



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Summer 2020 Vol. 45, No. 2

100 Years Ago

Santa Barbara and the Spanish Flu

This Moment in History

Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again

Quarantine Street

Sharing Ancestry with a New Generation

Polio and the Corset—Upright and Uptight



No Cure for Spanish Flu



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

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(SBCGS facility)

316 Castillo St., Santa Barbara 93101

Phone: (805) 884-9909

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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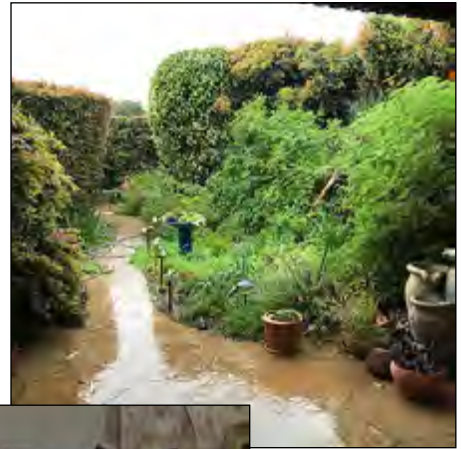
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From the Editor

Kristin Ingalls



The whole world has stopped by a virus so tiny

I cannot work in my garden – for it is too rainy

Closed is my church, so is my library

I cannot even go to a movie.

My friends cannot visit, so it's just me and my cat

You cannot get much more boring than that.

I could mop the floors or clean all my windows

I could straighten my messy cupboards, I suppose.

Oh, I don't think so – that does not sound fun

Besides, cleaning projects never get done.



Thank goodness that little old ladies like me

We collect hobbies – I have so, so many!

I could do some quilting, some drawing, some painting

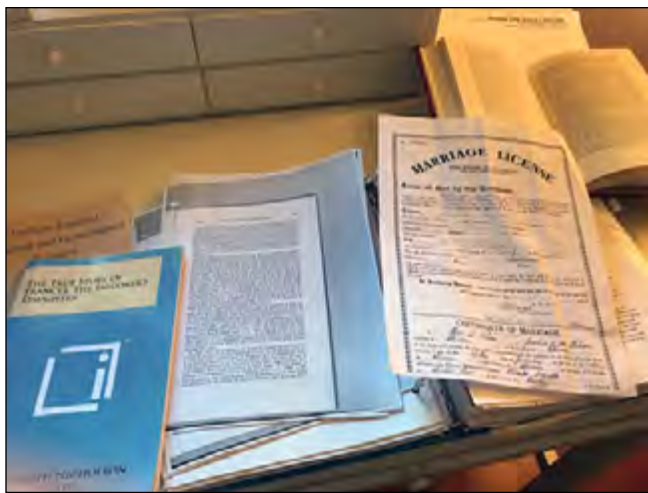
I've got tons of books that I could be reading

I could make more silly steam punk jewelry

Write silly poems, or other tomfoolery.



*But probably best of all, the one hobby
That will ALWAYS need more work is Genealogy!
Lock me up for days, for months, for a year
I'd still not be done, of that there's no fear.*



*Papers and papers – all in a pile
I've been going to sort through them for quite a while.
Now is a perfect time to put them in order
Update those files, get them into my computer.
I might tackle those brick walls of ancestors still hiding
Though which one to try first will take some deciding.
Or maybe contact some cousins on 23andMe
Find out just how related they might be.
I have photos to download, sources to list
I'll get it all done if I only persist.
So, heck with the virus, who needs to leave home
I'll order in pizza, and finally get this job done !*

In spite of my frivolous little rhyme, I, like all of you, am deeply concerned about the events now shaping our lives.

When we decided upon the theme of this issue, little did we know we would be living through some of the same things our ancestors faced 100 years ago.

Growing up I, as many of you, heard stories of my parents and their parents living through hard times, doing without, being unsure of the future. They lived through the Great Depression; two world wars, diseases no one understood, diseases without cures. Fear and insecurity were deeply etched into their memories. I never thought that could happen again.

Are we now reliving this? Being in the midst of this new world is what it must be like being in the eye of a hurricane. I cannot quite find my bearings or equilibrium. There is no roadmap to follow here. I hope we all get through this journey safely and that we will all be together again soon.

The theme of the next issue of *Ancestors West* will be SURPRISES!

What was the ONE biggest surprise you discovered while doing your genealogy? I know I've had dozens.

My first years in genealogy were spent putting names on a chart. It was not until later I began reconstructing my ancestor's actual lives. We never know when we go poking about what we will find.

Colorful characters are fun to discover; scoundrels are not. I've got a few of those and I was gob smacked when I found I had slave owners in my family.

The hardest part of this issue will be for you to choose just one surprise. It can be about one person, one family, one family story. Surprises can be good...or not so good. DNA seems to be disproving many family's beliefs that their great-great-grandmother was a Cherokee Princess. Sometimes surprises come by unearthing something the family was trying to hide. Many families never knew the amazing lives their ancestors lived. These discoveries are what make genealogy so compelling and keep us researching.

If you do not have any surprises to share, please remember that any other stories you would like to submit will be accepted too.

Submit your story to me at antkap@cox.net by **August 1, 2020**, following the guidelines on the inside back cover.

A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA

1875 Second Empire Home is a True Treasure

By Betsy J. Green

IT'S NO SURPRISE THAT THIS HOME is on the City of Santa Barbara's Designated Structures of Merit list. It appears identical to the c. 1910 photo that historian Neal Graffy provided from his collection. Graffy obtained the photo from one of the home's former owners. (When tracing a home's history, try to follow the people trail as well as the paper trail.)

This is one of the few Second Empire style homes in Santa Barbara, a style that peaked in the 1870s when it was called French Style. The Second Empire was named for Napoleon III's reign from 1852 to 1870. (Why it's not called the Third Empire is beyond me.)

The mansard roof is one of the defining features of this style named for François Mansart, a French architect in the 1600s. He basically took a gable roof, put a crease in it and bumped it out to create more room in the attic, and a vertical surface for windows.

