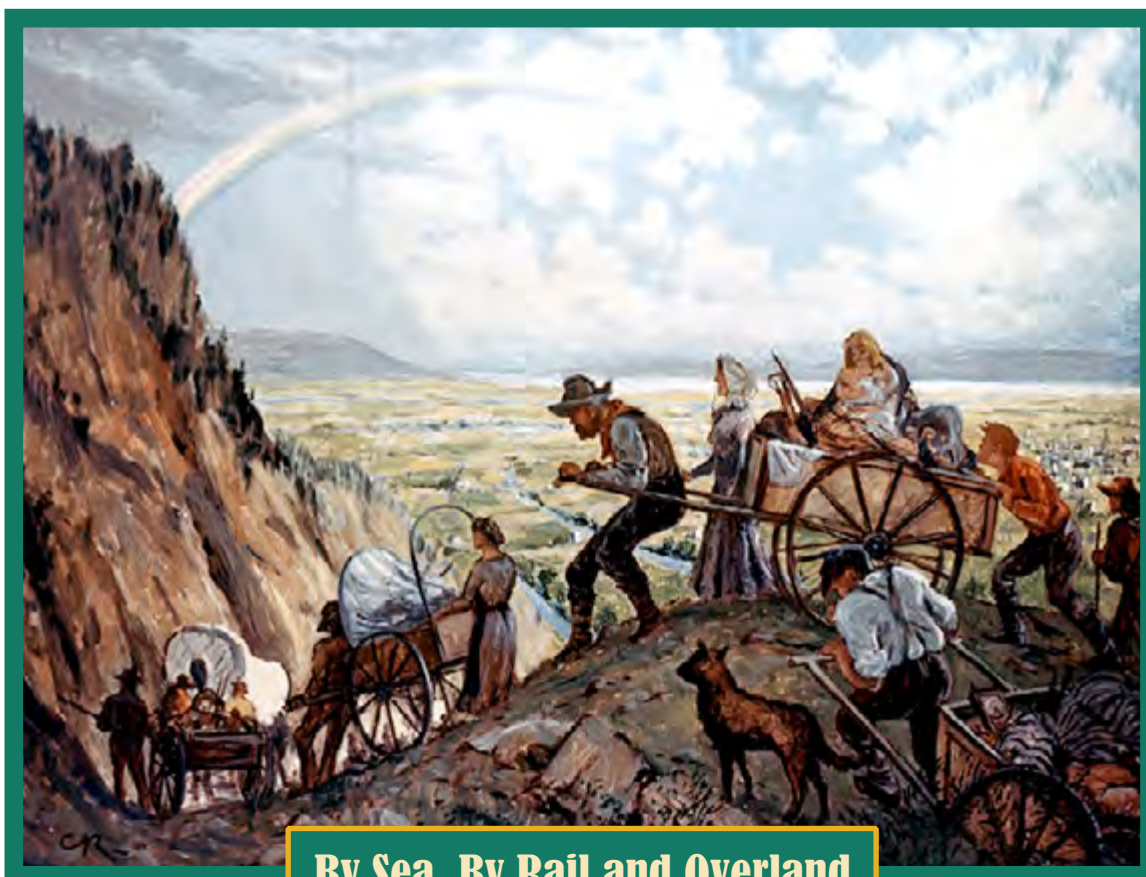




Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Fall 2019 Vol. 44, No. 3



By Sea, By Rail and Overland

Transportation

The Old National Road
Wagon Train West 1863
Workin' On the Railroad
Hazards Reaching Santa Barbara
Horse Adventures



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

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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

THE 19TH AND 20TH CENTURIES saw remarkable changes in transportation on land and sea and in the air. As the 17th century drew to a close, people rode horses or in vehicles pulled by men or animals, ships sailed under the power of the wind and waves and only birds and bugs flew in the air. This is how it had been for thousands of years.

The migration of peoples began when *Homo sapiens* left Africa to populate Europe, Asia and eventually the Americas. These movements required many centuries. During recorded history tribes and various armies marched or sailed to invade or conquer in campaigns that lasted months or years. Explorers fanned out to investigate the known and eventually the unknown world on treks or voyages. For example, as the 19th century dawned, the Lewis and Clark Expedition crossed this country from St. Louis to the Pacific Ocean and back on a journey that took a little over two years and four months. Today the round trip could be done in a single day. What changed? How did travel that had remained slow and arduous since the beginning of time evolve into our modern transportation systems that speed us on our way (except at rush hour on the 405)?

Full steam ahead!

The initial explanation was steam power. In 1804, the first steam locomotive pulled passengers and iron in Wales and in a few decades railroads spread over England and then across Europe, Asia and the New World. Steam engines pulled rail cars worldwide for over a century. Many of us still remember these from our childhood. Steam power was applied to ships crossing the Atlantic as early as 1820. Paddlewheels were replaced with propellers and steam ships began to dominate ocean travel. By the end of the 19th century sail had died out. Steam even powered the first airship in France in 1852. Steam-powered road vehicles were also produced in the 1800s and before the 19th century closed, the internal combustion engine, which had a long and complicated history, had been invented and placed in a vehicle known as an "automobile."

The end of an era

Automobiles vied with horse drawn vehicles for the early part of the 20th century in America, even longer in rural areas and parts of the old world. The lack of suitable roads for cars was a problem. Various surfaces

were tried such as cobblestones, wood and eventually asphalt. By 1908 the numbers of horses and cars in New York City were even at 100,000 each; forever after the car ruled the road. The number of carriage makers dropped from 4,000 in 1880 to 90 by 1928. By 1942, the U.S. Army disbanded its cavalry; the class of 1943 at West Point was the last to have formal riding instruction.

The sky's the limit

The major transportation phenomenon of the 20th century occurred in the air. The experiments by the Wright Brothers initiated the era of manned flight which culminated in rockets launched into space. Many people born at the close of the 19th century rode in horse-drawn vehicles as children, visited their grandchildren on a jet airplane and lived to watch men land on the moon!

In this issue

"Oh, we sail the ocean blue. . ."

This issue of *Ancestors West* explores many types of transportation that our ancestors may have used. Two authors take us back to the days of the clipper ships. William MacKinnon shares the adventures of newspaper man and reporter William Allen Wallace who made an early visit by sea to our fair city and found it was a diamond in the rough – with emphasis on the rough! Wendel Hans tells the Mesa story of ship captain C.P. Low. He sailed the world, but 15 years after Wallace's visit here Captain Low chose a spectacular site on the Mesa for his retirement. Santa Barbara was already an up and coming town! A voyage on the Atlantic Ocean brought Sheila Block's Scottish ancestors to America in those days of sail. Their escape from the slums of Glasgow nearly led to a watery death.

"Did you ever hear tell of sweet Betsy from Pike?"

Overland travel across the Allegheny Mountains was treacherous and in response the new government of the United States planned and implemented the construction of a National Road. The curious history of this project in the early days of the 19th century is described by your editor, Debbie Kaska. This road played a central role in the journey of many immigrants to the midwest, including Jacob Sickler as presented in his own words. Mary Mamalakis uncovered a trove of Jacob's letters preserved in a New Jersey library that give us a glimpse of travel in the 1840s. A young Mormon convert in Denmark, Jean Pettitt's ancestor, joined a group headed for Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1857. Five months later, by wagon, ship, rail and finally pushing a handcart, he walked into the city of the Saints. Jasper Lane kept a journal on his wagon train trip from Missouri to California in 1863. A descendant, John Shute shares excerpts and remembrances from those months on the trail as well as a bit of Lane family history after they moved to Santa Barbara.

"Put on your old grey bonnet with the blue ribbons on it..."

Janet Hamber provides a fascinating look at the horse and buggy days in New Jersey in the last two decades



of the 19th century. The whim and personality of the horse often dictated how your journey ended. Imagine the scene if your car had a mind of its own? Michelle Fitton shares photos of and by her photographer ancestors in Quebec, Canada. Muddy roads and snow meant a buggy in summer and a sleigh in winter. Nevertheless, a car was eventually purchased, which had to cope with both.

"I've been workin' on the railroad."

By the 1900s, transcontinental rail travel had replaced handcars and wagon trains. Just after the turn of the 20th century, Fred Schaeffer's enterprising ancestor sold his farm and brought the whole kit and kaboodle to Oregon by rail. He didn't just buy a ticket – his ingenuity will surprise you.

Our ancestors didn't just ride the rails, some also built them. William McDuffie, Cathy McDuffie Jordan's grandfather headed up a rail bridge building crew captured in precious photos – one with his young son tucked in among the men!

"Come away with me Lucile in my merry Oldsmobile"

That rhymes better than "in my Marion-Handley Touring Car." Nevertheless, Sharon Summer's great-grandfather brought home that spectacular vehicle in the second decade of the 20th century. This exciting purchase required the sum of (gasp!) \$1,475!

Janet Hamber's grandfather bought a 1911 Hubmobile. Getting it started was easy – but how to stop the thing! You can't just say "Whoa!"

"Fly me to the Moon"

Flight was a new medium for travel. Connie Burns' great-uncle Rudy certainly had flight on his mind, but wasn't ready for take-off yet.

Fifty years ago, American astronauts landed on the moon. Those of us who remember 1969 watched spellbound as the landing unfolded. This fantastic achievement was the work of engineers who put together the rocket that propelled them there and back. One of the team of engineers was our own Jim Friestad, who shares some of the inside story in this issue.

To round out this issue, Dorothy Oksner describes the Collateral Inheritance Tax Records that the Records Preservation Committee has digitized and made available on the society's website <https://sbgen.org>. These records can provide important genealogical data regarding names (including married names) and locations of heirs that are not direct descendants of the deceased. For A Touch of Old Santa Barbara, Margery Baragona shares some poignant country club memories.

The Next Issue—Items of Old.

Dust off those family heirlooms – Uncle Ralph's, violin, great-grandfather's passport, grandmothers pin cushion, a military medal, perhaps a trunk that made the journey across the ocean. We all have something that has been passed down, and each item has a story to tell. Who owned it, where has it been, why was it saved? We invite you to share your stories and possibly a photo of the heirloom with readers of *Ancestors West* in the next issue.

The deadline for the next issue of *Ancestors West* will be October 15, 2019.

A fond farewell

The next issue of *Ancestors West* will be my last as editor. I have thoroughly enjoyed editing our SBCGS genealogy journal, but family health issues will require more of my attention over the next few years. If you like to write and enjoy genealogy... I hope one of our members will step up to assume the editorship. Please contact me or our president Karen Ramsdell if you have an interest or questions.

As always, my wonderful editorial committee deserves my sincere thanks for their help and support.

Debbie Kaska
kaska@lifesci.ucsb.edu

A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA



By Margery Baragona

Country Club Memories (with a hint of sadness)

IN OUR SOCIETY THERE ARE THOSE who want to mingle with their own, I mean of similar interests: golf clubs, tennis clubs, lawn bowling, and of course the ubiquitous country club. The prestige of many is notorious. Some are highly exclusive, hugely expensive. Some restrict who can belong while many more are modest and welcoming. The Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society is fortunate to be able to have our lovely luncheons at the La Cumbre Country Club. Designed by George Washington Smith and built by Captain George Thomas it is over a hundred years old. The setting is supreme. The golf course meanders around the lake, and from the club house one enjoys a most beautiful bucolic view.

Prior to World War II my parents were members when the dues were five dollars per month. Today's

members will gasp! My early memory of this special place is not too happy. During World War II funds for the war effort were raised with special events, and one such was a competition between Bing Crosby and Bob Hope on La Cumbre's golf course. For the huge event I wore a checkered jacket my father (he was a custom tailor) and his tailors had just made. I wore it proudly but, after trudging hole-after-hole, I was too warm. I took it off; I never saw it again. My mother admonished (too mild a word) me for losing it for many years. Today when I pass the club I wonder if, after three-quarters of a century, my jacket yet slumbers beneath the manicured lawn.

Another of our famous country clubs is the Montecito Club. It too has spectacular commanding views, its sloping golf course a challenge. A painful experience for me at Montecito was in high school. I borrowed my friend Bev Dietrich's white rabbit fur jacket. After an evening of fun in these posh surroundings I went to get the jacket. Gone! Can you imagine my anguish having to tell her that it had been stolen? It taught me about borrowing and it was disheartening to have to pay her 50 dollars.

So you can see my experiences are not of the privileged country clubs convey. I have, however, enjoyed many special occasions at both clubs, but always with a hint of sadness over lost jackets.



Ancestors West Sponsorship 2019

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

John Woodward, John Fritsche, Patricia Caird and Millie Brombal.

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

The Perilous Voyage of the Bark *Ann Harley*

By Sheila MacAvoy Block

ON 30 SEPTEMBER 1854, the bark *Ann Harley* slipped her lines from the docks on the Clyde River, the great river of Scotland that empties into the Firth of Clyde. The Master of the ship was Charles Kerr. The vessel was carrying coal contracted for the New York Gas Company. It also had 13 passengers on board, among them Thomas McAvoy, my great-grandfather, and his wife Ann, both 28 years old, both from Scotland, and bound for North America. The vessel would not reach New York City, its intended destination, until 16 January 1855, more than three months later!

What happened to cause such a delay?

Tom and Ann McAvoy lived in Glasgow, occupying a tenement on Stockton Street in the heart of the city. Tom was employed as a groom. Glasgow was reputed to have the worst slums in Europe. The couple had suffered terribly because of the unhealthy conditions. Ann had borne five children. All were dead, either from disease or failure to thrive. The couple must have finally decided to strike out for a safer city to raise a family.

The *Ann Harley* would have loaded coal into her hull from the docks along the Clyde. The ship was built in the New World on the Merrimac River near Newburyport, Massachusetts, a vessel of net tonnage 355, not a large vessel.

Europe's weather generally comes from the north and west during the fall and winter months so the little ship would be subject to repetitious highs and lows as it made its way across the North Atlantic. Fog would be likely. When the vessel finally docked in New York on January 18, 1855, the following account in the Marine Intelligence section of the *New York Times* for that day read as follows:

Bark Ann Harley, (Br.) Kerr, Glasgow Sept. 30, and 17 ds. from the Delaware, (where she put in short of provisions and water,) with coal to New-York Gas Co., and 13 passengers. Nov. 21, lat. 42 25, lon. 32 20, was run into by a brig, which carried away our cutwater, head-rails, &c.; did not learn what damage the brig received. The A. H. has experienced heavy weather on the passage.

Marine Intelligence, *New York Times* 18 January 1855 page 91.

The collision described in the newspaper account occurred 418 nautical miles from the Azores at about the midway point on the voyage to America. The cutwater is the part of the bow which cuts the water and the head rails are the protective balustrade that is attached to the forward deck of the ship. It is used by the sailors to hang over the side of the vessel to relieve themselves into the sea, hence the terminology "the Head." This sort of damage suggests the *Ann Harley* may have run into the brig instead of the other way around.

