



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Winter 2019 Vol. 44, No. 4

Items of Old

**An 1858 Cross-
Stitch Sampler**

Found: Heirlooms

Life in Ledgers

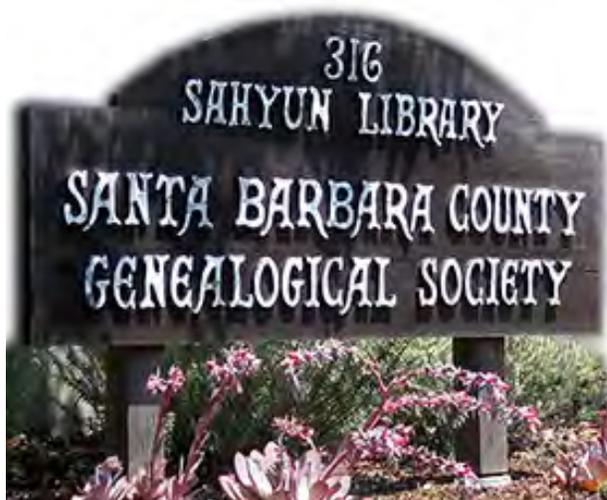
Cigar Box Treasures

**Grandma's 1908
Wedding Quilt**

**A Roaring Twenties
Wedding Dress and Ring**



**Portrait of Catharine Davison Gott
Wearing a Memory Brooch**



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

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(SBCGS facility)

316 Castillo St., Santa Barbara 93101

Phone: (805) 884-9909

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Sunday 1:00 – 4:00 PM

Third Saturday 1:00 – 4:00 PM (Except August)

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

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

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

Ancestors West is currently published quarterly in February, May, August, November. Articles of family history or of historical nature are welcomed and used as space permits (see inside back cover for submission details). As available, current and back issues are \$6.00 each including postage. Library subscription to *Ancestors West* is \$20.00 per year. *Ancestors West* is indexed in the **PERiodical Source Index (PERSI)** published by the Allen County Public Library, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

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From the Editor

"The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex." 19th Amendment to the United States Constitution.

IN AUGUST OF 1920, nearly 100 years ago, the Suffragettes achieved their goal and the 19th Amendment was ratified by two-thirds of the states. Its passage had been a long battle. The women and men engaged in that struggle are gone now, but many perhaps were your ancestors and we remember and honor their efforts and sacrifice.

1920 was also famous for another constitutional milestone. The implementation of the 18th Amendment, which established prohibition. This amendment however, did not stand the test of time.

2020 is just around the corner and these massive social movements of 100 years ago are simply a part of history, but both had lasting consequences. For me one of the most powerful attractions of genealogy is trying to place my ancestors in a historical context. I can often determine where they were and what occupation they had, but their thoughts and concerns are often elusive. Only the very lucky few have inherited a diary, ledger or heirloom that integrates our forebears into the events of an era. Alas, I did not find a suffragettes sash among my grandmothers' belongings. However, I did uncover divorce papers filed by both my grandmothers shortly before 1920. This brought home to me their concerns – the same concerns that led to the formation of the Women's Christian Temperance Union that sought to limit men's alcohol consumption and domestic violence.

Heirlooms

Of course not all heirlooms reflect the issues that worried or excited our ancestors. Nevertheless they indicate an interest or pastime. The fact that they were saved for many years, often generation to generation, tells us that they were valued. They are objects that our ancestors held and protected and, as such, have value for us.

Two ledgers from the early part of the 20th century are examples of heirlooms that really do tell a story. The entries provide a glimpse into the life of Linda Fimlaid's great-grandfather that every genealogist can envy. The expenses he recorded highlight day-to-day events, travels, joyful holidays and also an event of great sadness.

The oldest heirlooms described in this issue of *Ancestors West* date from the early 1800s. Barbara Lyon's silver spoon has passed through eight maternal generations – almost the entire lifetime of our country. From the same era, Janet Hamber's portrait of her 2nd great-grandparent Catherine Davison Gott is a treasure from an era before photography. It would be easy to overlook Catherine's tiny brooch, but this too has survived and is a precious reminder of tragic loss.

Heirlooms are not always small. Sharon Summer's family has a beautiful antique roll top desk that has already had many adventures over the generations, and is destined for more. The steamer trunk which Catherine Quinn inherited has had its last trip, but in the end all its secrets were revealed. Rick Clossen discovered a relic of the prohibition era in his own house – an innocent looking bookcase designed to conceal storage of "ardent spirits."



Image available from the United States Library of Congress's Prints and Photographs division under the digital ID cph.3g02996.

My ancestor made this!

Some heirlooms were art works created by ancestors. A curious sampler found in a box of heirlooms interested Barbara Hodgdon who researched her husband's genealogy to find the young lady who made it. A needlepoint handed down several generations to Catherine Quinn held a clue to its age left by the original framer. Careful genealogy revealed the probable ancestor who did the pointing. Jim Wilson's pancake turner began its life as a sawblade. However several generations of Wilsons were saw makers and thus the identity of its maker is difficult to pin down. Regardless, this handy and practically indestructible utensil has been flipping pancakes for generations and will surely keep flipping for years to come. Miniature brass tea sets were created by Kristin Ingall's father for the entertainment of his children. Years later they have become touching reminders of his skill and the family.

Charmien Carrier's grandmother Tena Henning, received a beautiful handmade quilt on her wedding day, but lost her citizenship when she married a German immigrant. Now at 111, the quilt is a precious reminder of the devotion of a great-grandmother to her daughter.

What happened to my grandmother's wedding ring? Or great-grandmother's? I have no idea. Charlene Daly, however, has inherited the lovely Art Deco ring her grandmother received the day of her wedding in 1929. Definitely a keepsake worth keeping!

Children's dolls are often played with until they are in tatters. Not so, the magnificent doll that has been in Cathy Jordan's family for over 100 years. Cathy reveals why this doll is still in such pristine condition. The doll was only one of several treasured items brought from Kansas about the turn of the 20th century.

Memories of the rationing of food and gas during the Second World War are fading as folks of the "Greatest Generation" pass on. Thus finding a box of WWII ration stamp books and a change token opened a new window for Lou Dartanner on the challenges her family faced during the war. Lou also shared an amusing recollection of riding the bus to school from Goleta.

To round out the issue, Dorothy Oksner reports from the Records Preservation Committee regarding Petitions for Naturalization that were denied. Again, "ardent spirits" sometimes played a role. Margery Baragona recalls the early years of enchiladas in Santa Barbara. Car adventures that led to a night in the hoosegow after a wild ride with a hapless turkey are included in a treasury of family lore by Kristin Ingalls. Did her Grandma Inman invent the "tiny house" concept?

A Heartfelt Thankyou

Editing *Ancestors West* for the past 18 issues has been an immense pleasure. I could not have done it without the unfailing support of our designer Charmien Carrier. The beauty of the covers and pages is solely a result of her creative and conscientious efforts. The fact that the completed issues were mailed to members was the dedicated work of Helen Rydell assisted by Dorothy Oksner. The digital version of each issue was faithfully distributed by Rosa Avolio who managed the subscription list. And I am eternally grateful to my wonderful, reliable, cheerful and tireless committee who edited the articles and joined me at the Sahyun Library each quarter to analyze, make suggestions and provide moral support for the endeavor: Sharon Summer, Cathy Jordan, Cari Thomas, Marsha Martin, Bonnie Raskin, Dorothy Oksner, Barbara Hodgdon, and our dear Patsy Brock who died last year.

I also want to express my gratitude to the benefactors who provided monetary support for *Ancestors West*. That encouragement was a strong factor in our ability to produce a quality publication. And last, but not in any way least, thank you to all the authors who have written articles for the issues. These articles are the heart of *Ancestors West*.

Passing the baton

The new Editor of *Ancestors West* will be Kristin Ingalls. We are very lucky to have such a talented and poetic member assume the position. The best years are yet to come!

The Next Issue—Heroes and Heroines

The deadline for the next issue of *Ancestors West* will be February 1, 2020. Articles for future issues should be sent to Kristin at antkap@cox.net.

Pass-port a' l' Etranger

By Debbie Kaska

MY FATHER SHARED a great deal of knowledge about his Alsatian ancestors but he had no heirlooms. "Dorothy has the family Bible and the original passport," he said. Dorothy was my father's sister who lived near Buffalo, New York. I never tracked these down while Dorothy was alive, which, in hindsight, was a sad mistake. About 15 years ago I finally visited her daughter, my cousin, whom I had not seen for probably 60 years. When asked about the Bible she said casually, "Oh, it got wet in the basement and we tossed it out." For a genealogist this was like a dagger to the heart! But all was not lost as the passport from 1857 hung on her wall in a nice frame. I looked at it longingly, and took a photo. At least I had seen it and now had a copy.

A few years later, my cousin passed away. What would become of that passport?

Within a year I got a call from her brother with whom I had corresponded occasionally about the family history. He now possessed the passport and felt I should have it. This time I didn't hesitate. Although he lived halfway across the country, I convinced my husband we needed a road trip and went to get it. It now hangs in my home.

It is a large piece of paper and was folded, probably to fit in a pocket, but it is still in good condition and lists my 2nd great-grandfather, Henri Lehmann, his wife, three children and a grandchild, their ages, where they were from and a description of Henri. How and why this document was preserved after the family settled in Illinois I will never know. I can only say a quiet thank you and admire the courage of this little group who sailed to America to start a new life.



A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA



By Margery Baragona

Enchiladas

IN TODAY'S WORLD OF TACOS, nachos, carnitas, taquitos, tamales, corn and flour tortillas, tostadas, frijoles, and salsas, we take for granted these delectable foods. In the Forties however, there were not a lot of places to enjoy these south-of-the-border treats. Mr. Suarez, one of my father's tailors, a sweet man, would make and bring us trays of homemade enchiladas. It was the first time I had tasted something so exotic.

Slowly through the years small Mexican restaurants opened. My favorite was Tiny's Café on Milpas, although the menu was quite limited. Alas they closed. At Fiesta Mrs. Furay made enchiladas that we townspeople devoured. It is too bad few of us had freezers or we could have enjoyed them year around.

Santa Barbara now abounds with Mexican restaurants and we all have our favorites and will argue for each of them. Some offer menus from particular regions



of Mexico, others will nostalgically use family recipes. Even the salsas will differ. Some will sear your mouth, others are mild.

A sentimental favorite is still La Super-Rica. My dear friend and distinguished historian Leon Litwack continues to visit, as many years ago the building was once his home. Many of his students make a pilgrimage and become part of the lines which form daily. This has made me hungry. Care to join me at La Playa Azul?



Ancestors West Sponsorship 2019

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

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.

A Pancake Turner

By Jim Wilson

NO, NOT A SPATULA, a pancake turner, as it has been known for all our family history. Its origin is a bit uncertain, generally attributed to my great-grandfather, Joseph Wilson (1832-1911) and made from a saw blade. The 1870 federal census for Newark, New Jersey, lists my 2nd great-grandfather Henry Wilson's occupation as "Saw Manufacturing" and son Joseph's occupation as "Working in Saw Manufacturing." So the origin of the material can be supported. Becoming restive, Joseph left Newark in 1872, relocating to Los Angeles, California.

Oral family history is that they lived at the location of today's Union Railroad Station on Alameda Street. An 1873 map of the city shows a house at that location labeled Wilson. An entry in the 1875 *Directory of Los Angeles*, page 169 lists:

Wilson Jos, saw mkr at 76 Commercial, res Alameda.

Commercial Street is parallel to and just south of the 101 Freeway along the Los Angeles River. It is near the location of the Maier Brewing Company whose Brew 102 sign was easily visible while speeding by on the freeway to where the I-10 diverges for the eastern reaches of America and the Hollywood freeway magically becomes the Santa Ana Freeway. Commercial Street would have been an easy half mile commute from their residence either by foot or horse. By 1880 Joseph had given up living in downtown, as they were next door to the red light district which has been characterized as "sex on an industrial scale."¹ They moved to Duarte where he was a citrus grower.

What is really unknown is when the pancake turner was made, where, and by whom. It could have been made by Henry in Newark prior to 1872, made by Joseph during that period in Newark, or made by Joseph in Los Angeles between 1872 and 1880. What is known is that its graceful 14 inch design, though with a somewhat awkward thin, flat handle, will still turn pancakes.



Made from a saw blade sometime in the 1800s, this pancake turner has been turning pancakes for well over 100 years.

