



# Ancestors West

*A quarterly publication for the members of the*  
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY  
*Summer 2019 Vol. 44, No. 2*

## Our Ancestors' Pastimes

**Pastimes...  
Grandpa Doc's  
Recipe for Living**

**Growing up in  
Santa Barbara  
in the 1870s**

**South River Club**

**Past Times Pastimes**

**Grandpa Griffith's  
Avocation**

**"What is There To DO?"**



Fun and Entertainment  
in the Late 1800s



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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, Civil War, New Member and Beginning Genealogy, and Scandinavian Roots.

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

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## From the Editor

***“What will you do?  
Celebrate yourself, find pastimes  
that make your heart light and  
your spirit sing.”***

*Sarah Ban Breathnach in Simple Abundance:  
A Daybook of Comfort and Joy*

### Our Ancestors' Pastimes

A RECENT INCIDENT BROUGHT the question of old and new pastimes into focus for me. On a weekend visit to San Diego, I left my computer charger behind at the house where I stayed. Unaware of my oversight, I rode the Amtrak back to Santa Barbara using my computer all the way. A low battery and the realization of a day or two without the use of my trusty Mac left me in disarray. I could almost hear my grandparents and a chorus of ancestors chuckling. A computer charger would have been as useless to them (i.e., no computer and no electricity) as a buggy whip would be to me today (i.e., no horse and no buggy)!

Indeed, electronic pastimes have enveloped even my generation, not to mention my children's and grandchildren's generations! Big screen TVs brings sporting events, news commentators and movies on demand right into our living room. The computer in its various forms has long ago replaced the typewriter as well as pen and paper. Knowledge from *Google*, socialization via *Facebook*, digitized books and magazines, endless types of games and yes, even genealogical records, lie at our fingertips. Cursive writing is already archaic. Texting is the new form of communication.

Most of us remember when a telephone was permanently attached to the wall or a cord and there was usually one per household. Now we each carry our phones around in our hand and they are an entertainment bonanza. The common denominator behind them all however, is electric power. Without a charger they eventually grow dark and silent.

How did our ancestors cope with no TV, no computer, no cell phone?

When the work was done, what types of entertainment and pastimes did they pursue? In this issue of *Ancestors West* we read what members of the SBCGS have learned about what their forebears did for fun.

### Clubs, Collections, Church, Concerts, Christmas displays, Circuses, Chautauquas, and Car rides

Social clubs were an opportunity for our ancestors to gather. They come in many forms, but none can claim to be the oldest one in America except the South River Club that met before 1700 on land owned in Maryland by the ancestor of Carole Kennedy. The club survives today, but the membership requirements are strict! Collections were a charming and often useful hobby. Millie Brombal's mother loved fine porcelain and her many lovely china sets inform each generation of her pastime.

Ethnic churches were common in the 19th century and the first German Methodist church in Los Angeles served the German community even after the turn of the century. Sharon Summer's great-grandparents were founding members of this church and enjoyed the services in German as well as the Sunday Socials. While her great-grandparents were enjoying sunny Southern California, a 2nd great-uncle and aunt in South Dakota hosted two sleigh loads of neighbors for a Saturday night supper. What they ate will surprise you!

Christmas displays took on a whole new dimension in the hands of Art Sylvester's grandfather! He was a craftsman and constructed unusual and dramatic creations. Mary Anne Kaestner remembers her mother's extraordinary soprano voice that might have led to a professional career had not a chronic health condition intervened.

Traveling circuses and Chautauquas were often summer entertainments for our ancestors. A big tent was set up, tickets were sold and the shows were fun for children and adults alike.

Margery Baragona recalls Sunday car rides with family and friends around Santa Barbara. In the 1930s and 40s Santa Barbara was a bit different. She describes the barren mesa covered with oil derricks, which feature again in Wendel Hans' historical perspective of Pearl Chase.



## The Fireman and the Archeologist

Occasionally our forebears took up unusual hobbies that became almost a second career. While many youngsters dream of becoming a fireman, Ann Picker's grandfather, Charles Griffith, actually did just that. Charles had a day job, but also served as a volunteer fireman for over 50 years – spanning the era from hand drawn vehicles to full-fledged fire trucks.

Pat Caird's grandpa was a physician in Santa Barbara during the early 20th century, but in his spare time Grandpa Doc developed a fascination with archeology and anthropology. Friendships with scientists at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History led to years of exploration and research into the Native American history of this area.

## Pastimes in the 19th century at opposite edges of the country.

Two treasures in this issue are the memoirs of Emma Rebecca Child McKenzie who grew up in Santa Barbara in the 1870s and 80s, and the recollections of Robert Pearson Armstrong of his boyhood in Rutherford, New Jersey, before 1900. Both are first person accounts of life and pastimes of this era. Each gives the flavor of the place and the times; for example, Emma's journey from Santa Barbara to Santa Maria was a two-day adventure by horse and wagon. When the Rutherford Wheelmen invited young women in bloomers to join them for an outing (gasp!)...

## Classic pastimes that we still enjoy—baseball and ice cream

Baseball is as American as apple pie and was already very popular in the latter half of the 19th century. Robert Pearson Armstrong was a member of the team photographed at the Hartwick Seminary, New York, in 1900. Out in Kansas, team manager Clarence Feely gathered the Jennings Nine for a memorable photo about 1910. Cathy Jordan notes that women in Jennings also got a turn at bat but only wearing fashionable clothes. Homemade ice cream was a delicious treat on a hot Kansas afternoon. While working on *Ancestry.com*, Cathy also made a surprise cousin discovery. Her tree intertwined with another SBCGS member, who was equally surprised!

## Preserving our heritage

Milt Hess describes his recent visit to Florstadt, Germany, where his ancestors lived prior to WWII. He found that serious efforts had been made to recognize and honor the Jewish community that had once thrived there. He was welcomed by local historians who guided him to records, cemeteries and buildings significant to his family.

Close to home in Santa Barbara, Wendel Hans presents little known history of the Mesa and its important connections to Pearl Chase. Her hand in the development of the Mesa was clear in the building requirements of the Fair Acres subdivision in the years before the catastrophic earthquake. The underlying story, however, is the tragic event that changed her life in 1913, an event that was to have profound significance for the beauty of Santa Barbara after 1925.

## Laird + Baird = Scotland?

Anneliese Ullrich investigated family legends that led her to Ayrshire, Scotland, and other mysteries including a hurricane, the civil war and a motorman's death. Some were fact, some not, and one is still a mystery.

How will our descendants view our current pastimes? Few people in 1900 had visions of a digital future: Aldous Huxley had some insight in *Brave New World* (1932), as did George Orwell in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, published in 1949. Does our future hold labor saving robots with artificial intelligence? Will quantum physics allow us to teleport around the world via entanglement? It is indeed a pleasant pastime to envision future pastimes, but we probably have to wait and see. Meanwhile, our favorite pastime, genealogy, will keep us looking into the past for some time.

My sincere thanks go to the editorial committee of *Ancestors West* for their help in putting together each issue. Thanks are due too to our generous donors and to the authors of the articles in this issue. We look forward to hearing from many of you in the next *Ancestors West*. The theme of the next issue is illustrated on the last page.

Debbie Kaska

# A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA



By Margery Baragona

## Sunday Drives

**A**S WE AGE OUR memories are pervasive. They are vivid and indelible even if they are infected with the distortions of time.

In the forties movies were for Saturday, and Sunday was for long automobile rides.

On a typical Sunday we drove State Street to Cabrillo, to the bird refuge intently looking for the “hobo” camp on the Child’s estate, then Coast Village, the Biltmore, Channel Drive and seeing the vast serenity of the cemetery. Sometimes we continued on to Montecito, to admire green lawns, tidy hedges, and huge homes. I tried to picture that people actually lived in them.

Occasionally my father took me down to the polo matches; it was exciting to see and hear the galloping horses and the clack of the mallet against the white polo ball.

Another favorite route was to West Beach with the hope of a pony ride and ice cream cone at Sheetz (now Sambos) and then on to the Mesa with oil derricks pumping, pumping, with the hills vacant.

As a teenager I was fortunate to have a boyfriend, Jim Leslie, who could drive his aunt’s 1939 Pontiac convertible. He polished it beautifully for her, — and so was rewarded with this treat. With him I discovered East Valley Road, Sycamore Canyon, Rattlesnake Canyon, and areas far removed from my home on Calle Rosales.

A most memorable ride when I was 15 was an outing to Paradise Camp with Art Franz, Dave Lopez, and La Rae Lindhorst. While we picnicked a truck roared up, the driver jumped out and commandeered the boys to come immediately to help fight a forest fire. Motioning to La Rae and myself he said, “Go to the highway and hitch a ride home,” — we did.

The world has certainly changed but not the memories of my Sunday outings.



### Ready for a Sunday drive!

Margery Baragona sits on the running board of a Ford two-door (Tudor) sedan, probably a 1934 though possibly a 1933 (the grill was slightly different). Her husband Jim Wilson noted that “as a hot-rodder, I owned a 1934 for 17 years.”

# Pastimes...Grandpa Doc's Recipe for Living

By Patricia Griffin Caird



Excavation site, late 1920s ("Prehistoric Man of the Santa Barbara Coast," by David Banks Rogers, Published by Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, 1929, Plate #46).

**T**HE MINUTE MY GRANDFATHER, Dr. William J. Mellinger, stepped off the Southern Pacific train in Santa Barbara on January 8, 1920, his life changed forever. Obviously, he knew it would be different from life in Illinois, but I am sure he had no idea of the veritable playground to which he had come. With his curious, energetic, passionate personality, he soon became involved in so many different activities, it is a wonder he had time to do what he had come to Santa Barbara to do – to go into private practice as the city's newest ear, nose and throat specialist. He became a well-known doctor for 27 years, leaving traces of himself that still linger in the air today. But that is another story.

Pastimes. He chose one after another, each one building on the next, all of them intermingling like rich flavors in thick hot stew.

Among them were his love of theater, art, animals, the Masons, the Sciots, fishing, camping, traveling, spoon collecting, masonry, and bartering. He liked to recite poetry and draw cartoons. He loved to teach medicine. He was well known for his sense of humor, often pulling pranks on fellow friends. He managed to find time to become president of The Santa Barbara County Medical Society in 1922 and a City Councilman in 1923 and 1924 in addition to his fulltime medical practice.

I would like to share two of his most passionate pastimes with you.

## Archeology and Anthropology

One, which helped to make our Museum of Natural History a richer resource, was his love of archeology and anthropology. In the late 1920s and 1930s, Grandpa Doc became acquainted with the well-known archeologist and anthropologist, David Banks Rogers. Rogers spent four years investigating the vanishing remains of the Chumash villages that once occupied Santa Barbara and the central coast. Grandpa Doc was one of the

Prehistoric artifacts found by Dr. Mellinger and donated to the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History (Photo by author, courtesy of the Department of Anthropology, Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History).



people who participated in many of the intensive digs. I have been told that Rogers did not have a car during that period and Grandpa Doc probably provided him rides to Chumash sites in his 1919 seven passenger Revere Touring car. Grandpa Doc would have loved the knowledge imparted by Rogers during their travel times.

Dr. Mellinger had the utmost respect for this work and history, donating to the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History eight groups of artifacts he collected from 1927-1932. In his book, *Prehistoric Man of the Santa Barbara Coast*, Rogers acknowledged those who "aided him in every manner" of his work, my grandfather among them. Rogers later dedicated a copy of his book to him. Rogers went on to become the curator of the museum around 1929-1930. The two men remained friends beyond their interest in archeology.

Grandpa Doc may have taken an interest in this work because he was very curious, always eager to learn new information that related to his medical work. Skulls had always been of great interest to him in medical school. I can imagine him carefully examining skeletons found at digs, examining them with a medical eye. On at least one occasion, the archeologists found a gravesite of mothers and babies who had died in childbirth. Grandpa Doc had delivered many babies in his three-county

country medicine practice in Indiana and could very well have been interested in such a finding.

Being a highly social man who loved the outdoors, he would have reveled in camping with fellow anthropologists, telling them jokes, something he loved to do to anyone who gave him a chance. There was once a short article in a newspaper suggesting you not let Dr. Mellinger tell you a joke because you would be sent a bill for \$3.00!

Being amongst like-minded men, doing the physical work, sharing information and ending his day, exhausted, crawling into his sleeping bag to fall asleep under the stars...oh, how he would have loved it all.

### San Marcos Trout Club

Never passing up an opportunity to say "YES" to life, in the 1920s, he became one of the initial founders of the San Marcos Trout Club. He had a rough cabin, later to be called "The Stone House," where he, his wife Nellie, and their two daughters, Margaret and Eleanor, spent many long weekends camping, often hosting friends from Santa Barbara and from many different states. Grandpa Doc happily shared his enthusiasm (often overwhelming Nellie with last minute announcements of guests soon arriving). The cabin was small. Guests slept outside, relishing the experience. The fishing holes, cookouts, storytelling, and cactus garden were all part of the adventure. His collection of tools was kept in his barn. He often used them for blacksmith jobs, or making metal railings and decorations which, I understand, are still in one or both of his houses.

