100 |
| Star Chocolate | 1-5c per 100 |
| Star Chocolate | 1-5c per 100 |
| Star Chocolate | 1-5c per 100 |

KODAK

PHOTOGRAPHING

Special Jordan Almonds 29c lb.

Liggett's VOEGELI DRUG STORES

The Rexall Stores

Thos. Voegeli, Pres.

Week End CIGAR SPECIALS

5 for 55c

Advertisements of sale items in a local newspaper. Many of the items were Rexall products. About 1904

It was a dark and stormy night... By Kristin Ingalls



Photo of Stow House – photo by Edgy01 at *English Wikipedia*

ACTUALLY IT WASN'T AT ALL. It was one of our beautiful warm December days. I was standing on the front porch of Stow House watching the finely-dressed children cavort about the gardens. They were petting Santa's ReinGoats, taking hayrides, making holiday crafts and starting to queue up to see perhaps the best Santa ever.

Stow House is one of our town's treasures. Tucked away in the Goleta foothills, this beautiful Victorian house and grounds transport you back in time. The house and ranch, dating from 1871, represent a way of life of days gone by.

My first introduction to the house was just such a December day perhaps 25 years ago at one of their annual Victorian Holidays at the Ranch events. Loving the nostalgia and history, I fell in love with the house. The following month I joined the Ladies League and became a volunteer and docent.

In 1871, a San Francisco attorney, William Stow, bought just over a thousand acres in Goleta for his son Sherman. Sherman had been studying agriculture and his papa, on the advice of his friend, William Hollister, came to Goleta, liked what he saw, and made his purchase, paying just over \$28 an acre. Now there is something that is not here anymore—cheap land in our area.

And yes, there is a love story. Sherman met William Hollister's niece, Ida Hollister, the two fell in love, married and raised their six children in the house. The

children were (in order of appearance), Anne, Sherman-Jr., Katherine, Sam, Edgar and Margaret. As the family grew, so did the house. What was a two-bedroom cottage eventually grew to a 5,000 square foot gem. None of the male children had children of their own, although Sam and Edgar married women who had children from former marriages. Margaret did not have children, and Anne had a daughter who had no children. So, the line of inheritance eventually came down through Katherine's children. In the 1960s it was these Stow descendants who donated the remaining property and the house so it could be kept intact.

There is nowhere in the house and property that is not brimming with things we think of as belonging to the "olden days."

Tours begin in the room that was once the master bedroom. This room has photos and portraits of all the family and it is here we are introduced to three generations of the Stow family.

The upright piano beside the fireplace was made in France for Anne Stow Fithian, daughter of Sherman and Ida. It is a portable or traveling piano; the keyboard folds up, the sconces and music stands are removable and are stored in the inside lid, and there are handles on the sides for moving the piano from place to place. Anne took the piano shipboard on a trip to the South Pacific.

Sherman's camera, which uses glass plates as negatives, sits atop his roll top desk.



Portable or traveling piano.

The Ediphone used wax cylinders and still works. The fireplace fender is the oldest object in the house. It was made during the Revolutionary War, and was designed not to keep embers in the fireplace from popping out onto the floor or rugs, but to keep ladies' long skirts away from the flames.

The rosewood square grand piano next to the fireplace once belonged to Ellwood Cooper. This unique design has a rectangular shaped cabinet with its strings running left to right rather than front to back. They have not been produced for over a century and are now all but extinct.



Sherman Stow's camera

The one-armed chair is a puzzle to most. Made during the Civil War era, it was built to accommodate a soldier's sword or a ladies hoop skirt while sitting.

Moving on to the dining room, we see how people dined 150 years ago. Family meals were more formal than they are today. The butler's pantry off the dining room houses everything needed for meals: linens, cutlery, dishes, crystal, and decorative pieces. My favorites are the crescent-shaped dishes, the salt cellars and their petite spoons, and the knife rests.

The crescent shaped dishes were used for daintily depositing your fish bones during dining (fish did not come boned then). Salt was an expensive commodity in the past, quite a luxury in fact, and so salt cellars became quite fashionable and a status symbol for the home. A single salt cellar usually sat at the head of the table and was passed around throughout the meal. Smaller cellars that were more accessible and with an open top became a part of Victorian table settings. I especially love the tiny silver spoons that accompanied each cellar. I assume pepper was served the same way, but cannot find much information on that. Anyone know?