A vessel with a sail plan such as a bark that had lost the use of its foresails would be severely limited in its capacity to steer the ship with any accuracy. The Captain would be forced to use only the square rigged sails

NAME	AGE	SEX	OCCUPATION	The country to which they are bound	The vessel in which they intend to sail	Rank or the Ship
William Arthur	28	Male	Boysen	Scotland	Ann Harley	
Thomas McAvoy	28	Male	Boysen	Scotland	Ann Harley	
Ann	28	Female	Boysen	Scotland	Ann Harley	
John Bruce	29	Male	Boysen	Scotland	Ann Harley	
Elizabeth	25	Female	Boysen	Scotland	Ann Harley	
Clara	6-50	Female	Boysen	Scotland	Ann Harley	
Thomas Ballou	25	Male	Boysen	Scotland	Ann Harley	
Mary John	19	Female	Boysen	Scotland	Ann Harley	
Elizabeth	19	Female	Boysen	Scotland	Ann Harley	
James Bruce	20	Male	Boysen	Scotland	Ann Harley	
Robert T.	31	Male	Boysen	Scotland	Ann Harley	
William	1	Male	Boysen	Scotland	Ann Harley	
Joseph	37	Male	Boysen	Scotland	Ann Harley	

The Manifest of the *Ann Harley*

for propulsion and hope for the best. It explains why the *Ann Harley* reached land 150 miles south of New York at the mouth of the Delaware River. Apparently the vessel was not repaired with regard to its foresails, but struggled north for 17 days from the Delaware to New York harbor.

Tom and Ann would have disembarked at Castle Garden and cleared customs and immigration requirements before they made their way to the City of Brooklyn. They had relatives on Navy Street and they must have boarded the Fulton Street Ferry to cross the East River, as there were no bridges crossing that expanse of water until the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge in the 1880s. Having escaped a watery death, Tom and Ann proceeded to bring two more children into the world: John, and then yet another, Lucy.

The 1860 United States Federal Census of the City of Brooklyn shows Thomas with his two living children, John and Lucy. Ann had died on 20 April 1860 and baby Lucy followed her mother on 11 September 1860. In the 1865 New York State Census of Kings County, the boy John McAvoy and his father, Thomas McAvoy, do not appear. In the 1870 Federal Census, Thomas and his new wife, Alice Mulholland, appear along with John and a new baby sister, Lizzie, in the census for Greenwich, Connecticut. Although it would be logical to assume that Thomas, since he was missing from the records between 1860 to 1870, was somehow engaged in the American Civil War, no evidence of his participation has been documented.

The bark *Ann Harley* had a checkered career. According to the Parliamentary papers of 1845, she had previously been involved in a collision off the Irish Atlantic coast.

The *Ann Harley* finally met her fate in the Dry Tortugas when Lloyd's reported that she ran aground 30 November 1858 on Garden Key in a tropical storm with a hold full of lumber. All hands were lost.

JANUARY 1845—continued.	
<i>Caledonia</i> , Stephenson, from Hull to Bombay, put back to Deal 27th instant, with loss of bowsprit, having been in contact on the morning of the 26th instant with a vessel, name unknown.	
<i>Charles</i> , Meures, from Newcastle to Marseilles, put into Ramsgate 27th instant, with loss of an anchor and chain, bulwarks, stanchions, &c., having been in contact, in the Downs, with the <i>Sarah</i> , Miller, from London to Liverpool, which vessel lost bulwarks, stanchions, &c.	
<i>Maria</i> , Salzsieder, from Hull to Antwerp, was assisted into Grimsby, with loss of anchors, chains, and sails, having been in contact, in Grimsby Roads, with another vessel.	
<i>Ann Harley</i> , Smith, from Liverpool, arrived at New York 10th instant, with loss of jib-boom, bulwarks stove, &c., having been in contact, 7th instant, with the <i>Black Hawk</i> , which vessel had her larboard quarter stove, and received other damage.	
<i>Sisters</i> , Hurst, from Hull to Teignmouth, was assisted into Grimsby 27th instant, with loss of anchors, having been in contact with the <i>Maria</i> , Salzsieder, from Hull to Antwerp.	
<i>Samuel and Susannah</i> , Norton, from Goole to Colchester, was assisted into Yarmouth Harbour 27th instant, with loss of main rigging, &c., having been in contact in Yarmouth Roads, 26th instant, with the <i>Clinker</i> , of Newcastle.	
<i>Phoenix</i> , Kuiper, from Liverpool to Antwerp, put into Dover 29th instant, with bows stove, stem, bowsprit, and anchor-stock broken, and other damage, having been in contact in the morning, off Dungeness, with a large bark.	

Vessel Collision Reports to the House of Commons



Portrait of a Four-masted Bark by Reginald Arthur Borstel 1918.

I began serious inquiry into my family history when I moved to Santa Barbara and took Jan Cloud's Beginning Genealogy in 1995. But I had started my interest a decade before, prompted by my father's rudimentary sketch of his family tree. I must admit, my early attempts were disjointed. However, the Jan Cloud "can do" spirit infected me and

I was caught up in research as well as the early days of the Sahyun Library. I was President of the Society from 2002-03 and remain fascinated and in awe of the amount of time and energy my friends in the Society expend on this engrossing obsession. I refuse to call it a hobby.

The Old National Road

By Debbie Kaska

HIZZING ALONG HIGHWAY 101 (or crawling through Los Angeles traffic) it is easy to forget that at one time America did not have a national system of roads. When did this all start, the highways and byways we travel today? What was the first federally sponsored road? And where did it go?

After the Revolutionary War the new nation extended to the Mississippi River, but travel in America was generally by water along the Atlantic coastline or on navigable rivers inland. Travel overland whether on a horse, in a wagon, or on foot was small-scale, slow and uncomfortable.

The initial stimulus for the United States government to raise money for the construction of a road seems to have been the admission of Ohio as a state in 1802. Ohio was ripe for settlement, but getting there was a challenge. Between the headwaters of the Potomac and the Ohio Rivers lay the Allegheny Mountains, a formidable barrier to overland travel.

A half century earlier, during the French and Indian War, General Edward Braddock had attempted to lead a large British force of 2,000 men from Cumberland on the Potomac across these Alleghenies. The difficulties of moving men and equipment like heavy cannons through the heavily wooded mountains were not anticipated and Braddock's progress was often a mere two miles a day. This war in the forest was different from war in Europe; and Braddock was defeated and killed, despite having superior numbers and artillery. The route he hacked through the woods, however, eventually proved useful.

President Thomas Jefferson authorizes construction of the National Road in 1806.

Both George Washington (who had been with Braddock) and Thomas Jefferson recognized that westward expansion was seriously hampered by the lack of adequate roads. As early as 1803 Congress allocated a small percentage of the proceeds of the public lands sold in Ohio to be set aside for "public roads leading from navigable waters emptying into the Atlantic Ocean to the state of Ohio and through that state..." The promoters of the National Road envisioned the westward migration of immigrants while at the same time the land's re-



The Casselman River Bridge was constructed 1813-1814 near Grantsville, Maryland.

sources and produce flowed eastward to domestic and foreign markets. Troop movements west to quell any uprising were also a factor in the decision to construct the road. On March 29, 1806, President Thomas Jefferson signed an act of Congress authorizing construction of the great road.

Pennsylvania politicians favored a northern route from Philadelphia, whereas Virginians favored a southern route from Richmond. Ultimately, Cumberland, Maryland, not far from Washington on the Potomac River, which rarely froze, was chosen as the starting point, and it became known as the Cumberland Road.

How to make a road through the forest at the dawn of the 19th century:

1. Burly men with axes fell all the trees in a sixty foot wide strip.
2. Choppers, grubbers and burners grub out the roots and remove the stumps using horses and heavy chains.
3. Laborers with picks and shovels level the road while others break stones.
4. Finally the roadbed is laid about 20 feet wide with stones in layers starting with large stones topped with smaller ones. The pay for breaking limestone with round-headed hammers for the road surface is \$6.00 a month.

Who were these laborers? They were mostly English and Irish Immigrants. No slaves were used in building the National Road.

Construction began in 1811 in Cumberland and generally followed Braddock's route to Fort Necessity.



Image of Conestoga wagon. Note the driver sitting on the left rear horse and the feed trough attached to the back of the wagon.
Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division. LC-USZ62-13354

A stone arch bridge was built to carry the road across the Casselman River near Grantsville, Maryland. The Casselman Bridge is now a National Historic Landmark. West of Fort Necessity, the road continued through Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and then northwest to the Ohio River. The road reached Wheeling (now in West Virginia) on the Ohio River in 1818. In 1820 funds were appropriated by Congress to continue the road “as straight as possible” toward St. Louis. Through Ohio to Zanesville the road followed the trail blazed by Ebenezer Zane, known as Zane’s Trace. Congress slowly supplied the funds for construction and changed the route to include the state capitals of Ohio (Columbus), Indiana (Indianapolis) and Illinois (Vandalia at that time). In 1825, however, the eastern parts of the road were turned over to the respective states and in 1838, Congress refused to supply more money to finish the road through Indiana and Illinois. Construction eventually reached

Vandalia, Illinois, in 1850, 591 miles from Cumberland, Maryland, and by 1856 the entire National Road was ceded to the states. The states, in turn, set up toll houses along the road; the tolls being used to maintain the road surface. A bar or “pike” was placed across the road, which was turned to allow the traffic to pass when the toll was paid. Hence the road became known as the “turnpike” – or simply: “The Pike.” The involvement



Map of the National Road. The original uploader was Citynoise at English Wikipedia.
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of the Federal government in road construction was extremely limited for the next half century.

Life on the Road- Pike Boys, Wagoners, Sharpshooters and Stage drivers.

If you had any inkling that one of your ancestors drove a team or ran a tavern or had any association with the National Road, I recommend you look at "The Old Pike, A History of the National Road" by Thomas B. Searight. 1894. We have a copy at the Sahyun Library. (388 H2 SEA). [Or see google books: <https://books.google.com/books/about/The_Old_Pike.html?id=bSBjDG_YTuMC>]

A 15 page index lists drivers, tavern keepers and others mentioned in the book. Photos of many of the old wagoners are also included. Searight interviewed many surviving wagoners for this book and relates many stories of life on the "Road."

In its heyday, traffic was heavy on the National Road. Conestoga wagons and stagecoaches vied with lone horsemen, immigrant families and herds of cattle, hogs or sheep for space on the pike. "Pike boys" was a term that eventually came to mean anyone associated with the National Road. "Wagoners" were men who hauled merchandise on the road in Conestoga wagons. Their six horse teams drove about 15 miles a day and pulled loads averaging about 6,000 pounds, although loads could range up to 10,000 pounds. A few wagoners ornamented their lead horse with bells. These were not sleigh bells, but rather cone shaped bells that hung from a thin metal arch sprung over the tops of the "hames" (on the horse's collar). The movements of the horse caused the bells to ring and this attracted attention and warned pedestrians of their approach.

The bed of a Conestoga wagon was quite deep and bent upwards at the front and back. The sides were painted blue with a red board at the top that could be removed. White canvas stretched over wooden bows so that the wagons sported the new national colors—red, white and blue! Conestoga wagons did not have a seat for the wagoner at the front. He actually rode the rear left horse while handling the reins of the team. "Gee" and "Haw" meant right and left to Conestoga horses.

Taverns dotted the route of the National Road. These contained a dining room, a bar and guest rooms or dormitories containing beds. The usual beverage was whisky, which was plentiful and cheap – three cents a glass. For immigrants and other travelers, sharing a room and even a bed with strangers was the norm. Toilet facilities were out back, of course. Wagoners carried their own feed trough on the rear of the wagon which was used then at night to feed the horses. The horses rested outside a tavern in the wagon yard, while the wagoners took their bedrolls inside, spread them out



A stage coach on the National Road. John Kennedy Lacock postcard no. 77. 1908.

in a semicircle on the floor in front of the fire and slept "like a mouse in a mill."¹

"Sharpshooters" were farmers who used their teams on the road when prices for hauling freight were high and then took them off as the prices fell. Stage drivers were a cut above the average wagoner. Stages were generally drawn by four horses and there were several competing stages lines. Passengers rode both inside the coach and outside on top. The trip by stage from Wheeling, Virginia to Zanesville, Ohio, a distance of 74 miles, took about 12 hours including stops for meals and to change horses. Accidents were not uncommon as the drivers often drove the horses at a full run down the hills or over the worst parts of the road, much to the discomfort of the passengers who bounced against each other as well as hit their heads against the hard roof of the coach.

Meanwhile...

While the National Road was under construction, other significant movements and events transpired. Canals were built during the first half of the 19th century creating major competition for the National Road. The most famous, the Erie Canal, was completed in 1825 and connected New York State via the Hudson River to Lake Erie. By 1850, the great lakes were connected to the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers by six canal systems. Another very important canal completed in 1848 was the Illinois and Michigan Canal connecting Chicago at the southern end of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River. Water transport was quicker and more comfortable than a Conestoga wagon or stagecoach. Thus many settlers chose to use canal boats to travel west.

Shifts in transportation technology

The National Road was part of the first major shift in transportation technology that occurred in the opening decades of the 19th century. From the confines of the 13 colonies that stretched along the Atlantic coast, the

road and canals provided trans-Appalachian connections. But the National Road was a disappointment. Originally it was intended to connect the Chesapeake Bay to St. Louis. But in the end, it served the North but not the South, and never reached St. Louis. Canals were cheaper and faster. Congress starved the road of funding and it petered out in Vandalia, Illinois, 70 miles short of St. Louis.

What killed both the National Road and the canals however, was the railroad, the second shift in transportation technology in America. Railroads changed the nation as they opened up the whole country to settlement. Freight, livestock, immigrants and all their possessions could go anywhere the tracks were laid. Railroad building flourished during the latter half of the 19th century and unified the country. There was no longer a need for a national road system.

The poet Rev. John Pierpont (1785-1866) lamented:
 Pierpont poem as printed in the Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, 1921.

The Old Pike

"We hear no more of the clanging hoof, and the stagecoach, rattling by;

For the steam king rules the traveled world, and the old Pike's left to die.

The grass creeps o'er the flinty path and the stealthy daisies steal

Where once the stage-horse, day by day, lifted his iron heel.

No more, the weary stager dreads the toil of the coming morn;

Nor more the bustling landlord runs at the sound of the echoing horn;

For the dust lies still upon the road, and the bright-eyed children play

Where once the clattering hoof and wheel rattled along the way."

