



# Ancestors West

*A quarterly publication for the members of the*  
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY  
*Spring 2020 Vol. 45, No. 1*

## Heroes and Heroines

**Lighthouses and Hurricanes**

**My Hero – Allen LaMott Jobs, Civil War Soldier**

**Abolitionist Charles Cheney**

**Thomas Parker:  
He Witnessed the  
Birth of a Nation**

**Pennsylvania Hero Helps  
Bankroll Revolution**



**Lt. Edna Frances Buckley  
Army Nurse Corps, WWII**



## Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

[www.sbgen.org](http://www.sbgen.org)

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(SBCGS facility)

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Hours: Tuesday, Thursday, Friday

10:00 AM - 4:00 PM

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

**A**S EDITOR-IN-WAITING, I joined the members of the *Ancestors West* Committee last October. There we said our thanks and goodbyes to Debbie Kaska, that extraordinary editor, and wished her well in her retirement. You can see by the photo how moved she was to be handing over the job to me.



One of our members, Kathie Greene, is the Daughters of the American Revolution Registrar for the Mission Canyon Chapter. She says she often helps people who just want the names and vital records of ancestors so they can be accepted into this lineage society. They have little interest in learning more about their family history. Others become intrigued with their ancestors, and like so many of us, just keep on digging.

I am sure some of our members did come to the library just to see how far back they could trace their ancestry, and that was about all. But come to the library any day and you will find many of us poring through books, periodicals, and records to find out about the lives of those on our ancestral charts. Most of the stories of the lives of my ancestors I have found in books rather than online.

I was lucky enough to come to genealogy through the back door in a sense. My sister, Lynne Ingalls, had already created a large ancestral chart with several hundred names, some families going back four centu-

ries. Still working at UCSB, I went to the library on a whim to see if I could find out anything about my 10th great-grandfather, Wolfert Gerritz Van Kouwenhoven. Now that is a name I could not ignore. I struck gold the first time! In the index of the many volumes of *Documents Relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York* I found a number of references to Wolfert. These were not just birth, marriage, death dates. These were STORIES!!

After verifying that the long line of ancestors Lynne had compiled was correct, I spent about three years researching, compiling, and finally finishing the family histories of my 36 Dutch, Huguenot, and Walloon ancestors who, like Wolfert, came to this county and settled New Netherland between 1623 and 1664. The reason it took me so long was that there were so many, many stories I uncovered in the meticulous records the Dutch East India Company kept.

Not everyone is so lucky. I find few records of my southern families before the Civil War. Anything I do find is gold. But like all of us genealogy-addicted souls, I keep on trying. And thankfully, so do a lot of our members who have shared the wealth of their stories with us over the years. I hope we never run out of stories!

Heroism is the focus of this issue of *AW*. In many ways, all of our ancestors were heroic. They left the known for the unknown; coming to a new country, learning a new language, new life skills, having children, following their moral compass, fighting for their country. Something as simple as breaking away from family traditions or religion requires courage. Following one's conscience, which often means breaking the law, puts one in danger.

Not surprisingly, several of our stories feature the valor, bravery and sacrifices made by those serving in the military.

Private funding was often necessary to fund military campaigns. Not only did he serve as an officer in the Revolutionary War, Ann Picker's 4th great-grandfather also used much of his own fortune to feed and outfit troops. His dedication to the cause of Independence was heroic and generous.

Kathy Stark shares the story of her 3rd great-grandfather, who enlisted twice during the Civil War. Upon his death, his family received a touching letter about him from General Sherman.

During the difficult Civil War era Barbara Hodgdon's cousin was part of the underground railroad, shepherding slaves to safety. This non-military service could be just as dangerous as going to war.

While on vacation, Gary Shumaker unexpectedly came across a fort named after his distant cousin. This young man served in the Mexican-American War and lost his life at only 21 in Texas.

We history lovers know that women often played important roles in the success of military. Mary Kuntsal recounts the experiences of her mother who served as a nurse for three years in the Pacific during WWII.

# A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA

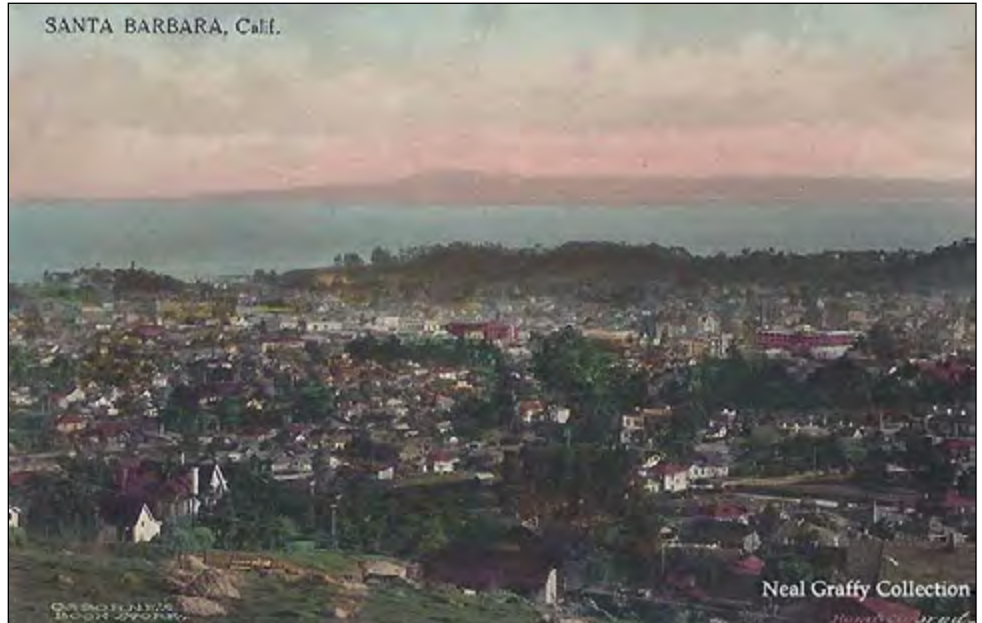


## Goodbye to my Santa Barbara

HOPE THAT in the approximately 30 articles that I have contributed to *Ancestors West* you have had a glimpse of the Santa Barbara of old and what it was like to grow up in those quiet times.

Think of Santa Barbara with no freeways, no one-way streets, no traffic lights, no malls, Funk Zone or UCSB, big boxes, chain stores, or fast food.

It was bucolic—just the ocean breeze, lemon blossoms, and bougainvillea. The depression was over.



Wars came and went and here we are today. We have 90,000 more people, a thriving university, high tech companies, Costco, and Target. But suffice it to say we have seen it all!

~Margery Baragona

Mel Sahyun thanks his wife Irene Nordquist Sahyun for having such an interesting family history to explore. His meticulously researched story begins about 1800 in Dublin, Ireland with Thomas Parker. Enlisting in the military provided Thomas with the opportunity to leave the poverty of Ireland and start a new and eventful life in Canada.

Margaret Thorpe shares a poignant story of her great-grand uncle. Not a Mormon himself, he fought for the rights of those people to practice their religion against the tide of overwhelming opposition.

Is it possible to be indifferent to lighthouses? Lighthouses evoke a sense of the romantic, of isolation and of solitude. They are a light in the darkness, beacons of hope and help. In reality, lighthouses are difficult to maintain and often dangerous. Following a family story, Beth Schroeder discovered the role her cousin played while living in a lighthouse and becoming the lighthouse keeper after the death of her husband.

A certain amount of bravery is also a necessary when buying and restoring an old home. Richard Closson's

meticulous research into his home is more complete than many of our family histories.

Kate Lima shares a story of love, kindness, and generosity which begins with her grandmother and ends with her receiving a much-prized family heirloom.

We hope you enjoy reading these family stories!

### The next issue theme—A New World for Women

The first two decades of the 20th century saw monumental changes in our society. Women finally were able to vote, more and more women were entering the workplace; hemlines went from the ankles to the flappers. How did all this affect your ancestors?

As always you're welcome to write any story relating to genealogy.

**The deadline for the next issue of *Ancestors West* articles is May 1, 2020.**

Kristin Ingalls  
antkap@cox.net

# Lighthouses and Hurricanes

By Beth Schroeder

RECENTLY FOLLOWED one of those shaking leaf hints on *Ancestry* to an interesting story about my grandfather's first cousin, Emma Thiery Munch. This newspaper article reported the christening of her son, Arthur Herbert Munch, and then described her as a "heroine of the great August storm." Her husband, John A. Munch, was the lighthouse keeper for Lake Borgne light near New Orleans. The article says he was ashore with their oldest son when a hurricane hit the area. Emma was alone at the lighthouse with two small children, but managed to get her hogs, chickens and a dog to the upper level of the building before the stairs were swept away!

I was impressed with Emma and wanted to know more about the story. I found the church baptismal record for this infant which gave his birthdate as September 19th, 1901, and states the christening happened October 27th. No source was given for the news article but I was able to find it on *Newspapers.com* at the Sahyun Library. It was published November 3rd 1901, in the *Times-Democrat* in New Orleans. Then I Googled "Louisiana hurricane history" and found in a National Weather service publication that a big hurricane did indeed hit the area August 15th, 1901. I also found the storm reported in their local paper, the *Sea Coast Echo*. Storms weren't named back then and there was no weather forecasting so coastal residents were frequently taken by surprise. The horrific Galveston storm that killed thousands had happened just the year before in



Lake Borgne Lighthouse near New Orleans

1900. This wasn't as big a storm as that but significant for the area of Lake Borgne, and Emma and John would have heard many stories about the awful Galveston storm. So, to sum up the facts, this 25-year-old young woman was eight months pregnant with her fourth child when this happened and she was alone in the lighthouse with a toddler and a three year old. Wow! Wrangling hogs and chickens upstairs sounds challenging under the best of circumstances, much less under these conditions!

More intriguing tidbits of this family's story surfaced. I learned that Emma's husband John Munch died fairly young of typhoid fever in 1909, leaving her a young widow of 37 with six young children to support. For a while, she took over her husband's post as lighthouse keeper of the Borgne light which was not very far from Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, where they maintained a home. Their oldest son was 15 when his father died and John Munch Jr. became a lighthouse keeper himself, so he was probably able to help his mother.

In searching for information about John Adam Munch Sr, I found a record showing he was enlisted at age 14 in 1882 as a cabin boy in the U.S. Navy with a commitment to serve to age 21. The record describes him as 4 ft 9 3/4 in tall. Just a child! It's hard for a mom of our era to think of sending a young son to sea, but his mother was likely a widow and faced with limited choices.

There are surviving records for early lighthouse keepers such as Federal Registers and a website called *lighthouse-friends.com* which has compiled photos, histories and lists of keepers for all the U.S lights. I was able to find John's first lighthouse post in 1890, the year after he finished his Navy enlistment. He was assistant at the Head of Passes light near the mouth of the Mississippi. The keeper at that time was Louis G. Norvell. While John was assistant there, Mr. Norvell drowned in nearby waters and his widow Margaret (known as Madge) took over as keeper. Margaret Norvell continued to work as a lighthouse keeper for 41 years while raising two children alone. She was credited with saving many lives over that time including an incident where a small plane went down in a storm on Lake Pontchartrain and Madge rowed for two hours through

An interesting ceremony took place last Sunday at the Catholic Church. It was the christening of Arthur Herbert Munch, who was born to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Munch at Lake Borgne lighthouse Sept. 19. The sponsors were Mr. Arthur Herbert Baylis and Mrs. Maggie Baylis of New Orleans. In the absence of Mr. Baylis the infant was presented by Master John Munch, and was christened by Rev. Father Chauvin. After the christening the party were entertained at the home of Mrs. R. Munch. Among those present were: Mrs. Joseph Thiery, Miss Victoria Thiery, Mr. and Mrs. B. Corb of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Taconl, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taconl, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Gaspard, John, Richard and Albion Munch. Mrs. Munch was a heroine in the great August storm. It happened that her husband and oldest son were ashore and unable to return to the lighthouse, where she and two little children were alone for three days. She worked desperately to save her domestic animals and the government property and to keep the light in good shape. She succeeded in getting her chickens, hogs and dog in the upper part of the building before the steps and outhouses were swept away. She kept up bravely until the danger was over and her husband returned; then, woman-like, she burst into tears. She is a brave and courageous woman.

*Times-Democrat* (New Orleans) November 3, 1901

the storm to rescue the pilot. In 2013, the U.S. Coast Guard named a new cutter in her honor and 55 descendants attended the launch of the *Margaret Norvell* in New Orleans.

I had come across Margaret Norvell's name earlier in researching Emma Thiery Munch's story. There was an article about women lighthouse keepers in their local Bay St. Louis paper, the *Sea Coast Echo*, on November 2nd 1901, shortly after Emma's harrowing experience. It includes details of the work involved with this job and the profiles of several women lighthouse keepers of the time including Margaret Norvell at Lake Pontchartrain. She had helped train John Munch at the Head of Passes light, then moved on to a Lake Pontchartrain lighthouse. John became keeper of the Lake Borgne light in 1890 and was still serving there at the time of his death in 1909. His son, John Munch Jr., served as keeper for a short time at the Sand Island light near Dauphin Island, Alabama. That lighthouse is close to Mobile where I grew up and is quite familiar to me. I purchased an old snapshot of it years ago and had no idea the keeper at one time was a distant cousin!



1873 Sand Island Lighthouse, image from Wikimedia Commons

The history of the Sand Island Light on *lighthousefriends.com* includes this info for the period: "On September 27, 1906, a powerful hurricane struck the station. A lighthouse inspector sent the following terse telegram describing the damage: 'Sand Island light out. Island washed away. Dwelling gone. Keepers not to be found.' All those present at the station drowned. Subsequent keepers were forced to live in the base of the tower until a new dwelling was built. Unfortunately for them, this did not happen until 1925, when a twenty-five by thirty-foot, two-story dwelling was built atop twelve cast-iron piles that were secured in a concrete base adjacent to the lighthouse. The bottom floor of the dwelling was used for machinery, and the second floor had three bedrooms, a kitchen and bath."

John Munch Jr. was keeper at Sand Island light in 1915 which was the time period between house structures when keepers lived in the base of the tower. Sounds claustrophobic to me! That same year, John Jr. married Hilda Combel.

By the 1920 census, they were living in New Orleans and he was working as a carpenter. Not surprising. I can imagine Hilda put her foot down and insisted he get a safer job ashore!