After the 1925 earthquake, Grandpa Doc said "yes" to another project. He built a bigger house on another lot, using wood and old doors from the Arlington Hotel. This house was originally called "Out-of-Doors," named by my mother, Margaret Mellinger Griffin. To this day, local Trout Club residents know the stories of each of these houses.

The Mellingers kept a Trout Club guest book in the 1930s. It is a treasure trove of fun comments from visitors and party goers. Some of the comical comments in the guest book would have met with Grandpa Doc's approval. "Yours till the ocean puts on rubber pants



Dr. Mellinger showing off his catch, 500 block of E. Arrellaga Street, Santa Barbara, 1920s.

to keep its bottom dry." "Hot stuff. Nice joint." And one man commented, "Too much eats/a rotten pen/A spiffy time/That's enuf/Amen."

My Grandpa Doc's recipe for life came in large, spicy, chunky portions, generously and humorously served, overflowing anything that tried to contain it. Several people have said "I wish I had known him in my adult years." I, too, wish I had.



Mellinger family and friends on Old San Marcos Pass with 1919 Revere Touring car, mid-1920s.



*“It had long since come to my attention that people of accomplishment rarely sat back and let things happen to them. They went out and happened things.”*

*~Leonardo da Vinci*

THAT was Grandpa Doc, a man with many pastimes, who “went out and happened things.”



*I have lived in Santa Barbara since 1945.*

*My mother, her sister and their parents moved to Santa Barbara in January 1920 at the encouragement of a local doctor who wanted my grandfather, Dr. William J. Mellinger, to join him in his medical practice.*

*My mother, as well as both of her parents and many of their family members, were genealogists of their times; thus, I have many records.*

*In addition, I have hundreds of photos, letters, articles, diplomas, certificates, medical records and more of family history, especially of my mother's father and mother. As I look at all of the photos and documentations, I want to get this man out of the boxes and bring him to life.*

*He was a real renaissance man who contributed a lot to Santa Barbara history. I have always wanted to write a book and now have a perfect excuse to do so.*

*I am in the process of researching and writing both of which are opening a lot of amazing doors to the story of my grandfather.*

Dr. Mellinger (at the wheel) and friends enjoying a ride in one of his contraptions, probably at the Trout Club, 1920s.

*Editors note: The Records Preservation committee at the SBCGS has recently scanned the Trout Club guest book and it is in the process of being indexed.*



## **Ancestors West Sponsorship 2019**

**W**e 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!**

**John Woodward, John Fritsche, and Millie Brombal.**

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# “What is There To DO?”

By Cathy Jordan

**I**N DISCUSSING ANY TRIP nowadays, “What is there to do?” is a familiar question raised most often by the younger crowd. I don’t imagine it was much different for our ancestors.

My mother and her siblings grew up at the beginning of the 20th century in the very tiny town of Jennings which is located in northwestern Kansas. According to the censuses, it had a population of around 250 people at the most. The “streets” were dirt, there was no electricity, and the privy was outside. My mother studied by the light of a coal oil lamp; there was a one-room schoolhouse and no high school in town. Most of the population lived on farms scattered outside of town. Her father, my grandfather, owned and ran the local mercantile, “The Boston Store,” with his brother. This sketch is all to provide some background for the stories of their amusements circa 1906–1920.

Of course there were the usual children’s entertainments such as tea parties, playing with dolls, throwing a ball for a dog, family picnics, sledding in the winter, and swinging on tree branches in the summer as well as licking the divinity bowl. My mother specifically remembered, “There were two pairs of roller skates for three kids. Gerald [her brother] had two skates, but my sister and I had one skate each... We lived on a slight hill and could coast down on one skate.”

Another memory of my mother’s was making ice cream in Grandma Feely’s basement next door. They would put in the ice cream mix, ice and salt and take turns cranking the handle.

Someone had to sit on the ice cream maker to keep it from moving once the mix began to freeze.

They turned it as long as possible. Then they would pull out the center and the kids got to clean the paddles with spoons. Why Grandma Feely’s basement? Their own basement was too dark, was my mother’s answer.

## During summers there was Chautauqua.

What was that? It was a traveling tent show with entertainment and culture for the whole community, with speakers, teachers, musicians, showmen, preachers, and specialists of the day. A huge tent was set up in a field kitty-corner from my mother’s home and she remembered this



Eating homemade ice cream.



Lola Feely licking the divinity bowl in Jennings, Kansas.

event being a highlight of the summer. It lasted no more than a week but it certainly was a highlight during the hot Kansas summers.

The adults entertained themselves with sports. My grandfather’s brother, Clarence, was the manager of the Jennings baseball team.

There were also baseball games where women played, a measure of equality even then, although they did have to play



Great Uncle Clarence Feely as manager of the Jennings, Kansas, baseball team, ca. 1910.

in their voluminous skirts and tight blouses! As would be expected, there were needlework projects for the women – lace making, crocheting, knitting, sewing – and painting. My grandfather's sister, Grace, was an amateur photographer with her little Kodak box camera. She took many of the treasured photos of the family that survive today and she developed them herself – a very unusual hobby for a woman of that era. Additionally, I found one photo of Clarence and his wife apparently ready to take flight! I have no evidence that either was a pilot so they must have been passengers. I love the look on their faces: hers excited, his not so much.



Women playing baseball ca. 1910.



Clarence Feely and his wife Ura getting ready to fly.

When my grandfather finally bought a car, my mother remembered trips through the tall wheat fields, sitting in the open rumble seat with grasshoppers jumping all over her – something that she thought funny (not for me!). Also near the end of the period there were train trips to visit aunts who lived in other parts of Kansas, trips in the car to Nebraska to visit other relatives, and trips to Idaho to visit family there.

All of this may sound quite boring to today's younger generation, but my mother said she never knew the word "boring" or "bored." Her "Home Entertainment Center" was her grandmother and the three energetic aunts who lived next door and could always think up fun activities. They may not have had radio or TV or movies or computers, but they lived a full and rich life where their family was

completely at the center of activity. I confess I am a little envious. Perhaps we have modernized a bit too much and lost the closer connection to family members as well as a sense of what is really important!

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

*She is currently president of the Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War 1861-1865.*



Feely family picnic in Idaho on July 4, 1926.

# Gramp and His Amazing Christmas Displays

By Art Sylvester

**M**Y PATERNAL GRANDFATHER, Raymond Sumner Sylvester, was a son of the state of Maine. Like so many easterners, he and his frail wife, Ruth Gilman Kimball, removed to Pasadena, California, in 1904 or 1906 for the sake of her health. Gramp, as we called him, was a multi-talented guy, working at various times as a lumberjack, painter, carpenter, cabinet maker, watchman, police officer, hospital operating engineer, and caretaker of a professional building. A heart attack in around 1943 forced him to retire and live with us in a tiny apartment in South Pasadena. Once my father returned from the war in Europe, we moved into a large house, which Gramp took to remodeling to the extent that his health permitted.

He taught me how to play poker and several versions of solitaire, and he instilled in me the love of making picture puzzles, collecting stamps and coins. In his "spare time," he and a retired friend puttered around in his garage workshop inventing such things as a better frying pan scraper and tripping out to the desert now and then looking for pretty rocks and tortoises to bring home to us grandchildren. If he had any sort of "legacy," it would be the displays he built for the front yard at Christmas time.



The first display – a waving snowman.



Gramp (Raymond S. Sylvester), who created remarkable Christmas displays at his home in South Pasadena, California.

His first display was a simple, larger than life snowman made from plywood, painted white, with a waving arm. It was cute but paled before his next project the following year in 1950: A wintertime scene of a Maine farmhouse. Many years later I visited the house he lived in when a child in Maine and realized then that was the house and scene he recreated in miniature.

Gramp's final and most ambitious project was a 24 foot-long, scaled rendition of the Santa Barbara Mission, which he built and displayed in 1951. I recall that he and his retired friend made a couple trips to Santa Barbara to study the mission's design and architecture, and then Gramp spent several months building the model in our backyard. He painted the roof to look like red tile shingles. The interior of the mission model was lighted, and the entire model was illuminated at night with spot lights. I remember how carloads of people would pull over in front of the house to look at it, and others would stand on the sidewalk and stare at it.

I don't know how he came to label the scene 11 December 1787. The mission was founded December 4, 1786, and construction of a small, one-tower church was



A wintertime miniature Maine Farmhouse was Gramps' Christmas Display creation in 1950.

not completed until 1789. Moreover, the mission was destroyed by an earthquake in 1812, strongly damaged by another in 1925; it underwent restorations in 1950, so that the facade that my grandfather modeled was contemporary and could not have been 1787. Call his model "artistic license."

A picture of it was featured in the local newspaper with the caption: "He made it in 10-hours' working time but spent days literally in tracking down the 23 choir boys and one choir girl, the old fashioned figures in Colonial garb, the friars and the main figurines he used to populate his reproduction. Mission is roughly one-inch to the foot and required four full sheets of

plywood for the making. Roof tiles are hand-painted, and the entire set is illuminated at night on his front lawn. Sylvester, who built a farm scene last year for the holidays, says he constructed the miniature mission entirely from memory and used no blueprints nor drawings in the making."

He won first prize, a trophy cup, for the City's best outdoor Christmas display that year.

*Arthur G. Sylvester: SBCGS member since 1992, past president, retired geologist, author of "Roadside Geology of Southern California."*



The pièce de résistance. Gramp's scale model of the Santa Barbara Mission was the city's best outdoor Christmas display in 1951.

# Mother's China Set Collections

By Millie Brombal

SOMETIME AFTER MY MOTHER, Sophia Rose Kist, died in 1972, I inherited a portion of her china collection consisting of sets of dessert/salad plates with matching cups and saucers, each set a different pattern by porcelain companies Spode, Haviland or Wedgewood.

Before her 1920 marriage to my father, Benjamin Frederick Kist, Mother worked in the china department of the Emporium Department Store in St. Paul, Minnesota. For many years, the Emporium was the center of shopping for the twin cities.

Mother's sister, Bertha Zienert, until her retirement in the 1950s, also worked in the Emporium china de-

partment. That is where the two sisters developed an enjoyment and appreciation of fine china.

For many birthday and Christmas gifts Bertha gave Mother a different china set to add to her collection. When entertaining her afternoon and evening card groups, Mother enjoyed using the lovely china when she served each guest dessert and coffee on a different china set. I imagine each guest may have had a favorite - I know I do. The Haviland Limoges Bergere is especially pretty.

Although I rarely use the sets, I do enjoy seeing them displayed in my china cabinet. A well-preserved collection to be passed on to the next generation.

*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.*



Haviland Limoges Bergere,  
Blue flowers, gold verge



Spode Buttercup  
Yellow buttercups and brown designs



Haviland Springtime (New York)  
Delicate flowers around edges

# South River Club

## "The Oldest Social Club in America"

By Carole Kennedy

**M**Y ANCESTORS WERE the Gas-saways. They were early settlers in Anne Arundel County, Maryland. My eighth great-grandfather, Nicholas Gas-saway, arrived on the shores of Maryland in 1650. Old articles in the *Maryland Gazette* suggest that the "South River Club" was organized and meeting on land owned by his son and heir, Thomas Gassaway, as early as 1690. This club had two unique features. The first is that it is the first social organization of its kind among the English settlements in America. The other is that it has survived to present day.

The original club house burned down and all its records were lost. In 1739, club member John Gassaway, grandson of Nicholas Gassaway, deeded 1/2 acre of land to a club trustee for the sum of 80 pounds for the term of 999 years "for the use and benefit of the South River Club." The current clubhouse was then built in 1742. The present structure is a small frame, 1 1/2 story one-room clubhouse with a gable roof and a narrow exterior chimney on the East gable end. The clubhouse itself, which still lacks electricity or running water, is listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

The early members belonged to the older and leading families of the neighborhood and included prominent landowners, merchants, the local doctor, and the clergyman. Because they all traveled by horse on rough roads, they lived within a 10-mile radius of the clubhouse. Current members must be descendants of a charter member and must be able to attend the meetings on a regular basis. Membership is limited to 25 as that is the capacity of the club house. Openings occur when members die and are filled from a long waiting list. It may be as long as 20 years before an applicant reaches the top of that list.

For many years the area near the South River, not far from Annapolis, was a frontier settlement and its men were called to protect their homes from Indian raids. They met to socialize and exchange ideas and information about clearing the land, planting and cultivating their crops, shipping and marketing tobacco, and importing goods they needed for their homes and plantations. Politics, books and papers were discussed and there is evidence that lively debates took place.

The dinner meetings initially were held every two weeks, each member serving two dinners in succession. The dinners were always held in the clubhouse. There is no mention in the early records of any cooking facilities other than the open fire and ice was the only means of keeping foods cold. Most of the food was probably cooked in advance and brought by the serving member. The meeting minutes tell us that the dinners consisted of lamb, crabs, asparagus, potatoes, peas, cakes, roast beef,



South River Clubhouse built in 1742 on land deeded for 999 years.



boiled ham and "bread, sugar, lemons, brandy, whiskey, pepper, mustard, and salt."