Then a third shift in transportation technology occurred—the automobile. Aided by Henry Ford's Model-T, the car soon became an everyday vehicle of personal transportation. It was an innovation, however, that required a system of good roads. Rural roads went nowhere and were often impassable in bad weather. Of course, the early cars were not suitable for long distance travel, but they improved rapidly and political pressure built to build better roads. By 1912, Congress once again began to allocate money for national highways.

In retrospect, "There was nothing wrong with the National Road except its timing; it was a century ahead of its time."²



Illustration of a Conestoga wagon at a dead run downhill by Harry Fenn in "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies" by Thomas Buchanan Read, written in 1862. The wagoner holding the reins is riding the left rear horse.

1) "The Old Pike, A History of the National Road" by Thomas B. Searight. 1894. Published by the author, Uniontown, PA.

2) "The National Road," edited by Karl Raitz. The John Hopkins University Press, Baltimore and London. 1996. P.18.

Clipper Ship Captain C. P. Low of the Santa Barbara Mesa

Wild Mesa Stories by Wendel Hans

Forty-two years on Cliff Drive, Fairacres Lot 11

Young Charles

BORN IN SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS, in 1824, Charles Porter Low soon moved to Boston, then Brooklyn, New York. Some men would be merchants. Some men would be desk bound. Charles P. Low knew he loved the water. He would go to sea in ships. He would become Captain Low of the fastest clipper ship, *N.B. Palmer*. He would sail faster and smarter, protecting his passengers, cargoes, and crew.

As a young man he had some loves. The first time he went to sea, a love of his said on his return, that the constabulary had laid off a third of the constables as he was out of town. He had fallen off horses, been run over by wagons, knocked unconscious by rocks thrown in friendly school fights. His broken bones always healed. At a party the maidens cowered at his singing. The princess with eyes of black took to the piano and sang alone. Her name was Sarah Maria Tucker. Charles loved her instantly and they married quickly, Wednesday, May 19, 1852. Newlywed Mrs. Low, of Danvers, Massachusetts, went to sea with her captain. He was 27. She was 19. He would buy a farm and retire to the Santa Barbara Mesa.



The Clipper Ship *Houqua*, ca. 1850. The *Houqua* was the first ship that C. P. Low commanded. She was built by the Brown and Bell Shipyard in New York and launched in 1844.

The China Trade

His first time at sea, at age 18, Charles Low went as a ship's boy. But he had an advantage. As a youth he had climbed on all sorts of ships at Boston, been taught knots and ships' words and boxing a compass by salty sailors, before he ever went to sea. He took a school in navigation from an old captain, all before his first ship had left the dock. He wanted to learn sailing. In a storm on his first voyage, the captain commanded the crew to shorten sail (take down sails). Low, the boy, climbed the rigging and the mate said, "What the hell are you doing?" Charles said, "I can lower the sails." And he did. Then he said, "I want to steer." The Captain said he could when the weather improved, and Charles steered the first ship he had ever sailed on.

The voyage to China from New York went across the line (the equator), then near Brazil, and around the Cape of Africa, east across the Indian Ocean, and on to Hong Kong or Singapore, or other Asian ports. On the next voyage he shipped as a paid ordinary seaman (boys were unpaid), then an able seaman, and on the next trip as third mate and on the same trip, showing great skill, acted as second and then first mate in his meteoric rise to command, second to the captain, and then brought the ship to port as Captain Alexander Palmer, a brother of famous Captain N. B. Palmer, was injured. The fastest trip was 13,000 miles in 83 days. A



Wedding photo of Charles Porter Low and Sarah Marie Tucker in May 1852. He was 27, she was 19. Eyes of black, she sang and played piano. He was captivated and they married. Source: *Some Recollections* by Captain Charles P. Low, Boston, Geo. H. Ellis Co., 272 Congress Street. 1906.

slow trip was 106 days from New York. The voyages to San Francisco from New York in the gold rush rounded the cape of South America and proceeded north, always through the Santa Barbara Channel, navigating by the Santa Barbara lighthouse and the light at Point Conception. At port in San Francisco or elsewhere his crew might take their wages and abandon ship, as drunken sailors, and not return. If the crew did not come back Captain Low would have to find new crew. Sometimes they were skilled — sometimes not. From San Francisco the course was then to Hawaii, called the Sandwich Islands, then to China. He would sail with cargoes of tea or cotton or lumber, or steel rails, or silk or rice, once with 400 Chinese, and make money for the company. Some of his children were born on the ship. He knew the rule of storms. He would always sail to the favored side of a typhoon when the barometer fell, shorten or take down sails, heave to, and wait for the wind to improve and the storm to pass. He had learned the favored side of a terrible storm, after surviving a typhoon. His first command, the ship *Houqua*, was damaged in a terrible storm losing all the masts and thrown on beams end (deck vertical to the water). He was admired and rewarded, a man 22 years old, for saving his ship and crew and cargo. He was brilliant and successful and he was always racing. His brothers, being ship owners and Charles the only captain in the family, had a business strategy; they let other ships in port buy the first cargoes of tea at a high price and then, not being first, Captain Low would buy later at a low price. Then, leaving port after the other ships, and sailing faster, a racer, he would depart China but always beat the other ships back to New York and, arriving first, fetch a high price at the dock.

Captain Low's Final Voyage

In his Recollections,¹ Captain Low wrote, "...did not reach Anjer (a lighthouse, twenty-six miles south of the Krakatoa volcano) till the tenth of November, twenty-three days from Shanghai. Passed the Cape of Good Hope (the end of Africa) in sixty-three days; crossed the line (equator) in eighty-five days and took a pilot (off New York's Sandy Hook) February third, 1873, one hundred and eight days from Shanghai." In November, south of the equator, it was summer. When he reached New York it was winter and the weather could be nasty. "After the cargo was discharged my brothers concluded to sell the ship. My mother had died before I got home and as I was tired of being away from my family ten months or a year and at home for only six weeks, I gave up the sea." Beginning his final voyage, he observed the passenger cabin of the *N.B. Palmer* was empty. By railroad, he mused, passengers now crossed the country to San Francisco in half the time as by clipper, in seven days, for \$150. By steamship, passengers could now reach China from New York and San Francisco in half the time as by clipper.

Captain Low Chose The Mesa

On May 9, 1873, W. R. Tomkins deeded farm land, previously owned by the fired lothario lighthouse keeper, Albert Johnson Williams, to Captain Charles Low, of Brooklyn, Kings County, New York, now of Santa Barbara, for \$7,957. Then, July 14, 1873, only five months after his final docking at New York, Charles Porter Low, in New York again, deeded his newly acquired Mesa farm to his brother, Seth Low, for \$7,957, who in turn deeded the Low farm back to Mrs. Sarah Maria Low, mother of Captain Low's seven children, for the same amount, on the same day. Husbands did not usually outlive wives and took care of a wife in this manner. The Lows came to Santa Barbara for Sarah's health in 1873. The Captain retired from the clipper ships to a place with a spectacular view of the islands, the channel, great weather, and minutes from downtown Santa Barbara. Captain Low and his family became part of the Mesa and of Santa Barbara's high society. He owned



Low's farm in 1889 -Between the properties of Gaylord, Potter, Moore, and Freelon. Closer to downtown Santa Barbara than Montecito. Source: Riecker, Paul, and H.S. Crocker & Co. Map of the County of Santa Barbara, California. [Santa Barbara]: Riecker, Huber & Mench, Civil Eng'rs, 1889] Map. <https://www.loc.gov/item/2012590098/>.

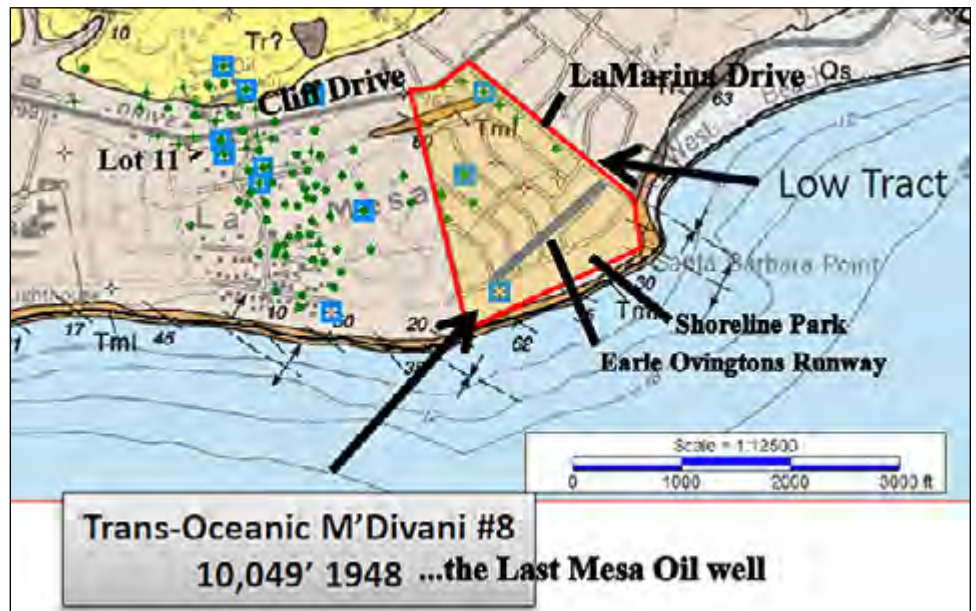
the land that is now Santa Barbara Point and Shoreline Park to Cliff Drive. Having been a founder of the Atlantic Yacht club in Brooklyn in 1866, I have wondered if Captain Low was also a founding member of the Santa Barbara Yacht Club in 1872, the year after he arrived permanently, perhaps even the first or second Commodore. He was not. He was conspicuously missing from the list of founders of a short lived yacht club in 1887. Captain Low passed away February 13, 1913, after forty years on LaMesa Cliff Drive. Sarah had passed three years previously in 1910. After his death, and the farm in control of his heirs, his farm would be briefly Earle Ovington's airport, Low Field, and then Count M'Divani's oil field. Today, Captain Low's chosen ground for retiring from a productive career at sea, to save Sarah, is Mesa, Marine Terrace, division one. You should drive La Marina Drive, the street. Feel the history. Feel the legacy of Captain Charles Porter Low. ©2019 Wendel Hans whalumnum@aol.com

W.R. Tompkins } W.R. Tompkins and his wife, Martina
 } Tompkins of the county and county of Santa
 } Barbara, State of California, parties of the
 } first part for and in consideration of the
 } sum of 7,957 \$ dollars, do hereby grant to Capt. Charles
 } Porter Low, of the same place, party of the second part, all that
 } real property situated in said county of Santa Barbara, State
 } of California, bounded and described as follows: Beginning

May 9, 1873-Deed To The Ranch \$7957. W.R. Tompkins was an astute realtor. In April 1873 he bought this property for \$500 from the debauched former lighthouse keeper, Albert Johnson Williams. Two weeks later he sold the land to Captain Low for about \$8000. Source: Santa Barbara County Hall of Records.



The Low Home From Mesa Road-Site of High Society Gatherings-Santa Barbara Point and the ocean in the background...perhaps you walked your dog on that open grass land? Captain Low bought a farm but there is no evidence in this photo he grew crops on LaMesa. Source: Santa Barbara History Gledhill Library.



1) *Some Recollections* by Captain Charles P. Low, Boston, Geo. H. Ellis Co., 272 Congress Street. 1906.

The Santa Barbara Low Farm Today-a residential housing tract-known as Marine Terrace #1. Is your home on this map? Source: State of California Department of Oil, Gas, Geothermal Resources, DOGGR



The Man's Man-Captain Charles Porter Low. Source: *Some Recollections* by Captain Charles P. Low, Boston, Geo. H. Ellis Co., 272 Congress Street. 1906.

THE MORNING PRESS, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA, SUN

Captain Charles P. Low, Retired Mariner, Pioneer In China Tea Trade, Passes Away At Home He Built Here To Overlook The Sea

Headline in the Sunday *Morning Press* February 23, 1913,
announcing the death Of C.P. Low

A Municipal Airport — on the Mesa?

In 1920, seven years after Captain Low's death, the broad, level expanse of Captain Low's farm caught the attention of Earle L. Ovington, aviation pioneer and developer of Casa Loma Air Field located on the north edge of today's Community Golf Course. The Mesa, Ovington believed, would be the ideal place for a municipal airport. The federal government agreed, providing Ovington's runway was long enough to accommodate the largest commercial plane then in service, the Ford tri-motor or "Tin Goose."

Such an aircraft made successful landings and takeoffs on "Low Field," as Ovington dubbed the project.

Airport On The Mesa-pundits would say the airport was doomed by the oil field. In reality, the airport was doomed by the 1930 city council legislating "no landing fields within city limits." Too many plane crashes! Source: *Wikipedia*.

Rudy takes off (or not) By Connie Burns

LOVE THIS PICTURE OF MY GREAT-UNCLE RUDY (Rudolph Aloysius Bister). This has to have been taken in the early years of the biplane, but since Rudy was born in 1894 and looks to be about 25 or more, it must be taken in about 1919, or later, in Los Angeles, just before he married my great-aunt Marguerite.

He is so dapper! With his stylish goggles, argyle socks, knickers, the ever-present cigarette hanging from his mouth, he is quite the guy! Of course, he is going

nowhere fast, since there is a block at the front of the wheel. And the aircraft looks pretty rickety! I remember Rudy as quite a character!

This could not have been his own plane since he was a chicken farmer in the San Fernando Valley, and not very well off. Maybe he was visiting the Van Nuys airport, saw this exciting plane and took advantage of a photo op? What do you think? What a way to travel!

Maybe one of our members knows more about this plane?