The job of lighthouse keeper was not easy. The 1901 article described the daily maintenance involved and a schedule of duties that would interrupt sleep every night. Another article stated that the women who applied had to pass the same exam as the men and received the same pay. That was certainly unusual for the time when there were not a lot of work opportunities for women who needed to support themselves and their families. I found recently that our Santa Barbara Maritime Museum at the harbor has a nice display about early California women lighthouse keepers and it includes one close to home. Here's a clip from Wikipedia about her:

"Women lighthouse keepers were not uncommon in early American lighthouses. Santa Barbara is a premier example. When the lighthouse was officially established in 1856, Albert Johnson Williams was appointed as the initial keeper. After nine years of operating the facility he grew tired of his routine chores and handed over the duties to his wife. She proved so adept at keeping a good house that the government made it official on June 5, 1865, with the appointment receiving a great amount of publicity in the locality. Taking great pride in her work, Mrs. Julia F. Williams kept at her duties for more than 40 years during which time she was only away from the lighthouse on two nights. During her faithful vigil only one shipwreck of consequence was recorded, the cause of which was carelessness on the part of the skipper who allowed his vessel to drift on the rocks. Julia Williams was a descendant of a Maine family and she had come to California with her husband during the gold rush era. She raised three boys and two girls at the lighthouse. In 1905, her vigil finally ended when she fell from a couch and broke her hip. She was 81 years old when she was relieved by another woman, a Mrs. Jones."

So, my personal family story led me to learning a little more about my new hometown!



Hilda and John Munch Jr



Beth Schroeder joined SBCGS in 2018 after moving to the area from Salida, Colorado. She is a retired nurse who grew up in Mobile, Alabama and was influenced by her mother's interest in family history. She and a sister are working on expanding their tree which includes French, Irish, German and possibly Spanish lines.

# My Hero – Allen LaMott Jobes, Civil War Soldier

By Kathy Stark

**M**Y 3RD GREAT-GRANDFATHER, Allen LaMott Jobes, was born in Greenville, Darke County, Ohio in 1834. He is my Civil War soldier from Company D, 69th Regiment of the Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He enlisted in 1861 at the age of 27 and re-enlisted in 1864 at Chattanooga, Tennessee.



Allen LaMott Jobes 1834–1864

Allen marched with General W. T. Sherman beginning August 25, 1864, in Nashville, Tennessee reaching Jonesboro, Georgia on August 31, 1864. The regiment had been in numerous battles before reaching Jonesboro. He had told his soldiers that this would be his last engagement. Little did he know that on September 1, 1864, he would give up his life protecting the Union Army during the Battle of Jonesboro. When he was killed, he was bearing the Stars and Stripes at the head of his regiment. He was the color guard and Sergeant. His service record said he was leading the charge on the enemy's works in a company led by Captain Larzalien. Allen is buried at Marietta National Cemetery in Marietta, Georgia. I have photos of the entrance of the cemetery and his headstone.

He left behind his wife and his 4 children ages 5 to 10 years old. A pension of \$8 per month (later raised to \$10) was paid from September 1864 to December 1874. His brother, John A. Jobes, was the children's guardian regarding the pension. I have his complete Civil War pension record.

The Grand Army of the Republic, a patriotic society of Civil War veterans who had honorably served in the Union Army, was formed in 1866 and dissolved in 1956

when its last surviving member died. Post No. 157 of the G.A.R. in Greenville, Ohio was chartered in 1881 and was named in Allen's honor.

General Sherman wrote a short letter to Allen's wife on September 4, 1864 extending his condolences and said Allen was one of the bravest soldiers he had ever met. It is reported that General Sherman said Allen was loved by all who knew him. "to know him," said Sherman, "was to love him."



Allen LaMott Jobes headstone at Marietta National Cemetery in Marietta, Georgia.

*I became interested in genealogy because my maternal grandfather always said not to look into the past and because my mother never talked much about my biological father. I enrolled in a genealogy class to see if I could find information on both sides of my family. I found an uncle on my paternal side and was told my father had died in 1970 in Los Angeles. My husband and I had been living in Long Beach in 1970. Another uncle sent me photos of my father and other family members on my paternal side. I also found my husband's relatives in Germany using old family photos and a telephone book website for Germany. I currently serve as Historian for the Society.*



# Abolitionist Charles Cheney

By Barbara Hodgdon

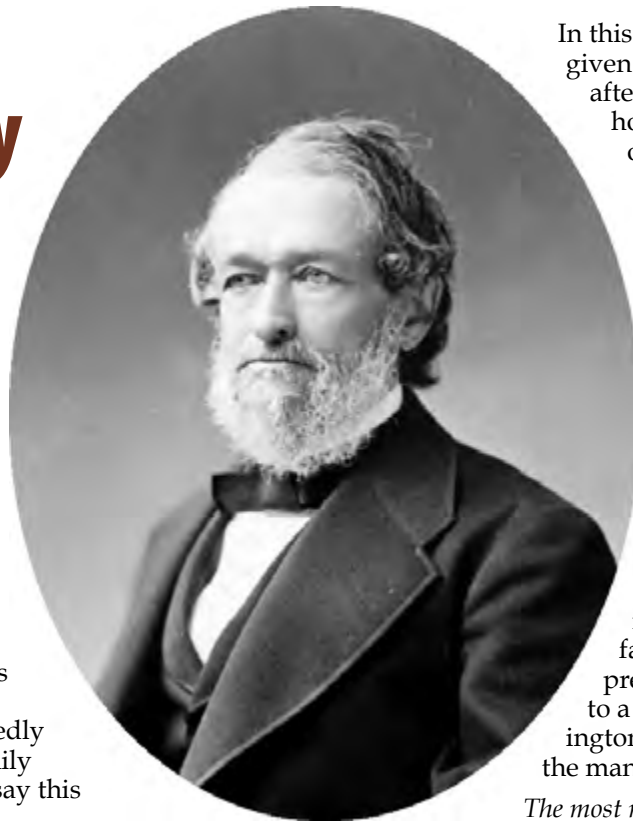
**I**N 1999 THE CITY COUNCIL of Mount Healthy, Ohio, unanimously approved changing a portion of Hamilton Avenue to "Charles Cheney Way." So why did they take this action? Well, it's because they had recently discovered that one of their former residents had helped 50 or more slaves make their way to Canada. That person was my 2nd cousin 4 generations back, a man by the name of Charles Cheney (1803-1874). He lived in Mount Healthy from 1835 to 1848. His home was the first Underground Railroad Station just 10 miles north of Cincinnati on an important route to freedom for slaves seeking to reach Canada.

I stumbled on this information unexpectedly about a year ago while researching my family history at Oberlin College. But I'll have to say this discovery made my heart swell.

Charles Cheney was one of eight sons in a well-known Cheney family in Connecticut. But in 1835 Charles got the urge to "go west" and moved his family to the then frontier area around Cincinnati. Like several of his brothers back East, he went into farming a then popular new crop – mulberry trees. He planted a 3,000-seedling nursery as feedstock for the fledgling domestic silk industry. Although Charles' venture into mulberry trees went bust when the mulberry tree boom ended in 1839, his brothers back East went on to found a silk manufacturing company using imported cocoons that was a leader in that industry for over a century.

Even after the loss of his mulberry tree business, Charles continued to farm in Mount Healthy until 1848 when he returned to Connecticut. During these years he became very active in local civic affairs, becoming one of the first Postmasters, a member of the early Mt. Healthy School Board, president of the Cincinnati and Hamilton Turnpike Company that "modernized" the historical Hamilton Road, and secretary of the first Board of Trustees of Farmers' College in 1845.

But it was his work as an abolitionist for which Charles is best known. It is through the manuscript of a speech that his oldest son, Frank Woodbridge Cheney, gave in 1901 to the Hartford, Connecticut, "Monday Evening Club" (a prestigious club founded in 1873 of New England's most influential people) that his abolitionist work is detailed. That manuscript is held by the Connecticut Historical Society and sheds amazing insights into how the Underground Railroad worked on a day-to-day basis. In my case, it brings to life my own family's participation in the movement. For me it's riveting.



In this speech which was given around 60 years after the Cheney family's home served as one of the Underground Railroad Stations, Frank began by describing the black family that supported both the personal needs of his family as well as the farm chores. And it was this family's oldest son that had a hands-on role in ferrying slaves north to the next station. Though now a "free" black family, this family had previously been slaves to a family in the Washington area. According to the manuscript...

*The most marked member of our household was known only as "Grand-dad." I believe his family name was Dunlop, but this was never used. He had been a slave in Georgetown, near Washington, and was full of reminiscences of the aristocracy, "the quality," he called them, of the old towns. He held himself far above the common negroes around us, most of them runaways from the South. He was of the Uncle Remus type, and we had all the Uncle Remus stories from him at firsthand. Never since have any romances been so exciting as those Grand-dad told us. He was full of valuable knowledge, and taught us where to find all the game, birds and beasts and fishes of the region about us. I could make now out of an old hollow log a rabbit-trap after Grand-dad's pattern, which, baited with a sweet apple, would unfailingly catch a rabbit every dark rainy night, if there were one within a mile. His figure-four quail-traps were unfailing.*

*His daughter, Maria, was our cook, and the real head of the family. There were four sons, ranging from ten to eighteen. Jim was the eldest and became my father's confidential man, in emergencies to come later on. Then came George Washington, Maximilian Adolphus, (Mack for short,) and Wesley, named after the distinguished Methodist preacher, Wesley. Grand-dad was an earnest Methodist, and a good old pious black man of the best kind. I would have trusted him with untold gold, if I had ever had it. He did not go into his closet to pray, but every night he knelt down by his bedside and prayed so you could hear him all over the place. This was probably because he felt that he was attending to religion for the whole family and knew how much it was needed. I wish he could come back and pray for my children and grandchildren. You cannot get prayers of that kind now, full of inspiration and love: they were addressed directly to the Lord, and not to a properly cultivated congregation.*

Frank then goes on to describe what happened when an Underground Railroad participant came to the door of the Cheney farmhouse which served as a station on the flight north.

*After a while it seems to dawn upon me that we were having occasional transient guests of sable hue, who arrived after dark and went away before light. My curiosity regarding them became so engrossing that my father thought it best to trust me with the secret, which was a dangerous one to get out, that we were harboring and forwarding runaway slaves, and that our house was the first station out of Cincinnati on the Underground Road. There were no railroads then, but afterwards the name became "Underground Railroad" in other parts of the country and soon became general.*

*Nothing ever came to me which brought such a feeling of individual responsibility as did the knowledge of this secret, which my father thought it was best and safest to impart to me, though I was only a boy ten or twelve years old. It was a thrilling sensation when a mysterious knock on the window came in the middle of the night, something like a telegraph call, one, two, three, – the signal agreed on with confederates that the slave was at our door, or that important news was to be told.*

*I slept in the same room with my father and, being a boy, did not always hear these signals, but I did awake sometimes with a great start, for I knew what it meant. The door was opened cautiously, and after a whispered conference to make sure that all was right, the conductor and his charge were admitted and full explanations given about the case, and action taken according to the emergency.*

*If it was thought that there was likely to be a hot pursuit after the runaway slave, he was fed and sent on as quickly as possible. Jim (the free black family's oldest son) was called, as he knew he might be at any minute, to hitch up one of the best horses to a light running wagon with black curtains, which could be fastened down on all sides, so that nothing could be seen of the occupants, except on the front seat where the driver sat. Jim was the conductor of this underground train, and his duty was to drive the wagon to Hamilton, which was a large town about twelve miles north of our place, where his passenger was turned over to another friend, who in turn sent him to a settlement of Quakers in Lorain Township; the same one which is vividly described by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Uncle Tom's Cabin. Thence there were several routes by which Canada could be reached, the end of the long flight for freedom.*

*By the time I was a dozen years old, I was familiar with all the details of the Underground business on the routes from Cincinnati to Mount Healthy, our place, and from there on to Hamilton and the Quaker folks. Occasionally I was allowed to go with Jim on these trips to Hamilton, which I was mighty glad to do, for there was an exciting sense of adventure about those nocturnal journeys, always possible to involve us in the capture of our whole outfit and no telling what other risks, in the way of personal violence, fines and imprisonment, for harboring and aiding runaway slaves to escape.*

*I remember vividly one fine-looking, powerful man showing us a pistol and telling us he would be killed before he would be captured, and it was not vapid talk either on his part. Sometimes we had to keep our guests out of sight for*

*several days, if it was suspected that they were being followed and that a lookout was being kept on our house. Once we had a man and wife and three children kept out of sight for three or four days, as it was known that we were under suspicion and the slave-hunters were on their track.*

*Father was the president of the turnpike from Cincinnati to Hamilton, about twenty-two miles long, which he was instrumental in having built, and which in its day was looked upon as a great undertaking, bigger than a railroad clear across the state of Ohio would be now. This gave him control of all the toll-gates, and the appointment of the toll-gate keepers. It was remarkable how uncommunicative these gate-keepers were about having seen anybody on the road that night, and so with the suggestions they had to make that the parties that were being looked for must have taken one of those by-paths down by the foot of the hill so as to avoid paying toll – "Lots of people just mean enough to do that. They would go five miles further and ford the creek, to beat the pike out of a quarter." When the hunt was very warm and it was asked if a closed wagon with two niggers had not gone along last night, it was allowed that last night, or perhaps the night before, a team did come along, but it belonged to a man he knew to be alright, who was sending some truck up to Hamilton, and the white boy was his son going along to look after it.*

*Unfortunately for the interest of my story, we were never caught and never had any serious adventures, but were always on the lookout for them. Our lucky escape, however, was not due to good luck alone, but to the constant watchfulness of all who were engaged in the work of the Underground road along our route. There were frequent reminders of the great dangers incurred, for often the runaways were overtaken or waylaid, by the slave-catchers, severely handled if they resisted or attempted to escape; and their friends who were caught aiding them, (slave-stealers they were called), suffered severely in person and property.*

As I reflect back on this story of Charles Cheney, it does not surprise me that this abolitionist relative of mine is a Cheney, for that family history is full of ministers, missionaries, and other "do-gooders."



Barbara Hodgdon

*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.*

# Thomas Parker: He Witnessed the Birth of a Nation

Melville R. V. Sahyun, Ph.D.