Ediphone, a sound recording device developed by Thomas A. Edison.

Knife rests were used to keep knives off the table cloth. Who wants rare roast beef drippings on your white linen tablecloth? Although knife rests are still made today, I have never been at a dinner and seen them used.

The kitchen was last updated in the 1930s. But they have kept many of the things used on a farm to prepare food. Being so far away from stores in Santa Barbara, farms had to be as self-sustaining as possible. In addition to the Stow family, there were all the farm hands to feed. There are butter churns, cheese-making equipment, a cherry pitter, apple peeler, meat grinder, coffee grinder, spice grinder. The gas stove dates to 1915, about the time of the last remodel and addition to the house.



Knife rests, crescent shaped dish for fish bones, and salt cellars.

Go through the kitchen and find a laundry room. This room had many different uses while the family occupied the house, but now is a mini-educational room about laundry. Starting with the old washboard and tin tub, we move to two very old types of wooden washing machines. The electric washer looks like something out of a horror movie, but must have seemed a wonder to those doing all that laundry. The top small cast iron stove is where the flatirons were heated. Doing laundry for a family of eight must have been an all-day task for the Chinese help.

The five upstairs bedrooms are decorated as they would have been when the family was living here.

Treasures in the upstairs hallway include a Blickensderfer typewriter, which has a ball-printing mechanism much like the IBM Selectrics, and a wooden stereopticon with a collection of photographs.

In the guest room stands a traveling trunk – the precursor of today’s suitcase. String three of them together and they would be about the same size as one of the Tiny Houses you see on HGTV. One can’t help but imagine eight of them all stacked up at the wharf as the family embarked on a trip north to see the senior Stow family. How did they store all those on boats, trains, stage coaches?

While in this room, be sure to take a look at the old glass in the windows.

Almost all the windows in Stow House are original. These are a little wavy and are spotted with tiny little bubbles. There is a photo on the dresser showing the room in 1904 when Kate Stow Eland



1915 gas stove

had just given birth to her daughter Maria. In the photo you can see the original fireplace just behind Kate. There were once five fireplaces in the home, the only source of heat. After the earthquake in 1925, three were not replaced. Today the only fireplaces are in the original downstairs bedroom and in the living room.

The sewing room has something many of us remember from Grandma’s house. The treadle sewing machine was a wedding gift to Anne Stow Fithian so dates to about 1893. There is also a yarn winder, a pants press, and an assortment of dress-making notions in the sewing room.



Coffee grinder



Children are amused when we point out the chamber pots in the bedrooms, which were used in most all homes before indoor plumbing. They do look surprisingly similar to soup tureens. I shall say no more on that subject!

The master bedroom, which displays memorabilia of the Sexton family, has one very unique artifact. It is an intricately-woven bouquet composed entirely of human hair of the family members, made by Lucy Sexton, the matriarch of the large family. Hairwork was a quite accepted pastime in the 19th century, and the creations were proudly displayed. Smaller pieces were often worn on watch fobs, lockets, or brooches.

Another item of interest is the curling iron. Before electricity, these scissor-like implements were placed in a kerosene lantern to heat up before being applied to the hair. Watch out for ears – it was very easy to burn those!

In the ranch-yard are the bunkhouse where hired labor lived, the packing shed, the blacksmith's shop, an old wooden outhouse beside the old windmill. The yard still houses the farm machinery used then. I really have no idea what they all are, but if you come to the 4th of July celebrations, there are plenty of gents who get



1893 Treadle sewing machine



Washboard and early washing machine with wringer

them running and will be happy to tell you all about them. The barnyard is a cacophony of engines spluttering and popping and the smell of the oil-infused petrol.

The property donated by the Stow family descendants also includes Lake Los Carneros, which is a lovely place to stroll to enjoy the wildlife. Migratory birds seem to know this is a safe place to land and often winter over rather than flying further south. The family were avid horticulturists, and the specimen garden is unique to the area.

These are just a few of the things you will see that "aren't here anymore." To describe them all would fill a book. You really must pay a visit to see them all.

The house, gardens, interpretive center and barn area are open on weekends from 1:00 til 4:00. Guided house tours are given at 2:00 and 3:00. There is a small admission charge – worth every penny! This is a great place to bring out-of-town visitors.