The home is one of several on this block built by realtor/surveyor James L. Barker in 1875, according to articles in the *Santa Barbara Daily Press*. Barker was one of the movers and shakers in the growing city. He did not live in the home – he lived in an area that now bears his name: Barker Pass.

In 1875, this home was considered off the beaten track. The homes were described as “a short distance out of town, on Bath and Arrellaga.” An 1892 Sanborn Fire Insurance map of this area shows a stable behind the house. However, in 1887, the streetcar tracks ran along Bath Street past the home. This was the same year that the first train from Los Angeles reached Santa Barbara, and State Street was paved for the first time.

In November 1875, the 19th-century equivalent of Sarah Sinclair visited this home and its neighbors, and wrote, “The lots command a fine view of the bay and mountains. They are bordered with a row of bearing olive trees, and have also other fruit trees.”



309 West Arrellaga Street, home of Isaac R. True family in 1910

The writer then focused on the 309 W. Arrellaga house and a similar home on the corner of Bath and Micheltorena. “The corner houses have a French curb roof, and are larger and of more solid architecture than those on the middle lots...The parlors have bay windows and marble mantels. There is provision for a grate or stove in almost every room. The inside finish is all excellent, and that of some rooms of a very superior style.”

The writer continued, “The house on the upper corner, which in its arrangement and design takes the lead, has seven rooms, the parlor and dining room being connected by sliding doors...Besides the good taste shown in the design of the buildings, they appear to be built upon honor.” No architect was mentioned.

The Isaac R. True family, the longest residents of the home, began renting the house about 1900 and obviously treasured it, because they bought it in 1902 – for \$3,000. Isaac, his wife Lizzie, and daughters Eva and Laura made it their home until the last family member passed away in 1954. Graffy obtained the photos of the home and the True daughters wearing their befeathered chapeaus from descendants of the family.

In 1956, the home was bought by Oliver C. Bedford and his wife Constance, who moved the home from its original location at 1531 Bath Street, and turned it to face Arrellaga Street. His son Robert Bedford is now the owner of the home which contains four rental units.

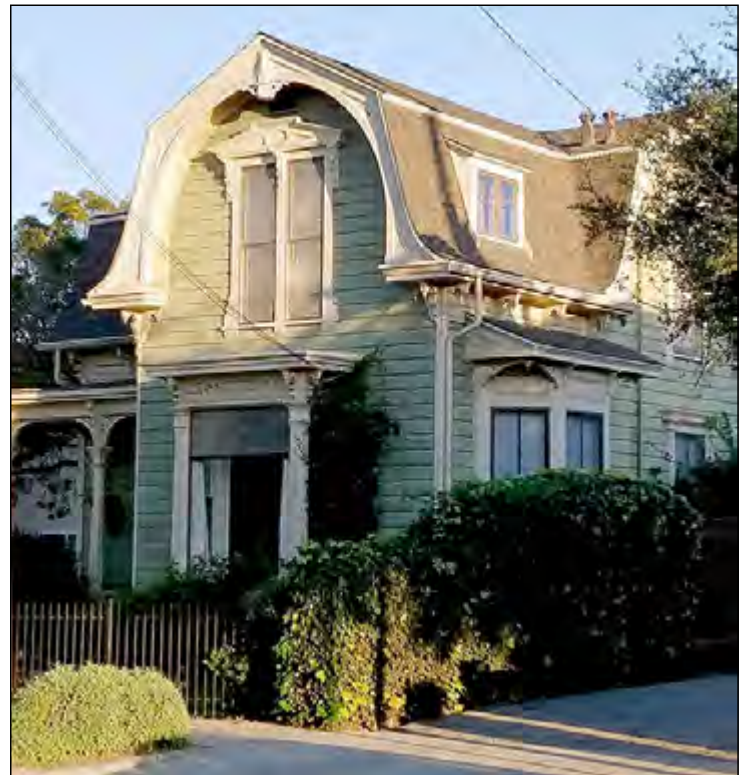
A sandstone wall is still in its original location along the sidewalk on Bath Street. Graffy remarked that walls like these are an easy indicator to show where an old house once stood. Happily, this house still stands, sheathed in its original redwood shiplap siding, and flaunting its distinctive elaborate trim.



Daughter Eva True



Daughter Laura M. True



309 West Arrellaga Street in 2020



Betsy J. Green is a Santa Barbara historian, and author of Discovering the History of Your House and Your Neighborhood, Santa Monica Press, 2002. Her website is betsyjgreen.com.

This article first appeared in The Santa Barbara Independent in the February 13-20, 2020 issue.

Quarantina Street

By Neal Graffy

MANY OF SANTA BARBARA'S original 52 street names, created and named in 1851, take their names from places or things of interest that they lead to or passed through. Currently of interest, based on notes and emails I've received, is the origin of the name "Quarantina Street."