There are few treasures remaining from this period of our family history. Only the family Bible dating from Henry and Ellen's (Joseph's parents) 1831 marriage, and a simple, elegant, Victorian couch which came 'round the Horn with the family possessions when Joseph and Elizabeth migrated to Los Angeles. Lost in Santa Barbara's 1977 Sycamore Canyon fire were a striking glass front mahogany secretary, and an intricately inlaid foot stool which Joseph had hand carved while working as a seaman in the 1860s. Painful as it was to lose these "treasures," if mankind did not suffer the occasional house cleaning we all would be up to our eyes in family treasures.

Painful as it was to lose these "treasures," if mankind did not suffer the occasional house cleaning we all would be up to our eyes in family treasures.

¹ *Santa Barbara New Press*, June 1, 1996, quoting Dr. Adrian Praetzelis, archeologist, working at the excavation site for the Metropolitan Water District headquarters adjacent to the railroad station.

Jim Wilson has been compiling his family history since 1991, and a SBCGS member since 2005. He is currently a Director-at-Large and Chair of the Investment Committee.

A Stolen Car, a Get-Away Car and a Boxcar

By Kristin Ingalls

SOME YEARS AGO I contributed an article to *Ancestors West* about my Mormon ancestors and their travels from their homelands to the state of Utah. Some came from Europe in ships, then took ferries, riverboats, wagons, and walked to reach Zion (The Salt Lake Valley). They were joined by an equal number who had been in this country for many generations.

This story is about a few of the descendants of those hearty pioneers - my McArthur uncles and their experiences with transportation.

My mom's family were members in good standing with the LDS Church for several generations – until my grandpa Bert and his brother Charlie McArthur reached an age when they could smoke and drink. They were Black Sheep and Outcasts. How my sweet little grandmother Hazel Hollist fell for Bert is still a mystery, but she did. They married, against her parent's wishes, and had eight children together, four boys named Dwayne, Tom, Ray and Mick. From the beginning they were the naughtiest boys ever. I think they must have laughed even when they were sleeping. They delighted in playing (mostly) harmless pranks together even into middle age.

A quick spin

This was one of their favorite pranks. Tom and Dwayne had a good friend, Leonard Baum. One day Leonard bought himself a new car and proudly showed it to my uncles. They asked if they could take it for a quick spin around the block. Off they sped, leaving Leonard on the sidewalk. Instead of a short little ride, they drove straight through from Salt Lake City to a little town in Wyoming where we were living, a distance of 450 miles. The boys said they wanted to show my mom that Leonard had done well for himself. In high spirits they would have shared a drink or two with my dad and headed back to Utah, probably thinking Leonard would still be on that sidewalk.

Their second adventure was one that had my dad fuming 50 years later. Dad, his wife Florence, and I were on a road trip to see family in Utah and Wyoming. On our way south from Salt Lake City we went through a little "town" of Erda on our way to Tooele. My dad later said there was probably still a warrant out for his arrest there. Now this was a puzzle.

A spot of trouble in Erda

I do not know if this happened before or after I was born. My dad and mom and whatever kids they might have had were in Utah visiting mom's family. My dad, uncles Tom and Dwayne, and my two aunties, Lulu and Livvy, went out to one of the roadhouses in the area and probably had a snoot full.

Driving back to Tooele late at night they passed through Erda. (Erda is now a little town with lots of new houses but then it was a rather depressing run-down old farming area. The population was just over a hundred people.) The town was so dismal that my aunts used to threaten their children when they were misbehaving that they were going to abandon them in Erda. So what could warrant an arrest?

Inebriated, happily singing and driving down the road, one of the uncles suggested they pull over and steal one of Old Farmer Johnson's turkeys and take it home for grandma to cook for dinner the next day. They parked the car, turned off its lights, and those two uncles crept into the turkey pen and nabbed themselves a big Tom Turkey. While they were running back to the car, the turkey – and all the turkey's housemates – started putting up one heck of a fuss. Soon the dogs got wind of some excitement going on and they started barking and howling.

Old Farmer Johnson, being used to four-legged varmints trying to steal his turkeys, was out of bed in a flash grabbing the shotgun kept at the ready by his back door. The uncles tossed the turkey into the backseat to my aunties who threw one of their coats over it. The uncles jumped back into the



Uncles Tom and Dwayne McArthur planning a prank perhaps?

car, one on either side of my dad who was cursing a blue streak by this time.

Farmer Johnson, wearing only his long johns, ran out of the house firing from both barrels. The farmer shouting, turkeys gobbling, dogs barking, uncles laughing, the shotgun blasting as my Dad kept cursing. Having escaped the shotgun, the miscreants drove on, howling with laughter. A few minutes later they heard the siren of a squad car behind them. Quick thinking even when tipsy, uncle Tom made a sharp left turn down a dirt road which passed one farm and then dead-ended at the railroad tracks. Undaunted by no easy getaway, Uncle Tom just turned right onto the railroad tracks and continued bumping along towards Tooele. Both uncles were congratulating themselves on having outsmarted the cops, but when they got to the next curve in the tracks there was another squad car, headlights blazing, one officer outside the car with his hand on his revolver.

The uncles laughed all the way to the police station. My dad fumed. The aunties were given a stern finger-wagging scolding and told to get themselves home.

Once at the police station, all three men were charged, booked and thrown into a cell. Uncles chortling, dad fuming. About an hour later, they were sobering up and the uncles wanted some shut-eye. But the light in the cell was on and no amount of yelling, begging, or threatening would entice the deputy in the office to come in and turn it off. Pretty soon Uncle Dwayne lifted uncle Tom up and Tom smashed the light bulb with his shoe. They then settled down for a long winter's nap. Dad was still furious.

The next day they all had to post bail of \$10 and were told to come back for their hearing in 10 days. By that time my family had left, vacation over, and were safely home. Having missed his hearing, dad was sure they were still hunting for him to throw him into jail for aiding and abetting my scoundrel uncles.

I never knew what happened to the turkey.

The Boxcar

I was just a toddler when we moved from Hollywood, California back to my paternal



grandmother's place in Worland, Wyoming. Grandma Nellie was between her third or fourth marriage and had purchased several acres of property outside Worland and was busy building houses on it. Her idea was to live in one and rent the others. This was just after World War II during the housing shortage.

The Ingalls family had settled in Worland when my dad was young, and he grew up hating farming and small towns. At the first chance, he made his way to California and met and married my mom. Now with three children, they were back. Dad was not happy. My mom loved it because Grandma Nellie could keep my wayward, fun-loving dad in check. The only person I ever saw my six-foot-tall dad afraid of was his five-foot mother. Terrified, utterly terrified.

When we arrived we stayed in the "White House," so named because it was painted white. I clearly remember entering it for the first time. The exterior of the house was finished but the inside needed a bit of work. The plywood subfloor was down, waiting for hardwood to be installed. Where the knotholes had fallen out, Grandma Nellie had nailed tin can lids. Recycling at its best. In the living room was a red couch - one of those upholstered with scratchy fabric - and on the back of the couch rested a chicken utterly unfazed by our intrusion. It sat contentedly and pooped on the couch. I do believe we had fried chicken for dinner that night.

Grandma Nellie lived in another house on the property. But the best was where Grandma Marietta Angst Inman, Grandma Nellie's cousin (and step-mom) lived. This came about since Nellie's mother, Josephine, died when she was young, leaving four small children. Josephine's sister's daughter Marietta was sent to care for the children and ended up marrying a widower. She herself was a widow by the time we arrived in Wyoming and found where Grandma lived!

Grandma Inman lived in an old railroad boxcar!

During World War II trains were the main transport for materiel and men, so lots of new boxcars were built to fill the demand. By the end of the war there was quite a surplus of used boxcars and other military materiel.



Grandma Inman's boxcar house



Grandma Marietta Angst Inman (left), who lived in the boxcar house, with Grandma Nellie and Aunt Rene.

in the winter. Grandma Inman's bed was at one end, piled high with lots of colorful quilts, probably also for warmth. She had an upholstered rocker and beside it a table with a cut-glass candy dish with those hard little candies in all shapes that always stick together.

She also had pomanders here and there that smelled divine. She would stick whole cloves into oranges and apples, her version of an air freshener.

To us children it was pure Gypsy Wagon! We loved it. We considered the greatest of treats to be invited in and given a piece of that colorful sticky candy.

The first few years we lived there we had no gas, no running water and no indoor plumbing. We did have electricity though! Mom would have to go into the yard behind the house to pump water to use for drinking, cooking, bathing and washing. We all had to use the "convenient house" over at the edge of the yard. I get exhausted just thinking about living that way, but mom said it was the happiest time of her life.

Grandma Inman, pictured here with my grandmother Nellie and Aunt Rene, was tall and bone thin. She would spend her days feeding our free-range chickens, tending to a little kitchen garden, puttering about and giving us candy.

Sadly, she died when I was about seven. Grandma Nellie moved that boxcar to the end of her own house and converted it into her kitchen. It's probably still there. What a life for a boxcar: first transport, then a house, then a kitchen. If walls could talk...

*Kristin, a long-time Society member, is our resident bookie
Selling books in the library and meetings — she's one busy cookie*

She is rather silly, and oftentimes

She speaks in sing-song nonsensical rhymes

When not immersed in etymology and phonology

She enjoys doing her own, and others, genealogy.

They were sold off, a quick answer to a housing shortage. There was actually a town in Montana made up of boxcar houses. Boxcars were quite roomy at about 50 feet by 11 feet. Granny was one of the original owners of a Tiny House (check this new movement out on HGTV).

I don't know where Nellie got her boxcar or how she got it onto her property. Nor do I remember if it was still on wheels or if it had a foundation of any kind. I do know there was a stoop and a couple of stairs to the newly-cut door. It was not a particularly pretty thing, sitting just behind our house, but oh, the inside. The inside was thrilling! The walls were lined with colorful, heavy tapestry-like rugs. I now assume these were a form of insulation as Wyoming is mighty chilly

SCHOOL BUS ADVENTURES: GOLETA'S "OLD 76"

By Lou Dartanner

THE TRANSITION FROM elementary school to junior high school in 1954 was anticipated with excitement and a little trepidation for the children in Goleta. Not only were we going to the big two-story Santa Barbara Junior High School but we were going to ride the bus! About the only time we rode a bus was on municipal transportation to see a movie or go shopping in Santa Barbara.

In order to get to school on time for classes, our "pick-up" time was to be around 7 a.m. in downtown Goleta. When school started in September we eagerly awaited our transportation, anticipating a vehicle similar to the "city" buses.

What arrived was not what we expected. The enrollment of seventh-grade students was the largest ever to enter the Santa Barbara Junior High School—over 400. As a result, the transportation company scrounged for every vehicle with four wheels and a door in every nook and cranny of storage that could carry students. Old 76 must have been tucked in a back stall, next to the carriages (the kind needing four legs and a tail for propulsion).

The bus was number 76 and we weren't sure if that was its age or horsepower. Most of the windows wouldn't stay closed, so we had to ride with the early morning wind in our faces. But the fresh air was much better than the exhaust fumes from the engine that wafted down the aisle. Smooth-running it was not. Sometimes the engine would quit, and it took the driver much coaxing to get it started again. The brakes squealed in protest when applied and the herky-jerky ride was painful.

And it was not on time the first morning, but we soon learned that was something we could depend on: Old 76 would get us to school on its own terms. When we finally tumbled down the steps at the school, our adventure was not over. We had to check in at the attendance office to get admission slips—all 30 or so of us—to be admitted to our classes and not be marked "tardy." We were late so often a new system went into effect, and we could go right to our classes without slips.

On rainy days, we hoped Old 76 would be on time, but that was usually wishful thinking. However, boarding the bus didn't necessarily get us out of the rain. It leaked. If we were unlucky enough to get a seat under a crack, we either kept our rain hats on or covered our heads with our notebooks,

How we envied the high school students! Their bus was new, big, didn't stink, leak, or break down a couple of times a week, and they didn't have to sit three in a seat.



When classes were over for the day, we would go out to the waiting bus line and there it was—usually. But sometimes we had to wait a half hour and our parents would become concerned when we hadn't arrived home on time.

When we graduated from junior high school, we eagerly

anticipated riding in that "dream bus." Silly us! We "outbackers" did get a different bus, but its brakes didn't work very well and it had a squishy spot in the middle of the aisle that threatened to cave in at any misstep. At least the windows didn't stay open—most wouldn't open in the first place.