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*Ring-a-Ring-a-Rosie  
as the light declines  
I remember Dublin City  
in the Rare Ould Times  
— Irish trad.*

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING and colorful of the Parker family ancestors whose life slices through some of the seminal historical occurrences of the nineteenth century was Thomas Parker, originally of Dublin, Ireland. His birthdate is uncertain: certain later censuses put it as 1801; his second marriage certificate cites a birthdate of “about 1800;” his tombstone is engraved “1800;” his military enlistment papers put it as 1796; and family tradition dates him to 1799.<sup>1</sup> Such uncertainty does not seem unusual in the documentation of the era. As a median figure we will use 1798. His parents were Thomas and Sarah Parker;<sup>2</sup> given the Irish custom of naming the firstborn son for the father or grandfather, he was most likely their firstborn. As Irish theatrical director Joe Dowling said of playwright Sean O’Casey, “...he grew up in a family – Protestant in Catholic Dublin – working-class Protestant, which was an even rarer part of the Dublin society at the time – in which he saw at first hand the levels of poverty, deprivation and hopelessness of the people that he was among.” (in *The Call is Places*, Guthrie Theatre of Minneapolis, June 2015).

The insatiable appetite of the 19th century British Empire for fighting men provided Thomas with a means of escape from this dead-end environment. Our first unambiguous record of Thomas Parker comes with his military enlistment in 1812; he gave his age as the (then) minimum of 16, but may have misrepresented his age in order to obtain the enlistment bonus for his family. Thomas joined His Majesty’s 67th Foot regiment.<sup>3</sup> The enlistment document also shows his residence in St. Luke’s parish. In Ireland at that time, parishes were civil as well as ecclesiastical jurisdictions, and records were maintained by the churches, either the Anglican Church of Ireland for Protestants or the Roman Catholic Church. Civil registration in Ireland didn’t begin until 1864. Irish research is further complicated because many of the church records were lost in the 1922 Dublin fire, according to the TV program *Genealogy Roadshow* (July 15, 2017). Surviving Church of Ireland records show the burial of a Thomas Parker of St. Luke’s parish on August 16, 1805.<sup>4</sup> This individual was likely the paterfamilias, leaving the young family without a breadwinner, sunk into the level of poverty,



Ward’s Hill, modern Dublin

deprivation and hopelessness to which Dowling refers, and making young Thomas’ enlistment, for which he most likely received an enlistment bonus, all the more understandable.

The death record for the elder Thomas Parker also gives the family’s residence as Ward’s Hill, now in the east central part of Dublin, but then close to the outskirts. It is near St. Patrick’s Cathedral (Church of Ireland). It is part of the area known as the Earl of Meath’s Liberty,<sup>5</sup> which is now associated with the Guinness and Jamieson enterprises. These businesses actually came later, so it is not inappropriate to find a Methodist family in this neighborhood about 1800. One of the three Methodist congregations in Dublin at the time met at the Weavers’ Hall in Coombe, also part of the Earl of Meath’s Liberty (see map).<sup>6</sup>



Uniform of the 67th Foot.<sup>7</sup>

The 67th Royal Hampshire was a distinguished regiment, which had been Gen. Wolfe's own regiment at the siege and capture of Québec in 1758. The British soldier of the day was characterized, according to Robert Cannon, by "...a robust and muscular frame... unconquerable spirit and resolution, patience in fatigue and privation, and cheerful obedience to his superiors."<sup>7</sup> The regiment was divided into two battalions. It was the first battalion that recruited in British-occupied Ireland, prior to its embarkation for India. The second battalion saw service in Spain during the Napoleonic wars, but had already left for that country at the time of Thomas' enlistment. The first battalion remained in India until 1826, seeing much action, and distinguishing itself (from the British imperial perspective), including the siege and capture of Ryghur and the capture of Nunderbar.<sup>7</sup> Thomas would have come of age in the environment of the British army in the field in an exotic land.

At the time it was the British policy to offer soldiers land grants in Upper Canada upon completion of their enlistments.<sup>8</sup> The motivation for this policy was to build up the "loyal" population of the colony in the face of continued threats of American aggression. It was particularly desirable to have colonists who had received military training and could be enlisted into local militias to support the efforts of the British units assigned to the frontier. Thomas' parcel of land was in the township of West Gwillimbury in the South Simcoe district.<sup>9</sup> This area lies north of Toronto, near the south shore of Lake Simcoe, on the edge of what is now cottage country. The township lies about 8 miles west of present day Newmarket, which in turn is about 30 miles north of Toronto.<sup>10</sup> It is not the best farmland in Upper Canada, as Ontario was then known, to say the

least; that of course was reserved for members of the Family Compact, which more-or-less ran the colony, and for support of the Anglican clergy.

The area which became the township of West Gwillimbury was, in the 19th century, almost entirely wetland, which became known as the Holland Marsh.<sup>11</sup> A number of the early settlers in this part of what is now Ontario were Irish Protestants. The prosperous, modern day market gardens of the area did not come into being until the reclamation projects of the early 20th century, undertaken by Dutch settlers, which accounts for the contemporary name and landscape, remarkably reminiscent of that of the Netherlands. In Thomas' time, dry land was used for raising grain; hay, however, was the principal crop. Farmers would also collect the native reeds and sell them in Toronto for mattress stuffing. In other words, it was a hard place to eke out a living.



Holland Marsh today. (Photo by the author)



West Gwillimbury, Ontario

We know little about Thomas' first wife, Maria Cole, other than she was also Irish by birth. From the birth years of their children, however, (between 1834 and about 1853), we may conclude that Maria was 10 to 15 years younger than Thomas. And we may draw a few additional inferences about her. Given the traditions in Irish families for naming children after grandparents, we may infer that she was the daughter of James Cole, Thomas and Maria's first son being James. (Their first daughter was named Sarah after Thomas' mother.) Cole, furthermore, is not a common surname in 18th century Ireland. The only appropriate James Cole listed in *Ireland, Select Births and Baptisms, 1620-1911*, is James Stewart Cole born in County Cork in 1776.<sup>12</sup> The given names are strongly suggestive of Jacobite parentage; in other words, he would have been Scots-Irish, who as a group were also inclined to be Protestants. He does not reappear until he is listed as father of the bride for the second marriage of one Jane Cole Hoover (b. 1827) in Ontario.<sup>13</sup> The marriage record also indicates her mother to be Mary Steele, and that Jane was born in Ireland. She is presumably Maria's younger sister. Accordingly, the Cole family must have immigrated to Upper Canada after Jane's birth in 1827 but before Maria's marriage to Thomas and birth of her first son, i.e., about 1830.

There is no documentary record, however, of Maria's death. The 1861 Canadian Census<sup>9</sup> lists Thomas as a widower, so we know Maria died prior to that year, quite possibly from complications arising from the birth of their daughter Jane (1853) or, perhaps, of a subsequent unsuccessful childbirth. Death in childbirth was common in the 19th century; even until well into the 20th century nearly 6% of live births resulted in death of the mother. The mortality was even higher for stillbirths and unsuccessful pregnancies.<sup>14</sup> The Bishop of Exeter (UK) reportedly wrote in this context, "Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave."<sup>14</sup> We further understand Maria's death to have been prior to 1858, because in that year Thomas married again, this time with Agnes Harper, a woman 30 years his junior, and also of Irish birth.<sup>2</sup> Given the entry in the 1861 Census, and the fact that she does not appear in any subsequent records, we may conclude that Agnes did not survive more than three years after the marriage, a second tragedy for Thomas. Again there is no death record; the Province of Ontario apparently did not keep death records until required to do so by the federal government after Canadian confederation in 1869.<sup>15</sup>

During the time Thomas farmed the land in West Gwillimbury the most important event in Upper Canada was the ill-fated Mackenzie Rebellion, which, however, defined the direction in which Canada would ultimately develop as a nation and a culture, as a democratic country with separation of church and state. The situation was beautifully described by Donald Gutteridge in the prologue to his historical novel of the time, *Vital Secrets*.<sup>16</sup>

...March 1837, and Upper Canada is as restive as ever. There had been high hopes when Lt.-Gov. Sir Francis Bond Head engineered victory for the Tories in the election of June 1836. It was expected that a period of stability would be ushered in, and that the many grievances of the farmers and their representatives in the Reform Party would soon be addressed. It was not to be. Head proceeded to enact repressive legislation and thwart efforts of the reformers in the Legislature. Drought had gripped the province, and the banks, safe in the hands of the Family Compact, refused to grant credit. Moreover the clergy reserves question still rankled. One-seventh of all the usable land was set aside for the established Anglican church and was being held uncleared until land prices improved. More grating was the deadlock in the provincial (sic.) parliament, where unelected legislative councilors vetoed legislation put forward by the elected Reformers that might favour the suffering population. As a result of Head's machinations, unrest had become increasingly widespread. A more radical wing of the Reform Party evolved under the strident direction of newspaper editor and politician William Lyon Mackenzie, who had lost his parliamentary seat in the 1836 election. Secret meetings and rallies took place throughout the countryside, and rumours of impending civil strife and the smuggling of arms from the United States were rampant.

William Lyon Mackenzie, another Irishman, grandfather of World War II-era Prime Minister William

Lyon Mackenzie King and himself first Mayor of the City of Toronto, took his campaign for rebellion north. Newmarket became the focal point for discontent with the Family Compact. Mackenzie's rally in Newmarket on August 7, 1837, drew over 600 farmers, mostly Irish Protestants, and is credited by historians with being the initial spark to the rebellion.<sup>17</sup> The *coup d'état* with the ultimate goal of establishing an independent "Republic of Canada," ultimately failed, not so much because of opposition on the part of the British forces, but because of disorganization and miscommunication among the rebellion's leadership.<sup>16,17</sup> Given that Thomas Parker was an Irish Methodist and that his farm was no more than eight miles from Newmarket, it is inevitable that he was in that crowd of 600. Even if he was not among those who marched with Mackenzie to seize Government House in Toronto, it is inconceivable that he could have lived in that environment without adhering to the goals of Mackenzie's Reform Party. Subsequent to the failed rebellion, many of the participants chose to immigrate to the United States, thousands staking out homesteads in Iowa territory.<sup>16</sup> Mackenzie himself went into exile in the States. The Parkers, however, chose to stay, perhaps because Thomas had invested too much work in turning his underwater real estate into a viable farm.

It was about the time of this upheaval that Thomas and Maria's first child, James, was born, another reason the Parkers may have chosen not to emigrate. Various subsequent censuses give James' birth year as 1834 or 1836.<sup>18,19</sup> Their second son, John Robert, was born, variously, in 1838 or 1840.<sup>2</sup> By the time of the so-called 1861 Census,<sup>9</sup> John was not living with his parents; likely he had taken up employment on a neighboring farm. By 1868 John was to be found in Vespra Township, Ontario (present day Barrie, about 30 mi from West Gwillimbury) where he married Susana Bantery (also known as Susana Banting), herself an Irish immigrant. They had five children, Elizabeth Maria "Lizzie" (1868-1944), Thomas Hall (1870-1899), Jane Alexandra (1872-1956), John Hopewell (1876-1959), and Charles William (1883-1972).<sup>20,21</sup>

In 1861, James married Elizabeth Blakeley (1837-1903),<sup>1</sup> also of Irish parentage, and for the next decade the couple lived with the now twice-widowed Thomas and his daughters in West Gwillimbury.<sup>22</sup> James and Elizabeth had added three children of their own to the family, James Edward (1865-1921), Martha (also known as Beatrice), and Francis (or Frances as listed in one census). There appear to be no records, e.g., census returns, voter lists, marriage or death records, documenting the adult lives of the latter two of the first three Parker children.

As for the oldest daughter Sarah, birth years ranging from 1846 to 1851 are given in the various censuses.<sup>18-22</sup> An earlier year in the range is most likely, given the birth dates of her sisters; the date of 1848, given in her marriage record, seems likely.<sup>23</sup> In February 1873 she married Palmer Wardman, also of West Gwillimbury. Their first child, Thomas Parker Wardman, was born later that year.<sup>20</sup> As an adult he would be known simply

as Parker Wardman, but this turned out, curiously, to be characteristic of all the male grandchildren of Thomas Parker: they all went by their middle or third names. The living arrangements for Thomas and the two families is no longer known, but must have been quite cramped!

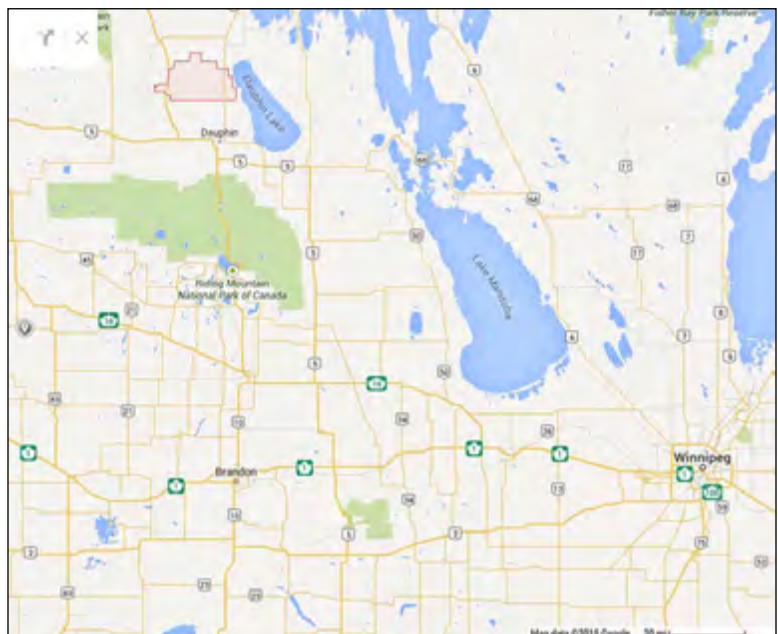
Two more daughters followed for Thomas and Maria. Interesting stories attach to both of them. Charlotte, born 1849, did not marry until 1883, when she married Englishman Alfred Holmes (1844-1904).<sup>23</sup> They moved to London, Ontario, where Alfred supported the family working as a janitor.<sup>18</sup> Research into Charlotte's life is complicated by the fact that subsequent to her marriage vital records show her birthplace as "England." Perhaps this was carelessness on the part of census takers, or even wishful thinking on the part of Alfred, who communicated with the census takers. More likely, it represents that until the 1920s in both Canada and the United States a married woman's nationality was derivative of her husband's. Thus, when Charlotte married Alfred, if he was not yet a naturalized Canadian, her citizenship became English. This issue, discussed on a recent episode of *PBS' RetroReport*, complicates life for genealogists! Charlotte and Alfred had two children, Albert (b. 1884) and Alice Eliza (b. 1887).<sup>24</sup> (Note that death dates for some members of this generation are not available, as vital records for the Province of Ontario are sealed for 80 years).<sup>15</sup>