Minutes were kept for every meeting and provide a treasure trove of historical facts. Over time there were many changes to the club. In 1780, the dues were changed from one to two dollars per year. During the Civil War, the membership dropped to only six and meetings were postponed "In consequence of the unhappy condition of the country from the deplorable Civil War now waging." But by 1865, the membership had increased and monthly meetings resumed. Membership waxed and waned several times throughout the Club's history but the meetings continued. Now they still meet every other month. The Club survives today as one of the oldest, continuously active organizations of its type in America.

Here is the recipe for the South River Club Punch which was prepared for the meetings and kept secret for many years.

3 bottles (fifths) of Rye Whiskey  
1 pint of Bacardi Rum  
1 pint of Jamaica Run  
1 pint of Peach Brandy  
1 pint of Lemon Juice  
1 pound of Sugar

To which quantity half again as much water is added, the whole being left for three weeks, the slight sediment then removed, and the punch served very cold.

*I always was interested in our families' roots as I was left with many very old photos and memorabilia. As I tried to organize them, I realized there was much to learn. After I retired, I finally had the time to do further research. I have found that my ancestors on both sides of my family have been in Pennsylvania and Maryland since the mid-1600s. I moved to Santa Barbara five years ago and joined the Genealogy Society three years ago. I am continually grateful for the library, classes and other activities that are offered.*

# Growing up in Santa Barbara in the 1870s

By Emma Rebecca McKenzie

*In about 1948, Emma Rebecca Child McKenzie wrote this short autobiography in a notebook.*

**I** WAS BORN NOVEMBER 29TH, 1864 in Stockton, California. My father was George Edward Child, and my mother, Emma Ada Prescott Child. I had a brother, George Rufus Child also born in Stockton on June 24, 1861.

My very earliest remembrance is of walking with my mother and wheeling a doll carriage and feeling very well satisfied with little Deda as I was called. My father said the 'Deda' came from my own saying of the word 'dear.' I was called Deda until I was eight years old. My mother died a couple of months before I was eight and when a stepmother came to care for us, she thought 'Deda' was too babyish and I became plain Emma.

About the time I was three years old, so around 1867, we moved to Santa Barbara. I know we took a steamer from San Francisco probably the "Orizaba," and though I remember nothing of the trip, I do recall that at that time we were landed by a boat called a 'lighter.'

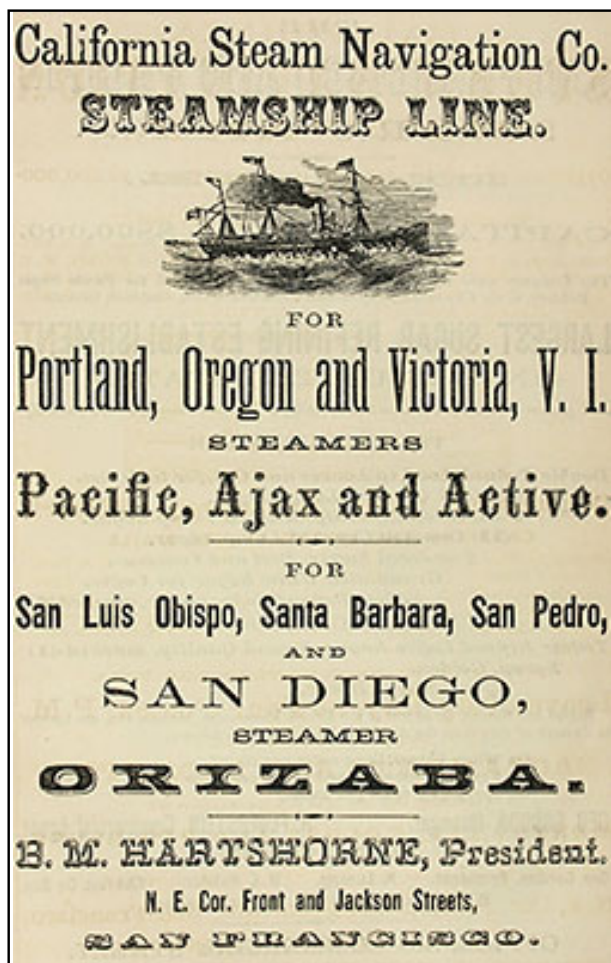
My father established himself in business in Santa Barbara in what I guess was a general merchandise store on State Street. I do not recall the exact location. My father bought a large lot that had a small house on it at the corner of Haley and Anacapa Streets—just one block from State Street. We always lived there though some time after my father married our stepmother he built a larger house which my stepmother named "Sunshine Cottage." I believe there is an oil station on that corner now.

As a very young child, I seem to have been much petted by all our friends. I used to go to the house of people by the name of Pierce [probably H.W. Pierce who owned several Ranchos in and around Santa Barbara] where a grownup daughter used to stand me on a table and coax me to sing by offering me a pickle. I think I never refused either to sing or the bait. I was singing and skipped more than I walked.

Another incident is my mother taking my brother to hold in her lap and because she did not put him down and take me instead, I wrapped my night dress in something and left home; it was in the evening and I walked out of the house to make my own way in the world. I walked about a block and decided to go back home.

I think I must have been about five when I used to go across town with my brother to the Methodist Sunday school. One Sunday, on the way home George kept running ahead of me; of course I ran after him and just as I caught up with him he would bend over and, of course again, I fell over him to his delight.

I must still have been not more than four years old remembering a white haired man who came to our house picking me up, tossing me in the air and saying 'Babe



Advertisement for the steamer Orizaba. This wooden side-wheeled steamer was bought by the California Steam Navigation Company in 1865 and served until 1887.

Child!' This man's name was Warren H. Mills [who appears to have been a Santa Barbara attorney.]

At this same time some other friends, a Mr. and Mrs. Blood [Probably Cornelia and James Blood] who lived on a ranch or farm in Carpinteria about 10 miles from Santa Barbara used to drive to town every Saturday to do their shopping and stopped to see my mother. Sometimes they took us home with them to stay until the next Saturday and what a happy time that was! Those visits lasted as long as my mother lived. After her death they took George and kept him for quite a long time. I recall that some time later Mr. and Mrs. Blood once took Ashley, May and Maud Walcott and me to the ranch at the same time, we sat on the floor of the red wagon they used, hung our feet over the tail end and had a happy time. George was staying at the ranch and the four of us had more happy times the week that followed. One joy was taking a stick and knocking the ripe fruit of the prickly pears off the plants—and were they covered with stickers! We could not handle them so we put a foot on



them and squeezed the pulp into our, probably, dirty hands and gulped it down.

The barn was always a place of interest to us, especially at feeding time—cows, horses, chickens, lambs, and the different noises they made, what they ate and how they ate it.

After supper elders and children sat on the porch and listened to the frogs singing in the creek, and afterwards going to bed; will I ever forget those beds—the bed ticks filled with sweet dried corn husks with sweet clover mixed in; I can smell it yet.

Santa Barbara was just a small Spanish town—mostly adobe houses—memories of going with my mother to buy thread or calico at Yndart's store [Ulpino Yndart (1828-1902) was a Basque immigrant who came to California in 1849—possibly someone from his family owned the store] near the Lobero theater—of going with Emily Wall across town and being given some flowers—of listening to some Spaniards playing the guitar and singing Spanish songs.

Well, do I recall my father's taking me to school for the first time in 1870 when I was six years old. George and I both attended the public school in Santa Barbara. I always liked school and my teachers. Our main recreation at school was baseball and at home George and I played marbles, pug, and spun our tops. When I was about twelve I was given an old guitar. We both learned to play it and had good times singing together at home. My chums at school were Mary More and Carrie Young. It was quite an event at school when Mary More and her sister Belle left school to attend Mills College. Rosalie Low was a friend I cared for very much. Other intimate friends of school days were Lita Boeseke and her brother Oscar.

About the time I graduated in 1883 we met the only relatives I knew anything about. Aunt Julia [Julia A. P. Child] and her husband Uncle Gus [Reuben Augustus Locke] and her daughter Mabelle drove up from Los Angeles to see us. We did not even know that they were in California until they appeared at the door. It was a happy reunion of my father and his sister and has resulted in another lifelong friendship. I will remember my joy in having someone to call uncle and cousin.

I graduated from the Santa Barbara High School in 1883; obtained my teaching certificate and was engaged as a teacher in a small town, Santa Maria, in the northern part of Santa Barbara County. My brother George was teaching in an adjoining district and we lived with Uncle John and Aunt Minerva Thornburgh.

Aunt Minerva was a Spiritualist and Uncle John was a good Methodist—went to church twice every Sunday. With a twinkle in his eyes he used to say that he had to put a pinch of red pepper in his eyes to keep awake at the evening service, but he always went.

My brother's school was closed in June 1883 and Oscar and Lita Boeseke proposed that we take the Boeseke wagon and their horses Sunshine and Shadow and go to Santa Maria and bring him home for the vacation. My stepmother's sister was visiting us at the time and the four of us, Lita, Oscar, Florence and I made the trip, sleeping on the ground at Nojoqui Falls the night we were on the way. Next day we reached Santa Maria. It took us only one day to get home. How we enjoyed that trip, it was my first experience. Nojoqui Falls is a place of great beauty in the mountains a short distance after passing through Gaviota Pass. The trip was an event for me.



Morris House in Santa Barbara at the corner of Haley and State Street ca.1886. This was the hotel where Emma Child met the newlyweds James Goodwin and Belle McGaugh. Courtesy of the Santa Barbara Public Library's Edson Smith Collection

Our schools began at the same time. George had acquired a horse and, I guess, a buggy during the vacation, and we started early one morning for my first adventure. That night we slept on the ground, under the stars, somewhere near where Buellton now is. The next day, George left me at La Graciosa (now Orcutt) about seven miles south of Santa Maria, because my principal, Miss Ida Twitchell, lived there and had invited me so that we might get acquainted. That acquaintance ripened into a very dear friendship which meant much to me and lasted until her death a few years ago. During that vacation or period another lifelong friendship was made. George's most intimate friend in Santa Maria, James Goodwin, who kept a store and was postmaster in Santa Maria, had just married Belle McGaugh from the Los Angeles area. On their way to Santa Maria they stopped at the Morris House in Santa Barbara which was one block from where we lived. George was away at the time but he asked me to call on them at the hotel. I did so and wrote George that I liked her very much and that the only fault I had to find was that she powdered. Belle has been my steadfast friend ever since. She died December 26, 1947.

I guess I was about the 'greenest' specimen that ever left home.

Thanks to my dear friend Ida, who was a constant companion, I managed to get along all right, and how I did enjoy my work. Ida, Geo and I all lived with Aunt Minerva and Uncle John Thornburgh and there was plenty doing all the time.

The winter vacation of 1883-1884 I spent in Berkeley with our Walcott friends—May, Maud and Ashley (Uncle Earl to you). That was an experience for your simple country mother. It was then that I met Will Beatty who later married May Walcott, the Cheney family, and others; it was also an experience in traveling for I had never before been so far away from home. From Santa Maria I took our little railroad train to Port Harford [now Port San Luis just northwest of Avila Beach] and a steamer from there to San Francisco where they met me and took me by devious ways to Berkeley where they lived on Bancroft Way. I have not forgotten that ocean trip. I had not been on a steamer before, that I could remember,—was I sick!!

My vacations were spent in Santa Barbara with my father and stepmother or in Los Angeles or Long Beach with Aunt Julia who kept a boarding house. Dot and I spent considerable time at Long Beach where Uncle had several places near the beach.

After several years my brother stopped teaching and became a traveling salesman for a San Francisco firm (Folgers)—coffee, tea, spices and Aunt Minerva decided she didn't want to keep boarders any more so Ida and I found another room with Mrs. Moses. I became acquainted with your father, William Alexander Gordon McKenzie. He was very fond of horses and I used to ride with him. The superintendent of the Suey Ranch was a close friend of his and we often drove there. I married him in 1890; we were married in Los Angeles at Aunt Julia's house—or hotel as it was called. On our return

to Santa Maria the teacher who had taken my place was sick so I taught until the following June. Barbara was born Feb. 5, 1892. Several years later Mr. Frank Field died. I should have mentioned that while we still lived with Mrs. Moses, my friend Ida Twitchell married Mr. L. E. Blockman; that left me without a room-mate and I went to live with Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Field. When we were first married we rented a house owned by Mr. and Mrs. Braun next to the old Methodist church on Church Street.

After Mr. Field's death we went to live at Mrs. Field's house—that is we rented her house and she lived in a small house adjoining ours. We called her 'Little Mur', and after we moved to Oakland in 1899 she came to live with us.

I want to speak particularly of Mrs. L. E. Blockman whom I knew when Ida Twitchell and I were living with Aunt Minerva and Uncle John Thornburgh. Mr. Blockman was a Jew and at that time was bookkeeper for the firm of Schwabacher and Coblentz. (I guess the names were reversed—C & S.) He was always a student and was greatly attracted to Ida. He often came in the evening and read aloud some most interesting book. He was very odd—one instance—he bought some land in Cat Canyon and used to use his spare time planting fruit trees. Once he invited Ida and me to ride out to his place with him—one Sunday it was—well he had a team from Lierby's stable I guess and we afterward decided that he had never driven before—I am sure we did not get there by his driving—the horses just took us.