And it caught on fire. We had stopped to pick up some students and the engine quit. When the driver tried to re-start it, ripples of smoke drifted from under the hood. The driver told us that we could get out if we wanted (well, duh!) while he called for another bus. After waiting for about 40 minutes, our new bus arrived and we boarded it. Unfortunately, the driver wasn't used to all those new-fangled switches and knobs. When he wanted to turn he activated the red flashing lights instead of the turn signals. He probably wondered why cars stopped for him when he wanted to turn. We made it to school in time for the third period (almost lunch). As we traipsed down the halls to our classes, the PA system announced "The Goleta bus has just arrived. Will teachers please admit students to class?" (By now we had been late so often the admissions office gave up issuing slips.)

It was so exciting to get a newer bus for a few days. But our dream bus was only an illusion. The old one came back on line as soon as it was able to limp out of the shop. After six years of these transportation adventures, we all managed to safely graduate and bid those yellow monsters a final farewell.

The stories of our elders come to mind. The ones about the "good old days" when they had to walk six miles to school through a howling snow storm. At least they had one advantage: they probably got to school on time more often than we did.

An 1858 Cross-Stitch Sampler

By Barbara Hodgdon

IT WASN'T MY HOBBY of genealogy that led to finding this beautiful cross-stitch sampler created in 1858 by my husband's maternal great-grandmother. Her name, Jane Ann Hindle, is stitched into the sampler as is the information that she was 15 years old.

Rather, it was my hobby of photography that led to this find. In 2016 I began experimenting with a new photography technique called Sculpting with Light in which a photograph is taken in total darkness using an LED flashlight to light the subject. Because the technique is known "to bring new life to old things," I began rummaging around our garage looking for old things. When I discovered a box labeled "Hodgdon Family Heirlooms" I figured I would find old stuff inside. And indeed I did. In fact, this cross-stitch work is the oldest thing our family owns.

My husband, Dave Hodgdon, had absolutely no knowledge of the Hindles and could not explain why this cross-stitch work was even in the box labeled "Hodgdon Family Heirlooms." So it took some digging on my part to piece together the story of Jane Ann Hindle, a story which had to be totally constructed from public records. Here is what I discovered:

Jane Ann was born and raised in the Lancashire region of England during the era of the cotton mill industrial boom. Her father, John Hindle, worked as a Spinner in one of the cotton mills and her mother, Elizabeth, was at home raising their six children. As time passed, all the children would join their father as mill workers, some starting as young as 13 years old. When Jane Ann began work in the mills is unknown, but the 1861 census shows that at age 18 she was a cotton weaver. Accounts of the conditions in these early cotton mills speak of long 12 hour days and hot, dirty working conditions.

How Jane Ann met her husband, John Gregory, is unknown but we do know that he also lived in the Lancashire region and worked in the cotton mills. They were married in 1864 and in the subsequent years continued to live and work in Lancashire. The 1881 census shows they now had five children ages 5, 9, 13, 14, and 16, that the teenagers were working at various jobs in the mill, and that John was a foreman at the mill. But times had become tough for the cotton mill industry in England, in part due to the US Civil War which had interrupted the export of cotton. Jobs in the mills were being eliminated or hours reduced and this is likely the factor that influenced the Gregory's decision to immigrate to America. On August 24, 1888 John and Jane Ann and their four youngest children arrived in New York City; the two older daughters had probably already married by then. The family settled in New Bedford, Massachusetts.



The Cross stitch sampler created in 1858 in Lancashire, England by Jane Ann Hindle, aged 15.

Beneath an image of Solomons Temple is a verse that reads

*"O may virtuous charms be mine,
Charms that will increasing shine.
These will charm the wintry gloom,
These will last behind the tomb."*

And indeed, her sampler is a treasure that has lasted beyond the tomb.

John Gregory died in 1892 and when we catch up with Jane Ann again, it is through the 1900 census. She and her youngest daughter, Beatrice, were then living in a tenement house in New Bedford, Massachusetts, in between the apartments of her two youngest sons, Thomas and Edward Hindle Gregory. She died in 1922.

As for the beautiful cross-stitch work that has survived all these generations, I can only guess that making it was a joyful endeavor for Jane Ann, given that she was probably already at age 15 putting in long hours in the harsh working conditions of the local cotton mill. And for me, finding this cross-stitch work and the many other wonderful heirlooms hiding in boxes in the garage, brought me the joyful endeavor of making a book entitled "A Bit of Family History through Inherited Things," a book that combines a story about the person who originally owned the item with a photograph of the heirloom.

I grew up in many different places in the Eastern United States, and after college became a Peace Corps Volunteer teacher in Malawi, Africa. After Peace Corps, I came West to pursue a Master's Degree in International Public Administration at USC with the goal of working in an international nonprofit. That didn't work out because I fell in love with an aerospace engineer and was destined to live in Southern California. I therefore found a career in county government, eventually becoming the Budget Manager for Santa Barbara County.

I'm a relative newbie at genealogy but I find that I thoroughly enjoy the research and writing associated with this hobby. It's also been fun to combine genealogy with my other hobby which is photography.

Cigar Box Treasures

By Lou Dartanner

FOUND AN OLD wooden cigar box tucked away on a top closet shelf. I didn't remember going through it before, so I took it down and opened the lid. There were some odds and ends of "mementos" and a few envelopes. One thing that caught my eye was a small reddish-brown coin that looked like a penny but was about the size of a dime. I picked it up and it didn't feel metallic but like a very hard cardboard. Well, that deserves some further investigating!

I got a magnifying glass so I could see the embossed lettering on it. A large number 1 was in the center, OPA on the top edge and RED POINT around the bottom edge. A quick visit to the internet and I learned OPA was "Office of Price Administration" and the vulcanized fiber token was part of the rationing program during World War II. There were red ones and blue ones that were used as "change" for stamps from ration books. Some products required red tokens in change while others needed the blue ones.

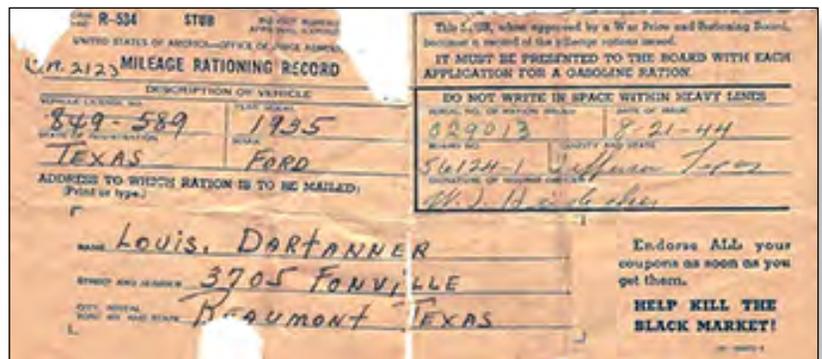
Curiosity piqued, I went back to the box and found a well-worn 6" x 9" manila envelope. Inside were the rest of the Dartanner family's WWII War Ration documents: a copy of War Ration Book One for each of us: my mother, father, and me, some with a few stamps still attached. The 8" x 10" paper was printed on both sides, folded in half twice to make a little booklet with the perforated stamps along the lower edge.



OPA ration coin worth one red point

As explained by Douglas Lehmann in "World War II Ration Stamps," the OPC indicated the item and price for which each stamp was valid. Stamp 1 was for one pound of sugar until May 1942, stamps 2-15 were for sugar bought through October 1943 with the amounts and valid dates varying. Stamp 17 was for a pair of mail order shoes and stamp 18 for in-store shoe purchase. Stamps 21 through 28 were for coffee, with the amounts and valid dates also varying with each stamp. Stamps 19 and 20 were never validated.

I did not find any other coupon books but Lehmann wrote that Ration Book Two complicated the system by introducing a point system. Lehmann explained in simplified terms that each book had eight red and blue panes and each pane had 24 stamps. One row of stamps was good for eight points, a second for five points, the third



1944 OPA Mileage Rationing Record

for two points, and the bottom row of stamps was valid for one point each. Red panes were for butter, margarine, meats, cheese, and canned fish. The blue ones were for canned, dried, and frozen produce. A certain number of points could be used weekly and OPC designated the effective dates. So shoppers had to keep an eye on not only the price of the item but the point value in stamps to purchase it.

Ration Book Three was used for fats and oils.

During the War, you had to have documents to receive gasoline for your automobile, if you were lucky enough to qualify. I found two versions of the Mileage Ration - Identification Folder, a tattered Mileage Rationing Record, and the Basic Mileage Ration stamps. My father probably qualified for gasoline because he was a fireman.

Since I was only a few months old, I have no memories of these years. Later, growing up, my parents did relate a few of their experiences during the war. They had a very close relationship with family, neighbors, and members of the Beaumont Fire Department. Beaumont, Texas (where my father worked). Everyone helped each other, including with "extra" commod-



World War II Ration Book One issued May 4, 1942.

ity stamps. While people weren't supposed to share coupons, it was a common practice and it was ignored except for serious misuse. My mother said she appreciated extra stamps for shoes because a child either outgrows or wears them out quickly.

I remember my mother mentioning having a little Victory Garden and participating in "scrap drives" for metal, rubber, paper, and strangely enough, cooking fat. (I found it was used in the manufacture of explosives.) Growing up there was always a tin can on the stove in every house to collect bacon grease to use for cooking (makes great pie crusts).

I was a sickly infant and had some rather strange nutritional needs, one of which was bananas. Since Beaumont was a major shipbuilding area, petroleum products were normally used to lubricate launching ramps. With the war on, they switched to using ripe bananas. My father said he would go on foraging expeditions looking for bananas and one day he encountered a vendor with a whole bunch of the fruit. He

snapped up the entire inventory and raced home with the coveted stalk.

Having been through the Depression a few years earlier, most people were probably tolerant of the shortages and couponing, knowing it was for the war effort. I believe this patriotism was embedded in the family and became a part of our lives, evident today in surviving members of the "Greatest Generation" and many of their children.

I started writing in junior high school for the newspaper and yearbook. While on the staff of high school publications, I was able to hone my skills as an intern in the newsroom at the News-Press. Over the years, I have edited and published a number of newsletters for non-profits as well as technical and operational publications. I joined the SBCGS several years ago and have appreciated the support and encouragement of its members. I have made much progress with researching my family and have enjoyed combining my two hobbies – writing and research – to chronicle their stories.

Ten Adventures of a Rolltop Desk

By Karen Stout and her grandmother Sharon Knickrehm Summer

ONE OF THE MOST BELOVED treasures of our family is a rolltop desk. It has a resolute presence, reminding the onlooker that it has weathered many storms. Standing before it, one is drawn in by the warmth radiating from its nooks and crannies. The desk has been everything from a receptacle for carpentry invoices to a home for many items of family history, and its story perfectly reflects the people who have loved and used it.

In 1933 the rolltop desk began its journey with our family from a secondhand furniture store in downtown Los Angeles. There it was bought for a mere \$10 and was brought to our Hillman family home at 3637 South Grand Avenue near downtown Los Angeles. Henry I. Hillman shared the house with his family, which included his elder daughter, Edith M. Hillman, who would later own the desk.

About 1942, Edith and her husband Orlo G. Lowman moved from the home on Grand Avenue, likely because of the coming construction of the 110 Harbor Freeway which was to run right over their house. They brought the rolltop desk to their new home in Arcadia, California, at 1433 Second Avenue. OG affectionately called this two-acre ranch "El Rancho De Busta Backo." Not far from the Santa Anita racetrack, the ranch was home to their young granddaughter Sharon during World War II. Here the rolltop desk became the centerpiece of OG's office, tucked away in the red barn close to their ranch house. Sharon and her brother Glenn remember



The antique roll top desk—well-travelled and well-loved. Within the glass doors rest a collection of childhood treasures and items of family history.



The classical lines of the roll top.

the desk sitting there in that barn, the desk section filled to the brim with rolled-up carpentry papers, stubby pencils, OG's Granger pipe tobacco and his pipes. The glass top section and the drawers contained a mass of other papers and sundry items.

When the ranch became too much for OG to take care of, the desk went with them to their new, smaller home in Arcadia, at 509 West Norman Avenue. But when OG died in 1958 and Edith needed to sell the Norman Avenue house and move into a small apartment, the desk had to move again. Their grandson Glenn Knickrehm had always admired the desk, and so Edith gave it to him. He kept the desk in his room at his parents' home at 1970 Sierra Madre Villa in Pasadena. There it stayed for 12 years until Glenn and Sharon's father, Allen F. Knickrehm, and Allen's second wife moved to a new house in San Marino, California. They did not want the desk any longer so they asked Glenn to take it away.