The youngest daughter of Thomas and Maria, Jane, named apparently for her maternal aunt, was born in 1853, and in 1878 she married William Braybrook, a stonemason from Hamilton, Ontario, 30 years her senior.<sup>23</sup> We might speculate that she felt abandoned by her father's departure for the west (see below) and was looking for a surrogate father figure. In any event he outlived her, reaching the ripe old age of 106. Jane died in 1907; she and William had three children together, Harry (b. 1880), Albert Ernest (1883-1933) and Florence "Flossie" (1889-1929).<sup>15,24</sup>

Meanwhile history was conspiring to introduce more great changes into the lives of Thomas Parker and his growing family. In 1869 the remaining British colonies in North America were confederated into the Dominion of Canada, with a new federal government that embodied the principles of the Mackenzie Rebellion. As a consequence a new province, Manitoba, was created and opened to settlement, with transfer of land historically administered as "Rupert's Land" by the Hudson's Bay Company to the newly formed Canadian government. The population of Manitoba was largely ethnically Métis at this time, and they saw the opening as a land grab. The Métis were descendants of the *canadien voyageurs*, who had intermarried with the First Nations with whom they traded. A provisional government for Manitoba (first known as Assiniboia) was formed under Métis leader Louis Riel, but confrontation with the Canadian party which supported opening the province to Anglophone settlement led to the Red

River Rebellion on the part of the Métis. A compromise settlement was reached, which resulted in Riel, like Mackenzie a generation earlier, having to go into exile in the United States.<sup>25,26</sup> Under the Manitoba Act, which created the new province and embodied the elements of the compromise, the Métis were guaranteed about 20% of the new province, the best land along the navigable watercourses, where they had already laid out their farms. The title to the lands was in the form of scrip, however, which was purloined by the agents of the government charged with distributing it and sold off on the open market, in order to finance the financially troubled construction of the transcontinental (now Canadian Pacific) railway.<sup>26</sup>

With peace restored and good land available at reasonable prices, settlers from Eastern Canada, Britain and Europe, and the United States started to move into Manitoba. Travel to Manitoba was initially arduous, as a land route from Ontario or Québec across the wild Canadian Shield was excruciatingly long and impractical. The water route favored by *voyageurs* involved numerous portages. Most settlers traveled through the United States to St. Paul, Minnesota, head of navigation on the Mississippi River, and thence to Manitoba, with their belongings in two-wheeled carts, known as Red River carts. All this changed by 1872, when Jay Cooke's Northern Pacific Railway reached Fargo, North Dakota, from Duluth, Minnesota, which could be reached from the east by steamship.<sup>27</sup> The ships of the Erie and Western Steamship Co., known as the Anchor Line, a wholly-owned subsidiary of the Pennsylvania Railroad, operated directly between Buffalo, New York, and Duluth, Minnesota, and was the only Great Lakes carrier of the day to focus on transporting passengers.<sup>28</sup> A rail route was also established from Chicago (via the Milwaukee Road route) to St. Paul, and thence to Fargo-Moorhead on the Red River (on Canadian James J. Hill's Great



Manitoba: Sifton (now abandoned) was located in the shaded box (top of map); Portage-la-Prairie is about half-way between Brandon and Winnipeg, near the junction of routes 1 and 15.<sup>31</sup>



W. J. Eugene Parker (photo taken by the author in 1969).

Northern Railway),<sup>26</sup> but the steamship to Northern Pacific Railway connection was the route of choice for settlers emigrating to Manitoba from Eastern Canada. Steamboats plied the Red River, taking settlers to the new, fertile lands of Manitoba, and providing transport for their produce back to the United States, as the Canadian transcontinental railway was still incomplete. Part of Cooke's strategy here (according to Pindell<sup>26</sup>) was to divert the agricultural traffic from western Canada onto an American carrier, making western Canada economically dependent on the United States, and thus allowing it to fall into American hands. This goal was shared by Cooke's archrival Hill, the "Empire Builder," and, ultimately even by Riel, himself. The goal, of course, went unrealized, though recent proposals for "Wexit" (secession of the western provinces from the Canadian Confederation) in Alberta and Saskatchewan suggest it could still happen! Even so, Cooke and Hill became fabulously wealthy; Riel was hanged for his "treason" when he returned to Canada.

In 1874 Thomas and both James' and Sarah's families made the now feasible trek to Manitoba, expeditiously taking advantage of the opportunity to purchase good farmland, oblivious to its dubious provenance. John and his family and the two younger sisters stayed behind in Ontario. James and his family, along with Thomas, settled west of Portage-la-Prairie, an old (18th century) Métis settlement on the Assiniboine River,<sup>29</sup> where they were joined for a while by Elizabeth's sister, Martha.<sup>18</sup> The river was important for commerce, as the transcontinental railroad would not arrive for another decade. The river did, however, cause significant problems with flooding of the area around Portage-la-Prairie, at least until recent times when it was tamed by flood control projects. The land, however, was very fertile, owing, like the Nile Valley in Egypt, to its frequent flooding, and particularly suited to grain crops. Oats soon became the major agricultural product. Of special interest to an Irish family, the land was also well suited to growing potatoes, one of the staple crops of Ireland.<sup>29</sup>

Palmer, Sarah and their family pushed farther north and west, settling near the now-abandoned community of Sifton, Manitoba, about 120 miles north of the pres-

ent-day city of Brandon.<sup>30,31</sup> Brandon, however, would not be established until arrival of the transcontinental railroad in 1882 (see map).<sup>31</sup>

They remained there until Palmer Wardman passed away prematurely, at age 50 in 1894.<sup>32</sup> This corresponded to a time when a large contingent of Ukrainian immigrants arrived in Sifton, part of a mass resettlement sponsored by the federal (Canadian) government,<sup>31</sup> and Sifton became culturally a Ukrainian community. Sarah and her two daughters, Maud (1882-1948) and Isla (1883-after 1953) then relocated to the new community of Brandon, about 75 miles west of Portage-la-Prairie.

The remaining children of James and Elizabeth Parker and of Palmer and Sarah Wardman were born in Manitoba. Of the children of James and Elizabeth, records show four offspring for Edward and his wife Marion,<sup>32</sup> and eight(!) for W. J. Eugene Parker (1878-1970), who



Gravestone of Thomas Parker.<sup>34</sup>

married Emily Wilton (1882-1952) of Anglo-Irish ancestry; their descendants are described in *A Wilton Family History*.<sup>1</sup> Eugene Parker is the grandfather of my wife, Irene Nordquist Sahyun, Life Member of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society.

Thomas Parker died in September, 1889, age about 91 by our reckoning, though his tombstone says 89; he died at the farm in Portage-la-Prairie.<sup>33,34</sup> He is now buried, however, in the High Bluff, Manitoba, Methodist Cemetery.<sup>34</sup> High Bluff is a suburb of Brandon some 80 miles away from Portage-la-Prairie. He had lived long enough to see at least two great-grandchildren, Pearl Parker (b. 1887) and Harold Parker (b. 1889), daughter and son of Edward and Marion.<sup>32</sup> Of Thomas' own

offspring, James lived until 1910, John until 1917, and Sarah until 1935; Jane had passed away first, in 1907, and Charlotte's died in 1922<sup>15</sup>. The Manitoba farm was bequeathed to James, who remained there until his death. His heirs then sold it, and the surviving family moved to Brandon, where Maud and Isla already lived. Apparently they took their patriarch's body with them and had it reinterred there.

### Acknowledgment

The author wishes to thank his wife, Irene, for being a Parker and having all this interesting family history to explore, not to mention the fascinating history of her "...home and native land...With glowing hearts we see [her] rise, the True North, strong and free" (Robert Weir, "O Canada," national anthem).

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# Pennsylvania Hero Helps Bankroll Revolution

By Dr. Ann M. Picker

**F**ORTUNATELY FOR General George Washington and the patriot troops, a Berks County, Pennsylvania Revolutionary War hero did not heed Benjamin Franklin's caution, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be." To the contrary, Col. Nicholas Lotz loaned a fortune to the new government, most of which was never repaid.

How do I know this? Because Col. Lotz, my 4th great-grandfather, served as Commissioner of Forage during the Revolutionary War. In this capacity, he purchased food and supplies for the patriot army. Indeed, his account book for the years 1780-81 showed expenditures of over \$202,000. A tidy sum two centuries ago.

As a child growing up in Berks County, Pennsylvania Mother told me numerous stories about Nicholas Lotz. "Your great-great-great-great grandfather knew George Washington," she claimed more than once. But I didn't pay attention to the tales she told me about my ancestor and was too young to appreciate the historical richness of the area.

It was only later, after Mother passed away and my fascination with family history began, that I sought more information about Col. Lotz. Since then I've done considerable research about this historical figure...and the rest, as they say, is history.

Nicholas Lotz was born February 20, 1740, at Steinau an der Strasse, Germany. During the 1700s, thousands of Germans immigrated to Pennsylvania to escape the numerous wars, exorbitant taxes, feudal land system, and continuing religious persecution in their native country.

Only 12 years old when he came to the New World, Nicholas sailed on the ship *Neptune* with his father, Johann Wilhelm Lotz. Henry, Caspar, and Carl Kress, three brothers who were related to Johann Lotz's mother, Anna Catharina Kress Lotz, were also listed as passengers on the same ship.

Think of the courage it took for our ancestors to leave their homeland and sail the high seas in small ships which held only limited amounts of fresh food and clean water. These trans-ocean crossings took several months and many passengers died en route.

The *Neptune* began its journey at Rotterdam in the Netherlands, then sailed to Cowes, England before crossing the Atlantic to America. When the ship landed in Philadelphia on Wednesday, October 4, 1752, all passengers were taken directly to the courthouse where they swore allegiance to the King of England. Young



Col. Nicholas Lotz

Nicholas signed the oath with a mark (X) indicating he was unable to write his name.

Unlike neighboring states, such as New York and Maryland, where "foreigners" or non-British subjects frequently experienced persecution, the German settlers were welcomed in Pennsylvania. William Penn's Quaker beliefs encouraged religious tolerance and individual freedom. Land was plentiful here. Penn even advertised his colony in Germany and persuaded large numbers of people from the Rhineland to migrate to the fertile backcountry of the Commonwealth.

After arriving in Pennsylvania, Nicholas settled in Lebanon County which, at that time, was still part of Lancaster County. An early register from Swatara (St. John's) Reformed Church in Jonestown indicates he was confirmed there in 1754.

Nicholas married Rosina Meyer and they had nine children. Records from the First Reformed Church, which still stands at the corner of Reed and Washington Streets in Reading, Pennsylvania, document the numerous baptisms, marriages, and funerals performed in this sanctuary for Nicholas, his children, and grandchildren.

Sometime prior to the Revolution, Nicholas purchased the Shanaman Mill property at the mouth of the Wyomissing Creek. This stream flows into the west bank of the Schuylkill River, directly across from the city of Reading. Here he established two successful grist mills. Because of the size and location of this two-mile stretch of land it was considered at the time to be "a princely possession."

When the struggle for Independence began, Nicholas joined the patriot movement. On January 20, 1776, the Committee of Safety for Berks County met in Reading

and recommended adoption of the Articles of Association. The thirty-two articles assured support for the men enlisting in the service and also provided for the regulation of military affairs. Mark Bird, Esq. chaired the meeting and Nicholas Lotz, along with nine other members, signed the resolution adopting the articles.

These same ten men served as delegates from Berks County at the Provincial Conference in Philadelphia in June of 1776. After the conference concluded, Nicholas returned to Reading and took an active role in recruiting men for the emerging nation's new army.

Following approval of the Declaration of Independence by the Continental Congress on July 4, 1776, Pennsylvania declared itself independent of the English Crown and the new state government began making provisions to gather arms and form a militia.

Nicholas Lotz was commissioned a Lieutenant Colonel and placed in charge of the Third Battalion – Central Section, for Berks County. A man of imposing physique, Nicholas must have presented a fine figure in his officer's uniform since he stood six feet three inches tall and weighed over three hundred pounds.

His troops, along with other regiments, organized into a "Flying Camp." The men marched to Newton, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, through New Jersey by way of Trenton, Princeton, and Amboy, then on to New York City where, in August, they saw active duty in the Battle of Long Island.

The British commander planned to crush the rebel army and cut the colonies in two by attacking New York City. General Washington, knowing New York to be the target but not knowing exactly where the battle would take place, stationed troops at various places around the city. Unfortunately, the attack came on Long Island where there was only a small contingent of Americans.

The Battle of Long Island was fought predominantly by Pennsylvania-German riflemen against a much larger and better equipped British army. The Red Coats had 20,000 well trained soldiers and mercenaries while the patriots had less than 5,000 men, mostly new recruits.

On the morning of August 27, 1776, the British attacked, breaking through the American lines. The patriot forces fought bravely against overwhelming odds but met defeat. Casualties ran high and many of the men, including Lt. Col. Lotz, were taken prisoner.

It is hard to imagine this battle, fought with muskets, man to man. The American soldiers used Kentucky rifles, a misnomer because the guns were actually made in Berks, Chester, and neighboring counties by Welch and German gunsmiths. The Pennsylvania riflemen were excellent marksmen, accurate at distances up to 200 yards.

Records from the National Archives list Lt. Col. Lotz as a prisoner of war captured in August of 1776 in the Battle of Long Island. He was admitted to parole, within certain bounds, on April 16, 1777, and exchanged on September 10, 1779.

Extracts from the diary of Captain John Nice, captured at the same time, relate the hardships the American prisoners endured:

"Forced to surrender our weapons, we were placed in the Provost Guard where British officers and soldiers insulted us. Twenty-three officers were detained in one house where the rations consisted of pork, a biscuit, and grog.

We were sent under strong guard to a small town four miles down the island called Flat Bush and turned over to a battalion of Hessians (mercenary soldiers) who mistreated us. Again under guard, we were taken on-board the ship *Mentor* where we were placed on a short allowance of ½ pound pork and 10 ounces of bread per man daily."

Most of the prisoners remained on British ships for the duration of their incarceration. The men suffered severe hardships, many dying from the poor conditions.