When we got to his orchard he suddenly stopped, jumped out of the wagon, muttered something about wanting to see if his trees were growing, pulled one up, looked at it and then stuck it back in the ground. The whole day was full of surprises for us and when we got home we simply lay down and laughed ourselves speechless. With all his oddities we loved him for his gentleness, kindness, wisdom and for just what he was. I am sure no one was ever like him. I am indebted to him for many things; he will always hold a loving place in my memory.

We moved to Oakland because your father's Uncle Joe died and left your father some money. I was never told the amount, but he must have considered it quite an amount for he gave up work in Santa Maria and we came to Oakland. He bought the home at 89 East 11th Street and shortly after we were settled Margaret was born on October 30, 1899, and two year (26 mo.) later Gordon was born in Fabiola Hospital—Dec. 14, 1901. I think I have told you that your great grandfather [Child] was born in 1801, your grandfather [George Edward Child] in 1831, your Uncle George in 1861 and Gordon in 1901.

Barbara was born in Santa Maria. Dr. Lucas was the attending physician. Margaret was born at home, Dr. Fine, physician and Annie Fox, the nurse. Annie Fox later married a Mr. Paige and I lost contact with her for many years. After I came to live in Mill Valley, I met her one day on the street; she and her sister, Mrs. Holden, now a widow, are living together here. I like both of them and see them occasionally.

# Past Times Pastimes

By Sharon Knickrehm Summer

IN 1911 ONE FORM of entertainment on the plains of South Dakota in the winter was taking a sleigh ride. It seems my fun-loving 2nd great-uncle, Charles Henry Knickrehm and his wife Anna, in Northville, provided entertainment following such a sleigh ride. An Aberdeen newspaper reported:

“Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knickrehm entertained two sleigh loads of Modern Woodmen and Royal Neighbors at their home southwest of town Saturday evening. An oyster supper was served. They all agree that they were royally entertained.”

Oysters on the prairie? Were they canned?

Modern Woodmen of America is a fraternal organization for men which was established in 1883. It still has chapters in many states. Founder Joseph Cullen Root wanted to create an organization that would protect families following the death of a breadwinner. The organization sells life insurance to its members.

The Royal Neighbors of America is an organization for women. After all, some homesteads and farms were owned and run by women. So, in 1895, nine women got together to form Royal Neighbors. Their website says this was “before women could vote, own property in many states, or even have control of their own money. Neither women nor children were generally considered insurable... It remains the largest women-led life insurers in the United States.” It too is a fraternal, membership-based organization with chapters. Both Modern Woodmen and Royal Neighbors continue to this day.

Perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knickrehm were members. I always heard of him as Uncle Charley!

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knickrehm entertained two sleigh loads of Modern Woodmen and Royal Neighbors at their home southwest of town Saturday evening. An oyster supper was served. They all agree that they were royally entertained.

Sharon Knickrehm Summer, member of the Santa Barbara Genealogical Society who found two sides of her family established homesteads on the frontier of South Dakota.



## Before the Concert

By Mary Ann Kaestner

THIS IS A PHOTO OF MY MOTHER, Stefanie Brandt Roczkowski. She is dressed for a solo concert she gave in Milwaukee, Wisconsin about 1924-25. The photo was taken at her parent's home at 2945 N 36th Street in Milwaukee. Stefanie was a trained soprano and participated in church choirs and operetta groups during this time. She contemplated a professional career but contracted rheumatic fever. At that time the only treatment was hot packs of oil of wintergreen. She used it for many years after I was born. I recall the scent still today. She sang with groups when she was able to. I recall an operetta called Toyland. My mother had the part of Little Red Riding Hood. I was five or six at the time.

Above the mantel is a photo of her parents, Johan and Johanna Brandt, and in the background is a case containing player piano rolls which she would use as accompaniment. Music was an important part of her life as it is mine.

# Grandpa Griffith's Avocation

By Ann Picker

**M**Y GRANDFATHER, Charles Herman Griffith, was a machinist by trade but a volunteer fire fighter by passion, serving on the Washington Hose Company No. 2 in Reading, Pennsylvania for fifty years.

Charles was born on February 5, 1859 in Hazelton, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, the third child of Benjamin Louis Griffith and Susan E. Graeff Griffith. Charles' father, Benjamin, was employed as a foreman in the coal mines. Benjamin was born in Baltimore, Maryland and, according to a letter written to my aunt, Hattie Hinds, in 1939, Benjamin's father, William, died young leaving a widow with two children by her first marriage and three young children by her marriage to William Griffith. As a result, Benjamin was "bound out," but after a few years he ran away and went to Reading, Pennsylvania, and lived with his half-sister, Eleanor Thompson Francisco, and her husband, Samuel. The 1850 census lists Benjamin with the family but does not list a last name – perhaps to conceal Benjamin's runaway status.

Charles also lost his father at a young age. Benjamin died in May of 1861 when Charles was only two years old. Family lore gives two versions of Benjamin's death. The first version states that shortly before the Civil War began, Benjamin went to Wilmington, North Carolina, where, with associates, he set up a machine shop and locomotive works. He left his family in Reading, Pennsylvania, to follow when the business was established. When the war began, his shop was commandeered by the Confederates for the manufacture of arms. Benjamin was imprisoned with other Northerners and died in prison.

The second version, and the most likely one, tells a different story. "Uncle Sammie Francisco owned a boat which during the Civil War was filled with contraband at Baltimore, and traveling by night, went to North Carolina where Uncle Ben and Uncle Sammie hid the contraband in a swamp where both men took swamp fever. Uncle Sammie came back but Uncle Ben was never seen again."

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Charles Griffith as a young man.

Despite extensive research into these interesting tales in both Pennsylvania and North Carolina, I have not been able to find any additional information regarding these two very disparate stories.

After the death of Benjamin Griffith, Charles' mother married again to James A. Printz, a carpenter, and their blended family lived in Reading, Pennsylvania. However, by 1880 the Printz family moved to Springfield Township, Clark County, Ohio.

According to her granddaughter, Hattie Griffith Hinds, Susan Graeff Griffith Printz was a very religious woman. Susan was a co-founder of the Grace Reformed Church in Springfield, Ohio. Originally, the church met in the Temperance Hall on West High Street until such time as the members were able to purchase a church building for \$5,000 at 14 N. Plum Street. This building was dedicated on October 1, 1899.

The Temperance Hall housed the Women's Christian Temperance Union, of which Susan was an ardent member. My mother, Susan's granddaughter, talked about "Grandma Printz wearing a white ribbon on her lapel" to indicate abstinence from all alcoholic beverages. Mother also quoted a song that Grandma sang:

*"Cold water, cold water, yes that is my song,  
I love to keep singing it all day long."*

My grandfather Charles married Ellen Nora Ehrgood on March 1, 1878 in Reading, Pennsylvania, and moved



Program from the Fireman's Convention Reading, Pennsylvania October 1-4 1895.

to Springfield, Ohio, to be close to his mother's family. Charles and Ellen went on to have ten children. Their first two children died in infancy but eight subsequent children lived. These children were born over a span of twenty-four years beginning in 1879 and ending in 1903. The youngest child was my mother, Fern Thelma Griffith, born May 26, 1903. Ellen Nora died three years later from tuberculosis.

By the mid 1880s, Charles moved his family back to Reading, and that is when his association with the Washington Hose Company #2 began. A bit of history about the company: The Washington Hose Company was instituted September 17, 1855, at 640 Penn Street, Reading. The following year the company got its first hose carriage, a rope-drawn vehicle pulled by the fire fighters. During the next twenty years the company moved to various sites in Reading. In 1875 the company bought its first hook and ladder, a hand-drawn vehicle, and became the Washington Hose, Hook and Ladder Company. But pulling the vehicle by hand was too difficult and the company bought the first of its horses. The following year the city bought land at 1019 Spruce Street and later built the Washington Firehouse there.

In 1891 the company affiliated with the Fireman's Union. An Official Souvenir and Programme of the Firemen's Convention and Tournament, Reading, PA, October 1,2,3,4, 1895, lists the officers of the Reading Fire Department as Chief, George W. Miller; 1st Assistant, Edward Luigard; 2nd Assistant, Charles Griffith.

My cousin, Claire Hinds Herrick, born in 1916, knew our grandfather and had fond memories of him. She related that "Charles slept with his fireman's uniform and boots beside his bed in order to respond to the fire alarm when it rang." The alarm was connected to his house. She also remembers him at Carsonia Park picnics, umpiring ball games and playing cards with the kids. Another cousin, Fern June Kulp Smith, recalls that Charles drove the wheel (back end) of the hook and ladder for the Washington Fire Company.

Charles Griffith died on May 16, 1933, in Stony Creek Mills, Berks County, Pennsylvania. His death certificate lists the cause of death as "acute cardiac dilation." He was 74 years, three months, and 11 days old. His obituary stated that "he was one of the oldest members of the Washington Fire Company in Reading, having been connected with this company 50 years. He was also a member of the company's relief association, The Veteran Fireman's Relief Association, as well as the Lower Alsace Beneficial Association and the Community Volunteer Fire Company of Lower Alsace" — a fireman until the end of his life.



The Washington #2 Hook and Ladder Truck House, Reading, Pennsylvania



Charles Griffith in his Washington Fire Company Uniform.



Four generations of the Griffith Family, Charles Griffith, Susan Graeff Griffith, Claire Hinds, Hattie Griffith Hinds.

*Dr. Ann Picker is a retired school principal, university professor, and has been researching her family history for the past 25 years.*

# Good Deeds and Good Days: Sunday Afternoons

## Relaxing After Attending The First German Methodist Church Service in Early Los Angeles

By Sharon Knickrehm Summer

**A**T THE END OF A LONG WEEK of work and good deeds William and Augusta Knickrehm would set aside Sunday afternoon to entertain friends from their church in their home in Los Angeles. Those Sunday socials seem to have been their weekly recreation.

Their church was The First German Methodist Church of Los Angeles. It was literally the first Methodist church in Los Angeles with services in the German language. It was located 449 Olive Street (between 4th and 5th Streets) near Pershing Square in downtown Los Angeles. This church offered a sense of community to the many German Americans in Los Angeles.

William and Augusta had attended this church since before they married there in 1890. The church was a big part of their lives between 1882 and 1953. Augusta continued to be active after William died in 1933, becoming the oldest member of the church. She died in 1955 at the age of 92.

During their marriage, William Knickrehm became a successful businessman, working alongside his men in the prosperous house moving business which he had begun in 1890 in Los Angeles. Through their church William sponsored German craftsmen to come to the United States to work for his company and to help build a solid house for his family, which exists to this day. Together he and Augusta raised six children there. The house had a bedroom for each child.

William and Augusta held various positions in the First German Methodist Church. Augusta was Vice President and later Treasurer of the Ladies Aid Society and William Knickrehm was on the architectural committee to plan, finance, and build a new church building and an adjacent hospital. He supervised the construction of the church and hospital which were completed less than a year later.

During their marriage each worked all week, long and diligently in pursuit of their goals. So the Sunday afternoons would be a well-earned respite, a time to socialize with friends and family, to eat and relax. William would read *Pilgrim's Progress* aloud on these Sundays after church, a very popular book at the time. It was one of the routines they had on Sunday afternoons. They



The First German Methodist Church of Los Angeles in 1910.

must have felt a quiet satisfaction in having successfully done their duty as well as in their accomplishments during the week.

Two of William and Augusta's grandchildren, Linda and Bill Knickrehm, remember hearing tales of those Sunday afternoon socials in the 1920s and earlier. Bill recalls the use of the "Fireless Cooker," a big chest filled with hot heated rocks. Augusta and her daughter Hulda would cook the Sunday dinner the night before, putting meat, carrots, and potatoes in several metal containers. In the morning they put the food in the chest over the hot rocks, closed the lid, and when they got back from church everything was ready to eat. During the meal the children learned their German by asking for more carrots, peas, potatoes, and meat, in German.



William and Augusta Knickrehm's family home at 180 E. 35th Street in Los Angeles, built by German craftsmen in 1910, shown here in 2012.



The Architectural Committee of The First German Methodist Church in downtown Los Angeles, 1910. William Knickrehm is in the back upper right.

## GERMAN CHURCH HOLDS JUBILEE

### Methodists Celebrate Twenty-Fifth Anniversary

Rev. G. H. Bollinger, Who Organized the Congregation Gives Its History. In the Evening, Rev. Otto Wilke, Pastor, talks of False Neutrality

The German Methodist church, of which Rev. Otto Wilke is pastor, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary yesterday. The services were in the nature of a jubilee, as the church is in a splendid financial condition.

Rev. G. H. Bollinger, who organized the church, preached the morning sermon. He gave a historical sketch of the German Methodists in Los Angeles. In the course of his sermon he told of the church having purchased a lot on Fourth street twenty-five years ago for \$750, which was sold a few months ago for \$23,000. With this money a lot 120 feet wide was bought on Olive street, near Fourth, and the church and parsonage moved on. With the church remodeled, and the property paid for, the congregation has \$28,000 for the maintenance of a deaconess' home and hospital. A portion of this amount has been donated to the church.