The Goleta Valley Historic Society hosts a number of events that should be on your calendar every year. Be sure to visit their website at goletahistory.org.

THAT KID ON THE UNICYCLE

By Millie Brombal

SOON AFTER MY SON, Steve, received a unicycle for Christmas, the neighborhood folks often referred to him as “that kid on the unicycle.” Once he mastered the technique, he rode his unicycle everywhere, even to go next door to visit his friend.

Steve was always very athletic for his age. He was riding a two-wheeler bike when others his age were maneuvering around on their trikes. For Christmas when he was eight or nine years old, we thought a unicycle would be a good challenge for him. He was delighted with it. We strung a rope from one end of our dining area to the other and he used that to steady himself. He practiced diligently, hour after hour, to acquire the balance necessary. It was not easy; perhaps that is why one often sees a clown riding a unicycle in a circus or parade.

As soon as he had mastered the balance skill needed, he went out on our long driveway to show off his talent to his friends and the neighborhood folks. He did get the “WOW” response! Everyone wanted to try it and Steve generously let anyone who asked have a go at it. A few feet was the most anyone could stay on the unicycle. It is definitely a challenge. It was especially satisfying to Steve when teenagers, whom he looked up to, couldn’t ride more than a few feet even after several attempts.

Some 40 years later, when Steve was in a bicycle shop, he noticed a couple showing their son a unicycle and suggesting what fun he could have on it. However, the salesperson could not demonstrate how to ride nor could the parents. Steve couldn’t resist and offered to show them. With ease, he hopped on, rode up and down the store aisles crowded with rows of bikes, go-

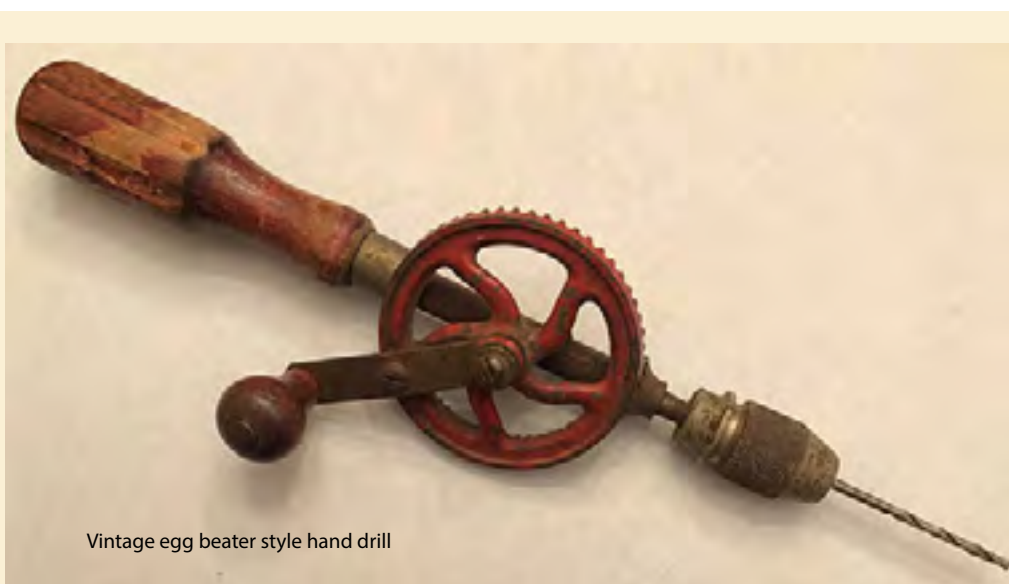


Drawing of Steve on his unicycle made at Disneyland “way back when.”

ing forward and backward, doing sharp turns and tight circles, much to the delight of those in the shop.

It must be true... one never forgets how to ride a bike – even a unicycle.

Millie Brombal is a long-time genealogist, editor of five family genealogical histories, and is currently working on an interactive workbook combining timeline history and ancestors. She was encouraged to write at Allison Grosfield’s class.



Vintage egg beater style hand drill

The Long and Useful Life of “Biddy”

By Mary Mamalakis

A SINGULAR DEATH WAS REPORTED November 1, 1912 in the *Oxnard Courier* under the headline:

“Long and Useful Life Points Way to Success for Others”

“Died – At the home of Will Clark, Sunday, Oct. 20, 1912, Mrs. White Plymouth Rock Hen, aged 14 years and 6 months. Throat trouble cause of death.