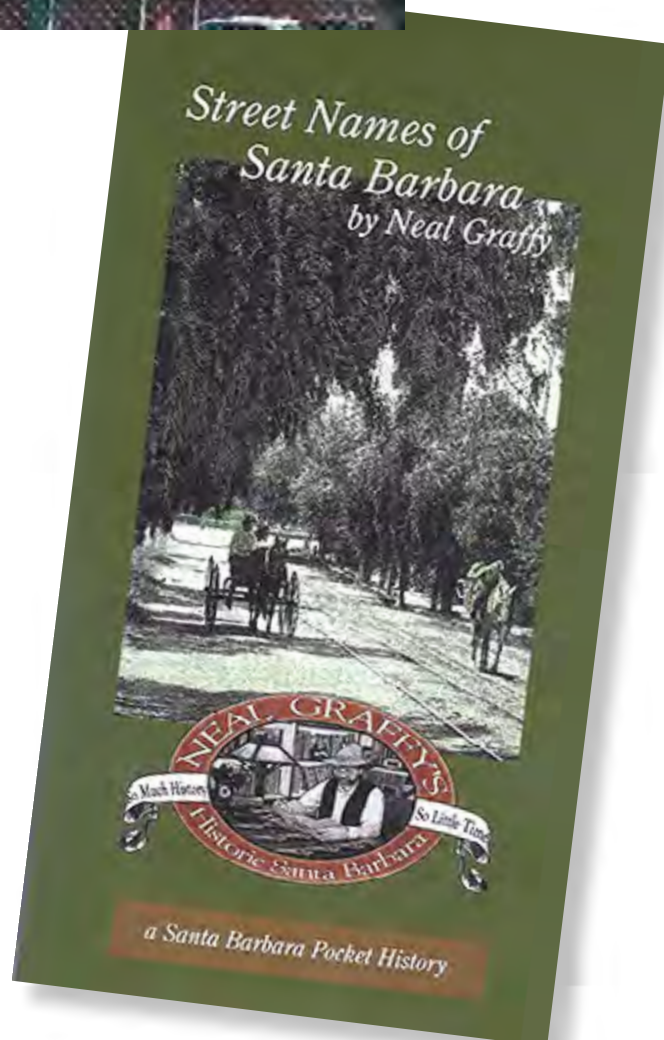
As officially spelled on maps and street signs since 1851, "Quarantina" has been anglicized from the Spanish *cuarentena* which can mean "forty days, months or years." In this instance, the word means forty days, the standard period of isolation for plagues and other illnesses, and recalls two incidents in the 1790s where ships, one with scurvy and the other with smallpox, were placed into quarantine.

The frigate *Princesa* dropped anchor off Santa Barbara in May, 1797 with thirty-four sailors suffering from scurvy. Though scurvy is not contagious, the sailors were removed from the ship and isolated. However, their confinement only lasted 18 days, far short of the demands of that street name.

The *Conception* arrived here from Mexico in May 1798 with five cases of smallpox aboard. Governor Diego Borica ordered the ship to be disinfected and passengers placed into quarantine. After only three weeks the victims recovered and no new cases were observed so Presidio Comandante Felipe de Goycochea allowed the ship to depart. The governor was furious that the forty-day rule had been breached and said if the smallpox spread the comandante would hang. Fortunately, neither occurred.

As originally laid out, Quarantina Street led all the way to East Beach identifying the location where the quarantined ships were said to have anchored and the scurvied sailors had camped.

© Neal Graffy – excerpt from *Santa Barbara Street Names and Place Names*.



Neal Graffy is Santa Barbara historian, lecturer, author and researcher. He is on the board of the Santa Barbara County Genealogy Society and has been a member for nearly a generation. He is taking great advantage of his current isolation by organizing, inventorying and filing his archive of Santa Barbarania, working to complete his long-awaited manuscript of the history of the Great Santa Barbara Earthquake and co-working on a new book, "Ortega Ridge," the third in the Santa Barbara History Mystery series. His current books – Santa Barbara Then & Now, Street Names of Santa Barbara, A Murder at the Potter Hotel, and An Unfortunate Incident at Castle Rock (the latter two being the first and second in the SB History Mystery series) are all available at the SBGCS library and book store.

Squirrel Liens

Records Preservation Committee
Dorothy Oksner, Co-Chair

A LONG WITH LAND RECORDS, Squirrel Liens can be useful to locate a missing ancestor who owned or occupied property in the county you are researching.

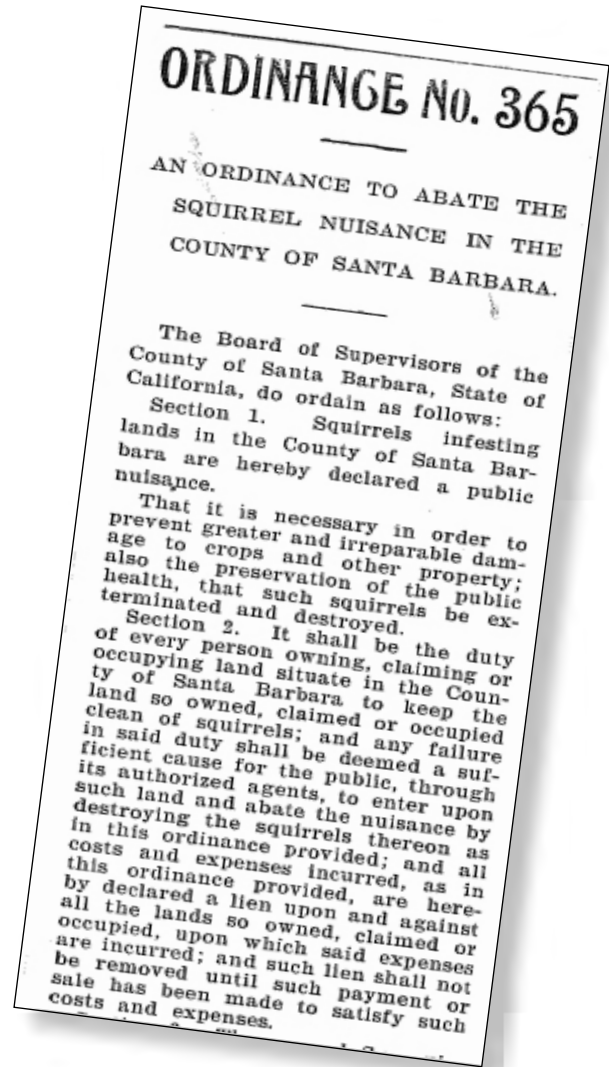
The lien can reveal who owned and/or occupied the property, the property's legal description, and the dollar amount of the lien.

In Santa Barbara County, liens were filed under and in accordance with the provisions of Ordinance No. 365 of the County of Santa Barbara, entitled "An Ordinance to Abate the Squirrel Nuisance in the County of Santa Barbara," passed and adopted the third day of March, 1914, by the Board of Supervisors of said Santa Barbara County. If a property owner or occupant did not eradicate the ground squirrels on his property, the squirrel district inspectors did eradicate the squirrels and charged the owner/occupant for the expense. No research was conducted to see if this ordinance has been repealed.