About this time the desk embarked on a transcontinental adventure lasting several years. In 1980 Glenn paid Sharon's son David and his friend to transport the desk in a rented trailer from California to his home in Dorchester, Massachusetts. During this eventful trip the fuel line on their car broke and the rope that held the desktop rubbed against the wood, leaving a slight mark. But the desk made it to its new destination. After a few years Glenn took the desk to his next home in the town of Brooklyn, Connecticut. In 1998 after Glenn sold that house to move into an apartment in Back Bay, Boston, the desk crossed the country again.

After its long journey from Massachusetts back again to California the desk settled into Sharon and husband Ray's living room in Orange, California. A decade later the rolltop desk briefly resided in Glenn's condo in Santa Monica, California, but its current home was yet to come. After two months the desk made its way to Sharon and Ray's home in Santa Barbara, California, where it fit perfectly into their high-ceilinged guest bedroom.

Now it stands majestically in this upstairs bedroom, guarding precious heirlooms, priceless pictures of our family, and books such as my childhood collection of Burgess books.

Through the years the desk has moved with our family a total of ten times! Who knows how many locations it knew before its 1933 purchase at that secondhand store? Perhaps now it can remain in its perch in the upstairs room in beautiful Santa Barbara.

During the summer of 2018 Karen removed all the items in the desk to give it a thorough dusting. Karen and I took off the removable glass door top section from the lower rolltop desk. It was then we noticed what is called a maker's mark. This mark is an impressed name or identification of the maker of the piece of furniture. Our mark was tucked away unseen where the base of the top section meets the top of the desk section. We saw the name "C. L.

Brown" and were excited to find who had made the desk. However, we have yet to locate information about C. L. Brown, despite multiple attempts.



Detail of a delicate drawer-pull.

Sharon Knickrehm Summer is a member of the Santa Barbara Genealogical Society and continues to be excited at discovering more about her ancestors and sharing it with others. Her granddaughter Karen Stout is a sophomore at the University of California at Santa Cruz, whose interest in genealogy continues to grow.

Grandma's 1908 Wedding Quilt

By Charmien Carrier

FOR MANY YEARS, I've had in my care a very old family quilt. My mother told me that the quilt had been made by my great-grandmother, and that it was a wedding gift to my grandmother, Tena. My great-grandmother's maiden name was Henerika Albers (1844-1909). She was born in Theene, Germany. She and my great-grandfather, Johann Harms Henning (1842-1925) of Victorbur, Germany, married in 1865. They came to the US in 1869 with the first 2 of their 11 children. My grandmother, Tena, was the second youngest born on November 2, 1885 in Crescent City, Illinois.

The quilt was handmade in a flower basket pattern, having red pots of flowers on a gold and white background. It is now 111 years old, and being a delicate textile, not in great condition. However, it is still very attractive. Back in the 1970s-80s, the quilt hung on our bedroom wall. Now I store it safely away in a cotton pillowcase.



Quilt made by Great-Grandmother Henerika Albers Henning in 1908



of her husband. Tena, who was born and raised in Illinois and Minnesota, was stripped of her US citizenship when she married William, a German immigrant. She didn't get her citizenship back until 1922, two years after women won the right to vote.

Where will this oldest of my heirlooms end up? Perhaps it's time to see if there are any young relatives who are interested in family keepsakes.



William Rudenick and Tena Henning marriage 1908

On October 9, 1908, Tena Margaret Henning married William Fredrick Rudenick in Raymond, Minnesota. He was born February 2, 1884 in Gross Dübsow, Pomerania, Germany and came to the US in 1886. He was the second oldest of 14 children born to Carl Johann Rudenick and Mathilde Rosin.

In 1907, the Expatriation Act required a US born woman who married a foreigner to take the nationality



Portrait of Catharine Davison Gott Wearing a Memory Brooch

By Janet Hamber

AS A CHILD, they stared down at me from the living room wall in my home in Douglaston, New York. They were oil portraits of my 2nd great-grandparents John Gott (1784-1852) and his wife, Catharine Davison (1790-1865), and one of their sons, John Gott (1823-1896). My father loved them; I mostly ignored them – except for the portrait of Catharine Davison. My dad kept telling me that I looked like her, that prim, dour personage. I was not happy with that comparison.



Portrait of Catharine Davison Gott in which she is wearing the small memory hair brooch at the V where her collars overlap.

Fast forward to 1977, the year my mother died. In her will, she left the son's portrait to my sister and John and Catharine's paintings to me, so those two austere people now grace the wall in my own Santa Barbara home.

When I read that the subject for the next *Ancestors West* was "Items of Old," I immediately thought of a brooch that was worn by Catherine Davison Gott in her portrait. Among the items willed to me was a Memory Hair Brooch, the one Catharine wore for her portrait.

Back in the Georgian Era in England, which ended about 1837, remembering a deceased person by saving a bit of hair in a locket or brooch was a common way of honoring that individual.

On one of my many trips back east, I spent a day in the Albany Rural Cemetery, Albany, New York. I was able to locate and photograph the graves of John Gott and Catharine Davison as well as two of their children.

John and Catharine Gott are engraved on one monument. The two children whose hair is entwined in the brooch were:

George Pearson Gott – Died June 19, 1830 at age 2 years, 9 months and 23 days of Scarlet Fever, and

Catharine Gott – Died February 20, 1836 at age 1 year, 7 months and 11 days of Whooping Cough.

I find it interesting that the old gravestones usually list not only the years of age, but also the months and days.

The information on cause of death is listed in the Albany Rural Cemetery records. I have copies of those records.

Another son, born 1831, was also named George Pearson Gott. He was Robert Pearson Armstrong's grandfather, Janet Armstrong Hamber's great-grandfather.

Locating the brooch and taking photos of it required more effort, as I had placed it in my safety deposit box. Once I retrieved it, I realized that the backside had become very tarnished and the names of the children almost hidden. Since the glass on the front of the brooch was broken, I took great care in polishing the back.



"In Memory Of" brooch worn by Catharine Davison Gott in her portrait. The children's hair is enclosed beneath the glass in the center.

The back of the brooch with the initials of her children who died young, G.P. Gott and C. Gott.



“These Are a Few of My Favorite Things”

By Cathy Jordan

HAVE BENEFITTED (?) by being the only girl in my generation, and the daughter of a mother who loved her family’s heirlooms. The question mark is because this is both a blessing and a curse since I love them but cannot “downsize” as we are often encouraged to do when we reach those highly touted golden years. That being said, there are three items that are indeed my favorites and which I try to cram into my car whenever I am told to evacuate due to fires.



My mother Lola Feely with her “Bebe Cosmopolite” doll and her Aunt Grace Feely ready for a stroll ca. 1910.

My number one favorite is my mother’s 28-inch-tall doll. She is circa 1895 and a “Bebe Cosmopolite” Heinrich Handwerck doll with a Simon and Halbig bisque head and a composition body. She has glass sleepy eyes with eyelashes, pierced ears, an open mouth with teeth, and the original human hair wig. Her limbs, arms, wrists, legs, and feet are fully articulated. She is wearing her original clothes, shoes, hat, coat, and underclothes. She is in such excellent condition because my



Brother Jerry Feely has replaced the doll in the stroller, much to the displeasure of Lola ca. 1913.

mother said she was brought out only once a year to be played with and then stored away for another year. That she was brought to California in a trunk when the family moved from Kansas in 1923 and when my mother was long past playing with dolls says a lot about how she felt about this doll. I treasure her and the photos of my mother with her. She definitely goes with me when I evacuate and strapped into the front seat!



The heirloom doll today in her original clothes.

My second favorite item is the Merrick’s spool cabinet from my grandfather’s general store (Martin G. Feely’s The Boston Store) in Jennings, Kansas. It is made of oak with the patent date of July 20, 1897. It stands 20 inches tall and is 18 inches in diameter. It is fully functional and complete. In the store it was used to display spools of sewing thread for purchase. There is a knob on top that spins the carousel inside and a drawer at the bottom for taking out the selected spools of thread. It has the original gold stenciling on the glass and a tambour back. I took it to the “Antiques Roadshow” in Anaheim in 2013 to learn more about it but unfortunately the appraiser was not knowledgeable about this item and could provide nothing I did not already know. I have several photos of the inside of my grandfather’s store, but this cabinet does not appear in any of them. This piece also goes with me when I evacuate.



The Merrick's sewing thread spool cabinet from the Feely's general store in Jennings, Kansas.

My third favorite item is an oak rocking chair that was in my grandparents' home in Jennings, Kansas. I have one photo of the interior of their home that shows the chair. It dates back to the late 1800s. The original seat was pressed cardboard that was deteriorated when it made it to California in the 1970s, and I replaced it with a needlepoint seat. The rest of the chair is in excellent condition and very comfortable. Sadly, this chair cannot fit into my tiny car during evacuations and is left forlornly at home with my most fervent wishes to stay safe.

All three of these family treasures bring back warm family memories and that makes them more valuable than any monetary evaluation from *Antiques Roadshow* or anywhere else!



A view from the parlor in the Feely house in Jennings Kansas, shows the rocking chair on the right.



The Feely family's antique rocking chair that dates to the late 1800s.

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.

Annie Garber's Hand-hammered 1800s Silver Serving Spoon

By Barbara Lyon

OUR FAMILY STORY GOES that the original owner of our silver serving spoon, Annie Garber, gave it to her oldest daughter. The tradition of giving the spoon to the oldest daughter in the maternal line has continued for eight generations.

My mom left me a list of all the owners of the Annie Garber's silver spoon:

1. Me- Barbara Lyon
2. My Mother - Hazel Marie Culbertson Lyon
3. Great-Aunt - Elnore May Culbertson LeGaye
4. Great-grandmother - Mary Estelle Downer Culbertson
5. 2nd great-grandmother - first name unknown, maiden name Johns, married name Downer
6. 3rd great-grandmother - name unknown
7. 4th great-grandmother
8. Aunt Annie Garber - original owner, aunt of 4th great-grandmother

The original owner, Annie Garber, is a mystery. So far I have not been able to find information about her.

At one point my mom's Aunt Elnore May Culbertson Legaye had the spoon but she had no daughters and my mom was the oldest niece so she inherited the serving spoon. I am mom's only daughter so now I have it.

Date uncertain.

The back side of the handle is engraved with J Hansell and the insignia of a left facing eagle inside of a circle. If he is the person in the article linked below, he worked in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania between the War of 1812 and 1849 when he retired, so the spoon would date back to the early 1800s. I have found him on the internet with a photograph of his insignia on page 24 of this website:

<http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~edbradford/ed/additional/hansell/james>

I don't know the actual date of the spoon, because I have never successfully been able to trace my ancestry back from my maternal great-grandfather Jack Culbertson (of Ventura County) to Annie Garber. The original owner of the spoon was the aunt of my mother Hazel's 3rd great-grandmother (my 4th great-grandmother) so it goes back about 8 generations to the early 1800s.

I'm the current holder of the spoon. Mom gave it to me a few years ago when she passed at 101. Mom got it from her Aunt Elnora May Culbertson LeGaye, her father's oldest sister. My great-grandmother, Mary Estelle Downer Culbertson was born ~1848. It would have been her great-grandmother's aunt who was Annie Garber. Mom said Mary Estelle Downer was half Dutch



Aunt Annie Garber's hand-hammered silver spoon with her initials AG dates from the early 1800s.