Horse Adventures

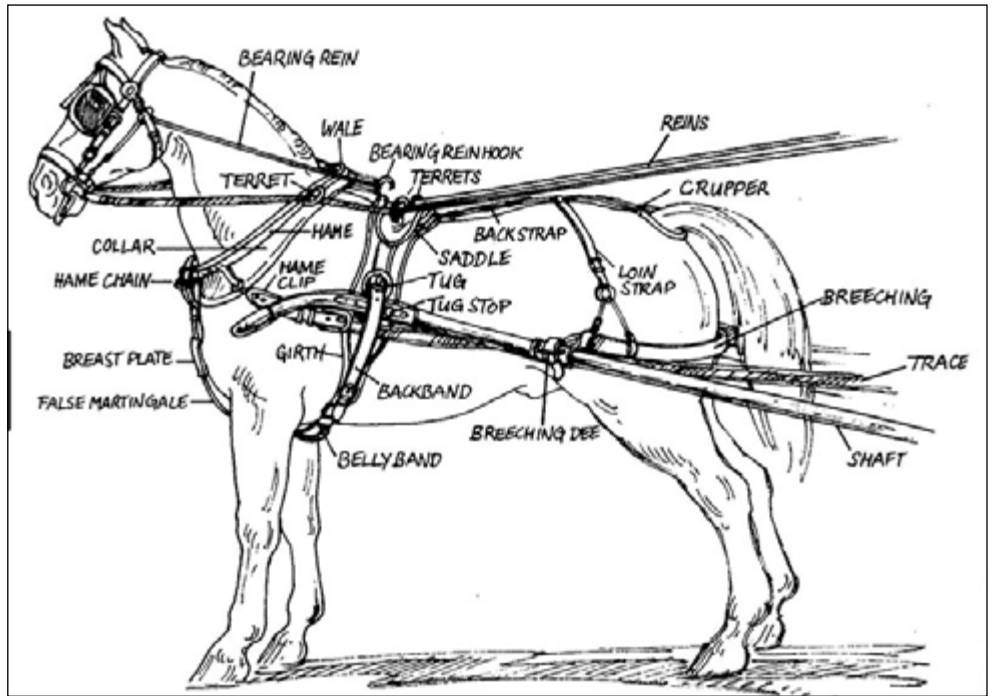
By Robert P. Armstrong, edited by Janet A. Hamber

R. SAMUEL ARMSTRONG, who was born in 1854 and graduated from Albany Medical College in 1885, was the typical "Horse and Buggy Doctor" of the 1800s. These are the reminiscences of his son Robert P. Armstrong who wrote about his life and times in a book of Recollections. For clarity, they are edited by Robert's daughter Janet A. Hamber. Additions and clarifications by JAH are in italics.

"While we lived on Ridge Ave. (in Rutherford, New Jersey,) father did not have a coachman, so very frequently, as the eldest boy, I had to go with him when making his calls.

His first horse was named Dandy, a rather small bay bought in Passaic and used in Rutherford for a few years. He was followed by a "chestnut" colored horse called Harry. The third horse was a bob-tailed iron gray animal, called Dick. He was a very nervous horse, as he had been mistreated by a former owner. One evening about a week after Dick had been purchased, Father was at the top of the Union Ave. hill. About a mile down the hill was the Passaic River bridge. The strap attached to the bellyband that held the shafts down, came loose, allowing the shafts to raise to the level of the horse's back and the carriage to push against his rear. Father got out holding the reins in his hands and carefully working towards Dick's head. Just as he was about to grasp the bridle, the horse lunged forward, throwing Father into the gutter. As he got up badly bruised, with his trousers torn, he saw the horse and carriage flying down the hill in the direction of the river. He felt sure that that was the last of Dick and the carriage. Several hours later I was outside our house on Ridge Ave. when I saw Dick with a part of the harness dash past the house. Early next morning he was caught in front of the livery stable, where he was stabled, since we had no barn on Ridge Ave. The carriage was found wrecked against an apple tree in the rear of a farm on Meadow Road, about three miles from where the run-away started. Strange to say, the horse was not injured.

When Dick was sold Father bought Dinah, a black mare, one of the gentlest, surest footed horses we ever had. She had been a polo pony and was a fine saddle horse. The next horse we had was a Standard bred trotter, which are the racehorses driven by a driver in a sulky.



A horse in harness. Drawing courtesy of Gloria Austin at the Equine Heritage Institute, Inc.

Charlie was purchased when we lived on Elliot Place (again in Rutherford). He was an iron gray color. There were two large box stalls, later one was converted into two tie up stalls. He was a smart mean horse, full of tricks. When I would be cleaning his box stall he would lean against me against the wall. One day when I was cleaning the stall, he pulled the door open, which I had failed to fasten, and trotted out to the yard. I chased him into the yard and I am sure I saw him measure the distance as he kicked me softly on the elbow as I turned to avoid his hoof.

One hot night in the summer I was disturbed by Charlie's kicking in the barn. At the time he had been shifted from the box stall to the tie up stall. There seemed something wrong about the noise that disturbed me, so I woke up Father and went to the barn. We found Charlie "cast" in his stall, using the common horseman's term for a horse lying on his side, with his front legs folded back against the stall partition and his hind legs stretching out behind the end of the partition in such a way as to prevent him from getting up. Horses would struggle and kick and if not released would injure themselves or even die of exhaustion and fright. I woke up Harry Stone, our coachman. We had a very difficult job to move the horse back from the partition so he could get on his feet. If he had not been discovered, by morning we might have had a dead horse.

At the time I was in college, one of the boys in (*my Massachusetts College of Agriculture (now the University of Massachusetts) fraternity*) Phi Sigma Kappa, lived on a horse-breeding farm, his father being the farm

superintendent. I visited him at the Thanksgiving vacation. There I saw a three-year-old mare who had been whipped by the owner when he was breaking her to harness and had become a "balker." That is a horse with great determination who will stop when he wants to and will not budge, even if whipped severely. I fell in love with the mare and learned she could be bought for \$175, which was a great bargain because she was a balker. I wrote Father about her and as he needed a horse he decided to buy her. What I should have done was to have the superintendent of the farm hitch her to a sulky and drive her on their track. In my ignorance I did not realize what a very poor bargain a balky horse was. Father wrote me to buy her, which I did in June. I loaded her on a boxcar at New Braintree, Massachusetts, to take her to Providence, Rhode Island, to take the Fall River boat to New York at six o'clock in the evening. The train was late that afternoon so we missed the boat that night, having arrived in Providence about 10 P.M. A heavy cold fog came up and I was greatly chilled, so I wrapped the horse blanket about me. After a while I noticed that the mare was humped up in the corner with the cold, so I covered her again with the blanket and walked up and down in the car to keep warm. After a while a watchman flashed his light in the car and I tipped him a dollar to watch the horse and I went to a hotel. In the early afternoon I loaded her on the boat. However, we could not break her of balking.

You could never tell when she would balk. When she got ready she would go. She was a beautiful horse, very fast, three years old. Father finally sold her to a farmer.

A doctor's work is hard on a horse, so Father would rent one of Collin's horses to rest Dick. One day in the winter he rented a "moon blind" horse. The eyes of this horse had a white appearance probably due to cataracts. We were in the cutter, as the sleighs were called, and the sleighing was good. As we started down the main street of Rutherford, a couple of boys ran out to get a ride standing on the runners of the cutter, a favorite sport in those days. This startled the horse as he had a foggy vision. He lunged forward, breaking the check-rein, which kept slapping him on the neck as he started to gallop. Down the main street of the town we flew, the sleigh bells ringing loudly, with Father "sawing" on the reins trying to control the horse. Clods of snow flew in our faces. People scattered and drivers of other sleighs hurried to get out of our way. The animal knew his way home, for when we reached the street where the stable was located, he made the right turn quickly with the cutter riding on one runner and we were nearly pitched out. When he reached the livery stable he stopped. Never again did Father drive that horse.

The last horse Father drove was Libby Wilkes, a four-year-old standard bred trotter like the above horse. In the summer of 1911, Father asked me to go to New York with him to purchase a horse. We went to the



John (Jack) Armstrong, 2nd son of Isabella & Dr. Samuel Armstrong in his Hupmobile ca. 1911.

horse sales stables, which were on 24th and 26th street off Lexington Ave. Finally in one we found Libby Wilkes and bought her for \$200. Horses were very cheap at that time as the automobiles were replacing horses.

Father drove horses in his practice up to 1911 when he purchased a car.

John (Jack) Armstrong and his father Dr. Samuel Armstrong in their first car, 1911.



Dr. Samuel Armstrong with a woman who most likely is his wife, Isabelle Augusta Gott Armstrong with their son, maybe Phil or Currie Armstrong.

Father's First Automobile

(This part of the article is based on my remembrance of what my father told to me. He did not mention this in his Recollections book. I wrote it as I thought my father might have written it. JAH)

The first car purchased by my father was a 1911 Hupmobile. Driving a car required a different set of skills than driving a horse and buggy. On his first attempt at driving the car, my father cranked the engine to start it. He drove out the former horse stable barn and started to circle the Elliot Street house. When he arrived back at the barn, he realized he did not know how to stop the car. Fortunately the barn had both a front and back entrance, so he drove round and round the house until one of the older boys shouted out how to stop the car.



William Knickrehm's new Marion-Handley touring car. He stands by while his children climb in and pretend to be driving.

A Brand New Touring Car

By Sharon Summer

ONE FINE DAY IN the late 1910s, William Knickrehm came home with a brand new Marion-Handley touring car.

When this photograph of my bearded great-grandfather William and his family was taken, his eldest daughter Hulda was sitting at the wheel while youngest daughter, her thick blonde hair in a braid, posed in the passenger seat. Middle daughter Carrie stared past the steering wheel looking as if she too wanted to get in. On the front steps William's wife Augusta, chin in hand, sits looking on. William stands next to his new car while my grandfather, 13-year-old Allen Ironside, stands next to him.

The picture was taken in front of their house at 180 East 35th Street in Los Angeles. It was a custom built seven-bedroom home completed in 1911 by German craftsmen. William and Augusta needed both a big car and a big house to accommodate their family. They also had two other sons not in the picture, Frederick and Paul. Altogether there were the two parents, six children, and that one big car!

The Marion-Handley automobile was called a "speedster." The Marion car company in Marion, Ohio, was a manufacturer of "fast cars" between the years of

1904 and 1915. The production of Marion automobiles was never prolific. During the entire 1912 model year, only 932 cars were produced, a drop of more than 500 units from the 1911 model year. Originally, a Marion Model 33 Speedster was offered at a price of \$1,475. One online inflation converter says that would be about \$41,509 in 2019.

The Mutual Motors Company was a continuation of the earlier Marion Company, and produced the largest number of Marion-Handley vehicles. The Mutual Motors company built Marion-Handley touring cars in Jackson, Michigan, between 1916 and 1919.

William's grandson Bill Knickrehm identified William's car as a Marion-Handley. Bill says the tank pictured on the running board is an acetylene tank that held pressurized gas to run the head lamps in the days before electricity.

As an eight-year-old boy William and his family left Schaumburg-Lippe in what is now Germany on the steam ship *Leipzig*, traveling from Bremerhaven to Baltimore, Maryland in 1871. They settled in Elgin, Illinois.

When he turned age 18, William left home taking advantage of a railroad transportation deal. The Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railroads were having a price

war. Because of that competition, William, at age 18, was able to buy for one dollar a one-way cross country rail passage from Illinois to California. He arrived in Los Angeles in 1882 and by 1890 at the age 27, William owned his own house-moving business. In those days the houses his company moved were transported down city streets pulled by two black horses tied to a capstan. His William Knickrehm Company moved large hotels, sheds, school buildings, houses, and even palm trees. Our family has one of his business ledgers showing the wide variety of structures he moved from one location to another.

William Knickrehm had become fairly well-to-do by the 1920s. All of his and Augusta's six children were doing well, two graduating from college at the University of Southern California, and all gainfully employed. His Los Angeles house-moving business was in demand. He and his crew were known for doing good honest work at fair prices. Many structures were moved to new locations in that era. People would move their whole house when they wanted to move to a new place. There is a family story that when Santa Monica High School wanted a building rotated 90 degrees, William paced off the distance, the building was moved, and he was merely one inch off the spot. Other structures were moved for street widening. Los Angeles was growing fast so it needed wider roads. It was a booming time.

Then came the stock market crash of 1929. In its aftermath William held on to his business but lost various properties and assets during the Great Depression. His fine automobile may well have been a victim of the crash.

In preparing this article I communicated via email with the owners of the photograph of William with his Marion-Handley motor car, Linda and Bill Knickrehm. Thinking about how the Great Depression affected their grandfather William, they remembered a kindness that he did, one that I had not known about. Linda wrote, "Both our dad [Paul] and [his sister] Carrie told us that Grandpa paid to keep a bed and a clean set of clothes at The Midnight Mission in downtown Los Angeles for any man who was actively seeking employment during the depression. It was an action that both our dad and Carrie spoke of with great pride." This is another family story to come out through communicating with living relatives and doing genealogy. It is another reason that I wish I could have met this admirable man, my great-grandfather William Knickrehm.

Sharon Diane Knickrehm Summer-Choiniere is a member of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society. She continues to be fascinated with what can be learned doing genealogy. The number of her family history albums keeps growing as she adds to them more pages of research and family stories.



The family of William Knickrehm 1900
(Left to right) Carrie, father William, Hulda, wife Augusta, Allen Ironside, Frederick
(not pictured Mary and Paul)

“Workin’ On the Railroad”: My Grandfather William Bain McDuffie

By Cathy Jordan

NEVER KNEW MY GRANDFATHER on my father’s side, William Bain McDuffie. In fact, my father didn’t know him well since my dad was only 17 when William died. Dad didn’t know much about anyone on the McDuffie side of our family so that was a challenge I gladly embraced when the genealogy bug bit me.

William McDuffie was born on November 17, 1879, in Hamburg, Ashley County, Arkansas, to a family that was rather poor. His father was a farmer. At birth William had three living brothers. There had been a sister who had died. His parents had four more sons after William’s birth. By age 19 William had lost two of his three older brothers and met the woman he was to marry. On December 7, 1898, in Carmel, Chicot County, Arkansas, at age 19 he married Ernestine Bernettie Shelton, age 16.



William B. McDuffie in 1898.

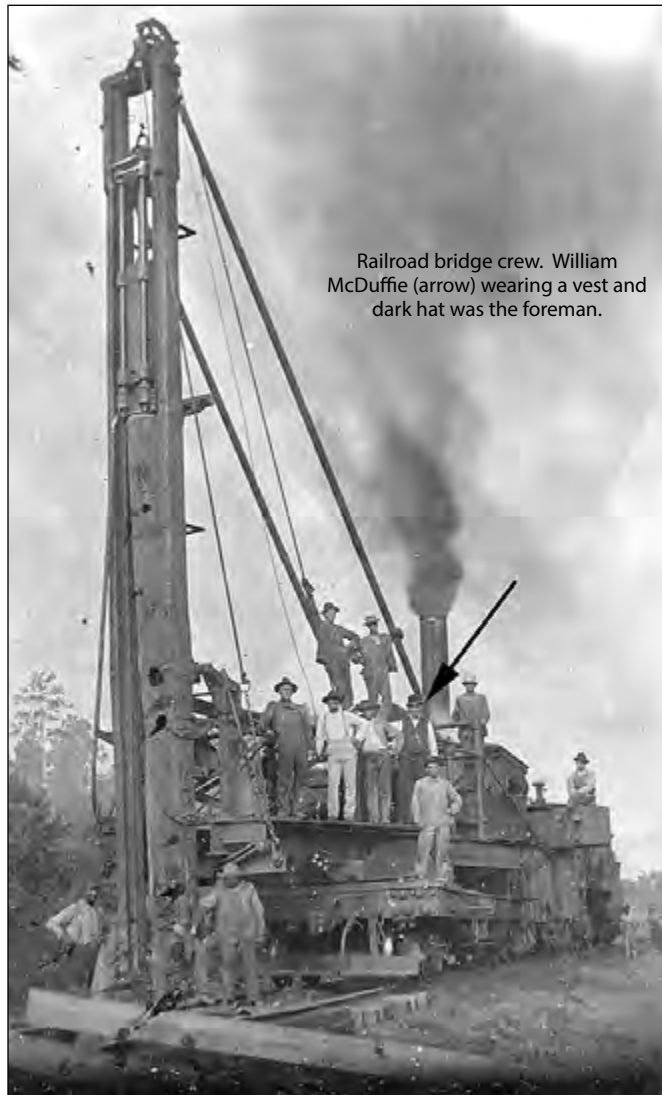
In the 1900 U.S. Census William’s little family (William, his wife Ernestine, and one year old daughter Odis) are listed as living in Planters, Chicot County, Arkansas, and his occupation is given as a farmer. By 1904 my father Murl was born and I suspect William realized he could not raise his family based upon the farm.