After his release by the British, Nicholas, now a Colonel, was appointed Commissioner of Forage. If an army travels on its stomach, Col. Lotz certainly did his share to ensure that the Continental troops received food and supplies.

In June of 1780, he purchased 40 tons of flour and spent 1,000 pounds to buy cattle. By July, the Continental Congress established quotas and Berks County was expected to supply 600 bushels of flour, 6,000 bushels of forage (food and fodder), 20 wagons, and 200 horses for that month alone. Col. Lotz advanced large sums of money from his own purse to buy these supplies and was never fully repaid by the government.

After the surrender of General Cornwallis at Yorktown on October 19, 1781, it took almost two years for a peace agreement to be drawn up. The Treaty of Paris, finally signed on September 3, 1783, declared the United States to be "free, sovereign and independent."

Even with the war behind him Nicholas continued to serve his community. He represented Berks County in the General Assembly for two years beginning in 1784 and then again from 1790 to 1794. In 1795, Governor Thomas Mifflin appointed Nicholas to serve as an associate judge, succeeding Col. Joseph Hiester. He served in this position for 11 years, retiring in 1806.

President George Washington visited Reading in 1794. The President, on his way to Carlisle, was honored with a military parade down the main street, Penn Square. Nicholas Lotz chaired the committee of prominent Reading men who arranged the ceremony. He greeted Washington and commanded the parade which the President viewed from the second floor of the Federal Inn (later the Farmers Bank building).

Picture this large man at the head of the procession honoring the first President of the United States. In my mind's eye I can see Nicholas marching down the street, bands playing, flags waving, and the crowds cheering wildly on this momentous occasion.

Nicholas Lotz died at Reading, Pennsylvania, on November 28, 1807. He was buried in the graveyard of the First Reformed Church and later removed to Charles Evans Cemetery. Unfortunately, his tombstone no longer stands, but the inscription read:



First Reformed Church. Reed and Washington Streets, Reading, Pennsylvania. Family attended this church and Nicholas Lotz was originally buried here. He was later removed to Charles Evans Cemetery.

*In Memory of Nicholas Lotz  
Was born February 20, 1740  
And died the 28th of November 1807  
Aged 67 years, 9 months and 8 days  
Soldier of the Revolution*

His last will and testament filed, on December 31, 1807, bequeathed his "present dwelling house to my beloved wife Rosina." Nicholas also stipulated that the "monies arising out of my Real and Personal Estates shall be equally divided amongst my sons and daughters." But to me, the most interesting part of this final legal paper is Nicholas' shaky signature at the bottom of the page. On his last official record he proudly signed his name, no longer using a mark.

Do I wish I had paid closer attention to my mother's stories about Col. Lotz? You bet I do! To my surprise, Mother's tales about this prominent citizen not only proved to be factual, but considerably more compelling than fiction.

Nicholas Lotz, an American patriot, left his homeland and journeyed across the ocean to a new continent, settled in Pennsylvania, married and brought up a fine family. He was a successful businessman, land owner, and Revolutionary War hero. Indeed, Col. Lotz contributed tremendously to the founding of our country, not just defending the new nation with his life but, perhaps as importantly, also supporting it with his fortune.

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*Dr. Ann Picker is a retired school principal and university professor. She has been researching her family history for the past 25 years and has been a member of the Santa Barbara Genealogical Society for four years.*

# Lt. Edna Frances Buckley

## Army Nurse Corps, WWII

By Mary Kuntsal

ON APRIL 23, 1942, my mother, Edna Frances Buckley, who had been working as a 23-year-old supervising nurse at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, was inducted as a 2nd Lieutenant into the Army Nurse Corps with the 105th General Hospital unit from Harvard. She was among 68 other nurses, including some 20 other recent Brigham Nursing School graduates. On April 27 they boarded a troop train to take them across the country to Fort Lewis, Washington, joining a contingent of Army nurses from the West Coast to prepare for overseas assignment: gas mask training, inoculations, writing wills, signing up for insurance, and stocking up on supplies at the PX (such as soap, which was rumored to be in short supply overseas). Another train then carried the 115 nurses south to San Francisco reporting to Fort Baker Army Hospital located at the northern entrance of San Francisco Bay near Sausalito. However, Fort Baker lacked facilities for the women, so they were put up at the downtown Drake Wilshire Hotel on Sutter Street. In "Frisco," they were finally provided uniforms (not all of which were the right size). They also managed to take in a final view from the Top of the Mark, a penthouse bar on Nob Hill, where departing military personnel traditionally bid farewell to their country. On the evening of May 19, 1942, Edna embarked on the USS West Point in San Francisco, bound for Australia, over 7,000 miles across the Pacific. Most everyone was on deck as they passed slowly under the Golden Gate Bridge, which would remain their nostalgic symbol of home throughout the war. For security reasons, they were not told of their final destination, although much time was spent speculating.

A handful of these women were her dearest friends including her Boston roommate, Audrey Zollo, and Lillian Skelley, who would become godmother for Edna's daughter. They used nicknames (Buckie, Skel, Prinnie, Dutchy, Scottie, Curley, Dunkie) and came to call themselves collectively "the screwballs." Their ability to maintain a sense of cheerfulness and humor in the midst of war enabled them to care for wave after wave of wounded soldiers with strength, calmness and tenderness. Many a soldier's memoir refers to the nurses as "angels," although they would scoff at such a title for themselves. These young women insisted that they were only heeding their professional and patriotic duty. One of the 105th nurses recounted: "Our first patients were Navy men (boys). One of my sailors said to me, 'I am sure glad that my sister isn't in this mess, but I sure am glad that someone is.'" Despite these distressing, often heartbreaking conditions, Edna and her friends managed to live life to the fullest. The bond they forged lasted a lifetime.

In 1942, the immediate need for nurses was so great that Edna and her colleagues were given almost no



Lt. Edna Frances Buckley in Army uniform

military training, which resulted in both awkward and dangerous incidents. Notwithstanding, on June 4th their ship docked in Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, where the nurses were warmly welcomed by a group of Australian women, many of them retired nurses, who provided tea, a home-cooked dinner (complete with Yorkshire pudding) and cots made up with clean sheets at the Toc H Club. The next morning they boarded the train north, eventually arriving in Brisbane where they were "staged" for one month with the U.S. Army 42nd General Hospital, which had taken over the Stuartholme Catholic Girls School. Students and staff of the school had been evacuated due to fear of air attacks from Japanese-occupied New Guinea, just across the Coral Sea.

In August 1942, the "Harvard" unit traveled some 50 miles west from Brisbane to the Queensland Agricultural College (now the University of Queensland), four miles outside of Gatton, which was an isolated rural town of a few hundred residents. Here they eventually transformed the rustic campus into the U.S. Army's 105th General Hospital for over 1,000 patients, as well as living quarters and accommodations for some 1,000

personnel—a veritable small town. Besides the Corps of Engineers and Australian contractors, everyone pitched in to prepare for the arrival of patients from the battle zones; the nurses took on mountainous sewing projects for articles needed for surgery and the wards—including bandages, dressings, slings, and linen. The old wooden and brick buildings were remodeled and many new buildings erected in record time, including a large U-shaped morgue for those soldiers who could not be saved. In addition, infrastructure required for a small town had to be built. There was some setback when a tornado struck in November 1942, causing damage to some of the ongoing construction—and yet morale remained high.

In Edna's photos, the nurses first appear in crisp white uniforms with starched cap and stockings. The nurses are often shown walking on hospital grounds, with a patient on crutches or in a wheelchair. Early on the women wore their blue and maroon nursing capes over their whites, and wool Army "dress blues" and cap outside the hospital wards. These were soon replaced with uniforms, commissioned from Australian tailors, which were more practical in northern 'Aussie-land' heat.

Patient care was enhanced by the high caliber of the medical staff and their ongoing training in the latest medical advances, including the use of penicillin—the new miracle drug. However, constant shortages of medications and medical supplies still hampered treatment. In addition to caring for the wounded, the 105th General Hospital had "exemplary units for neuro-psychotic" cases (PTSD and others), a "Patients' Reconditioning Program" (rehabilitation care), and "Tropical Medicine."

Malaria, in particular, reached epidemic proportions due to the primitive, tropical conditions on the Pacific Islands, combined with a shortage of quinine. It was a constant battle to keep hospital facilities insect free, and both patients and staff were mandated a daily dose of Atabrine, a synthetic anti-malarial drug (no longer available in the U.S.), which turned skin and eyes a bright yellow. By 1944, medical malaria control units had begun spraying DDT across the Pacific Islands to control the mosquitos. The dangers of DDT exposure were not discovered until later, including the increased risk of breast cancer, which Edna developed in her early 50s.

The college's barns, poultry houses, piggery, dairy herd, horses, cheese and butter factory—as well as their wallaby and kangaroo pens—remained intact and were visited regularly by American personnel. In 1942, Gatton itself resembled a one-street, dusty town from the American Wild West. If one could catch a ride with a military truck, or borrow a bicycle, a trip into Gatton for a Castlemaine beer at the town's one pub provided diversion. On campus, the college gymnasium had been converted for showing movies, as well as hosting popular dances for the officers and nurses. Physical activities such as bicycling, tennis, volleyball, and horse back riding were encouraged

either on base or in the local area. Longer off-base furloughs were allowed beginning in 1943. Nurses traveled in groups (with their male officer "escorts") to nearby larger towns of Ipswich and Toowoomba or to the city of Brisbane. A favorite spot for nurses and officers were the pristine beaches at Southport and Burleigh Heads near the Gold Coast. Edna's annotated photo album chronicles these friends clowning at the beach, frolicking in the surf, and posing coyly in grass skirts in the rainforest area of Lamington National Park. Additional photos portray doing laundry, reading newspapers, rolling bandages, celebrating birthdays, sleeping covered in mosquito nets, smoking cigarettes, or writing letters home.

Edna's photos seem to portray a light-hearted, even glamorous adventure—certainly a one-dimensional view. This is in keeping with recognized coping mechanisms used to psychologically adapt to the grim realities of war. In addition, personal film developing had to pass through U.S. Army censors and was generally not allowed of official locations or circumstances. Although Edna never spoke of the tragic scenarios she witnessed, there were many she certainly wished to forget. Etched in the memory of medical staff was the shock of their first massive influx of sick, wounded and dying soldiers from the Battle of Buna-Gona in New Guinea in November 1942. American and Australian troops were not adequately prepared for isolated jungle warfare or the fierce tenacity of the Japanese; 10% died and another 60% were injured or became ill over the months-long battle. Many of those troops were brought to the newly opened 105th General Hospital.

"Romance" is not necessarily hindered in wartime; in fact, some would say it is heightened. Furthermore, all the Army nurses at that time had to be single at the time of their induction. The history of the 105th lists over a dozen nurses who married while in Australia, including the excitement around the wedding and reception of Edna's close friend Dutchy to one of the Army doctors.



Lt. John G. O'Neill, WWII fighter pilot

Edna was certainly no exception. In September 1942, she met 22-year-old Lt. John G. O'Neill, a fearless daredevil fighter pilot, flying training missions from Amberley Field not far from Gatton. Soon he was flying combat missions over New Guinea and New Britain. In between missions, John and Edna dated seriously for over a year, despite never knowing if he would return. The photo to the right, dated October 24, 1943, shows John in his P-38 after he became a WWII Ace Pilot for shooting down his 5th Japanese plane. On her copy, Edna wrote, "The Ace" and on the back "My Hero." By then, Lt. O'Neill had lost several squadron members on missions, and his closest friend had been shot down and killed just days before. During his October 29 dogfight, John pulled off excessively dangerous moves shooting down his 7th and 8th enemy planes over Rabaul, New Britain. Then another friend was lost on their November 7 joint mission. Consequently, John received orders to return home for "Rest & Recuperation" on December 4. He was welcomed at home as a hero; however, he remained stationed stateside for the rest of the war. Edna, on the other hand, served almost two more years in the distant Pacific Theater.

The 105th General Hospital operated in Gatton until the end of July 1944 as the primary military hospital supporting General MacArthur's South West Pacific Area. During those two years in Gatton, over 20,000 battle casualties were admitted to the hospital. Most of them had been evacuated by special hospital planes from small field hospitals on the front-line battles to recapture the islands of New Guinea and New Britain as well as the Admiralty Islands. Due to the hostile jungle environment, as well as the fact that hospitals had been bombed and nurses taken prisoners of war by the Japanese early in the war, General MacArthur's policy was to transport patients outside of the battle zones for all treatments exceeding what could be immediately provided at the field hospitals.

As the Allies began to push the Japanese forces back northward, securing the islands, MacArthur moved the hospitals closer to the action—followed by the nurses. By early Fall 1944, Edna and the "screwballs" had been transported to Finschhafen, New Guinea in the area of Milne Bay, which had been liberated by Australian forces a year earlier and was now an Allied base. They were wearing helmets, mud boots and jungle fatigues, having left civilization and starched white uniforms behind in Australia. Besides malaria, the tropical climate (over 150 inches of rain per year) encouraged scrub typhus, dengue fever, tropical dysentery, as well as previously unknown skin diseases—lumped together as "jungle rot." These tropical diseases together caused four times as many hospitalizations as did battle wounds. Typhus patients could run fevers of 107 degrees, risking brain damage and/or death. The nurses also encountered yaws, leprosy, bubonic plague, and cutaneous diphtheria among the native population diseases with which they had no previous experience.

After staging in Finschhafen, the 105th moved further north to the island of Biak in the Dutch East Indies (now part of the Indonesian province of Papua). The Japanese had been defeated in the Battle of Biak only a few months earlier. Nevertheless, scattered Japanese



Pilots from the "Jolly Rogers" 90th Bomber Group, 321st Squadron, used Biak to launch bombing raids, such as the above photo (October 1944) of oil fields hit at Balikpapan.

snipers remained and Japanese planes bombed the airstrip after the hospital unit's arrival. Biak, an isolated coral island with beautiful beaches, located two degrees north of the equator, was a strategic stepping stone to retake the Philippines. Pilots from the "Jolly Rogers" 90th Bomber Group, 321st Squadron, used Biak to launch bombing raids, such as the above photo (October 1944) from Edna's album, of oil fields hit at Balikpapan. Apparently, they also befriended the nurses.