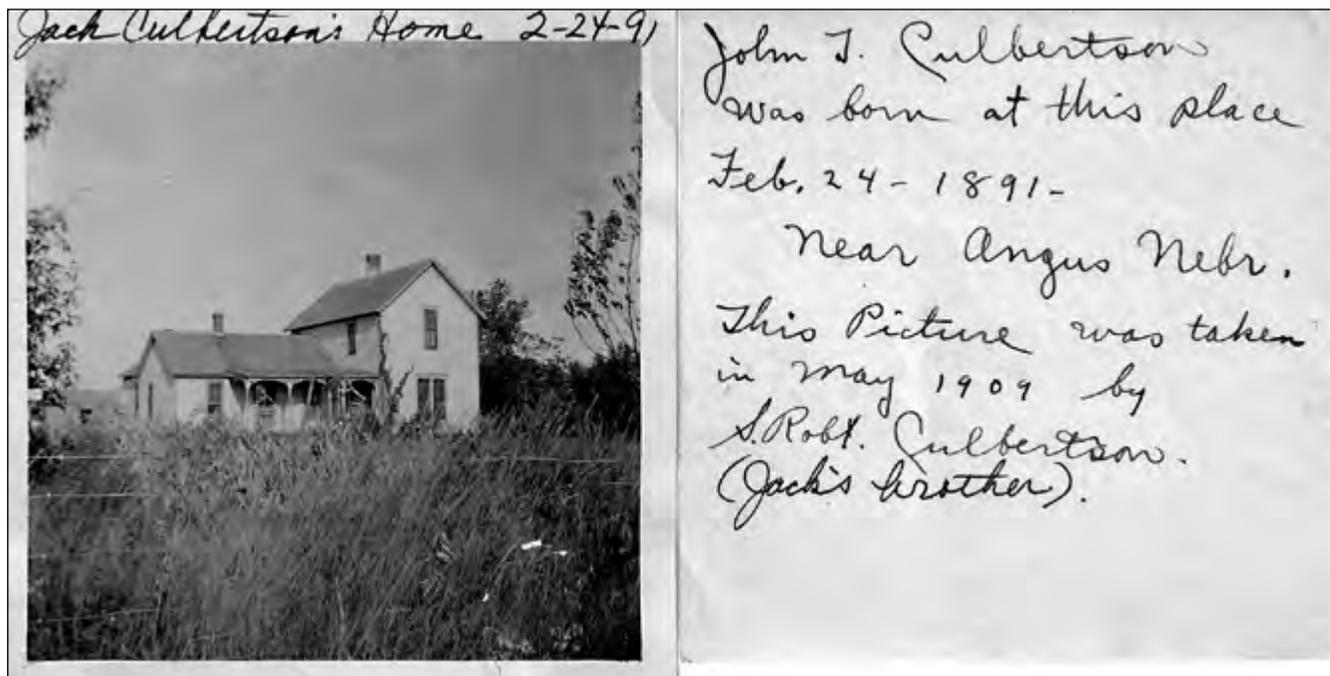


The back side of the silver spoon showing the makers mark J. Hansell.

and half English—her father's surname was Downer, and he was half Dutch and half Belgian. Downer is a rare enough name so that I should be able to find it and trace backward from there, but have not yet been able to find Annie Garber.

The maiden name of Mary Estelle Downer's mother was Johns. She was English or Welsh (Johns is a Welsh surname). The Johns family is said to have come from a well-off family, probably in Pennsylvania, although I remember hearing also the Boston area. Mom said Great-grandma Culbertson was "finished" in Ohio with her Grandma Johns (to learn embroidery, etc.) in preparation for marriage. While there she met and fell in love with the tall dark and handsome young Irish American Stephen Culbertson, born in Shippensburg Pennsylvania, where his Irish ancestors who came from Ballygan in Northern Ireland had settled in the early 1700s. He was piloting boats through the Erie Canal on the Ohio border on horseback throwing out the ropes. They eloped from Ohio and ran off in a Conestoga wagon to Iowa and then Nebraska. Later they got another wagon that was more appropriately built for the wet muddy land of the prairies going West to find farm land under the new Homesteading Act. I did find her marriage in the vital statistics in the US Gen Web Project listed as March 2, 1876, in Nuckolls County, Nebraska.

Their first child, Mom's Auntie May, was born in December 12, 1876, when they would have been in Nebraska in a sod hut. I haven't pinned down photos of the sod hut yet. They were out of the sod hut before 1890, because I have a photo of the house that says



The home near Angus, Nebraska, where Jack Culbertson was born in 1891, photographed in 1909.

on the back it was where my Grandpa Jack was born on Feb 24, 1891. So eventually they were able to build a nice spacious 2-story house in what was Angus, Nebraska. It is now a ghost town, although the house is apparently still there and a thriving Culbertson farm still exists close by. Grandpa Jack was the sixth of the eight children, several of whom were born in the sod hut. They all moved to California when Jack was about four years old, as he became ill from the damp-

ness and hay fever and they thought the weather in California would be better for him. He lived to age 96 in California!

Mom said Grandma Culbertson told her she always set a dinner table even in the sod hut for her husband and children using a tablecloth and her fine china and silver from Boston or ...! Another heirloom I have is the tablecloth she sewed from flour sacks from China printed with a pretty blue flower pattern.



The cloth Grandma Culbertson sewed from flour sacks and spread on the table in the sod hut in Nebraska.

Tea Sets and Forgiveness

By Kristin Ingalls

MY DAD, HERB INGALLS, owned a prototype machine shop, inventing “things” mostly for the aerospace industry. He even received an award from Hughes Aircraft for creating a mechanism enabling helicopter spotlights to rotate rather than just be fixed in place. But the majority of his work was turning out hundreds and hundreds of identical widgets – which I later came to find out he hated.



Herb at his shop

Born in 1914, Dad’s early years were spent on a road camp while his father worked building roads and bridges throughout Nebraska and Wyoming. As a result, his early schooling was spotty and often interrupted. By his teens the country was mired in the Depression, and further schooling was not possible. In spite of this he was really intelligent, and would multiply fractions in his



Flo’s teacart. It is 5 inches long & 4 inches tall. The coffee pot actually pours.

head to entertain us. I think he became a machinist at the outset of World War II, and just stayed in that work after the war.

When I was quite small he was working for International Harvester in Wyoming and in his spare time made miniature brass tea sets for my sister and me. The teapot was under two inches tall and actually poured. Unfortunately, over the years and house moves, the pieces got lost.

Years later, when I was visiting Dad and my stepmom, Florence, she showed me the miniatures he made for her. It made me so sad that I had lost mine, but by then Dad had retired and had no desire to ever see a lathe again! I was happy, though, to see that my dad had some creative outlet at a job that must have been at times really hard and boring.

There is a much larger story here, about my dad and Flo and the wonderful influence she had on his life.



The little cups in this photo are 1/4 inch tall. The tea cup I used for size comparison is the one heirloom I have from my Inman great-grandparents. (another story for another time)

My dad's new wife, Florence Budesky Butler, was more than 20 years his junior – which raised a couple of family eyebrows! After their marriage she worked at his shop alongside him and capably handled the finances so they were able to sell the shop and retire to Arizona when Dad was in his early 60s.

My parent's divorce had been less than friendly. It was Flo reaching out to my mom during a family health crisis that turned those two into best friends. They stayed close until my mother's death. Mom and Flo loved and respected one another and shared a wicked sense of humor – often at Dad's expense. He was outnumbered by the two of them when they were all together. When Dad and Flo came to California, they stayed with my mom and she would drive back to Arizona with them where she stayed with my sister. What a threesome!

I had never been close to my dad growing up, and truthfully, I was hanging on to my little grudges, giving them a good home. The example of my mom and dad and Flo was not lost on me, and I was finally able to hurl that heavy bag-full of old hurts and resentments over a cliff! And then build a new relationship with my dad. I am so thankful to have had so many good times with Dad, Flo and my mom in their last years. People can change. Forgiveness is a gift we give ourselves.

The three of them are gone now. Recently, Flo's son, Steven, was kind enough to send me the tea cart and the other miniature things my dad had made Flo. Because it represents both Dad and Flo and their life together it is such a treasure to me.

As I finish this I begin writing the much longer story of the many memories I have of Dad and Flo which I will send along to Flo's children. She was truly a wonderful woman, she made my father a better person and took such good care of him during his declining years. I will remember her all my days with love and gratitude.



Florence, my dad, in back, my dad's sister, Evelyn and brother, Curtis, ca. 1975 in Wyoming

Authors featured in *Ancestors West* Volume 44

The following have contributed articles to issues of Ancestors West in 2019.

Thank you to all of you for sharing your stories.

Janet Armstrong

Margery Baragona

Sheila MacAvoy Block

Cherie Bonazzola

Millie Brombal

Connie Burns

Patricia Griffin Caird

Charmien Carrier

Gloria Clements

Rick Closson

Charlene Daly

Lou Dartanner

Linda Finlaid

Michelle Fitton

Jim Friestad

Mary Hall

Janet Hamber

Wendel Hans

Milt Hess

Barbara Hodgdon

Kristin Ingalls

Cathy Jordan

Mary Ann Kaestner

Debbie Kaska

Carole Kennedy

Barbara Lyon

William P. MacKinnon

Mary Mamalakis

Kathy Mastako

Emma Rebecca McKenzie

Dorothy Oksner

Catherine Quinn

Ruth Padower

Jean Pettitt

Ann Picker

Melville R. V. Sahyun

Fred Schaeffer

John Covell Shute

Sharon Knickrehm Summer

Art Sylvester

Anneliese Ullrich

Jim Wilson

A Roaring Twenties Wedding Dress and Ring

By Charlene Daly

MY MATERNAL GRANDPARENTS, Morris (Murray) Katz and Sally Bernstein, were married on February 12, 1929, at the Royal Hall on 4th Street in Manhattan. Their marriage certificate says he was twenty-three and she was nineteen. It was the first marriage for both of them. Murray was a first generation American, his parents arriving from Poland in 1905. Sally was born in Ostrowiec, Poland, and arrived in New York when she was about a year old. At the time of their marriage, Murray worked as a clerk for the US Post Office and Sally worked in a milliner's shop. Ten months later, they became parents when my mother, Lila, was born and six years later Bernie joined them.

That winter day in February of 1929, the bride wore a beautiful, white dress that appears from the sepia-colored picture to be tulle, chiffon or silk, with lace and ribbon. Shockingly, the dress stops at her knee, exposing a lot of leg. This was typical of the day. The wedding dresses of the 1920s were typically silk or satin and tea-length, with a hem that was a different length in the front and back, usually with a wedding veil and elaborate headpiece or hat. Jazz-era wedding dresses were comfortable, loose and straight to make it easier for the bride to dance. My Grandmother's hat and veil appear to be silk or chiffon with beading and flowers that frame her face. The veil edged with lace continues to the floor and gathers sumptuously around her feet so that we can barely see her shoes. Sally's enormous bouquet of white roses, lilies and ferns included long ribbons and pieces of fern trailing down one side. Not to be outdone, Murray is in a black tuxedo and tails with white bow tie and a rose corsage in his lapel. In some pictures he is also wearing a top hat.

Sally's ring, which she received that day, is a platinum, diamond and ruby piece in the Art Deco style for jewelry in the 1920s and 1930s. When Sally died in 1989, this ring passed to my mother, and when she died in 2007, this ring became mine. The ring is stamped with the notation 5%. I believe this means that the ring is 95% platinum and 5% alloy.

Art Deco was a style that emerged in the mid-1920s, a result of the World's Fair in Paris, the Exposition Decoratifs et Industriels Modernes. Art Deco jewelry was characterized by geometric patterns and abstract designs, using diamonds and gems in contrasting colors. It was a sleeker, stream-lined style which succeeded the Art Nouveau style that was more decorative and flowery and pre-



ceded the Edwardian era which also used a lighter, more flowery style. Diamonds used in the Art Deco rings of the 1920s used the "Old European Cut Diamond" as the standard diamond style. Art Deco style jewelry used less free space and had a more industrial feel. The diamonds were calibre-cut stones, custom gems that were cut specifically to fit into the jewelry design and were tightly spaced together against other stones or metal. Another trait of Art Deco jewelry was its use of filigree, small, intricate cut-outs in the metal. This style was perfected in the late 1920s through the use of die-cast machines and wax models.

Unfortunately, I never saw Sally's wedding gown in person, so I'm very happy to have this wedding photograph. However, I'm thrilled to have her diamond and ruby wedding ring which I wear every day. I plan to pass this heirloom to my daughter and granddaughter one day. I know my grandma Sally and mother Lila would be pleased.

Charlene was born in Brooklyn, New York and raised on Long Island. She has a law degree from Albany Law School and an MBA from Boston College. Her interest in genealogy began shortly before retirement. She has been excited to learn more about her family's immigration from Poland, Romania and Russia and has discovered as many mysteries as she has solved. The research continues!

Clues in a needlepoint reveals its age and possibly which ancestor did the pointing

By Catherine Quinn

IN 1990, I INHERITED A BEAUTIFULLY framed needlepoint that had followed my grandmother Agnes Coleman Quinn from her home in Bingham Canyon, Utah, to her home in Salt Lake City, then to our home in the same city. My mom once said of the needlepoint, "This is a family heirloom. It's over 400 years old."