After a long and useful life of more than 14 years, “Biddy” passed “over the river” last Sunday, at her old home east of town. The end came peacefully, after failing health of the past six months, having been afflicted with throat trouble, coupled with old age.

The faithful old hen mother was born in the summer of 1898, from a White Plymouth Rock egg, procured from Mrs. W. D. Hunt, mother of Harry Hunt, who lived in the Casitas. There were several brothers and sisters in the family, but all have long since given up the strife. But this dead old mother and foster mother lived on, apparently trying to test the great preservative powers of the Ojai Climate – living to an age seldom attained by the chicken race.

Miss Emma Clark, who has been intimately acquainted with the subject of this article from infancy, tells us that she was always faithful to her duty of keeping the house supplied with eggs, even up to six months ago, when her health began to fail. Aside from producing eggs during all these years, the old hen was the mother of numberless chickens.

Now let’s estimate her intrinsic value from the production of eggs and see, approximately, what she earned during her lifetime. It has been estimated that the average hen will lay about 100 or say eight dozen eggs in a year, besides raising a family of chickens. Therefore, in 13^{1/2} years, she would lay 1296 or 108 dozen eggs worth 35 cents per would equal \$37.80. It was certainly this old hen’s privilege to die, and we believe she has broken the age limit in the Ojai.”



White Plymouth Rock Hen, Illustration in *Georgia Historical and Industrial* by the Department of Agriculture, 1901.

SBCGS member Mary Mamalakis submitted this unusual obituary, which in fact contains useful genealogical information. Mary noted, however, that the Mrs. W. “D.” Hunt mentioned in the article as the source of the egg as well as being the mother of Harry Hunt, should actually be Mrs. W. “B.” Hunt. She was the wife of Mary’s Civil War Veteran Ancestor Chalkey B. Hunt, who served in Company B of the Ohio 95th Infantry <http://duvcwsbar.org/blog/pvt-chalkey-b-hunt-co-b-95th-oh-infantry/>. The Harry Hunt mentioned in the article was the brother of Mary’s grandfather Richard B. Hunt.

Mary also noted that before being named Ojai, the community was known as Nordhoff.

Assuming Biddy was a free ranging chicken that laid organic eggs, the 108 dozen eggs she produced during her long life would be worth closer to \$432 today! She was a worthy hen indeed!

"He Took the Short Route"

SBCGS is digitizing microfilms of Santa Barbara County Coroners' Reports

By Dorothy Jones Oksner, Records Preservation Committee Co-chair.

THE RECORDS PRESERVATION COMMITTEE is currently digitizing and indexing early Coroner's Reports that are housed at Superior Court and are accessible there at Superior Court for public viewing and copying upon request.

The court has allowed our committee to borrow these films and to digitize them. The index will be available on our society's website sbgen.org under "Local Records Database" in the near future. The records date from the mid-1800s to the mid-1900s and will be available upon request once the index is posted.

A coroner's or medical examiner's office conducts medicolegal investigations to determine the circumstances under which a person died. These investigations are a scientific inquiry into a death under the coroner's legal jurisdiction. Each state sets its own standards for the kinds of deaths that require an investigation and report.

The duties of the coroner generally include completing parts of a death certificate, delivering the signed death certificate to the funeral director for filing, assisting state and local registrars by answering inquiries, and delivering a supplementary cause of death report to the state when further investigation or autopsy findings reveal a different cause of death than that originally reported. Duties always include determining the time, cause and manner of death. Very few deaths actually require an autopsy to determine the cause. Depending on the jurisdiction, the coroner might also be called a medical examiner.

If a cause of death is not determined within the statutory time frame, a death certificate is filed with the notation "deferred pending further investigation." If death circumstances cannot be confirmed within the statutory time frame due to a suspected accident, suicide or homicide, the manner of death is noted as "pending investigation."

Some of the information contained in an official coroner's report includes the name and address of the medical examiner performing the autopsy, personal details about the deceased, descriptions of evidence gathered during examination of the body and any lab tests ordered. Most reports are valuable for individuals who may have died from unnatural causes.