In the 1910 U.S. Census the family of four appears in Planters and lists William’s occupation as “Rail Roading, Bridge Building.” This is the occupation he held when my father Murl became aware of his father and his work. William didn’t just build the bridges; he was a foreman of a crew for the Missouri Pacific Railway that did this hard work.

I have a tintype showing the type of bridge his crew built. There is a photograph of William and his crew with my father peeking out among the older faces. There is another photograph of my father and his mother clearly taken in a railroad yard. Another photo of William shows him with some co-workers taking a break on a job.



William B. McDuffie on the left in a white shirt with two co-workers. Photo taken in Louisiana in 1908.



Railroad bridge crew. William McDuffie (arrow) wearing a vest and dark hat was the foreman.



Tintype of a railroad crew building a bridge. It is not known if it was William McDuffie's crew.



Ernestine McDuffie (standing left) with her sister Mae. Murl and his cousin Thelma are in the handcar in a railroad yard ca. 1911.



Railroad work crew. #1 is William McDuffie, with his young son Murl standing in front of him. #2 is Oscar Sullivan Phillips.

Apparently the railroad bridge building gig did not last long for William. On his 1918 World War I draft registration, William lists himself as a self-employed carpenter. Then he seems to have left Arkansas in search of employment in Texas. He wrote his wife from Breckenridge, Stephens County, Texas, about his difficulties in getting his tools shipped to him. He joined the Moose Lodge, the Carpenters Union, and made friends quickly. Tragically, he contracted pneumonia (possibly tuberculosis per his death certificate) and died in Breckenridge on July 14, 1921, at age 41.

William's early and sudden death had a huge impact upon the family at home. Then just three years later, my father's sister died unexpectedly as well. My father inherited his father's railroad watch, railroad key, and mouth harp that must have entertained him for hours. But these tangible items did not make up for the loss of the father whom he missed every day of his life.

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.



Murl with his mother Ernestine McDuffie in a railroad yard ca. 1912.



William B. McDuffie's railroad watch, key and tab



William B. McDuffie's mouth harp

Images of Travel in Quebec, Canada, by the Gendreau Family of Photographers *By Michelle Fitton*



This horse and buggy is being driven by my great-uncle Alphonse Gendreau. My great-grandmother Marie Louise Magnan is standing beside him. The photo is from some small town in Quebec, Canada, maybe Victoriaville. My great-grandfather and his sons were all photographers. It was not an easy living and required a lot of traveling during these days.

Photographers Alphonse, Edmond (my great-uncles) and Cléophas Gendreau (my great-grandfather) with Marie Louise Magnan (my great-grandmother) standing in the doorway. The photograph was probably taken by another great-uncle, Arthur Gendreau.



Snow in Canada is taken seriously as typical winters can have the snow as high as the second story window. A horse and sleigh was a necessity for transportation. My great-uncle Arthur Gendreau's family is posed in front of his home/photography studio in St. Anne de la Pocatiere, Quebec, Canada. Lap rugs and furs are needed, even the horse is dressed in his winter's finest.



The photo at left was taken in St. Prosper, Quebec, Canada in front of my great-grandparents' house. As horse and buggies were the main means of transportation, roads had not yet been paved. Between rain and snow melt, traveling by car was not an easy thing to do. My grandfather, Cléophas Gendreau, is standing in front of the car and does not look too happy. Sorry, I do not know the model of car.

An early sea plane? This is certainly another interesting and possibly fun form of transportation. I have written to my cousin to see if this belonged to someone in our family and where this photo was taken. I just thought you'd like to see it. Maybe one of our members can identify it.



A Trip West in the 1840s: Hints to Emigrants

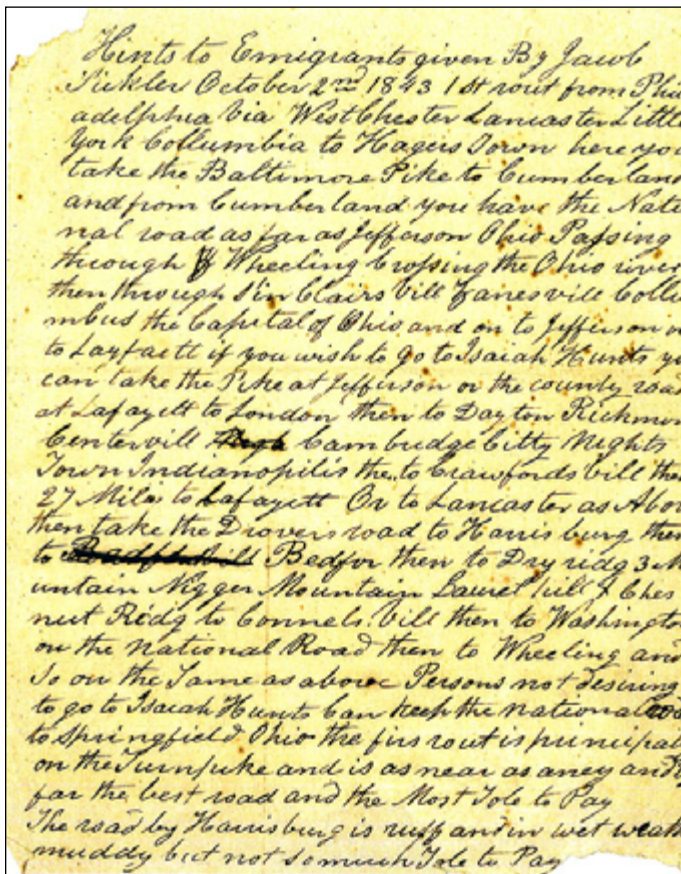
By Mary Mamalakis

Y 2ND GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, Susannah Sickler Hunt, had a brother named Jacob Sickler who became a widower in 1838 at age 41, with seven children ranging in age from 21 years to 3 years, four girls and three boys (a son died in 1839). In the fall of 1840, Jacob took a trip west to at least as far as Ohio because he mailed a letter to his brother Josiah in Camden County, New Jersey, from Waynesville, Warren County, Ohio, before he left for Indiana; he indicated that he would be home in a week or so. Based on Jacob's letters to his beloved brother, it appears he made the move west with his six surviving children by 1842, first to Washington, Tazewell County, Illinois, then to Tippecanoe County, Indiana, the following year where he remained until his death in 1875. A descendant of brother Josiah in New Jersey saved the letters written by Jacob, and in 1935 donated the collection to the Camden County, New Jersey, Library. Many years later I heard about the collection and requested photocopies of the 25 letters.

In a letter dated October 2, 1843, from Lafayette, Indiana, Jacob wrote on a separate sheet, "Hints To Emigrants Given By Jacob Sickler." In this single page is the description of his route west beginning in Philadelphia with destination Ohio and Indiana. I have a copy of the letter plus a typed transcription.



Jacob Sickler



October 2, 1843

HINTS TO EMIGRANTS

given by Jacob Sickler

First route from Philadelphia via West Chester, Lancaster, Little York, Columbia to Hagers Town. Here you take the Baltimore Pike to Cumberland and from Cumberland you have the National Road as far as Jefferson, Ohio. Passing through Wheeling, crossing the Ohio River, then through St. Clairsville, Zanesville, Columbus, the capital of Ohio, and on to Jefferson or to Lafayette [Ohio] if you wish to go to Isaiah Hunt's. You can take the Pike at Jefferson or the county road at Lafayette to London, then to Dayton, Richmond, Centerville, Cambridge City, Night's Town [Knightstown], Indianapolis, then to Crawfordsville, then 27 miles to Lafayette [Indiana]. Or to Lancaster [Pennsylvania] as above then take the Drovers Road to Harrisburg then Bedford, then to Dry Ridge Mountain, Laurel Hill and Chestnut Ridge to Connellsville. Then to Washington [Pennsylvania] on the National Road then to Wheeling and so on the same as above. Persons not desiring to go to Isaiah Hunts can keep on the National Road to Springfield, Ohio. The first route is principally on the Turnpike and is as near as any and the far best road and the most toll to pay. The road by Harrisburg is rough and in wet weather muddy but not so much toll to pay.

Transcription of Jacob Sickler's "Hints to Emigrants."

Jerseymen Going West.— e and strong
 Jersey wagons, well horse- urniture and
 baggage, and partly occupied with children, passed
 through Philadelphia on Tuesday. The Philadelphia
 Enquirer says—
 On enquiry, we found four entire families, natives
 and residents of Chew's Landing, West Jersey were
 commencing a long—long journey to the far West,
 somewhat in the style of the ancient patriarchs or
 modern Asiatics, but in a manner infinitely more
 comfortable. They were going overland to Spring-
 field, Illinois, a distance of (by land) 1100 miles—and
 if they had gone by water, 1900 miles. This Ameri-
 can "Caravan" was composed of Mr. Jaza Sickler
 and his family, Mr. Isaiah Sickler and Mr. Isaiah Hider
 and his family—all in high health, spirits, and from
 appearances we should say, in tolerable prosperity.
 The "caravan" numbered 6 wagons, 10 capital horses
 and 21 persons; and the parties expected to be six
 or seven weeks on their journey. These respectable
 citizens and their families were highly esteemed in
 New Jersey, and their departure will be much regret-
 ted. They have our best wishes for success in their
 new homes; and these homes, by the way, are al-
 ready prepared for them, two of the heads of the fam-
 ilies having returned from Illinois a few weeks since,
 where they had prudently provided farms and houses
 for the reception of their "wives, children and friends."

Article that appeared in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* in 1842 describing a caravan headed from New Jersey to Illinois. The group included more Sickler families.

There is a second item separate from Jacob's Hints, a newspaper article published on November 8, 1842, in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* entitled, "Westward Ho!" about two families heading out on their journey west; both families are directly related to my Sickler lines. I found this account a wonderful piece of Americana. I received a copy from either the Gloucester County or Camden County Library 35 years ago. I tried to find the article on *Newspapers.com* and *GenealogyBank.com* but neither had it available.

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

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

Wagon Train West 1863: Aston, Missouri to Petaluma, California By John Covell Shute

Excerpts from *Jasper's Journal*, the journal of Jasper Lane, published by the Goleta Valley Historical Society in 1994. (Reprinted with permission of the publisher.)

The Principal Travelers:

Jasper Miles Lane, author of his Journal 1863

Miles Hinton Lane, Jasper's Father

Dorothy Clarissa Lane, daughter of Miles Lane, age 10

Jasper Newton Johnson, age 19, wagon train scout

THE WAGON TRAIN CARAVAN started from Ashton, in Clark County, Missouri on April 21, 1863.

"This evening we have hitched in and traveled two and one-half miles to my Uncles where we will stay until morning. It is the intention of our neighbors to gather together for the purpose of enjoying ourselves once more with a social party, when we will again resume our journey."

April 22nd- "This morning we hitched in and awaited the arrival of the remainder of our Caravan. It now consists of eight wagons of which four are drawn by oxen, the remainder by horse and mules. We traveled

on about three miles and came to a small village. Here friends, neighbors, and families were forced to say farewell, perhaps forever. We continued on and crossed the state line into Iowa. That night we elected George Murphy as captain of the wagon train. He proceeded to enroll all those subject to guard duty, and placed a number of them on duty."

April 23rd- "We have traveled 16 miles today and are camped on a beautiful steam fed by innumerable springs. Some of the boys is fiddling, some are dancing and some are playing fife. That night we had a dance on the smooth ground."

May 2nd- "We have not moved today on account of Jess Murphy is having one of his wagon wheels repaired. We have had a fine time sporting with our guns and dogs. There is camped here tonight 40 wagons and more are passing through daily, their destination the same as ours. We intend to shove out in the morning if the weather will admit. We are within 18 miles of Council Bluff and are informed there are 4,000 wagons there."

"Each wagon is to have the privilege of traveling in the lead one day and then fall to the rear, thus causing each team to get its due portion of dust."



My great-grandparents Jasper N. Johnson and his wife Dorothy C. Lane (Johnson). They were married in Santa Barbara in 1870 so the photo was taken after that. I do not know the actual date.
Jasper (1843-1934) Dorothy (1853-1937).

May 25th- "Our train has been augmented until it numbers 41 wagons, enough to frighten all the Indians and buffalo out of Nebraska."

May 26th- "Today we have traveled 20 miles and again are camped on the Platte."

June 1st- "Today we have come some 18 miles and are camped on the Platte. The road this morning was good but just as we left our nooning camp we had to ascend a rugged hill which was intolerable hard on our teams as well as ourselves."

June 4th- "My conjecture relative to the black clouds which obscured the western skies yesterday evening proved to be well founded as I had only closed my journal when the winds began to blow with a violence and every tent was blown down. The order was given to collect and corral the stock. The horses and cattle became so frightened and were running hither and thither. A sudden lull of the wind changed everything and the stock went quietly to grazing and were soon in the corral."

June 5th- "We have traveled 20 miles today and are now camped on the Platte and in plain view of Chimney Rock which is 20 miles distance. Grass is rather scarce, wolves numerous."

June 14th- "The gun that was fired last night was aimed at a huge wolf which was prowling around without permission, he took the hint and absconded."

June 29th- The Rocky Mountains. "This morning we shoved out and have traveled 20 miles and are now camped on Dry Sandy where there is not a particle of grass. We passed the summit of the dividing ridge or South Pass this morning whose altitude is 7,085 ft."

July 4th- "This morning was announced by the discharge of forty guns. The ladies was up early, dressed neat as a pin. Our poor old ox had become so sick and weak we were compelled to part with him, we received \$15. for our troubles."