Among Santa Barbara County's Squirrel Liens, we found a lien for the eradication of noxious weeds, known as "poison hemlock," *conium maculatum*.¹ The Horticultural Commissioner, Eugene S. Kellogg, oversaw this problem and caused a lien to be filed on property for the owner's non-payment of the eradicated noxious weeds. Since Kellogg was the Horticultural Commissioner and oversaw the ground squirrel problem, his noxious weed lien was filed in the same book as the Squirrel Liens.

The Records Preservation Committee members Michol Colgan scanned and Helen Rydell indexed Book A of Squirrel Liens containing 21 records dating from 1917 to 1923. The index can be found on the SBCGS website, sbgen.org.

1. A highly poisonous biennial herbaceous flowering plant in the carrot family Apiaceae, native to Europe and North Africa. A hardy plant capable of living in a variety of environments, hemlock is widely naturalized in locations outside its native range, such as parts of North and South America, Australia and West Asia, to which it has been introduced. Wikipedia.



Pair of California Ground Squirrels, photo from Wikimedia Commons

Santa Barbara and the Spanish Flu

By C. Seybert Kinsell, M.D.

Reprinted from *Ancestors West*, Vol. 26, No. 3, Spring 2000

PNEUMONIC INFLUENZA, more usually called the Spanish Flu because the first cases were thought to be from the Pyrenees region of Spain, was as bad a western pestilence as any Western society has suffered in the modern era. It struck the United States in 1918. Twenty percent of the U.S. Army and 28% of civilians became ill. By the time the epidemic ended, more than 20,000,000 people had died worldwide, 548,000 in the United States. Santa Barbara had 625 cases between October and December with 19 deaths, mostly 25 to 30 year olds.

Now we know that a virus causes influenza. It is a cunning disease and capable of changing its nature and eluding the vaccine which attempts to shackle it. Today it is relatively rare for influenza to lead to the lethal complications of pneumonia or to the exacerbation of respiratory and heart diseases, which are treatable by antibiotics and anti-viral and other medications. In 1918, flu was thought to be due to a bacillus (named for the German bacteriologist Pfeiffer Bacillus). Treatment was largely rest, nutritional support and hope. Caution-avoiding sources of infection was the only prevention.

Santa Barbara in 1918 was a sleepy seaside town of 18,000. Its war efforts included bond sales and parades and much volunteerism for the Red Cross. Letters from the boys overseas filled the newspapers. The flu was of little concern. News of impending Allied victory over Germany filled the papers. As the summer progressed, flu cases began to be reported in eastern Army camps. Cases in the west were slower to develop because traffic was reduced and most travel was from west to east. Finally, in the early days of October, the first cases were described in Santa Barbara along with cases on military bases in California.

Meanwhile, world-renowned Dr. Nathaniel Potter was brought to Santa Barbara from Chicago by Mr. George Owen Knapp (Knapp was founder and chairman of Union Carbide Corporation and had a major role in the activities and growth of Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital) to establish a metabolic laboratory at Cottage Hospital. In August he began lectures with detailed descriptions of the history, prevention and attempted cure of influenza. His talks, described as clear, concise and comprehensive, were given in churches, to the Rotary Club and to schoolchildren (he also had speaking engagements in Los Angeles and Long Beach). He warned people of Santa Barbara that they would not be immune despite the glorious sunshine and climate. His warning proved prophetic. Dr. Potter was too ill, although not from influenza, to attend groundbreaking ceremonies for the new Potter Wing of Cottage Hospital on April 13, 1919. While on his way to rest in the cooler altitude of Lake Tahoe, he lapsed into a diabetic coma and died, July 5, 1919, in a San Francisco hospital. But Dr. Potter, before his unfortunate death, offered some advice:

"It is our duty in the war to see that every individual is kept well. At our clinic we adopted a face mask

composed of a little piece of wire gauze shaped with a piece of ordinary adhesive tape to prevent scratching and lined with a detachable piece of medicated gauze clamped on with a paper clip.

"Everyone who has a child at home, as well as our cooks and other household servants, should wear a mask until your cold is over.

"The face mask can prevent most of the danger of disease such as flu, colds, sore throat, diphtheria or scarlet fever which are spread by talking, coughing and sneezing.

"Unless this is started soon, the grippe will seize you in its clutches. Let us see what we can do here in Santa Barbara as an ideal community to prevent and diminish illness of anyone who can help to win this terrible struggle (the war)."

Santa Barbara's response was apathetic at first. Early cases were mild, but as numbers increased, complications were reported. By October 15, 1918 there were 152 cases and the first death from pneumonia. The outlook was not bright.

The Health Department called a special meeting of city leaders and on October 14, 1918, the precautionary measures to prevent spread of the epidemic were adopted. Public gatherings, Red Cross assemblies, churches and all public congregating places were closed. Restaurants, banks and hotels were the only businesses open. State Street was deserted. The closure, effective noon, October 15, applied to all theaters, motion picture shows, public and private schools, churches, pool rooms, billiard halls and bowling alleys within the city of Santa Barbara. These orders were to remain in effect until the Health Board considered it safe to lift the ban. Non-compliance was a misdemeanor subject to a \$50-500 fine, and or 10 to 100 days in jail. The City Council vote was unanimous. In addition, the need for using the vacant Boyland School (later the Samarkand Hotel) as an emergency hospital was discussed.

On October 21, 1918, after two deaths, the Health Board decided to take no chances and advised wearing masks. They advised people to cover up each cough and sneeze to avoid spreading disease. Everyone meeting the public was advised to wear a gauze mask for his own protection. The advice applied to postal clerks, bank tellers, barbers and anyone who was required to talk to the public all day. Masks were free and provided at the Health Office at the San Marcos Building. For those without the time to go to the Health Office, Dr. Clarke, Health Officer, would provide advice over the phone. People were advised that a telephone used by more than one person should be cleaned at least once a day. The constabulary offered to act as guards on the street cars and other public conveyances to enforce wearing of masks prescribed by the Health Department. (One doctor was cited for not wearing a mask on the trolley. He said he was opposed to the autocratic rule of the Health Board.)