The RP committee is in need of a few more indexers for this project and other projects coming up. We have training classes led by Robin McCarthy at the library. Indexing can be done at home using online prepared Excel spreadsheets. You will learn the rules for indexing each project and how to use box.com. If you would like to help, please contact Dorothy Oksner at ox@silcom.com or Robin McCarthy at rpubgen04@cox.net



An example of one of these records is available on our society's website, sbgen.org. Under "Local Records Database," select "Coroners Reports."

Transcription of the original.

Evidence taken at Coroner's Inquest January 15, 1909

State of California, County of Santa Barbara--ss
George M Drum being duly sworn testified as follows.

My Name is George M Drum

Q. Did you know the deceased?

A. Yes Sir

Q. How long more or less?

A. Since 1884

Q. State to the Jury what you know as to his last illness and cause of same.

A. Last Wednesday night he was sitting at the stove in J.R. Drums place Los Alamos: He asked me what kind of stuff I would use if I wanted to take the short route. I told him I had never contemplated doing anything like that as a persons life was short enough without doing any thing like that, but if I contemplated doing anything of that kind I would use prusic acid. for one sniff would fix a fellow. He said Oh sure that would burn a hole thro a person. that he knew something better. ___ I changed the subject and we talked of ___.

Q. What time of night was that?

A. It was 8:35 P.M. Wednesday night I think.

Q. What took place after that and do you know if he took anything?

A. He talked about Alvin P. Moore and other matters, and went to his bed and about ten minutes from 9 pm he called for my brother John: my brother answered the call and went and seen him: he came back and told me that James had taken Laudnam: I jumped up got up and dressed soon as possible and went to his bed side and said Jim what are you doing. What do you mean he said. I have taken a bottle of Laudnam and if it don't fix me I have more or can get more or something to that effect. But in ten minutes I will be asleep. I asked for some water mustard and salt. He told me himself to put salt into it. I also called for Dr. Luton: John my brother and my wife gave him some of the salt and water, but he could not make him vomit: he made another remark. "At 10 o'clock I will be asleep and see the other side of this world this place they speak about." Shortly after that, I should say about ten o'clock, Dr. Luton came and took charge of this case.

Q. Do you know who the deceased was, what was his name, and what was his nativity?

A. James M Askins was his name and he was born in Texas to best of my recollection in the U.S. of America.

Q. Do you know how old he was?

A. He told me he was 54 years old and he also told me he never would get over it and he told my brother John to take his ax and tools for what he was owing him - he also said he got the laudanum at _____. He died a 2:15am today.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
County of Santa Barbara--} ss. Before JOHN R. DRUM,
In the Matter of the Inquisition upon) Justice of the Peace, and
the body of JAMES M. ASKINS, deceased. Acting Coroner.

We, the undersigned, the jurors summoned to appear before John R. Drum, Justice of the Peace of Sixth Judicial Township, County of Santa Barbara, State of California, at Los Alamos, in said Township, and me acting as Coroner, in the matter of said Inquisition, on the 15th. day of January, 1909, to inquire into the cause of the death of James M. Askins, who died suddenly at Los Alamos, in said County, on the 15th. day of January, 1909, having been duly sworn according to law, and having made such inquisition, after inspecting the body, and hearing the testimony adduced, upon our oath, each and all do say, that we find the deceased was named James M. Askins, was a native of _____ United States of America, aged about 54 years; that he came to his death on the 15th. day of January, 1909, in this County, by Poison, to wit, Laudnam, administered willfully by his own hand, with suicidal intent.

All of which we duly certify by this inquisition, in writing, by us signed, this 15th. day of January, 1909.

John Brodwin
Ed W. Zelkner
Ed Sahr
William Foster
Camilo Pico

CERTIFICATE of DEATH.
I, JOHN R. DRUM, Justice of the Peace, of the Sixth Judicial Township of the County of Santa Barbara, acting as Coroner, do hereby certify that I held an inquisition upon the body of James Askins, a native of _____ United States of America, aged _____ years,--VERDICT of Jury, Death by poison, administered willfully by his own hand, with suicidal intent.

And I further certify, that I caused to be interred his body at Greenwood Cemetery, in this County, on the 15th. day of January, A.D. 1909.

Los Alamos, Santa Barbara County, Cal., January, 16th, 1909.