July 5th - "A Mormon peddler visited our train this evening, who was direct from Salt Lake. He had vegetables and provisions for which he asked good prices."

August 7th- "Our train quietly took the lead this morning and maintained it all day although other trains tried to pass us by taking a cut-off but in this they was foiled by some obstacle which caused them hours of delay."

August 14th- "Traveling up a canyon we soon arrived at its head then traveled over a succession of hills for 12 miles where we soon nooned at some springs. Twelve miles further over awful rough and rocky roads brought us to Humbolt River where we are camped making a total of 24 miles over rough roads."

September 13th- "This morning we hitched in and moved on. Having attained the summit we began to descend and soon came to some houses where we halted for dinner. Here there is a good orchard at every house. This is a beautiful town and is situated on the Placerville Road two miles west of Placerville which is the county seat of Eldorado County."

September 25th- The Final Arrival: "This morning we hitched in and a drive of ten miles brought us to the town of Sonoma. Passing on eight miles we are in sight of Petaluma, that long desired place for which we have been journeying. Now after a journey of over two thousand miles we have struck our last camp as we intend to locate in this vicinity. Here ends our long, long journey." *Jasper's Journal, 1863*

Wagon Train Stories and Remembrances:

"While attempting to cross the river in Potawatamie County over 100 wagons were awaiting transportation on the ferry. Several other wagons appeared and tried to get to the head of the line crowding out others who were patiently waiting. Word had no affect and the scouts had to resort to unsheathing their revolvers and brandished them in defiance of the intruders. The ferry was able to carry 10 wagons each trip." *Jaspers Journal 1863*

These remarks are from information given by Maria Lane (Johnson) 1867.

"We had a friendly trip across the plains with the Indians. We had one bad scare when a band of Snake Indians circled the camp, but they explained they were on the war path with another tribe. They were especially nice to Rosa (Lane) who was only 4 years old and red headed. They liked her hair and brought her many presents including a pair of beaded moccasins that



Chimney Rock, Nebraska. The wagon train camped 20 miles from this formation on June 5, 1863.

were very beautiful. Her mother hid her under a large table in the wagon covered with a table cloth until it was determined if the Indians were friendly.”

“Along the prairie grew wild walnut trees. The kids would pick up the walnuts along the way and would hull them in the wagons and later the mother would make cookies.” *Recollection of Alberta Howland Lombard in conversation with her grandmother, Dorothy Clarissa Lane.*

“Get Out of Bread” Indian Bread, was a biscuit dough mixed with sugar and cinnamon and pan fried. It was traded or given to the Indians. Also used to supplement the travelers when they ran out of bread. This recipe was passed down through the family and they continued to make it in California. *Recollection of Alberta Howland Lombard in conversation with her grandmother.*

These remarks are from Dorothy Clarissa Lane (Johnson)

“On the wagon train, they drove the cows as a team and would milk the cows morning and night every day. They would make their own butter. On the way they passed many relics of pioneer Caravans and charred wagons telling of Indian attacks and the tragic end for some of the pioneers.” Remembering those days, she said “Their own party would have been attacked

but for the 75 armed men that rode on either side of the wagons keeping constant vigil. Guards stood watch during the hours of darkness. Constant vigilance alone saved the pioneers.”

“The train in which she came was the largest that crossed. They would circle the wagons at night so that the tongue of one wagon was under the rear end of another to make a corral in which to keep the animals.” Reference, *Native Daughters of the Golden West* vol. 2 p.408

The Lane family moves to Santa Barbara

Eventually the Lane family decided to move to Santa Barbara and that begins my more immediate family tree.

After arriving in Santa Barbara the senior Mr. Lane bought 160 acres of property near State Street and Ontare Road. It was called the “Ontare Ranch” and he developed it into a fine acreage of walnut groves. My great-grandfather Jasper Newton Johnson who was the 19-year-old scout on the wagon train married my great-grandmother Dorothy Clarissa Lane who was the 10-year-old on the wagon train, in 1870. Their youngest daughter my grandmother Jessie B. Johnson (Covell) (Foster), 1879-1974, was raised in Santa Barbara and the Goleta Valley. Grandfather Jasper Johnson eventually became a city councilman and acquired one of the first telephones in Santa Barbara for his livery stable on east Victoria St. (Arlington Stables) which provided transportation for Arlington Hotel guests. He also raised race horses. Reference; Johnson family history.

The Lane family continues farming today in the Goleta Valley. (Lane Family Farms) on Hollister Ave. The lasting Legacy of the 50 plus years of walnuts on the “Ontare Ranch” is the street name Grove Lane.

John Shute is a retired City Fire Captain, former SBCGS Board member and garden volunteer.

Moving West by Boxcar!

By Fred Schaeffer

BEFORE THE GOLDEN SPIKE was driven into the rail at Promontory Summit, Utah, on May 10, 1869, travel to the west coast of the United States was long, strenuous, costly, and sometimes dangerous. In the 1840s and 1850s travel by wagon train took five or six months of walking along side a wagon to cover the 2000 miles from Missouri to either Oregon or California. Going by ship from New York to San Francisco via Cape Horn took just over six months. This time could be reduced to a mere 43 days if a person was willing to risk crossing the Isthmus of Panama.

After the completion of the transcontinental railroad, travel became less hazardous and faster. By 1876, a person could make the journey from New York to San Francisco in three and a half days on the Transcontinental Express. As more railroads were laid down, families began using the railways to move west.

In 1904, my maternal great-grandfather, Daniel S. Keefer, had come into the possession of a flyer claiming land was available in the Brownsville area, just north of Eugene, Oregon. Grandpa sold his farm in Knoxville, Iowa, and rented a railroad boxcar to make the move to Oregon. All the household goods, farm machinery, tools, seeds, plants and trees, along with the horses, cows, a few pigs, and chickens were loaded into this boxcar. When it was time for the boxcar to be connected to a train, Grandpa and Grandma with seven kids, ages 1 to 17, got into this boxcar to head west.

The most likely route west was across Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho, and Oregon to Portland. From Portland the boxcar would have been reconnected to a train going south. At Salem, Oregon, the train made one of its frequent stops for water and shuttling cars onto or



Daniel S. and Myra Keefer

off a siding. Grandfather Keefer got out of the boxcar to stretch and get some fresh air when a man introduced himself as a real estate agent. He inquired as to where Grandpa was going. Grandpa replied, "Brownsville." The man said, "Oh! You don't want to go there; the land isn't nearly as good as it is here in the Salem area (which is true)." Anyway, the man convinced Grandpa to have the boxcar disconnected from the train and go with him to look at a farm five miles north of Salem. After seeing the farm Grandpa agreed to purchase the property. This is the story of how part of my family came to Oregon in the

early 1900s. In effect Grandpa moved his entire farm (minus the land) from Iowa to Oregon. I don't believe Grandpa ever visited Brownsville which originally brought him to Oregon.



The farm house built by Daniel S. Keefer in Keizer, Oregon.



The original farm Daniel S. Keefer bought in 1904. That dirt lane is the main road at the time between Portland and Salem. The house had a room on the far end with only one door to the outside that was never locked and none to the interior. The room had beds and a fireplace and was for travelers to stay the night out of the weather (for free). I think some food was also provided. All this was done for the travelers' protection and so the family would not be disturbed in the middle of the night. There were no inns or hotels in the early days, so houses along the road did the same thing.

APOLLO – Flight to the Moon

By Jim Friestad

I BEGAN WORK ON APOLLO IN 1962 at AC Spark Plug (AC) in Milwaukee. At that time, we were in the process of putting together the first Inertial Measurement Unit (IMU). The IMU consisted basically of three gyros and three accelerometers. Gyros measure angular movement while Accelerometers measure forward and backward motion. My picture with an IMU was on the cover of *The Missiles and Rockets Magazine* in 1962.

In 1967 I was transferred to Cape Canaveral to support the inertial guidance system for both the Command Service Module (CSM) and the Lunar Module (LM). My first day on the Test Station (Apollo Checkout Equipment - ACE), January 27, 1967 was the day the three astronauts died on the launch pad due to a fire in Apollo 1. The primary reason for the fire was that the Command Service Module as was planned for space, was filled with 100% oxygen. A spark in 100% oxygen is a disaster! Needless to say, that was the last time 100% oxygen was used. From then on, the air in the module was the same as what we breathe on earth. For the next three months we wondered if that might be the end of space travel, but as you know, it was just a glitch in the plans.

Troubleshooting troubles

In 1969, as we were getting ready for the first attempt at a moon landing, several interesting things happened in which I was closely involved. I had been assigned as the lead engineer for the guidance and navigation system, built by AC Spark Plug, for the Lunar Module (LM). Part of the test program was to place the CSM and LM, separately, in an altitude chamber and create a similar atmosphere that the spacecraft would be in at 200,000 feet altitude. For that test the actual astronauts assigned to that mission were in the spacecraft.

We had been testing the systems for several hours when I noted a failure in our guidance system and reported it to the Test Conductor having said, "I need to do some additional troubleshooting to isolate the problem." He said, "Fine we'll bring the LM back down to sea level and remove the astronauts and put some techs in there and evacuate the chamber again. I said, "No, I'm afraid the problem might not recur, so I think we need to troubleshoot it now." He finally said, "okay," but would only give me a few minutes. I said, "I'll work as quickly as possible," and managed to work on the problem for over an hour until I figured out where the problem might be. It was interesting that every time I stopped to think he would say, "Let's get them out." I had decided where the problem was occurring, so we let them get the astronauts out. As it turned out when we changed out the crew and went back to altitude the problem did not recur until after a couple of hours.



Jim Friestad in 1962 with an Inertial Measurement Unit (IMU)

My boss and I were instructed to take the memory modules back to Milwaukee for further testing. Once they had the modules and started to take them apart, they found a bad solder joint and sent us back to the Cape with new modules. It was critical time-wise to get the modules back to the Cape to meet the launch schedule.

We were late getting to the airport and having decided that the six modules should not leave our sight, we bought a ticket for the modules. When we got to the gate, we were told the plane had already boarded but, since that was long before 9/11, we could go directly to the plane and see if we could still get on. We got to the plane and found the door closed, knocked on the door and the attendant opened the door and let us on board. It turned out we were the only ones on the plane with our modules.

Once back at the Cape, everything checked out, so we were ready to start the next phase of testing. The next series of tests were the Count-Down Demonstration Tests. Since the lunar module was not powered up during launch, it was tested first, about three weeks prior the actual launch. During that test the vehicles were fully fueled and ready for launch with the actual crew onboard. The test took the vehicle through the launch sequence down to the last 30 seconds! The lunar module was completely checked out satisfactorily but when NASA was reviewing the data on our guidance system, they decided that even though one of our gyros was within specification range it was close to being out of range and they told us they wanted us to replace the Internal Measurement Unit (IMU).

IMU replacement on the launch pad

That was not going to be a simple task. The total vehicle was then on the launch pad and was fully fueled. The Saturn missile, 425 feet tall was sitting on Launch



Apollo Checkout Equipment (ACE) Control station.

Pad 39A. The IMU was located on top of the LM and the LM was actually partially inside the service module engine bell. Therefore, we had to pull the engine bell as far to the side as possible and crawled inside with the 40 pound IMU. (That was never planned to be done under such conditions.) With much manual labor we were able to complete the job and replace the IMU.

NASA then said, "We want you to completely test the guidance system but make sure it was always two failures away from firing an engine! Needless to say, since I am not famous for blowing up a missile on the launch pad, we were successful.

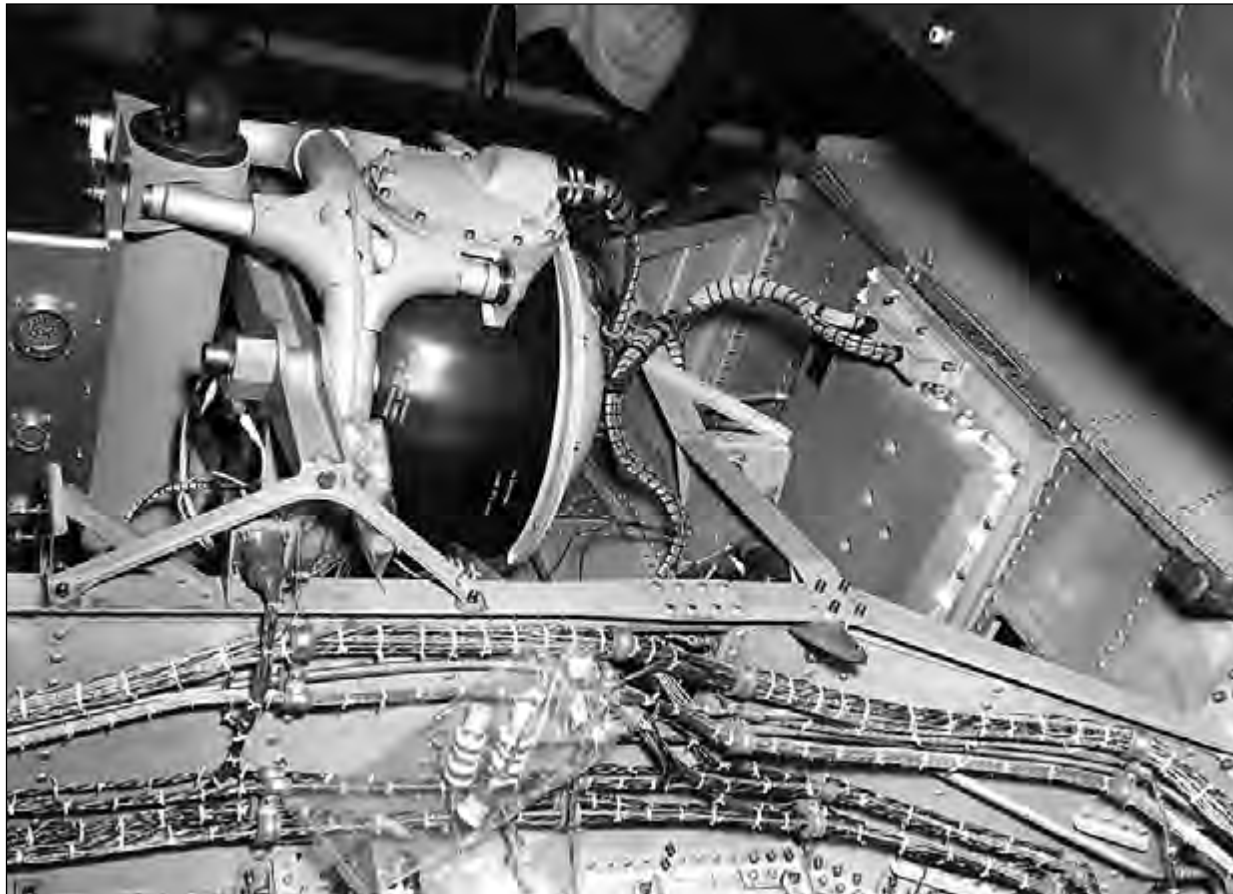
When time came for the actual launch, I was invited to represent GM at a launch party the night before the launch. It was attended by the top NASA and government officials and dignitaries from the companies involved. The next day at the launch, my wife and I were seated in the bleachers with

the presidential party to witness the launch from the stands. The next few days were spent watching the progress toward the moon from our test station.