In the next weeks Boyland filled with patients. The Cottage Hospital Outpatient Dispensary was closed



Red Cross image from Wikimedia Commons

after seeing 525 patients by the end of October. The flu fences (masks) were falling into disrepute. In prior weeks the supply of 1400 Red Cross masks ran out and the wearers had the appearance of KKK vigilantes. Another problem was that the gauze used for the masks was needed for surgical dressings. And the masks were frightening some children into a nervous state.

At Cottage Hospital, the vacant dispensary, maternity ward, and basement and parlor of the nurses' home were used for patients. St. Francis, Boyland and the County Hospital were filled until caseloads fell in December. The *Santa Barbara Morning Press* reported that teachers of schools and the Normal College offered efficient aid in the Diet Kitchen and Linen Room. The staff of Dr. Potter's lab helped in the office. The Arlington and Potter Hotels and citizens provided foods and linens to the hospital, and Boyland. Pupils were dismissed for an indefinite vacation and were cautioned not to play in each other's back yards. They were told to keep strictly on their individual sides of the fence separating their yards in order to avoid the danger of infection.

After 132 years of existence, Mission Chapel closed its doors. And for the first time, public services on Sundays were cancelled from October 27th to December 8th.

Tourists at the Arlington Hotel were cautioned to remain in Santa Barbara where the salubrious weather and good healthy breezes across the channel made contracting the Spanish Flu less likely.

Treatment of the flu included varied and simple remedies, most not very effective:

1. One simple remedy was to put a drop of kerosene on the end of the tongue and the entrance to the nostrils three or four times daily. Gratifying results were reported, especially among nonsmokers.
2. Dr. Winchester's remedy consisted of 5 grains of Oil of Wintergreen in a small teacup of hot water every two hours, with the patient in bed and comfortably warm. This had been an unqualified success in the epidemic of 1889-1890.
3. A simple home remedy for pneumonia was to "saturate a ball of cotton with spirits of alcohol, add three drops of chloroform, place between the teeth and inhale the fumes in long, deep breaths for 15 minutes. Rest 15 minutes and inhale again for 15 minutes. After repeating the operation 24 times the lungs will expand to their normal condition, the patient will be out of danger in 24 hours, and cured in 48 hours, although weak."

4. A Veronica Springs Water ad suggested imperfect elimination as a cause of the flu and exhorted people to remove the cause and stay well by drinking Veronica Springs Water daily.
5. Dr. Potter obtained bacterial cultures from a patient in Boyland and friends at the University of California. He worked steadily with his assistant, Dr. Francis, at a private lab in Montecito to produce a vaccine. The dose was three injections at 48-hour intervals to promote at least a temporary immunity. This vaccine was never widely used and felt by most people to be ineffective.

By November 30th, the Santa Barbara flu ban was called off. On December 1st the lodges, clubs, etc. were reopened, on December 4th the schools reopened (with only students being allowed whose temperatures were less than 99 degrees), on December 7th the theaters, pool halls and billiard halls opened, and on December 8th the churches resumed services. The *Santa Barbara Morning Press* reported crowded thoroughfares, with everyone from baby to grandfather downtown. The movies were filled with capacity crowds; the film *Business Before Pleasure* being the special film at the Potter. In the months following, the flu disappeared as mysteriously as it came leaving 20 million dead worldwide, more than the 9 million deaths of the First World War. The moral of this story is to get your flu shots annually. It could happen again.

Sources for this article include newspapers of the time, principally the *Santa Barbara Morning Press*, and Walker Tompkins' *Cottage Hospital: The First Hundred Years*, 1988.

Editor's Note: In 2020, the CDC has estimated that about 500 million people or one-third of the world's population became infected with this virus. The number of deaths was estimated to be at least 50 million worldwide with about 675,000 occurring in the United States.

Source: <https://www.cdc.gov/flu/pandemic-resources/1918-pandemic-h1n1.html>

Retired pediatrician Dr. C. Seybert Kinsell was raised in Santa Barbara, attended its public schools, and received an M.D. degree from Stanford University. As a pediatrician in the Santa Barbara area he pursued his special interest in children with disabilities. His many active interests include participation in the Santa Barbara Schools Alumni Association, the Police and Fire Commission, the Santa Barbara Historical Society, the Rotary Club, and Meals on Wheels. Dr. Kinsell is a Hospice volunteer and a Santa Barbara Historical Society docent for school children.



This Moment in History

By Melinda Yamane Crawford

TODAY IS SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 2020. China first reported the novel Coronavirus (COVID-19) to the World Health Organization (WHO) on December 31, 2019, and the outbreak was declared a Public Health Emergency of International Concern on January 30, 2020. In today's news, it was reported that the United States has had over 20,000 deaths, making it the country with the most coronavirus deaths.

My oldest sibling, Michael, is a doctor of internal medicine on the East Coast. This article is dedicated to him and the many healthcare professionals for going to war and serving on the front lines. This very special brother of mine has always been someone whom I've looked up to. In my own mind, he is a bit like a Renaissance man, although he is the first person to denounce such a description of himself.

On a related note, my former husband's paternal grandmother, Roberta Mae "Sudie" Mize Crawford (1894-1995), was a family member whom I had also held the highest respect for and perhaps had even thought of as a Renaissance woman of her time. In addition to having given birth to 14 children, she was a farmer's wife, an Assembly of God minister, a gifted storyteller, had owned and ran a restaurant, prepared wonderful Southern meals, was a seamstress and a quilt maker, and lived her 101 years as a woman full of faith, warmth, compassion, love, caring, and strength of mind and character.