After my husband, Frank, and I moved to Santa Barbara in 2000, I felt it was time to reframe the needlepoint to protect it from potential humidity damage. Before taking the needlepoint to the framer, we opened it up to see if there was any information in it. We found no written information but we did find some valuable clues.

Between the needlepoint and backing boards was a newspaper dated October 1887. The paper appeared to be transportation schedules written in German. When the framer returned the finished product, I asked if she found anything of interest. She indicated "Amy Robsart" was stitched into the edge of the canvas.

Amy Robsart is an historic figure from the 1550s—400 years ago!! She was the wife of Robert Dudley. After Amy died, Robert was in line to marry Queen Elizabeth. However, Robert's enemies in court convinced the Queen that would be unwise because there was rumor or evidence that he killed his wife, Amy. The story was written up in Sir Walter Scott's *Kenilworth*.

I contacted several experts on needlepoint history. From their information, I found out this needlepoint was on penelope canvas which was invented in the 1830s to be used with "berlin" wools. Needlework became wildly popular in the 1830s and 40s because of the types and numbers of designs available. In 1840, no less than 14,000 designs for wool working had been published. Early Victorian (1837-1901) interest popularized medieval romantic subjects in a style referred to as style troubadour. Scenes from Sir Walter Scott's novels formed a part of the style troubadour. It is hard to put a date on this work for two primary reasons. Ireland was "late" on the distribution list of this kind of needle work and people would purchase a design, work it for a while, then resell the work (finished or unfinished) only to be purchased by others. Old stock was discounted.

I originally considered that either Agnes' mother or grandmother did the needlepoint. Both immigrated from Ireland. However, after learning more about the history of the needlepoint, I felt it more likely that Agnes' grandmother did the needlepoint. Agnes' mother died at age 28 in San Francisco in 1878 when Agnes was not quite three. Her grandmother, Julia Coleman, journeyed to America in 1878 after her husband's death in Ardee, County Louth. Because Julia's husband had been a teacher and their children continued in professions that required education, I feel Julia may have read Scott's book and looked for a design that reminded her of it.



The needlepoint heirloom with a medieval romantic design.

Gold brings an Irish priest, Agnes' uncle, to California

The only thing I ever heard about my grandmother Agnes' youth was, "She was raised by Catholic nuns in Marysville, California." How did Agnes get there? Enter some relatives. In 1867 Matthew Coleman, Agnes' uncle, was ordained a Catholic priest in Ireland and was immediately sent to the gold fields of Yuba County, California. Marysville was the major city in the gold country and the area diocese. Over the next few years, most of the Coleman family immigrated to or were assigned (three of his sisters were nuns in the Southern US) to America. Patrick, Agnes' father, settled in San Francisco.

Marysville was home to St Joseph's Catholic Church (in 1888 Fr. Coleman was named pastor) and a parochial school with boarding for elementary children and high school girls run by the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur was across the street from the rectory. The sisters offered classes in the French and German languages, Music, Drawing and Painting, and Plain and Fancy Needle Work." Maybe Agnes was the pointer of the needlework. Unfortunately, all records for this time period have been destroyed by frequent flooding. Agnes was an avid reader (as were her children) and

was often working on a needlepoint seat or stool covers into her late 80s.

The 1880 census taken in June lists Agnes with her grandmother Julia and uncle Matthew in Rose's Bar, Yuba county, California. As Agnes would have turned five that year, she most likely began school in Marysville that fall. Father Coleman's assignments took him to many places throughout the gold field area and required a lot of travel. There is no record for Julia during this time so I don't know if she was in Marysville or in the gold country. When Matthew was assigned pastor of St. Joseph's in Marysville in 1888, Julia did help in the rectory and was active in school activities until her death in 1911. Agnes probably lived in Marysville year-round until she married in 1895. Perhaps when school was not in session, Agnes would visit San Francisco (maybe accompanied by her grandmother) where her father (Patrick Coleman, Julia's oldest child) and new family lived.

Found: Heirlooms

By Rick Closson

A SIMPLE DEFINITION of heirloom is "a valuable object that has belonged to a family for several generations." Fair enough, but these things sometimes didn't begin as treasures, and their later worth often is based on personal sentiment and importance to family more than monetary value. Nevertheless, it is possible for objects found today to become heirlooms in a single generation if they exemplify their owners and their personal interests.

I'm a retired clinical pharmacist, having practiced in academia and institutions for four decades. The last time I filled a prescription was in the early 1970s during my internship, but community practice is the staple of the profession and there remains a bond with those who pursue it. Even before coming to Santa Barbara in 1984, I was attracted to historic preservation, but living here focused that interest on architectural revival styles, especially the Spanish Colonial Revival style of the 1920s and '30s. We have lived in a 1931 home of that style for 35 years. Those two pursuits, university-trained clinical pharmacy practitioner and self-taught historic preservationist - will likely define much of my family's memory of me. Recently I discovered two vintage \$4 yard sale items I hope will reinforce that.

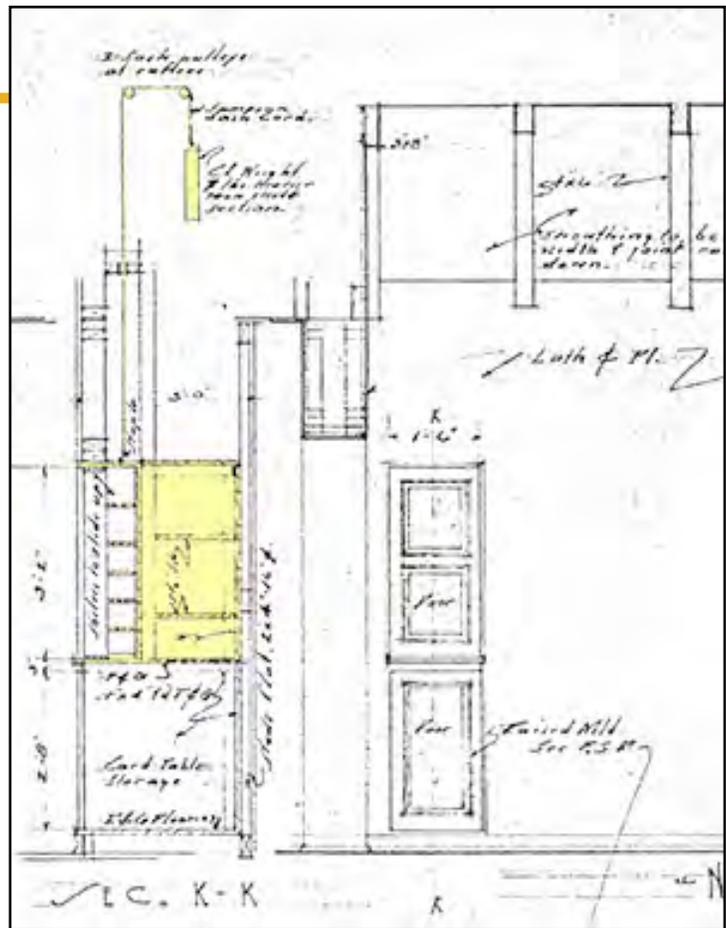
Prohibition

Soon after buying our Santa Barbara home, I discarded a flimsy, shallow, slide-up bookcase built just inside a deep cabinet to take full advantage of the rear storage capacity. Beyond the novelty of it, there seemed to be no purpose and my preservation interest at the time was rooted in San Francisco Victoriana. Last year I realized the purpose and importance of that bookcase in the waning years of the 18th Amendment (1917-33).

By the time my home was built, small scale transgressions of federal alcohol Prohibition laws were common-

To make a long story short...Did my grandmother Agnes or her grandmother Julia Coleman point this family heirloom? Since Agnes would have only been 10 years old when it was framed, it seems a stretch to think she completed the picture. So my story continues that her grandmother pointed the picture and had it framed in or shortly after 1887. Then it was given to Agnes either upon her graduation from school, upon her marriage in 1897 or upon her grandmother's death in 1911. As to the age of the needlepoint, I'd like to believe she purchased it when she journeyed to America in 1878. Otherwise, it might been purchased on a trip to San Francisco.

Either way, over the years, it has given me many hours of joy.



Prohibition Cabinet drawing, viewed from side.
See sliding shelves (L), pulley (upper), doors (R)

ly overlooked and the national mood was increasing for an official repeal. During the planning and permitting of our 1931 home, a hidden-recess cabinet may have been an attractive feature. The architectural drawings show the cabinet labeled, "shelves to slide up," without reference to purpose. A counterweighted pulley into the attic space was proposed to lift the shelves.

The pulley was never installed and my guess is, it seemed better in concept than in construction. How would you prevent attic air and debris from entering the cabinet? If you removed a book from the shelf, would the specified-load counter weight uncontrollably raise the shelf? In the end a lightweight shelf unit with



Rebuilt Prohibition Cabinet showing sliding shelves, vintage books from the era, and collected bottles



Prohibition Era Prescription Whiskey Bottle.

rails was built, but no pulley system. Last year I rebuilt the sliding shelves, finished the inside of the cabinet, and installed a light. I eliminated the pulley and hold up the shelves with a thin block.

The cabinet is stocked with vintage liquor bottles from that era whenever I find them. Recently I bought at a yard sale, an empty whiskey bottle that fits perfectly.

The pint bottle is from the Belmont, Kentucky Distillery with the seal dated 1925. On the reverse is the undated prescription label from Gutierrez Drug Store, established in 1855 but located on the corner of State and Ortega Streets, Santa Barbara, California in 1926 after the earthquake. Today there is a memorial plaque at that spot.

The whiskey was prescribed by William D. Sansum, the second director of the Potter Medical Clinic, later founder of his own eponymous clinic, and first American physician to treat diabetic patients successfully with insulin. During Prohibition, alcohol was legally available only through prescriptions for medicinal use. The patient's name and instructions are intentionally defaced, but "Whiskey, 1 pint, 100 proof" remain visible. The empty whiskey bottle (of general historical interest in its own right) represents my personal interests in pharmacy and historic preservation and, I hope, will be kept by my children's children in my memory.



Gutierrez Drug Store Plaque

Ramona

In 1884 Helen Hunt Jackson wrote "*Ramona*," a novel about a Scottish-Native American orphan living in Southern California after the Mexican-American War (1846-48). The romantic story includes themes of racial discrimination, government duplicity, hardscrabble family life, and sentimentality for the prewar Mexican rancho life. It was extremely popular and was serialized at the time in a national weekly magazine. The book has been reportedly reprinted more than 300 times, adapted for five motion pictures (1910-46), and continues to be performed annually as a stage production since 1923.

The love story popularized a regional culture that drew visitors wanting to see places in the book (Santa Barbara was mentioned). New railroad stations built in Southwestern states were designed in the Mission Revival style architecture to encourage that tourism. Santa



1924 Postcard of Ramona Pageant.

Barbara's own railroad station (built in 1905) is an example. The Mission Revival style would later lead to the Spanish Colonial Revival style for which Santa Barbara is widely known.

Victorian era tourists (the era nominally ended with Queen Victoria's death in 1901) were no different from tourists today and the souvenir trade boomed. High-end style favored custom work of the Arts and Crafts movement, but factory-produced ornate metalware remained a souvenir staple. Recently I found a small, dilapidated, art nouveau style (popular 1890-1910) bust I believe dates to that century-old tourist boom.

There is paint loss that does not detract from her noble bearing. She wears a lace mantilla over her head and shoulders with a red rose below her ear. Construction is of common mass-produced, hollow cast metal without a foundry or maker's mark. She's 6½ inches wide and 6 inches tall, typical for mantel display or souvenir case. Her provenance remains speculation, based on the confluence of Victorian-style cast metal construction, overall art nouveau style, Hispanic mantilla, and especially the romantic red rose.

Because of her credible back story, connection to our region, local architecture, my own home style, and my interest in historic preservation, this Ramona will become an heirloom I look forward to passing to my children.



Santa Barbara Station in Mission Revival Style



Art Nouveau Ramona in Victorian Metalware

The Anatomy of a Steamer Trunk

By Catherine Quinn

AS A CHILD, I ENJOYED seeing crystal bowls, needlepoint on stools and chairs, an ornately framed needlepoint picture, a set of beautifully carved end tables and a matching chest from China, as well as other items when I visited the homes of my grandmothers and aunts and uncles, and around our home. When I was about 20, I became the proud keeper of the steamer trunk that had been in my mom's family for about 100 years, and in our garage as far back as I could remember. It was black; I painted it orange (but kept the black trim) to match my bedroom.