I continued to work on the Apollo Program though



Guidance system computer. 16,000 word memory, 8 bit logic—Octal, 2,000 words programmable, required external cooling.



The Inertial Measurement Unit installed in the Lunar Module

Hazards Reaching Santa Barbara: Through the Surf with William A. Wallace, 1858*

By William P. MacKinnon

BEFORE COMPLETION of the transcontinental railroad in 1869, Santa Barbarans and their forebears most likely arrived here by sea. Such travel before construction of the Chapala Street Wharf (1868) and Stearns Wharf (1872) was often hazardous and always damp. In that era, everything – passengers, animals, lumber, boxes, barrels, and bales – came through the surf. Some people and cargo reached the beach in good style, while others did not. The availability of Stearns Wharf to accommodate deep-draught steamships changed everything, while stimulating the importation of new building materials. The result was a dramatic shift from the almost exclusive use of locally-crafted adobe bricks and clay roof tiles to Victorian architecture like the Upham Hotel that favored frame buildings of redwood lumber and shingles shipped from northern California. By the early twentieth century Santa Barbara had transformed itself into a community that looked more like Denver than Seville. It was a persona that shifted again with the 1925 earthquake and subsequent rise to influence of another force of nature, Pearl Chase.

The purpose of this article is to explore traveling to Santa Barbara by sea before piers permitted the safe, reliable arrival of large numbers of people and bulk cargo. I do so in short form through the eyes of William Allen Wallace, a Los Angeles-based newspaper reporter who debarked here briefly from the clipper-schooner *Laura Bevan* in March 1858 after a rough voyage from San Francisco. As Richard Henry Dana had found twenty years earlier during his short visit from the *Pilgrim* with the hide and tallow trade, the tiny, dusty, lethargic, and often-violent community Wallace described was hardly the Santa Barbara we today think of as a sophisticated Spanish-Mediterranean paradise.^[1]

Wallace and His Travel Letters

Like his contemporary, Samuel L. Clemens, William Allen Wallace became a reporter in the West after years of working for newspapers elsewhere. In the process, both former compositors assumed pen names as writers: Clemens became “Mark Twain” while working in Neva-



WILLIAM ALLEN WALLACE (1815-1893). New Hampshire-born “printer’s devil,” California gold rusher, teacher, botanist, newspaper editor, and roving reporter for *San Francisco’s Daily Alta California*, Wallace reached Santa Barbara in March 1858 and described her as an isolated town not yet “American” ten years after the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Credit: *The History of Canaan, New Hampshire*, by William Allen Wallace, The Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. 1910.

da Territory; Wallace, immersed in the Californio culture of Los Angeles, often used the Spanish pseudonym “Yo Mismo” (I, Myself). After experimentation, each man hit his journalistic stride through the same medium – the “travel letter.” These were long, often-humorous dispatches sent by prior arrangement to a newspaper that agreed to feature them. Through this format Clemens first gained notoriety as the tongue-in-cheek San Francisco correspondent of Virginia City’s *Territorial Enterprise* as well as the author of lampoons about Hawaii dispatched from Honolulu to Sacramento’s *Daily Union*. Wallace stayed closer to home, often writing about the eccentricities he saw in San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Salt Lake City, and, as we shall see, Santa Barbara. With the longstanding practice of exchanging newspapers by mail and forwarding articles by telegraph, each reporter’s dispatches to a single newspaper soon appeared broadcast throughout the United States.

Born in 1815, Wallace was raised in Canaan, New Hampshire. In 1831, at age sixteen, his father died, and Wallace began a peripatetic career as a printer for at least six newspapers throughout New Hampshire and Massachusetts. In 1850 he migrated to California by sea and transformed himself into a farmer, gold rusher, and school teacher in the Los Angeles area. During 1853-1856 Wallace the typo blossomed into the publisher-editor of the *Los Angeles Star* while also avidly collecting plants and flowers native to Santa Catalina Island and environs, an activity that brought him election to the California Academy of Sciences. In 1856 Wallace sold the *Star* to Henry Hamilton and became the San Francisco *Daily Alta California’s* roving correspondent for what is today called “human interest” stories. Why Wallace sold the *Star* is unknown, although he may not have relished the propensity of western readers to assault if not assassinate offending editors. The San Francisco newspaper scene was rife with violence during the 1850s, and in neighboring Utah Territory Governor Brigham Young became so incensed with Hamilton’s coverage of the Mormon role in the Mountain Meadows Massacre that in December 1857 he instructed a leader of the Mormon colony at San Bernardino to threaten the editor specifically and the residents of southern California generally: “Please inform the *Los Angeles Star* that, unless he ceases publishing such infernal lies about Utah and her people, his lies may, to his utter astonishment, become truths. Also give all [California] mobs and ‘Vigilance Committees’ and companies to understand that they had better far stay at home and mind their own affairs.”^[2]

Three months later, against this background of real and threatened conflict, William Allen Wallace set sail from San Pedro for San Francisco with plans to return by way of Santa Barbara:

Wallace, "Our Los Angeles Correspondence,"
Dispatch, Los Angeles, March 24, 1858,
San Francisco Daily Alta California, March 27, 1858,
1/4-5.^[3]

I have hardly recovered my equilibrium since my return, (two days since,) and, therefore, cannot give you a very detailed account of things here, but I was glad to get back to our delicious climate again, after a few weeks cruise along shore in the bleak winds that rage at this season of the year.

I staid in San Francisco till I got tired of everything but my friends. I could have remained with them forever, but I was afraid of wearing out their welcome, so I left without much ceremony. I do not often visit San Francisco, and if I were never to go there again the pleasant memory of this visit will long remain to me a holy dream which I shall delight to dwell upon...

At last I became tired of looking at all the sights of "the only place fit to live in," and went aboard the schooner Laura Bevan, and out to sea. There were about twenty sail of different craft that left the wharves at the time we did, the Laura Bevan being nearly the last; but she flew past them, one by one, until on clearing the Heads she left them all astern. She is a beautiful vessel, of great speed, and very popular on this coast. Capt. [Frank F.] Morton had guided her along our shores for the last seven years, and has won the confidence and esteem of every one who has come in contact with him. He is obliging and gentlemanly in his dealings, and is deserving of his well-earned reputation. Long may his jovial good humor remain to us. The wind blew furiously and cold, but we could fear nothing while we heard Morton's clear ringing voice.

In thirty-six hours we anchored in front of Santa Barbara. We went ashore, and found the town and the [Santa Barbara] Gazette still mourning for the old Noriega.^[4] Santa Barbara



BAY OF SANTA BARBARA, 1855. After the Mexican-American War, the U. S. government ordered a hydrographic survey of California's coast to determine what it had acquired by conquest. This pioneering watercolor of the anchorage at Santa Barbara (much as Wallace experienced it three years later without a harbor or wharf) was painted by James Madison Alden in 1856, a survey participant traveling aboard the steamer U. S. S. Active (depicted left).

is not a great place, nor is it thriving. The years which have changed everything else in California have made no change here. The place is not Americanized.^[5] The De la Guerra, as from time immemorial, still fills all the offices, and bears sway like a Sultan.^[6] There are no hotels, and the hospitality of the place has never been celebrated. A stranger, if he is not fastidious, can find bad liquor, a dirty bed, and large prices at the Union Hotel.^[7] One accustomed to seeing gardens, orchards and vineyards searches in vain for them here, and he finds, upon enquiring, that the appetites of the people ran altogether upon poultry, beef and importations.^[8]

They have a unique way of dispensing small justice here, in cases where it is supposed the jury may lean the wrong way. As we went up town, a trial was progressing before the Recorder, Mayor [Joaquin] Carrillo, of a Frenchman, for assaulting a native.^[9] The jury were empaneled, the witnesses were all examined. The Recorder, then, after a moment of reflective silence, addressed the jury thus: "Gentlemen of the jury, you are discharged. The court is adjourned till ten o'clock to-morrow, when judgment will be rendered." Jack Powers was upon the jury, and he reminded His Honor that they were entitled to their fees, two dollars, for sitting upon those benches, and he didn't intend to leave until it was paid.^[10] His Honor replied that they were entitled to no fees, as they had rendered no verdict. He had taken the case into his own hands, and would decide it upon its merits. Exeunt omnes [exit all], and the key locked on the outside.

At Montecito, four miles from Santa Barbara, there is a grape vine, probably the largest in the world. Its dimensions and yield would be incredible, were it not that my informant is a man of a veracity, and he spoke from personal observation. It is a single vine, the main stock being ten feet in diameter. It is trained upon a trellis 60 feet in diameter. My informant,

with another person, counted 7,000 bunches, and the estimate yield was 18,000 pounds of fruit. Can this be beaten? The only thing that surprised me in the relation of my friend, was that any person in Santa Barbara should have displayed the energy necessary to build the trellis for this noble vine.^[11]

The wind was blowing fresh when we went aboard, and made sail, for San Buenaventura, 25 miles, an old mission village, built upon the unprotected coast, in front of the rocky beach. Some persons have an idea that this place is easily approached from sea, but it is not true. The coast is exposed to all the winds that blow, and can only be approached in a calm, a phenomena which seldom occurs in that region. The water is shallow, and the breakers are enormous and frightful. On her last trip the Laura Bevan stood off and on here for two days, watching for a chance to send a raft of lumber ashore, which was done at the risk



SANTA BARBARA'S STATE STREET, CA. 1875. Believed to be among the first photographs taken of town, this northerly-looking image of Santa Barbara's principal street recorded its post-Civil War architectural shift from adobes to wooden frame construction. Credit: Photo by Hayward & Muzzall, private collection of John C. Woodward, Santa Barbara.

of having it broken up. Captain Morton then declared that he would never take goods there again, but he was induced to try it once more, the result of which trial was, that when he arrived on the village, it was so rough he put up helm and bore away for San Pedro. The old church and town of Buenaventura lie upon the sea shore at the opening of a beautiful green valley, which extends back into the mountains many miles, and through which courses a small stream of water.^[12] There are several stately palm trees and extensive olive groves. There was a vineyard, but it died of neglect. ...
Yours truly, Wallace.

Epilogue

Notwithstanding his confidence in Captain Morton and his attractive ship, a few weeks after Wallace resumed his voyage to San Pedro, the *Laura Bevan* foundered somewhere in the Santa Barbara Channel during a violence storm. The ship was en route from San Pedro to Santa Barbara to take on a cargo of asphalt probably consigned to a street paving contractor in San Francisco. She went down with all hands, giving up only a few hatch covers and other identifiable debris that washed ashore at Malibu and Santa Cruz Island episodically during the spring of 1858.

During the fall of 1858, Wallace returned east. Originally this trip was conceived by the *Alta* as part of a grand plan in which Wallace would travel from Placerville, California, to St. Joseph, Missouri, and then swing south to St. Louis and Fort Smith, Arkansas, to return to California through Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona via the new Butterfield Overland Mail route. He was to write travel letters along the way. In St. Louis this plan unraveled, and Wallace continued east to New Hampshire to visit family.^[12A]

When a longstanding friend in Canaan rejected his marriage proposal in 1859, Wallace returned to Los Angeles via the sea route and Panama, but in June 1860 he decided to leave California for good. This time he traveled east to the Atlantic Coast by the Butterfield route.

During the early years of the Civil War Wallace worked as a reporter for the *Alta California* in Washington, D. C., and then, with a remarkable eight transcontinental trips to his credit, returned for the last time to his hometown in New Hampshire. Little is known of his post-war activities in Canaan other than his marriage in 1865 and his production of a well-regarded history of the town published after his death in 1893 at age 77.^[13]

By then, of course, Santa Barbara had finally connected to the outside world. To me it is emblematic that although Daguerreotypes were being taken in the gold camps of California's Sierra

as early as 1850, photographers like E. J. Hayward and Henry W. Muzzall did not set up shop in Santa Barbara until the early 1870s. With this loss of isolation the town and its region experienced a significant growth in population and a boom in real estate, citrus, petroleum, and tourism. Even a decent cemetery took shape. Some of this change was attributable to the power of advertising, promotion, and salesmanship, but even more was due to the impact of significant improvements in transportation infrastructure: completion of the transcontinental railroad, construction of Stearns Wharf and rudimentary



MONTECITO'S LA PARRA GRANDE. Promoted as the world's biggest grape vine, this enormous plant, supported by a trellis, was one of the area's staple attractions for mid-nineteenth-century visitors to Santa Barbara. For some, like Wallace, the passivity of this scene, over which black-clad ladies presided, was emblematic of what they perceived as a sleepy, lethargic hamlet stuck in its Hispanic past. Credit: [TBD].

wagon roads across San Marcos and Gaviota Passes, as well the town's linkage to Los Angeles and San Francisco by rail with the arrival of the Southern Pacific line in 1887. With the introduction of the automobile to Santa Barbara during the first decade of the new century, the stage road to Los Angeles along the county's beaches also underwent transformation. The call at Santa Barbara of Teddy Roosevelt's "Great White Fleet" en route to Asia in 1908 symbolized not only America's ability to project sea power across the world but this region's firm connection to the rest of the United States more than a half-century after "Yo Mismo" braved the surf to experience and describe a quite different, isolated Santa Barbara.

And the rest was, well, history if not genealogy.

Notes

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[1] See Richard Henry Dana, Jr., *Two Years Before the Mast*. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1840.

[2] Brigham Young to William I. Cox, Letter, December 4, 1857, LDS Church History Library, Salt Lake City and William B. Rice, *The Los Angeles Star, 1851-1864: The Beginning of Journalism in Southern California* (New York: Greenwood Press, 1969), 194-95. The Mountain Meadows Massacre of September 11, 1857 was the slaughter by troops of the Utah Territorial Militia and Southern Paiute auxiliaries of 120 unarmed Arkansas emigrants crossing Utah en route to southern California, the worst incident of organized mass murder of unarmed civilians in the country's history until the Oklahoma City bombing of 1995. See Will Bagley, *Blood of the Prophets: Brigham Young and the Massacre at Mountain Meadows* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2002) and Ronald W. Walker, Richard E. Turley Jr., and Glen M. Leonard, *Massacre at Mountain Meadows* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2008).