Two deaconesses are now at work and more will take up the work in a short time. The deaconess home and the hospital will be under one roof and will be in charge of a board of directors. Rev. Otto Wilke will be superintendent and the directors who have been elected are: E. Maeder, E. Relche, M. Priester, William Knickrehm and William Hollmann. The hospital will be for the German people, but when the hospital is completed, if it is not filled, others will

*SBCGS member Sharon Knickrehm Summer remains fascinated by what can be learned through genealogy.*

25th Anniversary of the German Methodist Church on 18 Nov 1901. William Knickrehm is elected a Director.

# Miss Pearl Chase and Lot 47

Mesa Fair Acres Stories by Wendel Hans: Forty-two years on Fair Acres Lot 11

EVERYBODY KNOWS HER NAME. Few know her early Mesa story. Her father, Hezekiah Griggs Chase, was a high-powered realtor in Santa Barbara who put the Fairacres On The Mesa tract deal together six years after his wife died in a tragic accident.

## Tragic 1913

His daughter, Pearl Chase, a teacher at the time, and a basketball player during her Santa Barbara High School years in 1904, was in Alaska July 12, 1913. H.G.'s son, Pearl's brother Harold, was camping at the islands. Automobile engineering was still experimental at the time. Failures happened. A brake failure killed Mrs. Nina Dempsey Chase, Pearl's mother, in her own garage at 2012 Anacapa Street. The Chase house is still there, years after the Chase family have all passed on. Pearl Chase never married. She gave the engagement ring back to her fiancé, soon to be famous financier, and UC Berkeley Shell Boat Rower, Dean Witter, and lived with her father, in Santa Barbara, for the rest of her single life.



1904 - Pretty Pearl Chase, center with basketball, captained the women's basketball team at Santa Barbara High School in 1904. Source; Gledhill Library; right 1909 Pearl Chase UC Berkeley graduation Blue and Gold

**DEATH SUDDENLY  
BECKONS NOBLE  
WORKER FOR  
CHARITY**

Life of Mrs. H. G. Chase Ends Quickly When Automobile Crashes Through Wall of Garage at the Family Home On Anacapa Street Last Evening.

**STEERING WHEEL  
SAVES HUSBAND**

**City Shocked by Unusual Accident That Closes Career of One Whose Ability and Energy Have Been Inspiration For Associates in Cottage Hospital.**

Mrs. H. G. Chase, prominent socially and in charitable work, received injuries last evening in an unusual automobile accident that resulted in instant death.

Mr. and Mrs. Chase had just returned to their home, 2012 Anacapa street, and the car had been guided into the wooden garage. It was just about to be stopped and Mr. Chase was applying the brake. But the appliance did not respond, instead the car shot through the rear wall of the little building and a cross piece caught Mrs. Chase across the chest. Mr. Chase was saved from injury by the fact that the steering wheel just in front of him caught the force of the impact. The wheel was broken, but at the same time the running board wedged against the planking of the foundation to the wall, bringing the car to a stop. Neighbors heard the crash and

**A Defective Car** - ended the life of Pearl Chase's mother. Family friend, S.A. Perkins, owned the farm west of Fairacres On The Mesa. Perkins' farm is now Pacific Estates. Source; *The Morning Press* 13, July 1913.



**Dean Witter**, UC Golden Bears-Rowing Hall of Fame 1909. Pearl Chase broke off her engagement to Dean Witter after the tragic death of Pearl's mother. Both Dean and Pearl were Golden Bears. Source; *gold-enbears.com*: 1909 Dean Witter UC Berkeley Blue And Gold

From Find A Grave contributor Harold Whiting:

Hezekiah was my great, great grandfather.

Harold Chase was my great grandfather, and Pearl's brother. Mrs. Chase (her mother) was killed in a freak automobile accident at home in 1913. At this time, both Harold and Pearl were attending college at Stanford (Pearl was the first woman to go there) and she returned home to Santa Barbara to take care of her father Hezekiah who was quite distraught over the accident.

I'm really not sure why Hezekiah's wife is not in that plot, but I can understand why Pearl is. Pearl broke off her engagement to Dean Witter giving him back the ring on the Golden Gate Bridge, and returned home to Santa Barbara to spend her life dedicated to the beautification of her city. She never married.

**Harold Whiting**, A Descendant reports - Pearl and Dean Witter were also in the same class of 1909 at the University of California, Berkeley. She was a sorority girl, Kappa Alpha Theta. He was a fraternity man, Zeta Psi. Source; *Find-a-grave.com*: 1909 UC yearbook.



# MESA FAIRACRES SUBDIVISION COMING

## Desirable Up-Beach Tract Being Cut Into Little Home Sites and Ranches

The mesa, this side of the lighthouse, is about to come into its own.

A practical plan of development, covering a wide range and taking into consideration the numerous possibilities in that locality in the way of future development of home sites far superior to any outlying district near the city, is about to be launched on a most attractive scale.

Through H. G. Chase, 50 acres on the mesa are to be put on the market. It is the plan to divide the tract into 75 villa sites, to be known as Fairacres on the Mesa. These sites will each have a frontage of 100 feet and a depth of 250 feet, and more.

Through the center of the property will run a boulevard from Cliff drive to the seashore, to be known as Santa Cruz drive. This will be emblematic of the islands in the distance.

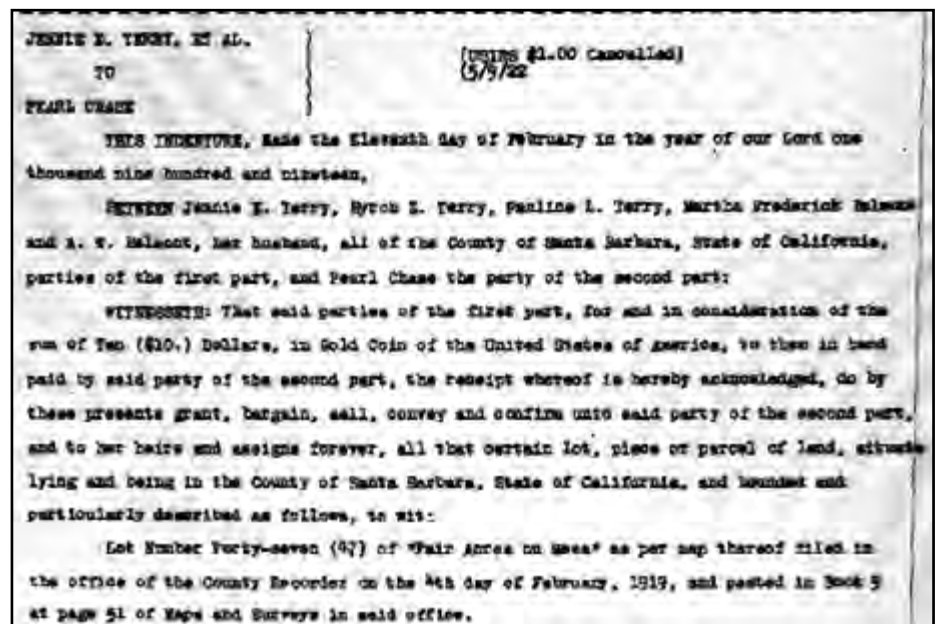
In order to make Fairacres commanding in every sense of the word, a park is to be established, from which will be steps leading down to the ocean. There will be a number of paved roads, the main one, Bluff drive, running parallel with the ocean within 300 feet of the shore line. A large number of trees are being planted and in general Fairacres is taking on a most pretentious appearance.

1919 January 22 - The selling of Mesa Fair Acres tract was heating up. The concept of "1000 Steps" was already in play.  
Source; *The Morning Press*

## 1919 Fairacres On The Mesa — Better Than Montecito

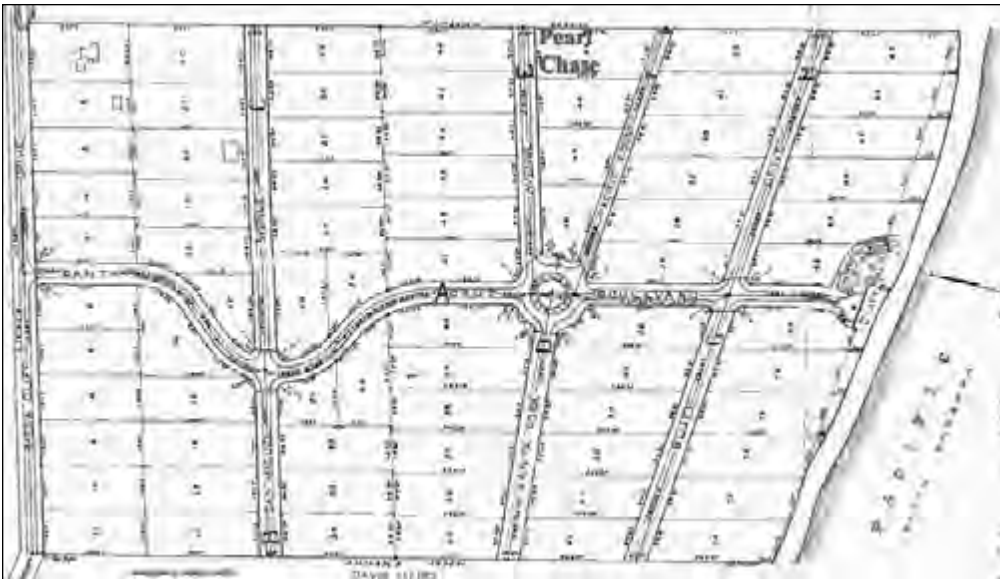
The Fair Acres tract is special. Realtor H.G. Chase promoted the first Mesa housing tract after World War I as better than Montecito: better views, better weather, closer to downtown Santa Barbara, the train, the post office. The promise of Fair Acres included a park at the end of Santa Cruz Boulevard with access to the beach. The access became the "1000 Steps" stairway, Camino Al Mar. The tract had all the marks of Pearl's later career — landscaping, palms, a classic park, only fine homes to be built in tile, adobe and stucco, and Spanish architecture, her idea of civic beautification.

It is reasonable her ideas were incorporated in the development her father was selling. The lots were at least a huge ½ acre and highly affordable for Caucasians only. Previously the 50 acre farm had been owned by lighthouse keeper Julia Williams, then farmer Babcock, meat packing magnate Albert Terry, and then the Terry heirs. A circus atmosphere and frenzy surrounded the selling of Fair Acres lots, Indian Lands, in January 1919. Of 74 villa site lots on 50 acres, most were sold before the official start of sales. The names of a number of Santa Barbara movers and shakers appear on the first deeds. Pearl Chase, mover and shaker, on February 1, 1919, bought lot 47, bordering open space, Santa Rosa Avenue, and Pacific Court. Miss Pearl kept the Mesa lot for almost seven years. She traded lot 47 for another large property on the corner of Mason and Soledad Streets in December of 1925, after the earthquake.



1919 February 11 - Miss Pearl Chase, age 31, was buyer of lot 47 in the Fair Acres tract. Source; Deed, County Hall of Records

Deed For Lot 39-1919 - A preview of the Pearl Chase philosophy of later years, spelled out in Fairacres On The Mesa deeds, and her influence on the Fairacres subdivision. Seventeen of the 74 Fairacres lots were to be of Spanish architecture with a home valued to exceed most other lots. Most of the upscale homes, built before 1929, were adobe with tile roofs but some were wood frame construction with the Spanish influence. Source; Deed for Lot 39, SB County Hall of Records.



**Pearl Chase** - February 11 1919, she became the owner of Lot 47, in the first housing development in Santa Barbara following WWI. Her Fairacres had a classic roundabout, palm trees, a park including electrified "1000 Steps," 17 lots requiring homes of Spanish Architecture, and a prohibition of eucalyptus. Classic Pearl Chase. Source; County map 009-051

### After Pearl Chase

Before 1934, lot 47 had been divided into lots 47A and 47B, or 47 north and 47 south. The owner in 1934 was The Loan & Building Association of Santa Barbara, TL&BA.

THIS APPLICATION SHALL BE FILLED OUT IN INK BY THE APPLICANT. DRAW LINES THRU ALL ITEMS BELOW THAT DO NOT APPLY TO YOUR APPLICATION. MARK "X" IN ALL SQUARES THAT DO APPLY.

A-8279  
REAR PERMIT

### APPLICATION FOR A BUILDING OR STRUCTURE PERMIT

IS HEREBY MADE TO THE BUILDING INSPECTOR OF THE CITY OF SANTA BARBARA IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE DESCRIPTION AND FOR THE PURPOSES HEREINAFTER SET FORTH.