Lt. Buckley was assigned to staff a tent hospital on Biak where conditions were even more primitive than New Guinea. Nurses also lived in tents, used makeshift latrines, washed their clothes in their helmets and took outdoor salt-water showers improvised from oil drums. Meals often consisted of dehydrated food and powdered milk, although palm trees provided fresh coconut and coconut milk. Army engineers built a protected "beach club" where Edna and her colleagues could unwind between intense hospital shifts.

Some of the 105th patients on Biak were POWs recently rescued from Bilibid, a notorious Japanese prison camp. Edna never spoke about fear, hardships, or the weight of caring for often distressing cases—but several of her close friends, including Audrey Zollo, had opted for rotation home or been "evacuated" stateside due to health problems. On one of her photos, dressed in fatigues in front of the tent hospital, she wrote with her characteristically self-deprecating tone:

"Me. Sad Sack. The original."

Following MacArthur's "symbolic" landing in October 1944 in the Philippines and the Allies defeat

of the Japanese in the Battle of Leyte Gulf, Edna was transferred from Biak to Leyte island in the Philippines in early 1945. She apparently joined the 133rd General Hospital, which combined selected personnel from the “Harvard unit” with personnel from the “Johns Hopkins unit,” initially staffing a tent hospital of 300 beds in the countryside near Tacloban. Army engineers soon constructed another 15 large hospital wards needed for the wave of patients from the ongoing Philippine Liberation Campaign. The American and Filipino troops intensified their advance from Leyte to Luzon, the largest and most populous of the Philippine islands.

As the Japanese grew more desperate, kamikaze attacks on American ships, including one on the USS Comfort, a hospital ship, dramatically increased. Medical personnel on Leyte, working around the clock, saw



“Me. Sad Sack. The original.”

one of the highest ratios of killed to wounded American casualties in the war. Almost 10,000 Americans lost their lives in the Battle of Luzon, with some 30,000 wounded. More than ten times that number of Filipino soldiers and civilians died. In addition, there were about 90,000 American non-combat cases, most of them from disease. The Philippine Liberation Ribbon, which Edna received after the war, came at a tragic cost.

Blackouts and air raid drills on Leyte were the norm. From all accounts, the daily routine involved mud, torrential rain, mud, torrential rain...and more mud. Edna developed a fungal infection in her ears, which she dealt with the rest of her life.

The local Filipinos were friendly. They had mostly resisted the harsh, ruthless Japanese occupation since 1942, and therefore they welcomed, and joined, the Allied invasion. Edna’s photos capture a smiling “Cataline” hired by the nurses to help with house-keeping chores. Others capture naked Filipino children scavenging from the mess hall, a cock fight, and wooden bridges over swampland. Absent from the Leyte

assignment are photos of the nurses who had little or no time for leisure under the circumstances.

As the Japanese lost their control of the Philippines, and fighting finally wound down, Army 1st Lt. Edna Buckley sailed from there on July 29, 1945, and arrived in Seattle on August 14, 1945, the day before the Japanese announced their surrender – and eight days after an atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. A Coast Guard cutter greeted them with a WELCOME HOME banner. She had served her country in the South Pacific for over three straight years. Given the value many of her generation placed on honor, humility, and resilience, (not to mention her Irish upbringing in which one was regularly warned about “getting a swelled head”), it is not surprising that she never shared the extent of the difficulties she experienced.

However, one account of WWII Army nurses put it this way:

*The Army nurse in the Pacific theater performed her tasks efficiently, compassionately, and courageously whether she was caring for casualties in the field or patients evacuated from the front lines. These nurses prevailed over dangers and difficulties not experienced by nurses in other theaters. They became ill with malaria and dengue fever; experienced the rigors of a tropical climate; tolerated water shortages; risked kamikaze attacks; adapted to curfews, fenced compounds, and armed escorts; and dealt with medical corpsmen’s hostility. Nurses in the Pacific demonstrated their ability to overcome adversity and reached the front lines of a uniquely dangerous theater before the end of the war.*



*Mary Frances (Bedford) Kuntsal is the eldest of four daughters of Edna Frances Buckley. She retired several years ago from her long career as a librarian, working in libraries ranging from academic research institutions to elementary schools, and including a number of years overseas, managing libraries for U.S. Air Force personnel and their families. A project she had postponed until retirement was “to do something with old family photos.” Shortly after getting “hooked” on family history, Mary became a member of the SB County Genealogical Society, which has also proved to be of tremendous help.*

# Serendipity

By Gary Shumaker



**A** FEW YEARS AGO, my wife Betty and I were driving toward Austin, Texas. A short distance from Midland we saw, with great surprise, a signpost indicating a place we had not seen on our map: Fort Chadbourne. This sign would not have been too interesting except for the fact that my mother's maiden name is Chadbourne and to find the name of an established Maine family in the middle of Texas seemed serendipitous. Of course we went down the narrow road where we would discover another piece of my family's history and eventually the story of a very courageous young man who gave his life for his country.

In contrast to our experience on most Texas roads, it was a rather reasonable driving time to the fort on that narrow two-lane road through scrub trees and over small hills to an elaborate entrance gate of metal and wood which proved to be most of what was left of Fort Chadbourne. We knew there must be more to the story than what we had discovered that day.

At that time there was little more than several mounds of dirt, a corral and one building that could have been used as a barn, had the roof been repaired. After a few years of research, we did come to know a lot about Fort Chadbourne and about the young man for whom it had been named. At this point in time, the fort has been reconstructed to some of the original appearance and the story of my distant cousin keeps filling in with more detail as we continue to search for Theodore Lincoln Chadbourne.

The fort, as well as 29 others, had been created before the Civil War by the order of the Commander of the 8th Military District. This was to fulfill one of the many provisions of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo that sought to protect the borders of Mexico from intrusions such as the many Indian raids and cattle rustlers crossing over from the United States. The forts may have been intended as a kind of wall to protect the interest of the Mexican people. Eventually the forts were built but not before the "gold rush" which indirectly changed the need for such forts as well as their purpose. The original forts, as they were built, were often named for notable men who had lost their lives in the Mexican-American War - 1846 to 1848. The men recognized by this honor had names such as Ewell, Ringgold, Belknap, Worth, Chadbourne and Scott. At the time of their construction, the forts were built to house troopers brought from all over the United States to the bleak, unsettled Western Frontier. Eventually more than one third of the total U.S. Army was housed







in these forts and operating in an area where the numbers of settlers all too soon exceeded expectations; the land as well as the forts were engulfed with settlements and farms. In the beginning, there was very little law and order and the soldiers were necessary and needed. Of course, the situation changed with the Civil War - which began in 1861. The troopers left and the forts were often abandoned.

This story is about Theodore Lincoln Chadbourne, who was part of a family line of military men. His grandfather was the same Colonel Lincoln who took the sword of surrender from Cornwallis after the siege of Yorktown, which was essentially the final military engagement in the American Revolution. Young Theodore grew up knowing his grandfather and the tradition of service and sacrifices of the Revolution and the men involved. There would be other Chadbournes in wars but the significant one, of course, is the one in which Lt. Chadbourne was involved.

The war in which Lt. Chadbourne lost his life was the War with Mexico from 1846 to 1848. Although brief in contrast to wars in our time, it was significant to the United States because of the vast lands claimed and held by our country which were taken from Mexico as war settlement. If studied in its ramifications, Polk's "dirty little war" established what our country is today as well as created some of the dilemmas we now face in defining who we are in respect to our southern neighbors.

My "cousin" was born in 1822 to Ichabod Rollins Chadbourne (1787-1855) and Hannah Lincoln (1801-1882). Theodore's father had been an officer in the militia during the War of 1812. It was Hannah's father, Colonel Lincoln, for whom Theodore was named and undoubtedly provided the glorious image of war our young cousin must have had. Theodore was born into a rather large family in Eastport, Maine. He was the youngest of the seven children born to Hannah and Ichabod. After completing his schooling in Eastport, Theodore entered West Point and graduated with the Class of 1843 as a Second Lieutenant. Of the 39 fellow graduates of that class, one was Ulysses Grant. Theodore's first assignment was to Fort Niagara, New York. This posting was brief because in September of 1845 he was reassigned to the Eighth Infantry as a Second Lieutenant, then sent on to the Army of "regulars" gathering at Fort Jesup in Louisiana. This force of 2,200 (about one-fourth of the total number of men in the entire United States Army) had been ordered there by President Polk, with the approval of Congress, to invade Mexico. Zachary Taylor was put in command of this army which was soon moved on to Corpus Christi, Texas. It took almost nine months for the Army to form up there as various states generated and then sent their militia to the conflict. Eventually the long march south began that would end in Mexico City. Within a short time after the Army crossed the Rio Grande, essentially invading Mexican Territory, the war began. In the second major battle of the war, at Resaca de la Palma, a fine, 21-year-old man of great promise, Lieutenant Theodore Chadbourne, was killed. The date was May 9, 1846.

Of course, there is a lot more to the story: a book has been published about his life and many letters and documents survive. There is so much more to discover. We are very pleased that we went down that narrow road in Texas for it opened a new chapter in our family search.



*Gary Shumaker joined the society as a result of taking classes from Jan Cloud some years ago. His involvement in the society has been "fun" and a learning experience for him. He seeks to understand his heritage and to share it with his family which is probably a goal most of us have.*

# The Bitter Lamentations of My Soul

By Margaret Owen Thorpe

**T**HOMAS HARVEY OWEN, so it was said, died of a broken soul. He would not have described it so. He would have said that he did his best to serve God but that God turned away because he had sinned. He might have said, if he had dared, that God broke his heart. And he would have been wrong – because it was not God but, rather, the humans that he lived among.

Thomas may have been too wise. He carried a firm sense of right and wrong, and he had faith, more than belief, that all other people did, too. I claim him as a great-great-grand-uncle, youngest brother of my great-great grandfather, Wilson Owen. He had five brothers and probably five or six sisters. Thomas came to Hancock County, Illinois, in 1831, the first settler in Carthage township. He was born June 25, 1797, at his parents' farm just south of Asheville, North Carolina. The youngest son, he had earlier moved with his elderly parents to southern Illinois about 1816. He was tall, with rather unruly hair, a high forehead, and penetrating light blue eyes.

His eldest brother William moved to Illinois about 1815. The next two, Wilson and Abel, went to Missouri about 1818 with their wives, who were sisters, and several children. These two, with other partners, founded the town of Lexington. Joshua, the fourth brother, went to Tennessee, then came to Illinois for a time. Thomas's sisters married and are largely lost to history.

By 1820, Thomas had married, and his devout Baptist parents had died. It's unclear if he kept in touch with his scattered siblings. Alone on the frontier with a wife and child, he suffered an acute crisis of faith in which he was certain that he had lost all connection with God. He was sure he was about to die and descend to hell. He believed he had sinned, particularly by partying with other young people. In an 1852 autobiographical letter, he wrote, "I felt willing, if it had been possible, to exchange conditions with the beasts, or the meanest of reptiles, for they seemed better off than I, as they had no souls to lose."

He continued, "I thought I would go out and try to pray once more. The night was very dark, but I made my way a little distance to where I had cribbed my corn; for I had often poured out the bitter lamentations of my soul in that place. I tried again to pray but it seemed that God heeded nothing I said and that my case was sealed."

He denied any faith at all, saying there was no "reality in it, nor in the scriptures either." But, as his terror began to lift, Thomas Harvey Owen realized, "for all nature, when I looked upon it and considered its wonderful formation, its strict obedience to the laws by which it was governed, gave evidence too strong to be denied, that there was a God who had created all things, and that I could not avoid his requirements." Though he struggled throughout his life to fully understand God, he never again lost his belief in a higher set of laws that must be recognized. That set of laws was not so much the literal teachings of the church in which he'd been raised but, rather, a firm bedrock for his future perceptions and judgment.



Thomas Harvey Owen

Today we would say he had mental health issues triggered by the abrupt separation from his birthplace and childhood home, the death of his parents, the scattering of his siblings, his marriage, the need to make a living and support a family on the frontier in a new territory, one far more wide open and bare to the horizon than that from which he'd come. Maybe so. But I knew that Thomas and I were related by genes when I read of his sufferings in the early 1820s and saw that his symptoms of his disconnect from God were precisely the same as those I'd had in a bout of "generalized anxiety disorder."

He connected, in the mid-1820s, with a small group of Old School Baptists near Franklin, Illinois, where he had bought land from the U.S. government and settled with his parents. Also known as Primitive Baptists, and by their detractors, as Hard Shell Baptists, they are a small denomination today, with about 225,000 followers, mostly in the U.S. South, and with the Primitive Baptist Library located in Carthage, Illinois, where the story will continue shortly. They aspire to recreate the Christian church as it was in the early decades after the death of Jesus of Nazareth. Simple buildings, no musical instruments, though they do use shape note singing, also called Sacred Harp music, no hierarchical leadership, just Elders chosen by their peers, no baptism of infants.

Let Elder Thomas Harvey Owen describe what Primitive Baptists believe:

... "a love of civil liberty in opposition to magisterial dominion, an affirmation of the sufficiency and simplicity of revelation in opposition to scholastic theology, a zeal for self-government in opposition to clerical authority, a requisition of the reasonable service of a personal profession of Christianity rising out of a man's own convictions in opposition to the practice of force

on infants, the whole of which they deem superstition or enthusiasm, and the indispensable necessity of virtue in every individual member of a Christian church, in distinction from all speculative creeds, all rites and ceremonies and parochial divisions....[allow] all persons equal liberty to think, choose and act in affairs of the soul."

We might today call them libertarians – love of civil liberty, zeal for self-government, allowing all persons equal liberty to think, choose and act in affairs of the soul. Thomas practiced what he preached, and it would not end well.

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IN 1831, Thomas Harvey Owen was appointed to supervise the building of the first courthouse in Hancock County, Illinois. In 1832, he also helped organize and build Middle Creek Church in Hancock County, even forming the bricks for it with his own hands. In 1834, he was first elected, along with Abraham Lincoln, to the Illinois General Assembly.

He campaigned earnestly and honestly for the post and frequently told this story on himself: "Once, when traveling in the north part of the county on an electioneering tour, I saw a man as I supposed some half mile away in a field; and not wishing to pass any one without giving my views, I hitched my horse to the fence and struck out on foot to speak to him. I had quite nearly approached the object, before I discovered it to be a "scare-crow" placed there to frighten the birds away. I didn't secure a vote on that occasion..." That year he was also ordained, by other elders, as a gospel minister of the Primitive Baptist Church. In 1836, he was elected to the Illinois State Senate. He was building a career.