In August 1979, Ma Sudie, age 85, gave an interview for a book that would later be published in 1980, entitled *The History of Sevier County and Her People 1803-1936* (Sevier County Historical Society, 1980). Below are excerpts from Ma Sudie's interview, from a transcription I discovered during a visit to one of Sevier County's local libraries.

I was born and reared in Sevier County at Ben Lomond, Arkansas. My father, the late W.C. Mize (Uncle Bill) came to Ben Lomond from Tupelo, Mississippi at the age of 18 years [in 1881]. He was married about two years later to Lula Virginia Spigner, who with her family, had also come from Mississippi.

When I was young the mode of transportation was by wagon, buggy, hack and teams, or horseback riding.

We cooked on wood burning stoves or on open fireplaces.

Coffins were made by hand and were all of the same design



March 1981: Melinda, brother Michael and mother Julie.

but in all sizes...Clothes were usually made by the neighbors for the burial of women and children.

Epidemics of that time were measles, mumps, chicken pox, scarlet fever, whooping cough and, later, polio and smallpox. There was no immunization against those diseases at that time. Our family went through all of them except smallpox and scarlet fever without any later ill effects. We had no polio.

In the published book itself, the following was stated:

Epidemics, or the fear of them, ran rampant in the early days. In 1819 a smallpox epidemic killed most of the Quapaw Indians south of the Arkansas River. In the fall of 1832, cholera, one of the most dreaded of all diseases, threatened to invade Arkansas Territory. A case did show up in St. Francis country. "In November, the disease was reported among the Choctaws who were passing through the territory on their westward movement. As precaution, the Arkansas Gazette outlined symptoms and suggestions for recognizing the disease, and described treatment: "The chief methods of treating this disease are bleeding, doses of calomel and opium followed by castor oil, and salt solutions to induce vomiting."

(The History of Sevier County and Her People, Sevier County Historical Society, 1980, p. 229)

Additional accounts were shared by local residents on the topic of epidemics:

(Stuart Norwood, age 75). "The only epidemics I remember was the itch. I'm talking about the kind of itch that you've got to scratch regardless of where you are. Put that question to anybody else and see what they say. Then there was the fine tooth comb for lice. Those were two things..."

(Ed Hendrix, age 87). "Common epidemics of itch and lice were taken care of with sulphur/grease treatments."

(George Locke, age 79). "Oh, God, yes. I remember epidemics. The same one so many people died of. Yellow fever!...It was frightening."

(W.T. Young, age 93+). "Malaria affected most of the people living in farming communities. Malaria was treated by a round of calomel followed by a dose of castor oil or Epsom salts. When purged, the patient was given quinine."

(Ed. Hendrix, age 89). "The small pox epidemic hit our family but our doctor, Dr. Nichols, vaccinated all the family and no one died. I remember the first victim was Bud Herring and how afraid people were!"

(The History of Sevier County and Her People, Sevier County Historical Society, 1980, p. 301-302)

Never in my wildest dreams would I have ever conceived of witnessing the likes of COVID-19 - such a dangerous virus and challenging time for the entire world that would end so many lives, both young and old; would shut down businesses; would stop travel and close borders; would create a widespread shortage of toilet paper, paper towels, and hand sanitizer; would have parents homeschool their children while working from home themselves; would require college students to rely solely on online courses; would create a world full of online Zoom meetings for both business and social gatherings; and would mandate in-person social distancing at all times for everyone.

And yet, in the midst of all of that, we are a resilient people at home, at work, and in our communities. As my brother Michael had shared with me, we had survived AIDS, Ebola, SARS, and the pandemic flu. Even though we have and will continue to experience much hardship for some time across the globe, there will come a time when this, too, will pass and become a part of our shared history.

Melinda Yamane Crawford is a Southern California native and a UCSB HR manager for the last 19+ years. Technically, she is Sansei (3rd generation) based on both sets of her grandparents having been Japanese immigrants and her parents having been born in the United States.



However, her two paternal great-grandfathers preceded their families' arrivals in Hawaii, with the earliest arrival having been in 1899. Melinda has been conducting family history research since 2002. SBCGS classes and general membership meetings have played an important role in developing and supporting her passion for genealogy research since 2005 and also served as an inspiration that eventually led to her co-founding of the Nikkei Genealogical Society (www.facebook.com/nikkeigen) in 2014.



June 1994: Ma Sudie's 100th birthday, Melinda, two great-grandkids and Melinda's father-in-law

Saved By a Can of Peaches: A Flu Survivor's Story

By Debbie Drew Kaska

IN 1918, THE WORLD WAS AT WAR. Soldiers from the United States had arrived in Europe the summer of 1917 and before the war ended more than 2 million Americans had been sent “over there” to make the world safe for democracy. Among those drafted in 1918 was a 27 year old engineer, Harvey A. Drew.

Harvey Drew, from Downers Grove, Illinois, was initially stationed at the relatively new Camp Grant near Rockford, Illinois. A letter he wrote from Camp Grant to the local Downers Grove newspaper in March 1918 was lighthearted and praised the Y.M.C.A., the fresh air, outdoor exercise, substantial food, clean and orderly living as



1st Lt. Harvey A. Drew in the Corp of Engineers, 1918.

with them. The first wave of influenza during the spring of 1918 had been less severe and seemed to end during the heat of the summer. However, in the fall it came back with a vengeance.

The country was at war and reinforcements were needed overseas. Soldiers could not be allowed to rest. According to Harvey, men who were sick were assigned “light duty,” and for him this meant delivering the mail. The assignment took him across the camp and he had to stop to rest when he got there. By the time he got back he had missed lunch and felt very weak. He went to the cook and asked if there was any food left. The cook took a cleaver and opened a mess hall-sized can of peaches and poured it out into a bowl. Harvey always felt that fruit saved his life.

The Influenza epidemic began to subside by October 1918. Then in November the war was over. It is estimated that approximately 43,000 U.S. servicemen died of influenza during WWI. Combat deaths were approximately 53,000.