ADDRESS <i>1404 Pacific Court S 1/2 Fairacres</i>		PHONE	DATE
PROJECT OWNER <i>The Loan &amp; Building Association</i>	ARCHITECT <i>John W. Plater</i>	ENGINEER	DATE
OWNER <i>The Loan &amp; Building Association</i>	CONTRACTOR <i>John W. Plater</i>	ESTIMATOR	DATE
APPLICANT AS			
CONTRACTOR			
ESTIMATOR			

FRAME BUILDING SPECIFICATIONS	FOUNDATION	FINISH
WOOD STUD FRAMING	CONCRETE	PLASTER
WOOD JOIST	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD RAFTER	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD TRUSS	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD BRACE	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD SHIM	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD NAIL	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD SCREW	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD BOLT	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD WOOD	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD BRASS	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD COPPER	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD ZINC	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD LEAD	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD TIN	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD SOLDER	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD WELD	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD BRASS	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD COPPER	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD ZINC	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD LEAD	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD TIN	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD SOLDER	WOOD	WOOD
WOOD WELD	WOOD	WOOD

USE	AREA	HEIGHT	AREA	HEIGHT	AREA	HEIGHT	TOTAL COST	PER
RESIDENCE							1700	10%
COMMERCIAL BUILDING								
INDUSTRIAL BUILDING								
OTHER								

ALTERATIONS OR REVISIONS  
*Oil Derrick 74 24 130*

DATE CAREFULLY EXAMINED AND READ THE ABOVE APPLICATION AND SHOW THE SAME TO YOU AND COM-  
PLETE AND SIGN ALL PORTIONS OF THE APPLICATION FOR WORK CONCERNING BUILDING & CONSTRUCTION  
TO BE COMPLETED WITHIN THE PERIOD SPECIFIED OR NOT.

NAME OF JOB: *Bond Approved by City attorney*

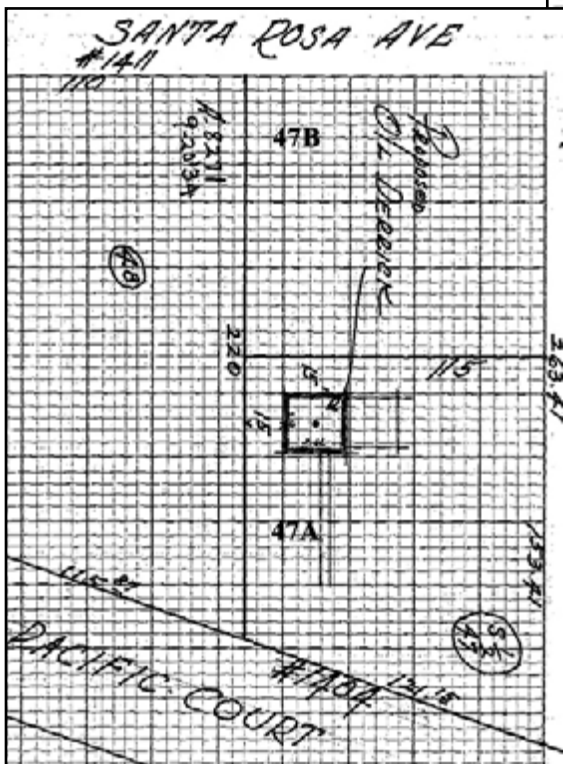
DATE: *9-25-34*

APPLICANT: *The Loan & Building Association*

DATE: *9-24-34*

CONTRACTOR: *John W. Plater*

DATE: *9-25-34*



**Lot 47A-** If you live on lot 47A, or 47South, the oilwell head was in the northwest corner of your yard. Source; the Land Development Team

**1934 September 25 - Lot 47,** now owned by The Loan & Building Association, a Santa Barbara finance company, declared their intention to drill an oilwell and got a derrick building permit. The derrick would measure 24' square at the base and tower 130' above lot 47. Source; the Land Development Team.

### 1934 The Unexpected Oil Blowout

Lot 47A was leased by TL&BA to the Fair Acres Oil Company, and an oil well was drilled on the south 1/2 of lot 47. On November 2, 1934, with an extreme buildup of gas pressure in the "TL&BA #1" oil well, the 5-3/4" oil string, 2000 feet of pipe, was blown out of the hole, and with a violent Santa Ana wind blowing from the east, the Mesa, west of lot 47, was decorated with a spray of clean crude oil. The hole sanded in after blowing 12 hours and then the well plugged itself. An estimated 6000 barrels of oil blew into the sky. The recent Ruffio spill was about 300 barrels. Quick work by a team of oil workers kept the oil from spilling into the ocean. No evidence of the blowout remains today. Only the story.



**November 2 1934** - The TL&BA#1 blew out, decorating the Mesa with an estimated 6000 barrels of clean crude oil. Source; SB Historical Museum.

## The Pearl Chase Legacy

If you live on lot 47 in the Fair Acres Tract, you can claim Santa Barbara legend, and parks and architectural pioneer, Pearl Chase, is a part of your deed biography. You will have the street address of 1405 Santa Rosa Avenue. A home was built on lot 47B around 1927, and appears in a 1935 oilfield photo. Pearl Chase's lot 47 was split before the Mesa oil field was formed. If your address is 1404 or 1406 Pacific Court, your homes are built on lot 47A, shared by an oil well. If your home address is 1405 Santa Rosa, you are on Pearl Chase's lot 47B. The oil well that decorated the Mesa on November 2, 1934 was in the backyard of 1406 Pacific Court, a home first contemplated in 1946. ©2019 Wendel Hans [whalumnus@aol.com](mailto:whalumnus@aol.com)

STATE OF CALIFORNIA  
DEPARTMENT OF MINERAL RESOURCES  
**DIVISION OF OIL AND GAS**

MEMORANDUM OF TELEPHONE OR PERSONAL CONVERSATION

2:00 P. M. November 4 1934  
(Time) (Date)

Company Fairacres Oil Co Well No. \_\_\_\_\_  
Field Mesa Sec. \_\_\_\_\_ T. \_\_\_\_\_ R. & M. \_\_\_\_\_

5. Well flowed oil (clean) and sand from 8:30 pm Nov. 2, 1934 to 8:30 a.m. November 3, a full 5 3/4" stream over the crown.

9. At 8:30 a.m. the well flowed mud fluid for a few seconds followed by salty water and then sanding up. It is said that some cement was blown out by the fluid.

10. Total estimated oil <sup>produced</sup> 5000 - 6000 bbl in 12 hr.

Signed W. H. Brewster  
Title Chief

**1934 November 4** - the blowout was described in engineering terms. The crown is the top of the derrick. The 5-3/4" stream was the diameter of the oil string supply pipe set at 2,100 feet into the Mesa below lot 47. Source; California Department of Oil Gas and Geothermal Resources



# Fun and Entertainment in the Late 1800s

By Janet Armstrong Hamber and Robert Pearson Armstrong

**H**ERE'S MY STORY ABOUT FUN and entertainment in the late 1800s. My father, Robert P. Armstrong, was born on August 24, 1883, in Milford, Otsego County, New York. He died April 14, 1966, in Largo, Florida. His ashes are buried at the Armstrong Plot in Hillside Cemetery, Rutherford, Bergen County, New Jersey. His father was Samuel Armstrong and his mother Isabella Augusta Gott. Below are excerpts from his multi-page Recollection, mostly written in the mid 1950s.

These memoirs are now collected in the book *Where Did I Come From Part 2: Armstrong - Gott* by John K. Lee and published by John Keddy Lee press, Lulu Publishing Company. Used with the permission of the author.

## Personal Recollections of ROBERT PEARSON ARMSTRONG

### A Man's Boyhood and Young Manhood

These memoirs are written for my grandchildren. I hope they will find the same interest in them that I would have if some of my ancestors had written a similar account of their boyhood and young manhood.

### Rutherford, New Jersey

Rutherford was a small village of about 1500 people when we moved there either late in 1887 or the winter of 1888. The town was nine miles from New York on the Erie Railroad.

### Elementary School

The Chicago World's Fair was held in 1893. My third grade teacher told us there was to be a display of school children's work at the Fair. She gave out small pictures to each child and told them to write a short composition about the picture. It must have been "busy work" but I tackled the job with great earnestness. My picture was of a pig sliding down a hill on a slate. I was very confident my essay would be sent to the Fair.

Arbor Day was a great event in the spring to the children. All the kids were taken outdoors to the schoolyard and appropriate exercises were held with the planting of the trees. Each year the tree was named. One was Henry W. Longfellow and another John Greenleaf Whittier. I greatly enjoyed such exercises, probably because they got us outdoors and interrupted the classes.

At recess, which came about 10 a.m., and after school, we played various games, such as Duck On A Rock, Tag, Rolly Bolly, Kick The Wicket and One O'Cat.

### Sporting Events in the Gay Nineties

In 1889 there was a small athletic field on Ames Ave. in Rutherford. I can recall seeing bicycle races there with high-wheeled bikes as we called them. They were about five feet high to the saddle, with a large five-foot



Bicycling: aquarelle print by L. Prang & Co. 1887. Image available from the United States Library of Congress's Prints and Photographs division under the digital ID cph.3g03043.

wire wheel in front and a small wheel about a foot high in the rear. Many a young man took a "header" when riding these bikes. One chap had a unique bike in the races. The small wheel was in the front with the large wheel in the back. The machine was propelled by pushing up and down on rods that projected out from the frame. In some way this produced a rotary motion in the large rear wheel. In 1885, Mother's brother, Clarence, rode a front high-wheeled bike from New York to Albany. He evidently followed the old Post Road, which at that time was a dirt road except when it passed through villages. Going downhill one day on the trip, he was thrown and badly shaken up. (Recollections of Mother)

About 1890, the Athletic Field was moved to the central part of Rutherford on Park Avenue. A grandstand was built with a clubhouse, racetrack and base and football fields.

About 1890 the Rutherford Wheelman were organized. There were similar clubs in other towns over the United States. A club would organize a Century Run, that is they would ride fifty miles to a town, have din-

ner and then back home. Other neighboring clubs were invited to participate. In 1892, a Century Run was held in Rutherford. Among the invited guests were a number of young women, wearing bloomers, which caused much adverse comment by the ladies of Rutherford.

### Play and Sport

In the wintertime we went skating on The Lake in the Woods, a pond formed by damming a stream to form a millpond for the MacKenzie Cotton Mill a mile and a half from home. A short distance behind our house was Brown's Hill, where children and adults went sleighing in the winter. The hill was rather steep for about 700 feet or more, then the slide led out to Orient Way, one of the main north and south streets of the village. The sleds we used in those days were usually five inches high, three or four feet long, with round steel runners. They were not flexible and had to be steered by shifting them with the hands or by dragging one foot. A 'bobsled' was made by using a plank a foot wide and about ten feet long and attaching two sleds, one in front of the other. The plank was raised above the sleds by wooden blocks nailed crosswise to the sled. The front sled was movable and steered with a T shaped iron steering gear, made for the purpose by a blacksmith. Six to ten people would sit on the bobsled, with those in front holding the feet of those behind.

In 1893, a house was being built on Orient Way close to the slide. Several piles of lumber were stacked alongside the house. One afternoon I threw myself on my sled and followed a string of boys down the hill. The fellow in front of me kicked up a lot of snow steering with his feet, which flew in my face. Suddenly I rammed into the end of a pile of lumber. Leaving my sled, I ran for home holding my face in my hands. Fortunately, Father (note by his daughter Janet - Robert's father was a Country Doctor and thus very capable of "patching" up his son's face.) was home and patched me up. There was a deep cut in my upper lip, but my nose was intact. Evidently, I had been well back on the sled, holding on fast so that my face did not get the full impact of the collision. House building caused the abandonment of Brown's Hill. My sleigh riding was then transferred to Highland Cross, which gave a longer ride.

### Christmas on Park Avenue

In the late fall, I would scout the woods and fields for a Christmas tree. The only evergreen trees growing wild about the town were Cedar trees, which do not make a good Christmas tree. When Aunt Rose Roberts sold her East Orange house, she sent us her Christmas tree ornaments and a box of boy's books for me. The tree was lighted with candles, which were placed in a socket and held erect by a clay ball at the end of a wire, which looped on a small branch. There were no electric lights in the eighteen nineties. Every Christmas, the fire bell would ring several times to bring out the volunteer firemen to put out a Christmas tree fire. Over the country many houses burned down as a result of such fires. Our presents were generally something useful,

such as scarves, mittens or other clothing with also a few toys for the young children or a book or two for us older kids. One Christmas, a very good wooden flute was tied to the top of the tree on the leader. In the fall I had purchased a paper fife at Noden's Candy Store for a nickel. I was warbling the fife in the hall near Father's office when he was busy, which evidently annoyed him, for he suddenly burst out of the office, snatched the fife out of my hand and broke it over my behind. Later he must have felt contrite, hence the flute at Christmas, which was too complicated for me to learn to play. The Episcopal Church also had a tree and a Christmas party. We would receive a small gift and a small box of sugar candy of rather inferior quality.

### My First Bike

In 1893, I purchased my first bicycle. For months I had admired a "bike" or "wheel" as we frequently called a bicycle, in Peck's Bicycle Store. The price was \$18.00. I had saved about \$8.00 by working Saturdays in the drug store and shoveling snow in the winter, but despaired of making the required price that year. Evidently Father caught on to my difficulty for he gave me additional money to buy the bike. It was a cheap bike and in less than two years too small for me. A really good bike in those days, such as a Columbia, cost from 80 to 120 dollars.

### Swimming Holes

One afternoon when I was six years old, I went with a group of much older boys to the Passaic River, which was the westerly boundary of Rutherford. There was a grove of trees there, which the boys called Santiago's Grove, which was used as a picnic ground and a "swimming hole" called "Sandy Bottom."