John R. Drum
Justice of the Peace Sixth Township, County of Santa Barbara.

Sample of Coroners Inquest Report

A Very Brief Outline of the Military Organization of Land Forces

By Matthew Hall

IN THE OPENING YEARS of the 19th century Napoleon Bonaparte revolutionized modern land warfare by developing a new system of military organization that put a premium on speed and maneuverability. The system he created remained more or less in place through the American Civil War, World War I and World War II, and a thorough understanding of it is important not only to an understanding of military history but also to genealogical research on individuals who served in the military during that span of time. This is an outline only, presented with the proviso that there were many exceptions, often forced upon commanders by exigencies in the field.

Napoleon divided his army into units, which he called corps or sometimes divisions, usually composed of 20,000 to 30,000 men, but occasionally as large as 40,000 men. Each corps was effectively a small, free-standing army capable of supplying all its basic needs and carrying out most military functions. A corps had its own infantry, cavalry, artillery, intelligence, engineering, transport, pay, medical, victualing, and commissary sections, all intended to work together and in close connection with other corps. Each corps also had a group of staff officers who organized the various components of the corps and reported to the senior commanding officers. The various corps would try to stay within about a day's march of each other, which allowed each corps to gather from the countryside sufficient food for its troops and forage for its horses while, at the same time, the relative proximity of these corps allowed Napoleon to bring his entire force to bear on an enemy force within a day or two.

Each corps could pivot to right or left or completely backward if need be. In the latter case the vanguard would become the rearguard and vice versa. Napoleon often used one corps to engage the main body of the enemy and fix it in place while other corps maneuvered to the flanks or even better to the rear to cut off his enemy's communications, supply lines and means of escape. As time went by, Napoleon also won some crucial battles by pretending to move his forces to one of his enemy's flanks while actually massing in the center to crash through there.

Napoleon would order individual corps commanders to go to a specific location on a specific date, and the commanders would be expected to get there on their



Oil painting of Napoleon in his study at the Tuileries
by Jacques-Louis David (1748-1825)

own. The effectiveness of this system depended upon quick response to changing conditions, and this was made possible by organizing each corps into smaller units commanded by lesser officers. Very generally speaking, the usual subdivisions of a corps, in descending order of size, were brigades, regiments, battalions and companies. A corps was commanded by a general, and the descending order of commissioned officers, which matched up very roughly with the size of the units they commanded, were, in modern parlance, colonels, majors, captains and lieutenants. Non-commissioned officers were sergeants and corporals. The size of these units varied widely depending on what sort of attrition they had been subjected to.

By operating in this way,¹ Napoleon pioneered an operational level of warfare that lay between strategy and tactics. During the early years of the Napoleonic era, he could count on moving his forces faster and more effectively than his opponents; but, by 1812, his corps became the standard unit adopted by every European army, and gradually his opponents, particularly Wellington, learned from him and gained similar flexibility and maneuverability.

When researching military records it is important to have a sound historical understanding of the political and diplomatic situation before diving into the minutiae of military history. In many cases major changes in military organization occur because of related political or diplomatic developments, and it would be difficult to understand those changes without understanding those other developments.

The Kingdom of Hanover provides an excellent example of the kind of genealogical information that can be obtained from military records. Hanover had a proud military tradition and kept meticulous military records. Almost all able-bodied men served, and conscription lists are a good place to start. Then there are the muster rolls listing all officers and enlisted men in each unit at regular intervals, often with other information such as parents' names and occupation, place of origin and rank. Similarly, many units maintained journals describing where the units were at particular

times and what they were doing. If a unit was involved in a major battle, it is possible there is also a record of those killed or injured or taken prisoner in the battle. Finally, there are special lists of men given decorations and other recognitions or men permanently disabled and awarded pensions. There are even lists of officers given permission to marry.

An understanding of the history of Hanover helps the researcher to understand changes in the organization of the army over time. In the case of Hanover, there is also an excellent book describing all the military records that are available: *Guide to Hanover Military Records, 1514-1866*,² on Microfilm at the Family History Library, and there are similar finding aids for the records of other military units. The records end in 1866 when Hanover was annexed by the Kingdom of Prussia; the region eventually became part of the German Empire in 1871.



1) Andrew Roberts, *Napoleon, A Life* (Viking, New York, 2014).