In the late 1970s, my mom started researching her family and pieced a few things together that she shared with me. Mom once mentioned to me that the trunk was used to help her family move from Marlborough, Ulster County, New York to Missouri starting in or about 1860. I don't know if the trunk had made a trip across the ocean or if it was purchased in Ulster County. The best I have pieced together is the overland journey to Missouri had a number of stops in several states over the course of several years. It seems the Rhodes family stayed in Illinois and Iowa for a few years each until they reached Missouri where they settled in the north central part of the state. My mom's grandfather Rhodes married her grandmother in Iowa (1876). The married couple moved to Missouri for a few years and then, due to an illness in the family, her grandmother moved back to Iowa for about five years, eventually returning to Missouri for a short time. After her husband's death in 1891, she and her children moved back to Iowa using the trunk to make the trip.



Corner showing trim, nails, finish (orange piece) and layer of cardboard under finish

The next move for the trunk may have been when my mom's mother married in 1907 and moved to Watertown, South Dakota. Then in 1919, it likely went to California when my mom, her sister and brother, moved with their mother to Los Angeles.

In 1933, my mom moved to Salt Lake City, Utah, for a dietitian internship at the LDS Hospital. Perhaps the trunk went with her then, or perhaps it was a few years later when she decided to move permanently to Salt Lake after she married my dad.

Anyway, the trunk was moved and used throughout its long life. During the time I knew the trunk, it housed camping equipment, a quilt made from my dad's wool



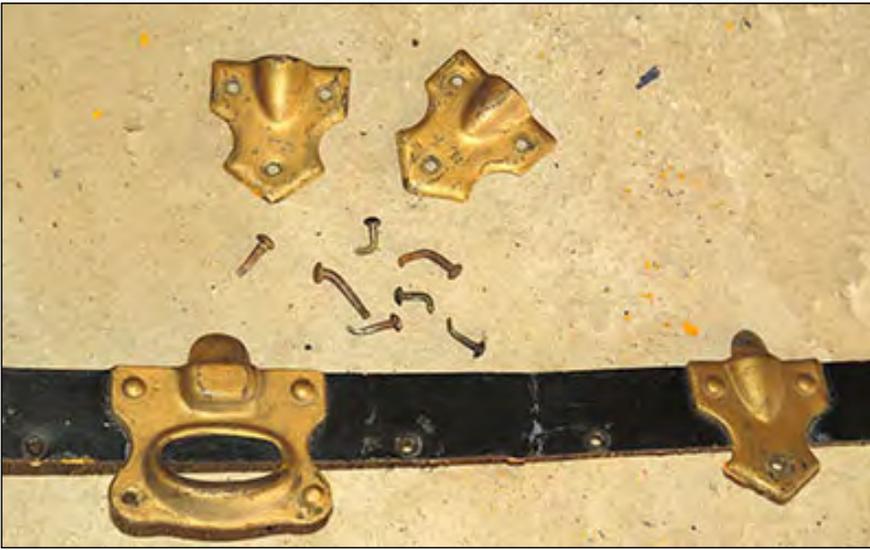
The Steamer trunk—a view of the hardware (corners, clasps, alignment pieces and lock) and leather handle.

suits, some of my baby clothes, toys and many other miscellaneous items.

When I moved to Santa Barbara 20 years ago, the trunk came with me. Unfortunately, a few years ago it was "attacked by the humidity." It started peeling its skin and trim and suffered some other damage. Some of you may be offended at what I did next. My decision was to get rid of the trunk. As it had suffered damage, I decided to see how it was made, so I disassembled it. I was in awe of the construction. What I thought I would find was quite different from what I found.

The trunk measured about 24 inches tall, 39 inches long and 21 inches wide. Being a heavy, solid trunk, I thought it was made of six solid pieces of 1/2-inch wood on the top, bottom and sides with leather trim on each edge and metal trim pieces—the only thing I had right were the metal trim pieces.

The reality: each side was a solid sheet made of three or four four-to-six-inch wide 1/4-inch slats of a very straight "blonde" wood sandwiched between four 1/16-inch sheets of cardboard (two sheets per side). Until I had scraped off most of the four layers of cardboard, I didn't know I was dealing with slats of wood—



Metal strip with alignment adjusters and nails

the construction was that solid. The “leather trim” and the outside of the trunk was actually heavy paper (like an index paper stock) treated with a shellac or linseed oil or ... that soaked in and hardened the surface making it water resistant (proof?). I didn’t see any evidence of an adhesive between the layers of cardboard or between the slats of wood. I wondered if it was maybe pressure pressed with steam or some other process.

The nails used to attach the trim and metal pieces to the trunk were “ship builder” nails. For the most part they were about ¾ inch long, round headed and square bodied tapering to a point—each nail was “hooked” at the end so they were very difficult to remove!

The metal used for corner pieces, hinges, alignment pieces was 1/16 inch thick. Each corner (the eight on the outside and the eight on the inside between the lid and the body of the chest) had a metal piece. The clasps that held the two leather handles (the only leather on the entire trunk) had a nail that went through the middle of the ends of each leather hand-hold assuring they would never fail. A lighter metal strap with hinges, the locking mechanism and other special pieces attached went around the bottom edge of the lid to assure and maintain alignment with the top of the trunk proper.



Handles of trunk were leather straps.

As I mentioned when I started this article, there was very little of my first impression of how this trunk was made that was fact. I was very impressed with its workmanship, design, and longevity. It helped many in my family in their migration across the country.

P.S. I am planning to use the wood and some of the hardware from the trunk to make a shadow box to display some of the old family treasures that I have.

I was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. My folks treated my sister and me to good experiences of camping, travel, responsibility, education and family. We had relatives in Salt Lake, Bingham Canyon (UT), Santa Barbara and San Diego. Many of my summers were spent in Santa Barbara with my grandmother, aunt and uncle. I graduated from Utah State University in Wildlife Management and the University of Utah in Journalism. I worked at the Utah Division of Wildlife Resources for over 20 years writing and editing news releases, publications, and comments on projects affecting wildlife populations and habitat. For three years I worked for a presidential commission responsible for carrying out fish and wildlife mitigation due to impacts from the Central Utah Project (a huge water project). I retired in 1998 and in 2000 my husband and I moved to Santa Barbara to help my aging aunt. After her death we acquired her house. After I moved to Santa Barbara I became interested in genealogy – go figure.

Denied Naturalization Petitions in Santa Barbara County During WWI Draft and Prohibition Eras

By Dorothy Oksner, Records Preservation Co-chair

THE PETITIONS FOR NATURALIZATION filed in our Santa Barbara County contain the whole record for each applicant, including date and place of birth, immigration date and place, residence and occupation. The records from 1854 through 1906 have been digitized and are available on the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society's website <https://sbgen.org/cpage.php?pt=106>.

In a few cases, some of the paperwork is missing, such as the Certificate of Arrival or the first paper, the Declaration of Intention.

Many immigrants to Santa Barbara County were denied naturalization for various reasons.

One of these reasons stated in the Petition for Naturalization was that the applicant had "pled guilty of the Volstead Act" (generally for making, buying or selling liquor). These applicants' petitions were dated between 1920 and 1933 when the 21st Amendment was enacted repealing the 18th Amendment. That was a very dry 13 years, except for bootleggers and illegal stills.

The Eighteenth Amendment (Amendment XVIII) of the United States Constitution established the prohibition of "intoxicating liquors" in the United States. The Amendment was proposed by Congress on December 18, 1917, and was ratified by the requisite number of states on January 16, 1919. The Volstead Act provided for the enforcement of this amendment.

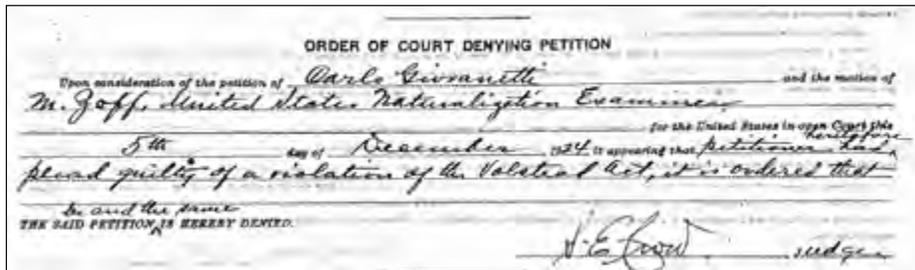
Another reason for a denied petition was that the applicant stated he was exempt from the military draft in the "late war" (1918) due to his being an alien. The federal examiner may have asked at the hearing as to his military service. When the examiner became aware of this, he denied the petition, because all male residents were required to register for the draft and to serve in the military even if they were not citizens of the United States.

If the petition was dismissed with prejudice, it could never be refiled. That often happened when a judge ordered dismissal for some legal reason. If the application was dismissed without prejudice, the petition could be refiled within specified time limits. Often, dismissal without prejudice was a delay tactic used to obtain credible witnesses, or the applicant may have missed the scheduled hearings due to an acceptable reason such as illness.

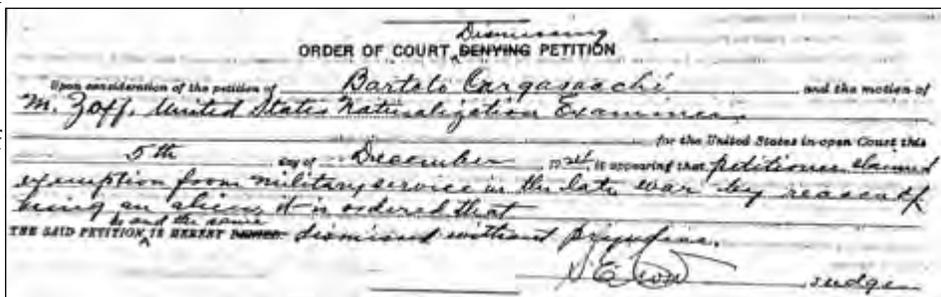
The most critical period that a judge looked at in determining good moral character was the five years

before the application for citizenship was submitted. This period would include admitted violations of the law. Two credible citizens were used to testify to the residency and moral character of the applicant.

Take the case of Carlo Giovannetti, who had arrived in New York in 1909 as a laborer, and was a millhand when he applied for naturalization on July 28, 1924. He had two reputable credible witnesses as to his good moral character and his residency since July 1, 1919. They were Edson A. Smith, an assistant secretary, and Peter Sacconaghi, a shoemaker. However, when asked by the judge about his arrests, his petition was denied. He had violated the Volstead Act.



Bartolo Cargasacchi was a farmer in Gaviota when he filed his Declaration of Intention to become a citizen in 1911. When he petitioned for naturalization in 1924, he was a dairyman in Lompoc. His witnesses were James Guerra, a rancher, and Umberto Dardi, a banker. His petition was dismissed without prejudice because he either failed to register for the draft in 1917 or had claimed exemption from the military draft because he was an alien.



Malcolm Sinclair was a hotel storekeeper from Scotland when he filed his Declaration of Intention in San Francisco in 1917. He was a houseman at Bellesquardo [sic] (the Clark estate in Santa Barbara) in 1924 when he petitioned the court for naturalization. He failed to show up at the examination hearing twice, and his petition was dismissed without prejudice, giving him a chance to refile, which he did not do that year or before 1927.

Life in Ledgers

By Linda Fimlaid

John D. Sage Ledgers 1911-1916, 1926-1928

A BEGINNING GENEALOGIST, I'm back at it after on and off dabbling over the past few years.

In hopes of finding an item of old to share I begin my search by opening a box of antique family photos, diaries, and documents.

I pull out two books with threadbare spines and coarse covers. The title page of the first book is hand-written in black ink, a distinctive signature at the top reads John D. Sage, underneath it reads, "Combination Cash Book and Check Book," January 1, 1911 to Feb. 1916, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Flipping through the lined ledger pages I see salaries, business expenses and bills paid. I almost set it aside, but I notice a few personal entries – symphony tickets for Helen's birthday, a scarf for Eliza Sage, the purchase of an eye camera and film for John. Curiosity sparks as I recognize the names mentioned. The ledger's author, John D. Sage, was my great-grandfather. Helen was his sister and Eliza Sage, his mother.