[3] See California Digital Newspaper Collection: <https://cdnc.ucr.edu/?a=DAC18580327> (accessed July 23, 2019).

[4] This is Don Jose de la Guerra y Noriega ("El Gran Capitan"), revered patriarch of Santa Barbara, who died at age 78 on February 18, 1858, a month before Wallace's visit. Spanish by birth, De la Guerra served fifty-two years in the colonial/frontier armies of Spain and Mexico before retiring as commandant of the Santa Barbara presidio in 1842. Through land grants and purchases, he amassed multiple ranches covering 500,000 acres in what became four California counties. It was the 1836 wedding of his daughter, Anita Maria de la Guerra de Noriega y Carrillo, that Richard Henry Dana, Jr. described four years later in *Two Years Before the Mast*.

[5] Santa Barbara, in the Mexican province of Alta California, became part of the United States with the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848 that ended the Mexican-American War. So isolated was Santa Barbara that local legal and other official documents continued to be written in Spanish until late in the nineteenth century. See note 8 below for one visitor's comment about the size of the town's Anglo population.

[6] A reference to the family's influence and political power as well as to its late patriarch. Don José's son, Francisco de la Guerra, would serve as Santa Barbara's mayor three times, while another son, Pablo, would become active in California's senate and would serve several times in the 1860s/70s as the state's acting lieutenant governor.

[7] There was no Union Hotel in Santa Barbara. Wallace may have confused this name with that of State Street's American House hotel. Alternately, he may have been describing the twenty-year-old, two-story Monterey-style adobe home of sea captain Alpheus B. Thompson at the corner of what are now State and De la Guerra Streets. During the Mexican-American War the building had served as the U. S. Army's headquarters during its occupation of Santa Barbara; later it became the San Carlos (St. Charles) Hotel. Thanks to local historians Neal Graffy and John C. Woodward for this information.

[8] Some visitors passing through Santa Barbara saw the place differently than did Wallace. Eight years earlier, after a near-death experience while crossing the deserts

of western Utah (now Nevada), a gold rusher from Iowa described the town and countryside to his brother while in-transit to the northern mines: "This is a small town on the Pacific, but 2 or 3 Americans in the place. Provisions are very high [in price] — no potatoes to be had. Lemons and oranges are growing on the trees, pears and peaches are in blossom. Vineyards abound, and grape wine is plenty. The whole country is filled with horses and cattle, the handsomest I ever saw; fat as they can wallow, mostly wild. Now and the[n] you find a ranch where they milk cows, but they don't know how to make butter or cheese. There is one man who owns one hundred thousand head of cattle, his name is [Jose del Carmen] Luco. Timber is scarce." Dewitt Day to Q. A. Day, Letter, February 22, 1850, "Extracts from Mr. Day's Letter," Andrew, Iowa Western Democrat, June 7, 1850.

[9] Joaquin Carrillo, from one of Santa Barbara's old Californio families, had been mayor in 1851-1852, and was still addressed as such in 1858. He was a judge of both the county court and California's second judicial district, an enormous jurisdiction stretching from Los Angeles to Monterey. The Carrillo family was intertwined with the De la Guerras by marriage as well as through economic and political interests.

[10] John A. (Jack) Powers was the notorious Irish-American gambler, horseman, livestock rustler and highwayman who, after Mexican War service in Santa Barbara, terrorized the town during the mid-1850s with a gang operating out of the Arroyo Burro. In view of this background, Wallace's report of jury duty for Powers in 1858 is improbable. Two months later, on May 31, 1858, California's governor placed a \$500 reward on Powers's head; earlier that month he had been implicated in several murders in San Luis Obispo County. He soon fled to Mexican Sonora and met a violent death in 1860 after crossing back into the southwestern United States and nearly encountering Wallace near Tucson.

[11] By 1858, La Parra Grande (Giant Grapevine) of Montecito had become one of the area's "must" tourist attractions after careful cultivation since the early 1800s (or earlier) by the Dominguez family, which charged admission to see it. In 1876, as part of the nation's Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, the by-then moribund vine was cut into pieces, shipped east, and reassembled for display in the exhibition's California Hall. 5

[12] The church to which Wallace referred is the Mission San Buenaventura. Established in 1782, it was one of the twenty-one churches built in Alta California under the patronage of Father Junipero Serra, recently canonized by the Roman Catholic Church. Oddly, Wallace neglected to mention the most beautiful of Padre Serra's creations, Mission Santa Barbara built in 1786.

[12A] For the newspaper's remarkably ambitious plan for Wallace to cross the continent twice during 1858 by the central and southern routes following field assignments earlier in the year to report on mining strikes in British Columbia and northern California, see "The Overland Routes," *Daily Alta California*, September 6, 1858, 2/2.

[13] William Allen Wallace and James Burns Wallace, ed., *The History of Canaan, New Hampshire* (Concord, N. H.: The Rumford Press, 1910).

Sources

There is no biography of William Allen Wallace. The best sketch of his life as well as information about his California years and newspaper work are found in *The History of Canaan* and with Wallace's unpublished diaries for 1854-1858 located in the Yale Collection of Western Americana, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University, New Haven, Ct. Some of his California travel letters signed "Wallace" or "Yo Mismo" are filed in these diaries; all of the dispatches are accessible via the online pages of the *Los Angeles Star* and *San Francisco Daily Alta California*.

William P. MacKinnon and his wife, Pat, are SBCGS members residing in Montecito. For sixty years Bill has written about the American West, including a two-volume study of the Utah War of 1857-1858 (At Sword's Point) published by the University of Oklahoma Press. During 2013-15 he was sheriff (presiding officer) of the Santa Barbara Corral of the Westerners. MacKinnon is an alumnus or veteran of Yale, Harvard, General Motors, and USAF.

By Sea, By Rail and Overland: Hans Christensen's Journey from Denmark to Salt Lake in 1857

By Jean Pettitt

HANS CHRISTENSEN GREW UP in the Danish town of Roskilde, an ancient town that once served as the hub for Viking trade over a thousand years before his birth. Today Roskilde hosts the Viking Museum where visitors can admire the craftsmanship of the impressive Viking ships built by Scandinavian Norsemen to transport them across seas and down rivers to conduct trade, raid and colonize much of northern Europe. Many descendants of these Norsemen would later immigrate from their homes throughout Europe to America.



Illustration of Mormon handcart pioneers. A depiction of members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints en route to Salt Lake City in *History of Iowa From the Earliest Times to the Beginning of the Twentieth Century Volume 1*, by Benjamin F. Gue, 1903.

Hans Christensen's 1857 Journey Begins

Hans of Roskilde was at the most impressionable age of 16 in 1850 when Mormon Missionaries arrived in Denmark from Salt Lake to teach the "restored Gospel" establishing what would become the Scandinavian Mission. Hans became an early convert and longed to follow these missionaries to the promised land of Zion. So, in 1857 he eagerly joined with 540 fellow "Saints" from the Mission and followed the Missionary guides to Salt Lake. Unlike the limited choices of transportation available to Hans' Viking ancestors, Hans' journey comprised a variety of modes of travel available in the 1850s.

Carriage and Steamship

The journey began in early April of 1857 when Hans loaded his meager belongings into his father's horse drawn carriage for the first of many modes of travel that would transport Hans over thousands of maritime miles, hundreds of miles by rail and finally with handcart in hand across the American frontier. With a heavy heart Hans said good-bye to his family and boarded the Steamer *L.N. Hvidt* in Copenhagen Harbor. As they traveled north along the coast of Denmark and into the North Sea it was sad seeing the land he had always called home disappear beyond the horizon. But it was also exciting to be traveling over the seas, not by sail but by steam. To Hans, the *L.N. Hvidt* was a modern marvel, a boat powered by a steam engine using propellers known as screws. While the first part of the trip went smoothly, once they entered the North Sea passengers unaccustomed to sea travel got sick and were in a sorry state by the time they landed in Grimsby, England

four days later. It took a day to clean everyone up and prepare for the next leg of their journey.

English Passenger Train Powered by Steam

From Grimsby the travelers boarded a passenger train pulled by a steam-powered locomotive for a day's journey across England to Liverpool where they were to board a ship for America. Watching the English countryside pass by the window as the train traveled west at "unimaginable" speeds, in the comfort of one's seat, was another experience Hans would never forget. The journey thus far was nothing short of miraculous. Little did Hans know that each subsequent leg of the journey would become more difficult and challenging and test his ability to persevere and even survive.

Full Rigged Ship

On April 25th Hans and the other 544 Later-day Saints were transported to the Liverpool Harbor by cabriolet (cab) where they boarded the full-rigged sailing ship *Westmoreland* of Philadelphia, a ship that would later be known as "the Scandinavian Emigrant Ship." The *Westmoreland* was a large sailing ship weighing 999 tons and 170' x 36' x 18'. She was a two-decker with three masts, square sails, a square stern, a figurehead, and built of oak with iron and copper fastenings. The trip across the Atlantic took 36 days. For the most part the trip, though uncomfortable, was uneventful with only a few days of calm winds and no major storms. The only mishap occurred when a large wave broke over the deck toppling passengers, spilling their soup and causing a big mess as boxes and other items were strewn everywhere. At least no one was seriously injured. Sleeping arrangements were awkward with

beds and hammocks that would sleep two scattered throughout the ship. While the food was plentiful it was hard to eat and often made the passengers sick, particularly from the raw cracked peas. Hans yearned for fresh bread. But no discomfort compared to the sadness of watching the bodies of an old man and two small children who died during the voyage as they were tied to a board with a heavy rock attached and dumped into the ocean.

It was a relief for all when they sailed up the Delaware River where they were met by two steam ships that took them in tow to the docks of Philadelphia. Hans was thrilled to be on solid ground and wished to stay in Philadelphia to explore and enjoy this grand city but with summer approaching it was important to move on so they could reach Salt Lake before winter. Just the previous year many Mormons died crossing the plains after an early winter set in.

American Rail Transportation

Hans and his fellow passengers had only two days to recover from their long trip across the Atlantic before they boarded the train to Iowa City. The prospect of another train trip was exciting as Hans enjoyed the passenger train in England and was expecting much of the same in America. Unfortunately, there was no comparison as the train trip from Philadelphia to Iowa City turned into one of the most unpleasant experiences of his young life. They boarded the train on June 2nd and endured almost constant discomfort. They were put in cars that had no seats and had to sit on their trunks and luggage with no room to lie down at night. The trip to Baltimore and then west through Wheeling was bad but nothing compared to what they experienced west of Devon Point (Davenport, Iowa) where the tracks had just recently been laid. The rails were quite crooked making the ride even more hazardous. It was not unusual to be jostled so violently that one fell to the floor and was knocked around, bruised and cut. The fear of crashing was a daily reminder as they frequently passed heaps of cars and engines all smashed up along the tracks. The dirt and grime from burning coal to produce steam was everywhere. By the time they arrived in Iowa City on June 9th, the western terminus on the newly laid rail line, they were hardly recognizable with black and soot in their hair, eyes and clothes.

Handcarts, the Final Journey:

Upon arrival in Iowa City on June 9th, the emigrants were met by the Mormon Agent who would oversee their trip west, and then transported by wagon to the campground two miles west of town. This was a particularly exhilarating time for Hans and his fellow travelers as they began to form a tight knit community of Mormon converts preparing for the final trek across the plains to Salt Lake. One of Hans' fellow travelers described what she saw and felt upon arriving in the camp. "Oh what a sight met my gaze? Tents pitched, men working at the handcarts, women cooking outdoors, every person busy as a bee. I thought I had got into the hive of Deseret" (a term from the *Book of Mormon* depicting the land that would become the Mormon State).

Hans relished in the comradery and companionship of camp life. There were frequent religious meetings as well as recreational activities, such as games, song, and dance that forged an optimistic attitude toward the journey ahead. Hans' first task was to build a handcart to carry his bedding, extra clothing, cooking utensils, and about 500 pounds of flour. The handcart resembled a large wheelbarrow with two five feet in diameter wheels and a single axle four and half feet wide. The cart was about seven feet long and made of wood. Running along the sides were shafts ending with a three-foot crossbar in the front that would enable Hans to either push or pull the cart. A box about three feet by four feet with eight-inch sides was attached to the top of the cart to hold all the gear.



1856 Mormon Hand-cart Emigrants. Source: United States Department of Transportation.

On July 3rd the handcarts were finished with Hans, along with 544 other emigrants, ready to set out on the 1,300-mile journey to Salt Lake. Men, women and children were organized into groups of five per handcart with each person limited to 17 pounds of personal items. Each group of five was then assigned to a tent of 20 occupants supervised by a tent captain. The tents were round and supported by a center pole and transported in ox wagons, with each wagon holding supplies for a group of 100 emigrants. Since the handcarts and ox wagons were insufficient for carrying all the supplies needed during the journey arrangements were made to replenish the supplies along the route west.

Brigham Young, President of the Mormon church and founder of Salt Lake, designed the handcart as an alternative to other modes of travel across the American west to make the trip faster and more affordable (cost was a 1/3 of the cost of travel by wagon train). But many of the emigrants were not hardy enough to make the journey. Pulling and pushing heavy handcarts over rocky, sometimes sandy ground, up and down hills and mountains and across streams and rivers was more than many could endure. The old and the sick were left in Florence, Nebraska and forts along the route but even the young and healthy found that the trek challenged them to the limits of their endurance. As the summer progressed thirst became the biggest problem as well as hunger when rations ran low. Supplies were sent east from Salt Lake but were often insufficient to meet the needs of the emigrants. By the time they reached Salt Lake they were completely exhausted, in

tattered clothes and basically barefoot with shoes worn completely through. But as weary as the emigrants were, they reached their destination in better shape than their mule teams.

“When we came to the last steep hills of the mountain sides, our mules were so weak that the emigrants were obliged to help them over by the aid of ropes. On the 13th of September, a Sunday, we marched with feelings of thankfulness and grand expectations into the city of the Saints. One out of every ten of our number died on the journey.”

Hans Christensen, who was married shortly after boarding the ship for America would settle in Utah and raise his children there. Hans and his emigration story, including his remarkable 1,300-mile trek across the frontier in Christian Christiansen’s Handcart Company, would be lost over time and not rediscovered until a genealogical search was conducted for his 3rd great-granddaughter in 2018.

Numerous books, articles and personal accounts of crossing the plains with a Mormon Handcart Company between 1856 and 1860 can be accessed on the internet.

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

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Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated March 2019

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

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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.

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Members of The Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society on the annual research trip to the Family History Library in Salt Lake City, June 5-June 12, 2019. Photo provided by Rosa Avolio.