In 1820, as Owen suffered his crisis of faith in southern Illinois, a man named Joseph Smith was also facing religious doubts in upstate New York. Some of the same issues that brought Owen to join the Old School Baptists also troubled Smith: "a 'hireling clergy' who served the Lord for pay and competed with other ministers for converts at revivals rather than unselfishly bringing men to Christ," and churches that had fallen away from the true church into hypocrisy. Smith could not decide which of the many competing sects spoke the Lord's real Word. Then he had a vision from God: all existing churches were corrupt and apostate – and he was called to restore the true church.

The God he heard sent Smith and his followers first to Kirtland, Ohio, then directed that the holy city be built in Jackson County, Missouri. The existing residents in both locations made it clear that they didn't believe a word of it and wanted no Zion in their midst. When Smith and his apostles escaped Missouri, they came to

Hancock County, where a small group of Latter-Day Saints, as they called themselves, had already settled. They began building the City of Nauvoo. It was 1839.

On April 17, 1840, Thomas Harvey Owen wrote to another Primitive Baptist leader, Elder Beebe, about his efforts to sustain and support the Old School Baptist churches in Illinois and Iowa. The churches were growing, he said, but "we have had to undergo the slander and abuse of all the Ishmael-ites crew....All sects, from the ancient Catholics down to the late Mormons, are raging like the infuriated dragon casting forth floods of water..."

Thomas disagreed with the Mormons' theology but, as we still say, he would defend to the death their right to believe it. His defense did not bring about his death, but it seared his soul and heart.

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BY 1841, the Saints formed at least half the population of Hancock County which Owen had served in the State Legislature and State Senate, and Nauvoo, with 11,036 residents, was the largest city in Illinois. The Church built its temple on a hill, looming over the city, and the locals began to fear the political and economic power of Joseph Smith's Saints. Thomas C. Sharp, editor of the newspaper at Warsaw, just down the Mississippi River from



The "old brick church" in Carthage, Illinois, for which it is said that Thomas Harvey shaped many of the bricks with his own hands.

Nauvoo, took the drumming and rumbling up from the streets and taverns and into the press. He organized an anti-Mormon political party, urging both Whigs and Democrats to unite in opposition. Sharp and the militants urged the State to repeal the charter of the City of Nauvoo in order to strip Smith and the Church of their power base.

Thomas Harvey Owen theologically saw the "late Mormons" as just another raging dragon. But he also had "a love of civil liberty in opposition to magisterial dominion" and believed that "all persons [must be allowed] equal liberty to think, choose and act in the affairs of the soul." Though he had been defeated for re-election to the State Senate in 1838, he now, in 1842, ran again for the General Assembly and was elected with the support of the growing Hancock County Mormon population.

Sharp's newspaper attacked. "It will be seen that the whole Democratic ticket – so called – but more properly Mormon ticket, is elected... The whole ticket was a mongrel affair, made up by agreement between Joe Smith and some anxious office-seekers." Owen stood by his "love of civil liberty" and successfully fought the legislation to repeal the Nauvoo charter. The Springfield paper, in contrast to the one in Warsaw, supported the defeat, "...this idea of depriving the Mormons of rights which other citizens possess, is

worse than the edicts of the Spanish inquisition, and will not be tolerated in a free country."

Joseph Smith soon faced a different trouble. As so often happens in rapidly growing organisms – especially when ideology or theology drives them, dissidents arose within his Church. On June 7, 1844, his detractors published a new newspaper, the *Nauvoo Expositor*, and brought the long-rumored issue of polygamy among the Saints into print. They accused Smith of "bringing innocent females to Nauvoo to add to his harem under the pretext of religion." With Smith serving as mayor of Nauvoo, the Church's mainstream used its political strength to declare the *Expositor* a "public nuisance" to be abated. On June 10, the Nauvoo Legion, an arm of the Mormon militia, marched to the paper and smashed its press.

The anti-Mormons in Hancock County smelled blood and saw red. Though the attack on the *Expositor* came from an internal dispute within the Church, the non-Mormons took it as "a final act of contempt for their laws." Sharp wrote, "We hold ourselves at all times in readiness to co-operate with our fellow citizens...to exterminate, utterly exterminate, the wicked and abominable Mormon Leaders."

Smith, his brother Hyrum, and several others were charged with "promoting a riot." A constable was sent to Nauvoo to arrest them. Smith refused to go to Carthage, the county seat, believing his life to be in danger. He secured a writ of habeas corpus from a non-Mormon judge at Nauvoo who then tried and acquitted him of the charges.

When the constable returned to Carthage with no prisoners, "the reaction of the old citizens was nearly hysterical." They sent messages throughout Illinois, urging men to arm themselves and come to Carthage "to take Smith into custody." They demanded that the Governor send the state militia. In Warsaw, Sharp's base, they raised \$1,000 for arms; other towns raised smaller amounts. Three thousand men prepared at Rushville for war. In Iowa and Missouri, old Mormon foes mustered to fight.

Smith, knowing Nauvoo was about to be attacked, declared martial law and called out the Mormon legion. After hiding out briefly, he and Hyrum decided on June 24 that, for the welfare of the Church and the people in Nauvoo, they must surrender and go to Carthage. He urged the people to give up their arms to the arriving state militia. The Governor, who had arrived in Carthage on June 21, promised Smith protection at Carthage. Dramatically, but prophetically, Smith said as he left Nauvoo, "I go as a lamb to the slaughter."

Once in Carthage, the prisoners might have gone free on bail on the riot charge, but the "old citizens" now charged them with treason for the declaration of martial law in Nauvoo. They were remanded to the Carthage jail.

By June 26, the rumbling and drumming that had gone on in Hancock County for two years became thunder. Little knots and mobs of men formed on street corners. Women and children fled the city. Rumors of plots to kill the Smiths reached many ears. The gathered troops urged the Governor to allow them to march on Nauvoo. He disbanded most of them and told them to go home. The Carthage Greys, the local militia, were left to protect the jail.

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THOMAS HARVEY OWEN and his son Leander went into Carthage from their farm, hoping to provide a last-chance voice of reason, to offer whatever wisdom might prevail from Thomas's longstanding role as a respected community leader, to bridge the chasm between freedom of religion and determined violence.

On the afternoon of June 27, 1844, a young lookout on the roof of the jail spotted a large group of men headed toward town from the west. Leander Owen's daughter Ida May tells the end (Hobart was her grand uncle):

"Crowds gathered on the courthouse square, and, at last, a mob broke into the corridors, demanding the prisoners. It is said that Hobart was the only one of the guards who stayed at his post but at last he was overpowered, and after fierce fighting, Hiram [sic] Smith was killed. Prophet Joseph insisted on going to the window to speak to the people in the crowd below (thinking, I suppose, that God would save him.) But when he appeared at the upstairs window, he was shot dead and fell across the sill, half in, half out.

My father, Leander F. Owen, at that time about nineteen years of age, was present in the crowd outside and together with his father Rev. Thos. H. Owen, and sever-



Leander F. Owen

al brothers, witnessed the assassination. Later that day, Jonas Hobart II and his brother Joshua, with others, carried the bodies of the Mormon dead to the Hamilton Hotel, where they were cared for, and afterward decently buried, how nor where, I do not know."

The deaths of the Smiths did not end the rage. Four days later, with considerable risk to himself should his letter be intercepted, Thomas Harvey Owen wrote to Willard Richards, one of the twelve apostles of the Latter-Day Saints, at Nauvoo:

"...I wish to apprise you that reports are in circulation, which no doubt are true, that the Warsaw and Green Plains mobocrats are making strong exertions to raise forces sufficient to mob and drive the people of your city from their present residences.

I think you should keep a steady lookout, for it seems that the cold-hearted murder of Generals Joseph and Hyrum Smith in Carthage jail has not satisfied the bloodthirsty dispositions of those demons, but they desire to prosecute their wretched purposes still further.

I, as one of General Deming's staff, have used my influence against calling out a large force to be stationed at Carthage, fearing that some might be influenced by those mobocrats to join them in their wretched purposes...

The murder of Generals Joseph and Hyrum Smith is deprecated by the community, almost at large, that is, those who are not lost to the principles of humanity...

I was pleased to hear of the prudent course that your people resolved to pursue, in acting only on the defensive and abiding the law, which is on your side."

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TENSION AND RUMOR did not abate, but no further violence broke out. In August 1844, elections were held as normal in Hancock County. Thomas Owen did not run for re-election to the General Assembly. The Mormons secured a majority on the county commission. In September, a grand jury, on which Owen served, met to consider indictments for both the murders of the Smiths and for the destruction of the *Nauvoo Expositor*. The clerk of the court, an anti-Mormon, and his associates issued invitations for a "Grand Military Encampment" at Carthage two days before the jury opened. Intimidated, the Mormon county commissioners formed a grand jury with no Mormon representation.

In late October, nine men were indicted for the murders, including Thomas Sharp of Warsaw who had led the rumble and rumor against the Saints. In May 1845, the trial opened. The defense argued that its clients could not get a fair trial with a jury selected through the processes of the Mormon-dominated county commission. The Saints, for their part, had already started emigrating to the Salt Lake Valley and were not anxious to take any action, including jury duty, that might rekindle the violence before they could leave.

One of the defense attorneys uncovered an obscure Illinois law that allowed for the naming of "elisors" to select a jury panel when clear conflicts of interest existed. Both the defense and the prosecution had to agree upon the parties chosen as elisors. Thomas Harvey Owen and William Abernethy, a Whig who had served as sheriff, were chosen. The judge accepted their selections, indicating he believed they would act "without prejudice or partial feelings on either side..." Once again, Thomas thought that reason and wisdom could prevail.

The elisors selected a jury. The trial ensued. By early June 1845, the defendants were all acquitted of the murder of Joseph Smith. John Hay, who later became Abraham Lincoln's private secretary, said, "There was not a man on the jury, in the court, [or] in the county, that did not know the defendants had done the murder. But it was not proven, and the verdict of NOT GUILTY was right in law. And you cannot find in this generation an original inhabitant of Hancock County who will not stoutly sustain that verdict."

Perhaps there was one - the original inhabitant of Carthage - Thomas Harvey Owen.

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THE SAINTS continued leaving for Salt Lake. In 1847, Owen became the Postmaster in the shrinking city of Nauvoo, likely to forestall any depredations against its remaining residents. The Saints sought to sell the temple at Nauvoo but with no success. Late that year, Brigham Young, now the leader of the Saints, advised the trustees for the temple, "If you do not rent the Temple before you leave we recommend that you leave the lease and charge of the Temple with Judge Owens [sic], that he may take care of it and see that it is preserved, and rent it, if he has the opportunity..."

Thomas C. Sharp, the leader among the acquitted defendants, was elected in 1847 to the state constitutional convention. By 1853 he was mayor of Warsaw. Jacob C. Davis, another defendant, was re-elected to the State Senate in 1846 and to Congress in 1856. Levi Williams, a third, became postmaster of Green Plains. Defendant William Grover was appointed U.S. District Attorney for eastern Missouri in 1863. Wisdom and reason had not succeeded; sin had been more rewarded than punished.

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IN SEPTEMBER 1846, the vigilantes returned, driving the remaining Mormons from Nauvoo and vandalizing the recently completed temple. In October 1848, a never-identified arsonist set fire to it and burned it to the ground.

In 1849, Thomas Harvey Owen, builder of Hancock county's first courthouse, and his wife and children left the county - and its people - forever. They were nearly three years making the journey to Solano County, California, where they settled on a farm. No family or public records indicate that they saw the Mormons in Utah on their way west.

For three years, his prolific correspondence with other Primitive Baptist elders ceased. On May 10, 1852, he finally wrote again to Elder Beebe:

"To think of being deprived of church privileges and the company of the children of God for the term of three years, will give my brethren and sisters far distant from me, some idea of my disconsolate state, but I can assure you that I have not language to express the greatness of the privation; but I trust I can say with the poet,

"The Lord is precious everywhere,  
His children cannot rove so far  
But he his promises will fulfill,  
In being present with them still."

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He had taken his faith and belief in civil liberty and religious freedom across the continent and kept it. Later in 1852, Owen was elected to the California State Assembly. Once more, he began organizing new Primitive Baptist churches. While he started several, none remain in California today.

In 1862 his oldest son, Mosby Riley Owen, who had served as mayor of Peoria, Illinois, was shot dead in his Franklin County, Illinois, doorway by guerrillas during "the Rebellion troubles." The killers were never caught, and no one knows if they were pro-Union, pro-Confederate, or just thugs.

In 1863, his nephew James, likely enraged by the Emancipation Proclamation, chased his elderly mother's two servants from his California farm and took off, never to be seen again. The two former slaves found paid employment with a family in the city of Oakland.

Thomas Harvey Owen and his sons built a home at their place at ZemZem, California, for his widowed sister-in-law Elizabeth Gooch Owen so she would not live alone.

In 1877, Thomas's youngest son, John Wren Owen, who had organized a California company to fight in Arizona for the Union in the Civil War, died in Arizona under questionable circumstances. Like his father, he had held elected office and, at the time of his death, was the treasurer of Maricopa County. John was found dead in his home. The assets of the county treasury were never recovered.

According to a history of Hancock County, Illinois, on February 27, 1880, Thomas Harvey Owen died at 83, at the home of a daughter in Healdsburg, California, "broken in health of body and mind."

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A SCRAGGLY RING of still-living Osage orange, originally planted to keep deer and other wild animals from crops, is all that remains at ZemZem to mark the reality that Thomas Harvey Owen, his children and grandchildren and widowed sister-in-law once lived there with reason, wisdom, and faith. The buildings burned in a 20th-century California wildfire.

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With special thanks to Elder Robert Webb of the Primitive Baptist Library, Carthage, Illinois, Dawn Owings, and Earle Swift, Jr. for unpublished and reprinted materials and research assistance.