I received these ledgers from my mother in 1983. There are two ledgers in the set which includes 600 pages and approximately 7000 entries. It has been over three decades since I last opened these ledger books. Back then, I was not interested in the business aspects



John D. Sage Ledgers 1911-1916, 1926-1928

of the ledgers. The sheer volume of numbers and information was daunting. I knew it was important and worth saving, but I did not give it the time and attention it deserved. And I certainly could not imagine the story it would one day tell.

John D. Sage was 33 years old and was working at Union Central Life Insurance Co. in the position of secretary when he began recording detailed expenditures in his ledgers in January of 1911. His final entry was in December of 1928, when he was 51 years old and president of the company. In order to evaluate these items I

decide to read them line by line, beginning to end.

Pulled back in time

As I read, I feel as if I am being pulled back in time to 1911, traveling along on carriage rides and train trips, attending family celebrations and social events, and joining clubs and organizations. In the late 1920s the carriage and taxis are long gone and travel is in the family Packard and Cadillac. Along this journey is the enjoyment of frequent candy and soda purchases and the delight in sending gifts and flowers to friends and family, all while witnessing my great-grandfather's greatest joys and deepest sorrows.

John was a generous man, sending gifts to friends, family and em-



John D. Sage with his parents, A.J. and Eliza and sisters Helen and Alice ca 1900

ployees. He treated his sisters to Metropolitan Opera, symphony and theater tickets throughout the years and purchased many gifts for them, including a set of Dickens novels for Helen and jewelry for Alice. A mandolin, scarves and flowers were a few of the gifts selected for his mother. Every Christmas John included a separate accounting for the holiday, listing the names, gifts and prices for each item purchased. Toys, books, candy, Bibles, candlesticks, flowers, picture frames, boxes of grapefruit and oranges, theater tickets, calendars, buckles, books and key chains were among the many gifts he purchased. He often posted cash gifts throughout the year to his parents, uncle and aunt, among others.

On the business side of life there were many trips including an entry for a January 1912 executive account excursion which



John Davis Sage in both photos, above in his office at Union Central Life Insurance

included dinner, a concert, and carriage rides. Expenses for a business trip to Chicago in 1913 included a railroad sleeper, a taxi and meals. Salary deposits, stock purchases, taxes and loans were also recorded.

A song of love

In July of 1914, another spark of curiosity. A trip to Marion, Ohio. I knew this could be significant because it is where a beautiful soprano singer resided at that time, my great-grandmother, Carmen Blow. Another trip to Marion soon followed.

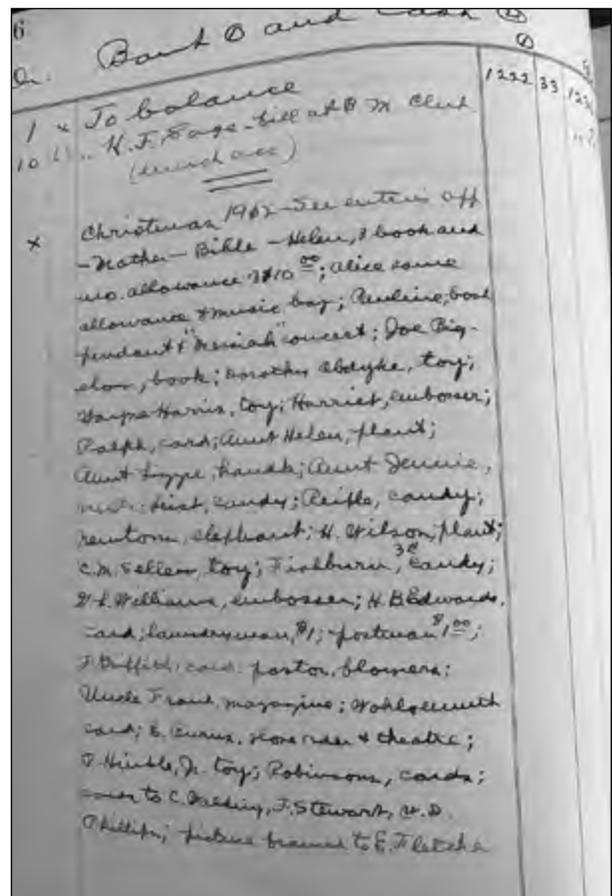
Then, in September of 1914, the following purchases were made: a fur collar and muff for Carmen Blow's

birthday and a diamond ring from the Loring Andrews Co., also listed for Carmen.

A month later an entry listed for cash to "Carmen Blow (fiance)" was recorded. I was told by several family members over the years that when John heard Carmen sing in a church concert he fell in love with her on the spot. This four month courtship recorded on the ledger books seems to support the story!

A flurry of nuptial entries follows in November of 1914 which includes a marriage license, wedding bouquet order and purchase of a platinum wedding ring. A separate accounting of all wedding expenses brought the total matrimonial expenditures to \$1,436.79. During the same time period, a piano (which is still in the family) is purchased as a gift for Carmen. A mortgage on a property and 850 wedding announcements are listed shortly after John and Carmen's November 28, 1914 wedding.

After a 1915 summer trip which included stops in California, Colorado and the Grand Canyon, the young couple continues setting up their house with entries showing furniture purchases from the Robert Mitchell Furniture Co. These included a buffet table, an armchair, a sewing table, and six additional chairs. From the Alms and Doepke department store, a guest room set which included a bed, dresser, stool, rocker, mattress, and mattress cover were purchased. Other



John's record of Christmas expenditures, 1912



Advertising poster for one of Carmen's concerts

household items acquired included a chandelier, curtains, kitchen utensils, and a lamp and shade for the library.

The ledger shows the couple took a trip to Chicago in January of 1916 for a special heart exam for Carmen. All must have been well because life continued for the busy couple with social events and concerts, travel and homemaking. John continued giving to many charities including the YMCA, Salvation Army, Orphan Asylum,

Boys Scouts, Cincinnati Museum Association, Ohio Humane Society, Widows House, various church charities and Brown University.

Ledger two in the set begins ten years later in November of 1926. John and Carmen have had four children, John Davis Sage Jr., 10, Barbara, 9, Randolph, 6, and little Sylvia, 12 months old.

The second ledger shows that life has continued in much the same way, though with a few changes.

The Sage family is no longer traveling by carriage and now has a Cadillac and Packard with multiple entries listed for fuel, maintenance and storage. Carmen picked up a few new subscriptions--*Vanity*, *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* to go along with *Ladies Home Journal*. John continues his subscriptions to *National Geographic* and the *Literary Digest*.

The sounds of music continue to fill the family's home with expenditures listed for Baldwin Piano Co, Willis Music Co. and S. Jackson Music for deliveries of books, lessons for the children and maintenance of instruments. The older children are busy with school and tutors and three year old Sylvia is enrolled in nursery school. Books, music and materials in February 1928 total \$50.

Hospital bills reflect a tragedy in the years before antibiotics

The family shops at J.A. Driscall, Highland Pharmacy and Matthews Dairy for household needs. They attend



Trip out West for John and Carmen, August 1915
Carmen and John are standing in the back left, behind the woman in the long white coat

many concerts including the Cincinnati Music Festival and enjoy outings at the Weider Tea Room several times a month. Toys are purchased for the children at the Arnold Fairyland toy shop. Life seems busy and full for the family of six, but it will soon take turn as several entries for doctors visits and bills for The Children's Hospital begin to populate the ledger.

On April 28th three year-old daughter Sylvia was admitted to The Children's Hospital for an appendectomy. The entry states she was in room number 28 for six to seven days. Her mother, Carmen, stayed with Sylvia, sleeping on a bedside cot and eating meals in the room.

Sylvia had a nurse at home from May 8 through early June. Despite all efforts to get the best medical treatment, Sylvia died on June 1, 1928 of an appendicular abscess. Spring Grove Cemetery expenses are listed including an undertaker, casket, limousine, tent, hearse, flowers and sundry.

"Five hundred acknowledgments cards-Sylvia's death" is entered in July of 1928. In August, an entry for a blanket for Sylvia's funeral and a funeral wreath for the door is paid. The Children's Hospital bills continue and in September 1928 an entry reads: "Payment to Dr. Dudley V.



Carmen with her children, from left, John Jr., Barbara, Sylvia and Randolph



Barbara with baby sister Sylvia

Palmer for services for three operations for Sylvia, and frequent consultation, \$1250.00."

Life continues through the ledger with school tuition for John in October, car repairs and household expenses. Three pillows and three curtains were ordered from Morgan S. Behrens Inc. for the library. John continues to give to many charities including a contribution to the American Red Cross, for Florida and Puerto Rico, which were devastated by Hurricane Felipe on Sept. 13, 1928. Although the Sage family has resumed many of their activities I know this was a very sad time for the entire family because when my grandmother told me 50 years later about the death of her little sister Sylvia, she was in tears.

In November 1928, one last entry related to Sylvia's illness and death was listed: "Payment to Allan Ramsey from Feb. 10th to Oct. 15th, including care for Sylvia in her last illness." There were only a few entries which followed and only one in December, the last half of the ledger is blank. The entries ended when John died of pneumonia at his home on December 4, 1928, six months after the death of his youngest child.

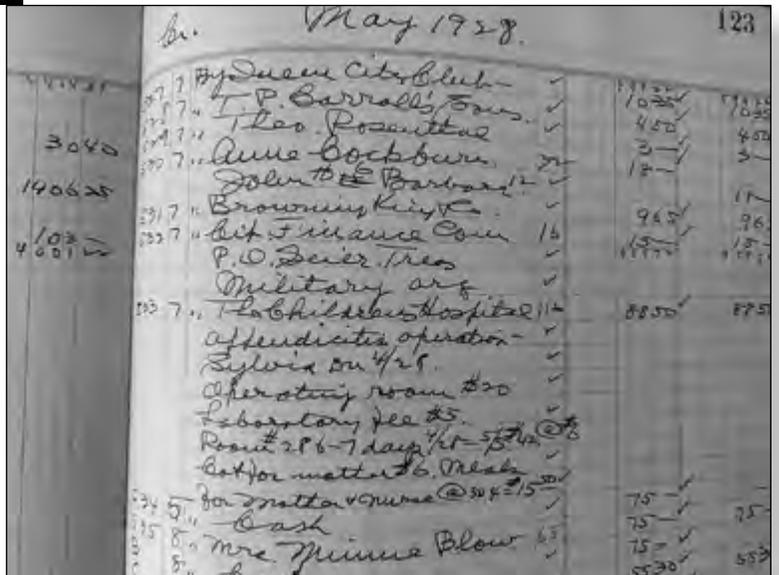


Sylvia at age three.

As I flip through the last half of the ledger, a few items fall from the empty pages that I had not noticed before—a church letter of condolence and several black and white photos of Sylvia. The photographs are labeled in small, faded pencil marks, “aged 12 and 13 months of age.” In one of the photos Sylvia is toddling through the family garden, holding a rose and in another she is walking down a path in front of the family home. She is wearing a man’s hat, oversized for her little head, perhaps the hat belonged to her father, John Davis Sage.

Returning to my family history box I begin looking at photos and mementos, quickly searching for the young Sage family. I had not looked at these photos in years and there was not much context for them beyond occasional identification of the people and a few memories shared by family. The photos mean so much more to me now because I can place them in the storyline that emerged from my great-grandfather’s ledger books.

Linda Finlaid has been a collector of old family photos, letters, documents, books and memorabilia since she was 15 years old. She became interested in genealogy in 2012 after finding her Great-Aunt Alice Sage’s hand-written 1916 Daughters of the American Revolution application. With a DAR volunteer’s help, Linda verified her lineage and became a DAR member (currently with Mission Canyon Chapter). A recent empty nester, Linda is returning to genealogy, enrolling in beginning classes, organizing her collections and researching at the Sahyun Library. She loves listening to genealogy podcasts, reading, visiting libraries and working with physical documents and books. She is a part-time substitute teacher and former school library technician. She was newspaper reporter for The Orange County Register for several years before moving with her family to Santa Barbara from Huntington Beach in 2000.



Ledger showing entry for Sylvia’s hospital stay and operation

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Updated October 2019

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Viva L'Italia!

The SBCGS was featured in a beautiful display in the Goleta Public Library during Family History Month to honor our local Italian Heritage. Many thanks to the Outreach Committee: Connie Burns, Cherie Bonazzola, Jeannine Fox, Dorothy Oksner, Karen Ramsdell and Holly Snyder for the design and set-up of this wonderful collection of photographs, documents, maps and treasures.