Harvey Drew married relatively late in his life – at the age of 48. He was already 51 when I was born. He would recount this story to me growing up – often while we ate a bowl of canned peaches.



Red Cross Motor Corps at Camp Meigs 1918. Note the WMCA on the left.

This image is available from the United States Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division under the digital ID <http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/2016869323/>

well as the Company Baseball team. The letter contains also a line that is quite prescient. “Our future seems to be absolutely uncertain.”

War in Europe was not the only killer the soldiers would face that year. He could not have known that by September 4,000 men at Camp Grant would be sick with influenza, 1,000 of them dying of it in the week September 23-October 1, 2018!

However, Harvey was not one of them because in April, 1918, he had already been transferred to Camp Meigs in Washington D.C. And it was at Camp Meigs he contracted influenza.

The close living conditions of an army barracks were ideal for the spread of a contagious disease. And men were transferred from camp to camp taking the virus

Debbie Drew Kaska grew up in a suburb west of Chicago, Illinois, and ventured into genealogy with her father who loved to reminisce. His knowledge of the English and Alsatian villages of her ancestors prepared the way for easily “jumping the pond” to Europe. Finally with retirement, she was able to take up family history research again in earnest and by then the tool chest for genealogists had expanded! She has served as secretary of the Board of directors of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, with the team teaching the beginning and intermediate classes at the Sahyun Library, and was editor of Ancestors West.



My Grandmother, Ruth Gilman Kimball Sylvester, and the 1918-1920 Influenza Pandemic

By Arthur Gibbs Sylvester

ACCORDING TO OUR FAMILY LORE, my paternal grandmother, Ruth Gilman Kimball (Sylvester) died of the 1918-1920 flu in August, 1917. Therein lies a problem. Was she one of the first to die of that flu even though it was not officially discovered until March, 1918? Or is the family lore confused?

Ruth was born in Hermon, Maine, 13 March 1876, the daughter of Andrew Jackson Kimball and Elmira E. Pickard. She was an alumna of the Eastern State Normal School, Castine, Maine, and was a school teacher for some years before marriage to Raymond Sumner Sylvester, 13 June 1904, in Brewer, Maine.

Although she was an accomplished horsewoman and could shoot a rifle, Ruth was a frail woman always in tenuous health, so in 1904 she and Raymond removed (somehow, probably by train) from central Maine directly to Southern California for her health.

Ruth's vital records do not give a specific cause of death, so we have to wonder if she was a victim of the 1918-1920 flu before it was officially identified as such only four months after her death. This hypothesis mirrors how some people in 2019-2020 were initially diagnosed as suffering from Type A Flu, only to learn later that they had contracted the novel COVID-19 virus.

Alternatively, the family, not knowing when lethal 1918-1920 flu actually commenced, erroneously conflated Ruth's 1917 death with it. Fifty to one hundred years from now, I can imagine how people may similarly attribute ordinary flu deaths in early 2019 with the catastrophic 2020 pandemic.

The 1918-1920 Influenza Pandemic

The 1918-1920 H1N1 influenza was extremely contagious. Like today, control efforts worldwide then included non-pharmaceutical interventions such as isolation, quarantine, good personal hygiene, use of disinfectants, and limitations of public gatherings, which were applied unevenly.

This pandemic may have killed more people than the Black Death, more in one year than the Black Death killed in a century. It's estimated that 10% to 20% of those who were infected died. Current estimates say the global mortality was probably 50-100 million people.

In the US about 28% of the population suffered, and from 500,000 to 675,000 died. Native American tribes were particularly hard hit. In the Four Corners area alone, 3,293 deaths were registered among Native Americans. Entire village communities perished in Alaska.

An unusual feature of this pandemic was that it mostly killed young adults. In 1918-1920, 99% of pandemic influenza deaths in the US occurred in people under 65, and nearly half in young adults 20 to 40 years old. This is noteworthy, because influenza is normally most deadly to weak individuals, such as infants (under age two), the very old (over age 70), and the immunocompromised.



Ruth Gilman Kimball with her father, Andrew Jackson Kimball, probably on her wedding day in 1904.

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Flu stricken soldiers from Fort Riley, Kansas, at a hospital ward at Camp Funston

Arthur Sylvester, Professor Emeritus of Earth Science at UCSB, has been a member of the SBCGS since 1992, its president 2006-2010, and member of the Board of Directors since 2004. Art is still active in his field, but of late instead of researching rocks, he is a volunteer in a Santa Barbara Botanic Garden project to search for noxious invasive weeds in recent wildfire areas. His assigned study area is that burned in the 2017 Whittier fire. His latest literary venture is geological, not genealogical: "Roadside Geology of Southern California."



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Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again

By Fred Tabacchi

ITALY EMERGED FROM WORLD WAR I in a poor and weakened condition, a costly conflict borne by a relatively new and underdeveloped country. Post-war inflation and large debts led to mass unemployment, food shortages, strikes, and general unrest throughout the country.

With no obvious solutions in sight, millions of Italians left their homeland, about half going to other locations in Europe, hoping for a better life; the rest headed to ports of departure throughout Europe, including Le Havre, France; Hamburg, Germany, and the Italian cities of Na-



Cemetery Crespano del Grappa is the entrance to the cemetery in Crespano Del Grappa, a small town in the province of Treviso, Veneto region of Italy.

ples, Palermo, Venice and Genoa. Steamships picked up their human cargo and set sail to points north, south, east and west. The overwhelming majority of immigrants traveled in steerage, packed in as tightly as space would allow, and days dragged into weeks, waiting and waiting for the ship to complete its journey and arrive at the dock.

My four grandparents were among the millions of Italians who immigrated to the United States. They boarded four separate ships over several years, and two weeks later the American Dream was finally at hand. Eventually all would travel by train to Santa Barbara, home to most of them for the rest of their lives.