2) Teresa S. McMillin, *Guide to Hanover Military Records, 1514-1866*, on Microfilm at the Family History Library (Lind Street Research, Inverness, Illinois, 2014), available in the Sahyun library, Santa Barbara, California. 943 M2 MCM

Matthew W. Hall attended Harvard College and Harvard Law School. He served as general counsel of the University of Pennsylvania and for many years thereafter practiced natural resources law. He was a recipient in 2007-08 of a grant from the Richard S. Brownlee Fund of the State Historical Society of Missouri to support research on his book "Dividing the Union: Jesse Burgess Thomas and the Making of the Missouri Compromise" which was published by the Southern Illinois University Press. Jesse Thomas, the proponent of the Missouri compromise in the U S Senate, was an ancestor of his wife's, and it was through his interest in genealogy that he came to write the book. The book was awarded the Superior Achievement Award of the Illinois State Historical Society.

Photo taken in the early 1860s of King George V of Hanover and his son, the young Prince Ernest Augustus, 3rd Duke of Cumberland and Teviotdale, in the studio of the photographer Otto Kamm, Hannover.

Surname Index

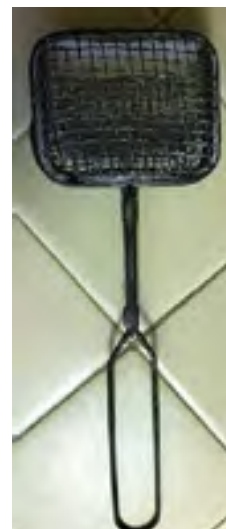
- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| Allison 6 | Johnston 19 |
| Ashton 2, 19 | Kahns 8 |
| Askins 29 | Kamm 31 |
| Babbage 12 | Kaska 2, 6 |
| Baragona 2, 9 | Kirschstein 8 |
| Bean 9 | Knickrehm 17 |
| Bonaparte 30 | Kurz 6 |
| Brainard 15 | Landers 10 |
| Brombal 2, 9, 26 | Loe 2, 8 |
| Brownlee 31 | Luton 29 |
| Burns 2, 20 | Mamalakis 27 |
| Carroll 19 | McCarthy 28 |
| Chandler 14 | McKim 6 |
| Chaney 9 | McMillin 31 |
| Chase 12 | Mendez 5 |
| Clark 10, 27 | Menzel 9 |
| Cooper 23 | Moore 29 |
| Cordero 5 | Morris 11 |
| Cornell 2, 5, 9 | Neumann 9 |
| Crunelle 11 | Nordquist 12 |
| David 30 | Oksner 2, 28 |
| Dray 9 | Ramsey 2, 18 |
| Drews 9 | Roberts 31 |
| Drum 28 | Rothenberg 2, 10 |
| Eder 4 | Sahyun 2, 12 |
| Eland 24 | Salomon 11 |
| Elliott 18 | Schumann 9 |
| Fithian 22 | Sexton 25 |
| Frank 10 | Skinner 20 |
| Friestad 2, 11 | Solomon 11 |
| Fritsche 9 | Stegmaier 12 |
| Fyfe 20 | Stow 22 |
| Grosfield 26 | Summer 2, 10, 15 |
| Gross 12 | Sylvester 2, 14 |
| Hahn 8 | Tenniel 19 |
| Hall 2, 30 | Thomas 31 |
| Hann 8 | Valde 12 |
| Herman 5 | Vernon 11 |
| Hillman 15 | Voegeli 20 |
| Hoffmann 9 | Washington 11 |
| Hollister 13, 22 | Weingand 13 |
| Hunt 27 | Wong 13 |
| Ingalls 2, 22 | Woodward 9 |
| Johnson 9 | |



oak telephone



flour sifter



soap scrap holder



button hook



hand crank drill

Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated July 2015

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The hardworking group that cleaned the outside of the Sahyun library January 6, 2018, included: Laurie Glerum, John Woodward, Marilyn Compton, Gary Shumaker, Laurie Hannah, Chris Klukkert, Martin Peterson, Dave Pettitt, Celeste and Ken Barber, and Debbie Kaska. Not pictured, Joy Simon and Karen Peterson. Art Sylvester organized the crew and Martin Peterson wielded the power washer that led the charge. Photo by Art Sylvester.