The Passaic River had been a beautiful stream, tree lined with beautiful houses, some of them old stone Dutch Colonial houses and later, before 1850, frame houses were built, some with Mansard roofs. Wealthy people from New York came there in the summer, but most of the families lived there the year around. With the development of industry at Paterson and Passaic and the dumping of refuse from the mills and the sewage of the cities and growing towns along its banks, it became an open stinking sewer. I did not go in swimming with the boys, as I was too young. They had a rowboat, which they turned over. As I watched them I noticed that three or four had gone under water and not come up. As I waited awhile, I became frightened, thinking that they may have drowned. So I hurried home as fast as I could. In my inexperience with boy's pranks, I did not realize that they had swum under the boat. All swimming and boating was abandoned in the river by 1896. At that time there was a launch on the river called the Passaic Queen that made daily trips between Patterson and Newark. Whenever the boys saw the launch coming they would yell, "here come the P.Q., get under" for they did not wear bathing trunks and there usually were women on the launch.

The easterly boundary of Rutherford was the Hackensack Meadows, a salt marsh, through which ran the



R. P. Armstrong attended the Hartwick Seminary. Here he is shown as a member of The Hartwick Seminary Baseball team photographed in 1900 on the lawn in front of the Seminary building. Left to right, top row: W. Morgan, R. Armstrong, D.A. Davy, N. Paris, A.L. Dillenbeck; middle row: R. Lasher, E. Kinne, E.L. Tucker; bottom row: Hoffman, Corwin.  
Hartwick Seminary Collection, The Paul F. Cooper Archives, Hartwick College, Oneonta, NY.

Hackensack River and numerous tributary creeks. On one of these small creeks was a swimming hole called "Little Bend." Close to the Erie Railroad bridge frequented by older boys and young men.

### Surprise Parties

Surprise parties were very popular in those days. A smart organizer or group would learn of a birthday, or even without any incentive except the desire for a good time, would secretly visit the mother of one of the kids to organize the party. On the night of the party all the invited group would meet at the house of one of them, then go to the house of the one to be surprised. Gathering quietly on the front porch, one of them would ring the bell and when the boy or girl would come to the door, all would yell "Surprise" and troop into the house. Each member of the group had been assigned to bring something for the lunch, such as sandwiches or cake. During the evening we played so-called parlor games such as "Going to Jerusalem", "Spin the Platter" and kissing games, which were very popular. "Going to Jerusalem", called "Musical Chairs" today probably needs no description.

### Coney Island

Going to Coney Island and Central Park in New York were thrilling excursions for us in the summer. To go to Coney Island we went to Jersey City on the Erie Railroad, then across the Hudson River on a ferry boat to Chambers Street, then the Horse Car to the tip of Manhattan Island to the Iron Steamboat pier, where we boarded the side wheel steamer for the trip down through the Narrows to Coney Island, facing the Atlantic Ocean. We always knew when we were approaching Coney Island, for we could see the huge hotel built of wood to look like an elephant. This building burned down before 1900. When we got to Coney Island we went to Baumer's Bathing Pavilion, rented bathing suits and then spent the rest of the day in the water or on the beach digging in the sand and getting a good red sunburn. To go to Central Park, we went to New York and rode on the Sixth Ave. Elevated Railroad in small cars pulled by a very small steam engine to 59th street. Then we walked to the Park, usually to the zoo.

### Mud Gutter Bands

In the spring and summer we would often hear music played by strolling groups of four or five men called "Mud Gutter" bands. They would go from town to

town, standing at the curb playing popular music and occasionally hits from an opera. The instruments were usually a cornet, an alto horn, a clarinet and sometimes a violin or other instrument. As I recall, they were usually Germans. After they had played several tunes one of the men would pass his hat to any standing listeners and then go to the nearby houses. After playing another tune they would walk on to another location. Once in a while several boys would get lemons, which they would suck near the band, but far enough away to get a good start if chased. This would "juice up" the mouths of the musicians and they would have some difficulty in playing.

"Hand organ grinders" usually Italian, carried an organ mounted on a short stick and played by turning a handle. A small monkey on a chain, dressed up in a gaudy coat and a fez cap sat on the organ to attract the small fry with pennies. "Player pianos" or "Hurdy Gurdies" so-called were frequently heard in the warm season.

### Kickapoo Indian Medicine Show

In the period 1800 to 1900 the doctors who had had a medical education had a large number of drugs for use in treating the many diseases that afflicted the human body. Prior to the Civil War, the doctor compounded his own drugs, especially if he practiced in the country. Early in the century drug stores were established in the towns, carrying the raw ingredients used by doctors. Later they made up the prescription for the doctor. I do not know when the first pharmaceutical concerns were established that used the many commonly accepted formulas originated by doctors and manufactured pills and various liquid medicines. I recall that when Father first practiced, he had a valise he carried that had at least sixty small bottles labeled with the drug and fastened in rows to a strong leather-covered board. These bottles held pills used for various ailments, which the doctor dispensed directly to the patient. Prescriptions that had to be compounded were filled at the drug store as of today. There were very few specific drugs that had a definite effect on the disease, such as quinine on malaria and digitalis on the heart. The ineffectiveness of most medication resulted in the manufacture of hundreds of so-called Patent Medicines, the formula not being printed on the bottle. Many of these medicines were advertised as curing a number of diseases. They were advertised in every newspaper and magazine and extravagant claims were made for their curative effect. A great many were sold to cure consumption, kidney diseases, cancer, rheumatism and diseases of the digestive tract. Many of them carried a doctor's name such as Dr. Dutton's Golden Syrup for respiratory diseases. Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound sold millions of bottles every year for female ailments. I believe this Patent Medicine can be purchased today (1958).

Patent Medicine shows traveled about the country selling a number of remedies. The Kickapoo Indian Medicine Show came to Rutherford a number of times when I was a boy. The show was usually held in a small hall and a crowd was attracted by parading about town

and scattering handbills. As I recall the show was held at night. After the show the "Doctor" who sold the various medicines lectured on the curative powers of the different Indian medicines, which were named with an Indian name. The "Doctor" was a very persuasive person with a wide knowledge of human psychology. He would often single out an individual who he could see was interested in his medicine, get the man on the platform to tell about his particular ailment, give him a small bottle of Snake Oil for backache and then sell him a \$1.50 bottle of "Sagiva" for some other ailment. Frequently he could get the individual to relate how he had used one of the medicines with excellent results. Sales then would pick up. Such shows attracted the small boys, who had a lot of fun watching the antics of the audience and the "spiel" of the Doctor.

### Circuses

Small one-ring circuses came to Rutherford most every summer in the eighteen-nineties. They would arrive in the early morning carrying their tents, apparatus, animals and performers in gaudy colored wagons. I, with other small boys would get up early in order to help in setting up the tent and doing other chores with the hope of getting a complimentary ticket to the show. At one o'clock there would be a parade led off by a small band sitting on top of one of the wagons, other empty colored wagons also would be in the parade, as well as all the performers, the lady bareback rider on a horse with other equestrian performers. Four or five clowns would run about the parade and the usual crowd of small boys following. A half hour before the show was to start the so-called "Barkers" started selling tickets, often "short changing" the unwary buyer, who in his hurry would forget to count the change from a five or ten dollar bill. When the show started, men connected with the show would patrol outside the tent, to prevent men and boys slipping under the canvas. They carried a stick or paddle to whack the intruder on the backside. The show usually consisted of a pair of trapeze performers, slack or tight wire artists, a lady and man bareback rider, possibly an animal act with an elephant, clowns, jugglers and often a male singer. The band played throughout the performance.

### Merry-Go-Round

A Merry Go Round would also come to town setting up their apparatus on the same vacant lot used by the circus. The price of a ride was five cents. There was a contraption like a semaphore on the railroad in which a lot of black iron rings about two inches in diameter could be placed and also one brass shiny ring. These rings would feed down the arm and as you rode around you could hook one with your hand. If you caught the brass ring that entitled you to a free ride. I never was lucky enough to catch the brass ring. That may have been due to the fact that I had very few "nickels" (five cents) to spend for a ride.

# Fact or Family Legend?

By Anneliese Ullrich

IT ALL STARTED WITH *Outlander*, a book series by Diana Gabaldon. As I read the first book and became immersed in 1743 Scotland, I continually came across the word “laird” or “lord” in English. It reminded me of my paternal grandmother’s maiden name Baird, and I wondered if her name was Scottish in origin. Was that even possible? I had been told my entire life that I was of German ancestry on both sides of my family. After all, you can’t get more German than my parents’ names of Ullrich and Putt, right?

But the Baird question persisted. My aunt on my mother’s side was the family genealogist, but she hadn’t done any work on my father’s side of the family, so I began my own search. Six months later I was in Ayrshire, Scotland, standing in the Kirkmichael church where in 1845 my 3rd great-grandparents, John Baird and Catherine McMeeken, were married a few years before emigrating to Canada.

Mystery solved, right? Not quite!

It is true that I had been able to prove my Scottish ancestry, but as I questioned family members, other stories came to light. There was the one about John and Catherine’s son who worked as a motorman on the electric railroad in New York City and supposedly fell to his death when he fell off the caboose. False! He died from heart trouble.

Then there’s the one about a 2nd great-grandmother who died when her house was swept away in a flood. That one, sadly, was true. Her name was Elizabeth Van Deursen Lane and she, along with two sisters, a great nephew, and a neighbor, drowned in Cape Cod, Massachusetts, when the hurricane of 1938 swept up the New



Kirkmichael, Ayrshire, Scotland, built in 1787. Photo by the author.

England coast and the storm surge swept her house into a bridge abutment. Thanks to the help of a very kind librarian in Cape Cod, I even found a picture of the house smashed against the abutment.

During this search I also found Elizabeth’s parents, Mary Baines Gibson, an English immigrant who came to America with her parents as a child, and John Van Deursen who was a Civil War veteran. It is this man, my 3rd great-grandfather, who is the subject of my latest family legend.

According to a distant cousin I found through my research on *Ancestry.com*, family lore claims that John Van Deursen was not a hero but a deserter. Apparently, as the story goes, he tried to desert so many times that the wounds he received at the Battle of Antietam were inflicted by his own comrades who were fed up with his cowardice. I have proven that he lost his right arm, but I haven’t found anything to support the deserter legend so far. The jury is still out on this legend.

I’m sure we all have these legends in our family. They are fun to hear and even more fun to research. Personally, they have been what has kept my genealogical research interesting. Proving or disproving these old stories brings out the detective in me, I guess! But most importantly, they have allowed me to get to know my ancestors. And isn’t that what it’s all about?

*Anneliese Ullrich grew up in southern Maryland but was born in southern California. She has lived in Maryland, California, and Washington state. She is a 5th grade teacher who loves history and always tries to get her students more interested in our nation’s history as well as their own family histories. She was bitten by the genealogy bug about nine years ago and has traveled to Scotland, Ireland, and Canada for genealogical research...so far! She has also found and met relatives she never knew existed until she began building her family tree.*



Catherine Baird and Family. Top left to right: Alex Allan (Grandson), George Baird (son), Archie Baird (son). Bottom left to right: Matilda Allan (Alex’s wife), Catherine McMeeken Baird, Matilda Baird (Archie’s wife)

Catherine’s husband, John Baird, died in 1896 so he is not pictured. I’m not sure about the date of the photo, but I’d guess the late 1890s based on the fact that Catherine is still wearing widow’s weeds, the women’s clothing and Gibson girl hair styles, and the men’s handlebar mustaches. Also, her son George had moved to Saskatchewan, so this photo may have been taken when he came home to Ontario for his father’s funeral.



# A German Town Works to Preserve its Jewish Heritage

By Milt Hess

**T**HE TOWN WHERE MY German grandparents were born has demonstrated a keen interest in preserving its Jewish heritage. Florstadt, about 20 miles northeast of Frankfurt am Main, has an archivist and several historians who eagerly provide assistance to descendants of its Jewish residents. During two visits to Florstadt, in 2012 and 2018, I learned firsthand about this remarkable program and through it acquired important new information about my ancestors.

I first learned of Florstadt in 2010. I found a ship's manifest showing that my grandmother, Bertha Adler, was born in Nieder-Florstadt, Germany. Consulting a map, I found that Nieder-Florstadt is one of six small towns constituting the municipality of Florstadt.

On the Florstadt website I found a point of contact in the city government for inquiries about historical records. When I wrote with what little information I had about my grandmother, I promptly received a response from an official named Joachim Gutermuth. Herr Gutermuth maintains the marriage records for Florstadt, but he was unable to find a record of my grandmother's marriage on the date I gave him. The trail seemed cold.

## 2012 Visit to Nieder-Florstadt

In September 2012 my wife Cecia and I took a trip to visit the towns where our grandparents were born. I just wanted to walk their streets and sense their presence, so we allocated one day for each town.

We spent a day in Nieder-Florstadt as the first stop on the trip. We stayed in Frankfurt am Main and took the train and bus to Florstadt. As we tried to get our bearings at the bus stop, a kindly-looking gentleman across the street looked anxious to help.

I told him what we were looking for, and he immediately recognized the name Adler. He invited us into his house and showed us a paper with the names and addresses of Jewish people who used to live in Nieder-Florstadt. I was pleasantly surprised that there was such a list. It was just a hint of things to come.

He pulled two umbrellas from the trunk of his car, gave them to us, and proudly led us on a personal guided tour. His name is Helmut Walz, he spoke only German with us, and he was wonderful.