*Margaret Owen Thorpe is a native Californian, whose father was born in Santa Barbara and whose great-grandparents are buried in the Santa Barbara and Goleta cemeteries. She is a business consultant and writer who now lives in St. Paul, Minnesota.*



*After the death of her father in 1999, she found a family photo album with pictures from the early 1860s and was inspired to find out who the people were. She believes that hunting ancestors is the best way to meet people you've never met, go to places you've never been, and hear stories you otherwise would never hear. It will also change your perspectives on American history from anything you may have learned in school!*



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# Wedding Ring Story

## *Louise Shaff and Arthur Blomquist*

By Kate Lima

**I**N A MEMORABLE MOMENT during a family vacation, my dear sisters gifted me with a family heirloom, the wedding band and engagement ring of my grandmother, Louise Shaff. These were from her first husband, Arthur Waldemar Blomquist, who fathered my Aunt Mary Frances. Their story was mostly unknown



Louise Shaff Carter

to me, only that Arthur died tragically in a hunting accident, leaving my grandmother a pregnant widow. When I received the rings, I wanted to learn more of their story and carry it with me.

How Louise and Arthur met, I do not know. Both were teachers, one in Washington and one in Idaho. Louise graduated from the University of Washington in 1915, and in 1916 she is listed as a teacher at the Normal School in Lewiston, Idaho, her home town.

In 1916 Arthur is a principal at Yelm school in Olympia, Washington. Where they met is a mystery, but I know other Blomquists lived in Lewiston, so perhaps they met when Arthur was visiting a sibling (he had seven!). But that is only speculation and I plan to dig deeper.

I found no engagement announcement, which is odd considering Louise was from a prominent Lewiston family and I've found many newspaper articles on them in the Lewiston society pages. Perhaps the wedding happened in haste because of the Great War. I found that Arthur went to training on June 3, 1918; Arthur and Louise married on July 1, and Arthur sailed from San Francisco to serve in Siberia on August 14.



The train is an American hospital train in WWI, located in Siberia, Russia (where Arthur Blomquist was stationed). The picture is from 1918-19.

I need to find out when he returned, and where he and Louise went after that. There's a listing of Arthur W. Blomquist with wife Louise S. in Seattle, Washington, but this needs further investigation. What I do know is that Arthur died while duck hunting in December 1921 in a tragic accident when his boat capsized. Louise gave birth to her daughter, Mary Frances, shortly after that, in the home of her parents.

Tragedy followed my grandmother. She married her second husband, my grandfather, Isaac Newton Carter, in 1930 and had my mom in 1933. Sadly, he died of tuberculosis in 1940, and Louise never married again. She had a very successful career as the Dean of Women at the University of Idaho in Moscow.



Grandma's wedding ring, fellowship of family.

The rings were given to her daughter, Mary Frances Blomquist, when she married. Tragically Mary Frances died in 1960 from a brain aneurysm, leaving behind a husband and two young boys. The rings stayed with her family until recently, when one of those boys (cousin Brian) gave them to my sister Nancy, to be given to her son Noah when he married. Nancy, with the blessing of my other sister Salley, gave the rings to me because of my deep reverence for our ancestors, and my work in bringing them to life. When she gave them to me, it was up in the mountains during a particularly profound family moment. The three of us were walking arm-in-arm, then we started singing and dancing and the air surrounded us like a cocoon. In that moment, Nancy stopped, and she said it was the perfect moment

to pass on the heirloom. She and Salley had their arms around each other and talked about how perfect it was for me to be the keeper of the rings. We all three hugged and started crying, filled with the intensity of it all.

Now, every time I look at the rings, I see so many wonderful family stories, some from 100 years ago, some from this past summer. The rings are physical reminders of the life blood of my family.

*Kate is a recent retiree from UCSB, leaving the university after 28 years to enjoy her grandson ... and genealogy!*



# This Old House

By Richard Closson

CATHY AND I MOVED to Santa Barbara after owning 1890s Victorian flats and a 1906 post-earthquake Queen Anne cottage in San Francisco. Our familiarity with those earlier styles and our enthusiasm for their historically accurate restorations did not fully prepare us for our 1931 Spanish Colonial Revival style home in Santa Barbara.

Our house, on almost a half-acre, was built as part of the San Roque Country Club, a planned development of homes around Cañon Drive with a golf course where Ralph Stevens Park is now. The 1926 subdivision maps show the layout of streets, at least one of which never materialized. In the figure below, the undeveloped *Madreselva* (Honeysuckle) Drive is pink, the parks are green and house numbers are marked in red for addresses built in that 1926-36 decade.



Map of 1926 Subdivision

All homes were required to meet construction and design standards established by the San Roque Investment Company. A San Roque Art Jury governed all color schemes; ours specified oyster white walls, natural shake roof, and grey-brown stain trim as approved by prominent architect Leonard A. Cooke.<sup>1</sup> Our original deed specified a minimum construction cost of \$7,500, although the permit showed predicted costs of \$6,900, probably reduced due to the growing effect of the Great Depression on material costs and wages. Construction probably began in December 1931, judging by the electrical service placard dated the 23rd.

Henry Howell was the architect, having departed the partnership of Edwards, Plunkett & Howell in 1928. In 1929 Howell was a founding member of the Santa Barbara chapter of the American Institute of Architects



Electrical Service Site Placard,  
December 23, 1931

Baños del Mar (1939, Howell and Edwards, associated architects), Washington Elementary School (1953, Howell & Arendt), La Cumbre Junior High School (1954, Howell & Arendt), and the nave of All Saints by the Sea church (1958, Howell & Arendt).

Howell designed the house to accommodate the original family with two sons in a large bedroom and a daughter in a smaller one.<sup>2</sup> The Spanish Colonial Revival style details included exposed cross beams in the living room and thick plaster faux “adobe” walls, which concealed a Prohibition-era liquor storage area behind a sliding bookcase in one cabinet.<sup>3</sup>

The deed from the San Roque Investment Company stipulated no wells for oil or gas could be drilled on the property. “(N)o stable or structure for the housing of livestock shall ever be built or maintained on the property and ... (owners) shall not convey or lease said premises to any person not of the Caucasian Race.” That may have been disappointing for the original owner who served in the Army’s segregated 25th Infantry Regiment, but not an uncommon stipulation for the era.

Although the Country Club was planned in 1926, a few major world events interceded, which forced its abandonment. In October 1929, the American stock market crashed and the world economy soon followed. Money became tight; commercial and residential building slowed. Employment decreased despite federal remedial efforts (see below). The nation and the world entered the Great Depression and, later, World War II. Financial support and any appetite cooled for planned neighborhoods with golf courses. Independent owners and builders populated the lots with the variety of architectural styles we have today.

In 1934 the San Roque Country Club offered to donate two pieces of land to the city as parks. Proposed during the depth of the Great Depression, both offers were declined, but later accepted in 1939.<sup>4</sup> A small half-acre park near Cañon and Chuparosa Drives was named San Roque Park, but is commonly known as Triangle Park today for its shape. A 5½ acre parcel near Foothill Road was donated and originally named San Roque Cañon Park. It was renamed Ralph Stevens Park in 1957 to honor the former Superintendent of Parks and Parks Commissioner.<sup>5</sup> Subsequent land donations in 1958 and 1969 completed today’s 25-acre total.

We are the fourth owners of the house. The original owners were Carl Jay Ballinger (1885–1956) and Edythe Leyer Ballinger (1893–1976). Carl had served with the U.S. Geologic Survey before being commissioned a 2nd

(president in 1937), along with notables such as Russell Ray, Winsor Soule, Frederick Murphy, George Washington Smith, William Edwards, Keith Lockard, and Cooke. He designed other significant local buildings including the Spanish Colonial Revival style cottages at the El Encanto Hotel (1928, Edwards, Plunkett & Howell), Los





Lt. Col. Carl Ballinger, SBHS R.O.T.C. Commandant

lieutenant in the Army's 7th Infantry Regiment in 1912.<sup>6</sup> In 1914 he was transferred to the segregated 25th Infantry Regiment, which was stationed in Honolulu throughout the Great War.<sup>7</sup> He was transferred to Davenport, Iowa, where then-Major Ballinger was assigned as battalion commandant of the local high school Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC) unit in 1923.<sup>8</sup> Due to his ill health, the Army transferred him to Santa Barbara

where he was assigned to lead the high school ROTC unit in 1930-31.<sup>9</sup>

In 1932 Ballinger became director of the county emergency relief program and County Welfare Services administrator. A year later he also directed a new important federal works program, the short-lived Civil Works Administration (CWA) to provide temporary employment for workers on public relief rolls.<sup>10</sup> This was an influential post during the early Depression. It employed 1,346 men in Santa Barbara County between November

1933 and February 1934, guaranteeing 6-hour work days, 5 days per week at wages of \$0.45 - \$0.60 per hour. Twenty-five men were skilled workers earning more than \$0.60 per hour.<sup>11</sup>

Ballinger returned to commanding the Santa Barbara High School ROTC unit from 1941 until his retirement in 1945<sup>12</sup> as a Lieutenant Colonel. During this time Edythe maintained their social calendar and she was a leader the local armed forces Officers Wives Club activities.<sup>13</sup> After Carl



Clara Jane Ballinger, SBHS Class of 1940

died in 1956, Edythe stayed in the house until 1964.

All the Ballinger children lived in the house, but the sons both spent their high school years at New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell. Carl Jay, Jr., (1915-1979) graduated in 1935, then from the US Naval Academy (1939), and had a long career as an officer. Thomas Worthy (1920-2005) graduated in 1940<sup>14</sup> and became a mechanical engineer and early computer programmer. Daughter Clara Jane "Chinky" (1922-2010) graduated from Santa Barbara High School in 1940<sup>15</sup> and attended Stevens College (1942) in Columbia, Missouri.

In 1943 the Ballingers commissioned a detached studio in the same Spanish Colonial Revival style as the main house, possibly for returning adult children or to house soldiers stationed here during the war.<sup>16</sup> The studio was designed and built by Elmer H. Whittaker (Whittaker and Snook), who later constructed a Richard Neutra-designed home in Montecito, possibly the Tremaine House at 1642 Moore Road.<sup>17</sup> As an interesting side note, when the sewer line from our studio to the street was replaced in 2008, the original pipe material was found to be fiber conduit ("Orangeburg pipe"),<sup>18</sup> an asphalt-fiber compound used during those years because iron was reserved for the war effort.

Mrs. Ballinger sold the house in 1964 to retired physician Norvil Martin and his wife, Beulah. The Martins promptly added a 12'x20' family room to the house, connected by an 8'x12' hallway/utility room with clothes washer, dryer and utility sink. Norvil died in 1968 and Beulah sold the house in 1972 to C. Seybert Kinsell, another physician, from whom we bought it in 1984. In 2010 we replaced the utility/family room (including its concrete pad foundation, asbestos tile floor, uninsulated walls, and flat tar and gravel roof) with a room styled after the original 1931 living room. The greatest compliment anyone can offer to a faithful historic home restorer is, "I didn't notice the difference between the old and the new."

The San Roque Country Club is all but forgotten. There are no memorial plaques or entrance columns, only the curious winding streets and long loop of Cañon Drive among an otherwise rectilinear city layout. The planned golf course is renamed a public park with play structures, restrooms, picnic tables, and a hiking trailhead. Newer homes have filled in seamlessly around those from the original development plan. It's all part of the natural evolution of neighborhoods.

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Rick Closson is a retired Clinical Pharmacist with an arm's-length interest in genealogy, i.e., excluding his own family. He has written extensively about the 1927 remodel of Santa Barbara's Franceschi House, which includes 85 medallions of then-important people, places, and events. Many remain well known today, but others are obscure: a genealogist's vexing delight!

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# Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated February 2020

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

## Manuscripts

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

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

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

## Author information

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

## Deadlines

Submissions with images are due the 1st of the month in February, May, and August, and October 15 for the November Issue. Address submissions to the new editor, Kristin Ingalls, [antkap@cox.net](mailto:antkap@cox.net)

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## HONORS LUNCHEON NOVEMBER 2, 2019

By Patti Ottoboni

**F**OR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS, the biennial Honors Luncheon, sponsored by the Santa Barbara Genealogical Society, has served to recognize outstanding members for their tireless, unrelenting, selfless and valuable contributions to the society. The 2019 Honors Luncheon was held on November 2, 2019, at the La Cumbre Country Club with about 100 attendees. The honorees that were chosen are Joan Jacobs, John Fritsche, Kristin Ingalls & Debbie Kaska.

### So what was so special about these amazing volunteers?

Let's start with **Joan Jacobs**, a 26-year member who joined at the suggestion of a friend. Starting as a volunteer library assistant for 12 years beginning at the Covarrubias Adobe, forming the Illinois Special Interest group with a membership of 50 for several years, chairing a committee, working with John Woodward and John Gherini to find a new location for the Society's library, our own Sahyun. Joan went on to serve on the Board of Directors for 13 years. She was a member of the Finance and Investment committee and later chair of the Aesthetics Committee. In 2000, she initiated the Honors Luncheon, following the example of the Santa Barbara Foundation, hosting an Honors Luncheon for volunteers. Joan continues to serve as a working member of the Honors luncheon committee while being honored.

**John Fritsche** is another 26-year member of the society, having served as Director-at-Large of the Board of Directors in 1993 and 1994. A generous supporter of many aspects of the society, when construction of the new library began, John donated his time and talent to its completion. Most recently he sponsored the new driveway project, Records Preservation equipment, Programs and many contributions to *Ancestors West*.

Kathie Morgan described **Kristin Ingalls** perfectly as a SUNBEAM in your hand, comparing her to Maria in the movie *Sound of Music*. Kristin joined the society 20 years ago, having been introduced by her third cousin, Judy Johnson, and soon became hooked on genealogy. She began helping Emily Aasted with Book sales, who turned out to be another distant cousin. Volunteering at the library, co-chairing the Membership Committee, Board Secretary, member and now Chairperson of the Aesthetics Committee have kept her busy. She has been a Library Committee member and in



Debbie Kaska, Kristin Ingalls and Joan Jacobs

charge of Book Nook, as well as our Poet Laureate. She now wears the crown of Editor of *Ancestors West*!

**Debbie Kaska** comes from a background of Biochemistry and Molecular Biology, but somewhere along her career path she learned German while on a junior year abroad in Germany. Later in 1972 while in Switzerland, the genealogy bug must have bitten her as she managed to visit German archives and villages seeking family records. She also learned to read German script, which has been a valuable asset for her research as well as mentoring other society members with German ancestry. Since August 2015 Debbie has shared with us her excellent editing skills as Editor of *Ancestors West* until the previous issue. She has also served as a library volunteer, and Board Secretary.

I am very indebted to Kathie Morgan, Dorothy Oksner, Karen Ramsdell and Charmien Carrier for the information I gleaned from their introductions of the honorees at our luncheon. Thank you.