He led us across the bridge over the Nidda, a little stream (with a swan swimming in it), left onto Weitgasse and Enggasse – two of the oldest streets in Nieder-Florstadt. As we walked around the old streets, Helmut pointed out the plaque marking where the synagogue was before Kristallnacht. He took us down a path to a small memorial to Jews who were killed



Memorial and plaque in Nieder-Florstadt, Germany. The German text reads "The Jewish Cemetery that was located here was destroyed by the Nazi Terror in 1933. This monument was constructed from the broken gravestones." Below the inscription is a list of names and their dates of death.

in the Holocaust. It was on the site of what had been the Jewish cemetery. A plaque also commemorates the gravestones that were destroyed.

After lunch, I wanted to say hello to Joachim Gutermuth, with whom I had corresponded two years earlier. At the Rathaus (city hall) he greeted us warmly. He spoke English well, which made it easier for me. Behind his desk were several cabinets containing books of marriage certificates.

I thought that my grandparents were married in 1887, but he found nothing in that year's book. For the heck of it he tried 1886, and there they were! I was off by one year. In the old German script (Kurrentschrift), there were names, dates, occupations, parents – I could hardly believe what I was hearing as Joachim read the marriage certificate. The biggest surprise was that my grandfather was born in Nieder-Mockstadt, another small part of Florstadt, not Frankfurt as I had always assumed.

Joachim told us it was about 7 km east and offered to drive us there. Before doing so he made a copy of the marriage certificate for us. He took us in a Florstadt city car to Nieder-Mockstadt, showed us the bus stop to get back to Florstadt, and drove us along a dirt road to the Jewish cemetery deep in the countryside, in a



The Nieder-Mockstadt Jewish cemetery.

clearing surrounded by trees – a relatively small plot of land with a wall surrounding it and a locked gate. It appeared to be in good condition.

He took us to the small main street and dropped us off to explore. We were so grateful to him. The success of our visit was due entirely to Joachim and Helmut – the kindness of two strangers who enabled us to learn about my family’s origins in this lovely community. It was only a foretaste of the town’s commitment to preserving its heritage.

I made up my mind that I would return for a longer visit to document the cemetery and try to learn more about my family.

In the years following, I found birth, marriage and death records for the Adler and Hess families that *Ancestry.com* had scanned and indexed. I learned that my 2nd great-grandfather was Salomon Adler, and that he appeared to have had more than one wife.

In 2017 I browsed the Florstadt website to see if there was anything new there. Was there ever! The Florstadt archivist, Jürgen Reuß, had posted a message inviting anyone with Jewish ancestors from Florstadt to contact him.

I wrote to him, providing what little information I had about my Adler and Hess ancestors. In a few weeks I received an email from Herr Reuß with a family tree for the Hess family extending back to my 3rd great-grandfather. I was overjoyed.

I was ready to make the return visit.

### 2018 Visit to Nieder-Florstadt and Nieder-Mockstadt

I selected October for expected moderate temperatures and booked the flights. During the summer I began preparations for the trip. I contacted Jürgen Reuß, who put me in touch with Dr. Monika Rhein in Nieder-Florstadt and Frau Ute Krutzki in Nieder-Mockstadt. Both are active historians for the towns, with a wealth of information about their Jewish history.

I also contacted Joachim Gutermuth, the Florstadt

official who had been so incredibly helpful during our 2012 visit, and Helmut Walz, the local resident who had taken Cecilia and me on a walking tour of Nieder-Florstadt. I wanted to renew our acquaintance and thank them again for their help six years ago.

Because I wanted to take a copy of the Adler and Hess family trees to show everyone, I contacted my cousins in the family to fill in gaps in the current generations. Thanks to their responses, I was able to generate a nearly-complete tree for the Adlers whom I knew about. It resulted in a scroll over fifteen feet wide when printed on a drum printer at our local copy shop. The tree for the Hess family resulted in a scroll that was “just” eight feet wide.

Part of the plan for the trip, which did not come to pass, was to visit other towns where members of the Adler and Hess families

lived, for example, Wiesbaden, Hamm and Dreieichenhain. I selected a hotel in Bad Homburg, which is more or less equidistant from Florstadt, Frankfurt am Main, and these other towns. In retrospect, staying in or near Florstadt or Frankfurt would have been better. Nevertheless, the place I stayed, Hotel Molitor, was absolutely delightful. It had the look and feel of a country inn, a clean and comfortable room, a most satisfactory restaurant, and a cat named Max that sat with me at dinner with hopes of table scraps.

### Adler

On Monday I spent the afternoon with Dr. Monika Rhein. Monika works with Jürgen Reuß and is familiar with the history of Jewish families in Nieder-Florstadt.

I quickly learned from Monika that Salomon Adler indeed had two wives plus several children I had not known about. One of these children, my great-grandfather’s brother Liebmann, had ten children with two different wives. Benjamin, another son of Salomon with his second wife, married the sister of my great-grandfather’s wife. The sisters were also step-sisters-in-law! In just that one afternoon together, Monika enabled me to get a complete tree of Salomon Adler’s family down to his grandchildren (my grandmother’s generation).

Monika gave me a brief walking tour of Nieder-Florstadt. She pointed out Salomon Adler’s house, a large timbered structure on Enggasse, right across the street from her own home.

Next door to Salomon’s house was the house of Hermann Adler, his grandson and a local merchant. On November 9, 1938 – Kristallnacht – Hermann’s business was trashed. The ledger book of money owed to him was thrown into the street along with his business supplies. Hermann would let residents buy on credit, and Monika said that his creditors were among the attackers. She referred to November 9th the way we Americans refer to 9/11 – a date seared into the collective memory of the residents of Florstadt.

A gentleman named Jörg Pfaffenroth joined Monika and me for part of the afternoon. He is creating an



Salomon Adler's half-timbered House in Nieder-Florstadt. He was the author's 2nd great-grandfather.

app that will provide a virtual walking tour of Nieder-Florstadt, identifying points of interest in its history, including its Jewish heritage. He shared this photo of Hermann Adler in his WWI military uniform. It's similar to a photo of my uncle Siegmund Hess whom I wrote about in the Winter 2018 edition of *Ancestors West*, except that Hermann is holding a briefcase instead of a rifle.

Upon returning from Hessen, I found documents online validating and expanding upon the new information Monika provided.

Of Liebmann Adler's ten children, at least three immigrated to the United States – Louis, Nathan, and Abraham/Arthur. I have successfully traced Louis's descendants to living relatives in Baton Rouge Louisiana. Nathan



Hermann Adler, grandson of Salomon Adler, in his WWI uniform. Note the briefcase.

lived in Chicago and did not marry. I haven't yet found evidence of Abraham/Arthur's family.

Of Benjamin Adler's four children, at least one immigrated to the United States – Siegmund. I have successfully traced Siegmund's descendants to living relatives in Stamford, Connecticut.

### Hess

On Tuesday I drove to the Florstadt city hall to say hello to Joachim Gutermuth. While I was there, the Burgermeister, Herbert Unger, stopped in to greet me. Everyone was fascinated with the 15-foot-wide scroll of the Adler family tree. I was glad I brought it.

Ute Krutzki joined us to start our day exploring my Hess ancestry in Nieder-Mockstadt. She drove me to



Old synagogue in Nieder-Mockstadt.

the town for a short walking tour of the old Jewish neighborhood. The synagogue is now a vacant building that was at one time a firehouse. Some would like to make it into a museum.

We next drove to the cemetery in the woods that I had seen six years before with Joachim. This time we had the key to unlock the gate, but it didn't work. When the lock wouldn't open, we looked at one another, shrugged, and scaled the gate.

The cemetery contains 42 gravestones, most of which are illegible. I photographed each stone and have documented the cemetery for the Jewish Gen Online Worldwide Burial Registry. Most significant for me, we found the grave of Aron Hess, my great-grandfather. It's a large stone with lengthy Hebrew inscriptions as well as his name and dates of birth and death in Roman characters.

Afterward, Ute and I had soup for lunch on a lovely patio at Schloss Ysenburg in Staden (yet another community in Florstadt). We talked about the Hess family tree, and especially about my great-grandfather Aron Hess's parents and children. Ute has documentation that my grandfather Markus Hess had a twin brother, Marius. At the same time, I have a record showing that Aron's father was Marius. There's no conflict –

## Cousins Corner

### A Non-DNA Discovery

By Cathy Jordan

**A**ROUND THE MIDDLE OF MARCH I had a few random moments to work on my Bayha family tree. These are the Germans on my mother's side who produced my Civil War veteran as well as marrying into the family of Lemmons who produced my Revolutionary War veteran.

I was researching on *Ancestry.com* where tons of those proverbial shaking leaves were very active. So I began to slog through them to see if they really pertained to my people. Imagine my surprise when I noticed quite a lot of my relatives' grave marker photos taken and posted by our own Bob Bason! At first I thought, oh, how thoughtful of him! He took photos in an Ohio cemetery and posted them on *FindaGrave.com* for all of us to see. But as I looked closer, I was completely astonished. Could it be that he and I are somehow related? That's just crazy, right?

I emailed him in Vermont and took him by surprise, I think. The title of most of my emails was "What kind of a cousin are you?" We have yet to nail down the exact relationship but my 4th great-grandfather, William Lemmon, the Revolutionary War veteran is in his tree! So is my 3rd great-grandfather, James Lemmon! To Bob, James is the father-in-law of the nephew of the wife of his 3rd great-uncle. James had a multitude of children, one of whom was my 2nd great-grandmother, Elizabeth Sell Lemmon, and one was in his tree, her sister, Jane Lemmon. Jane married a Wissinger and somehow the Wissingers and Benshoofs (yes, THOSE Benshoofs!) became intertwined in his tree. That is all I know at this point.

All of this was discovered without the benefit of DNA, just a curious mind. It just proves my often stated point that you never know what you will find until you look! I still don't know what kind of a cousin Bob is, but we are related through marriage so in his words we are "ephemeral" cousins! He doubted there was much of a story here but I say that no matter how convoluted, it is an amazing connection.



The Tablet on the Wall of the old synagogue reads "This building is the former synagogue of the Jewish Community in Nieder-Mockstadt. In solemn remembrance of the sacrifices under the National Socialist Control 1933-1945."

names were reused all the time – but it does leave unsettled the relationships among the oldest generations in the Hess tree.

The rest of my trip was spent trying to find the graves of my ancestors in the Alter Jüdische Friedhof in Frankfurt am Main. I succeeded in finding the graves of my other great-grandfather, Michael Adler, and my grandfather's sister, Lisette Hess. Time ran out, but I'll be back.

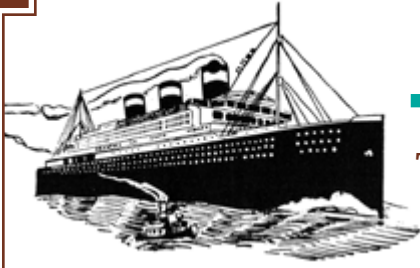
The next time I visit Hessen – and I do plan to return – I'll be able to focus on answering specific questions and finding the graves of more of my ancestors. This trip was planned without knowing exactly what I would find.

As a Jew, I am awed by the palpable sense of responsibility for what happened to the Jewish residents of Florstadt during the Holocaust. Thanks to Monika Rhein, Ute Krutzki, Jürgen Reuß, Joachim Gutermuth and Helmut Walz, I have had the opportunity to see first-hand how a community can confront its past in a constructive and healing way.

*Milt Hess started trying to discover his family almost 20 years ago. Piece by piece he has found his extended family and learned about his roots in Germany, Latvia and Lithuania. Before retiring to Santa Barbara with his wife, Cecia, he enjoyed a career in IT as a consultant and program manager. He has been a volunteer computer coach at the Jewish Federation and Public Library for a number of years, and he currently is a member of SBCGS, the City's Library Board and the County's Library Advisory Committee.*

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# Ancestors West



The theme for the next issue will be

## TRANSPORTATION

How did your ancestors move about the world, the country, the state, the town??

Did they cross the ocean? Did you find the passenger list? How long was the voyage, who was the captain, where did they board and where were they headed?

Was it “Westward Ho!” in a covered wagon?

Could they ride a train? Did they work for the railroad?

Do you have photos of grandpa’s horse and buggy, or his first car?

You are invited to share the travel adventures of your forefathers (and mothers) in *Ancestors West*!

**The next issue is due August 1, 2019**

Please send your articles to  
Debbie Kaska ([kaska@lifesci.ucsb.edu](mailto:kaska@lifesci.ucsb.edu))

As always, all articles of genealogical or historical interest are welcome.



# Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated March 2019

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

## Manuscripts

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

*Ancestors West* reserves the right to edit and revise submissions as necessary for clarity, substance, conciseness, style, and length prior to publication.

## Images

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

## Author information

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

## Deadlines

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

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**The Santa Barbara Genealogical society makes a genealogy research trip the Los Angeles Public Library!** On the left, the Hope Street façade with figures of the thinker and the writer flanking the quotation, "In the world of affairs we live in our own age; in books we live in all ages." On the right, with box lunches in hand, members get ready to board the bus for a day researching family history in the library's collections.

Photos by Charmien Carrier and Diane Sylvester.