In 2012 I was fortunate enough to boldly go where three of my grandparents came from, the Veneto province in northeastern Italy. It was the first trip for the generations that were born in the US, and we looked forward to finding more of our distant cousins, seeing where our ancestors lived and finding out more about ourselves. Nothing like a cramped airplane, sleep deprivation and the potential lack of the comforts of home to really show your mettle.

Among the many places we visited in Italy was the cemetery in Crespano Del Grappa. We were looking for the grave of Alma Angela Rosato Tabacchi, my father's father's mother, who died when my grandfather was 14 years old. We split up at the entrance and headed in different directions. The names read like a Santa Barbara telephone directory: Torresan, Zilliotto, Melchiori, Panizon, Bortolazzo...the list went on and on.

Walking through that cemetery and looking for a specific headstone took me back to an early spring day in the late 1990s in Dunsmuir, California. Along with a good friend who was from the area, I was hunting down the grave of Antonio Capovilla, my mother's mother's brother. There were a significant number of Capovillas in the area, but none that I reached out to could connect the dots. We walked the Dunsmuir Cemetery, the Evergreen Cemetery in Yreka and struck paydirt in the Winema Cemetery in Weed. A small weathered upright headstone gave me Antonio Capovilla's dates of birth and death, which eventually led me to find the manifest from the ship he traveled on to the United States.

Antonio arrived in the United States through Ellis Island on March 20, 1912. Much like my paternal grandfather, he too left Italy at the age of 18. Antonio traveled with his cousin Mosé, who had previously been in America and worked the coal mines in Thurber, Texas. Both were bound for Dunsmuir with hopes of a better life.

Antonio's life in the United States was short-lived. He died during the 1918 flu pandemic (better known as the Spanish influenza). Between the months of August and November of 1918, this influenza spread quickly around the world, with more people dying of influenza in a single year than in four years of the Black Death or Bubonic Plague from 1347 to 1351.

My daydream of the Winema Cemetery was broken by calls and waves, indicating the headstone had been found. We gazed upon our history, took some photos and returned to the van that would transport us to other places my relatives spoke of, allowing us the opportunity to gaze upon the same sights they did.

Cemeteries are full of stories about the lives of those who rest there; it is up to us to find them and keep those memories alive.

Fred Tabacchi is a native Santa Barbarian who spent 25 years in the Pacific Northwest and returned to Santa Barbara in 2013. He has been interested in genealogy since a project in 8th grade



sparked a desire to know more about his family. Fred, his wife Cindy and daughter Laura live in the house Fred's grandparents bought in the mid 1940's, and continue the tradition of a vegetable garden, chicken coop and homemade wine that were started all those years ago.

Me under a TABACCHI sign in Italy. Tabacchi stores are where tobacco is sold, so it's a popular sign. And what can I say, I'm popular as well. :)

No Cure for Spanish Flu

From: *Wild Wild Mesa Stories*

By Wendel Hans

Measles Now, Influenza Then

Measles are in the news. There is a vaccine. Some people choose not to take the vaccine. Based on a test that involved only 12 patients, some people passionately believe vaccine caused autism. A test of half a million patients in Norway concluded that measles vaccine cannot cause autism. Others believe combining three anti-virals into the MMR blend created a poison. Beliefs of a few impact the lives of many. Such was not the case with the Spanish Influenza of 1918. Spanish flu killed my maternal grandmother, Stella Feltman Newman, and her son, Douglas, before their time. There was no vaccine. There was no cure.

An Epidemic Crossing International Boundaries

The pandemic was worldwide. Of 50 million dead worldwide, 675,000 were Americans. Southern California was hit harder than Northern California. Roughnecks at the Summerland oil-field were not immune. Every man, woman, and child was more likely to consult a druggist, a mid-wife, or a folk healer than a doctor. There were nine drugstores in Santa Barbara in 1918 dispensing cures. Doctor Winchester was addicted to his own medicine. In 1918 people of medicine believed the flu was caused by germs, not a virus. Nobody knew about viruses. People would plug keyholes with rags to keep the bacteria out of their house. Masks were big business. Quarantine was tried. Nothing worked. There was no cure for Spanish Flu. It was spread by the cough and the sneeze. The Santa Barbara Lighthouse keeper, Harley Weeks, and his family, were spared.



Bessie Feltman, my great aunt, Stella's sister, one year younger. My mother called her "Aunt Bess." Source Tim Gavin



1912- Estella Marie Feltman became Mrs J.R. Newman, my maternal grandmother, who died of Spanish Flu, at age 29, December 10 1918. Source: J.R. Newman Estate

Stella

Stella was born in Kentucky in 1889. Her father polished brass in a machine shop. She was the oldest daughter. In 1912 both 23-year old Stella Marie Feltman and her 22-year-old sister Bessie were book-keepers in a whiskey house in Covington, Kentucky.

The Feltman family was comfortable with guns and horses. Stella and Bessie were frontier women. Stella met my grandfather at the saloon.

J. R.

Joseph Randolph Newman was born in 1882 in horse country. The tiny farm town was called Blue Creek, Ohio. He sang bass. He liked theater. Medium height and medium build, Joe had blue eyes and light brown hair and he made a career of trains. Engineers started out as firemen shoveling coal into the steam locomotive boiler. His career began on January 2, 1903, shoveling coal for the St. Louis R.R. Company. The railroad yard was just across the Ohio River in Cincinnati. He was awarded his own steam locomotive and passenger train on November 7, 1908. He carried an ivory handled derringer in his vest and a .410 shotgun in the cab of his locomotive to defend his trains from bandits and robbers. Railroaders nicknamed him "Shotgun Joe." After he met Stella in 1912 they wrote almost daily. They married on June 25, 1915, and had a daughter, Marjorie Elizabeth, and a son, Douglas. Douglas passed away on December 9, 1918, of the Spanish influenza. His

mother, Stella, died the next day, December 10. Stella and baby Douglas were caught in the pandemic. She was 29. He was one. She was pregnant.

The Pathos of Bad Medicine

Joe registered for the draft on September 11, 1918. All American men registered. America was sending troops to the Western Front in France. Soldiers return-

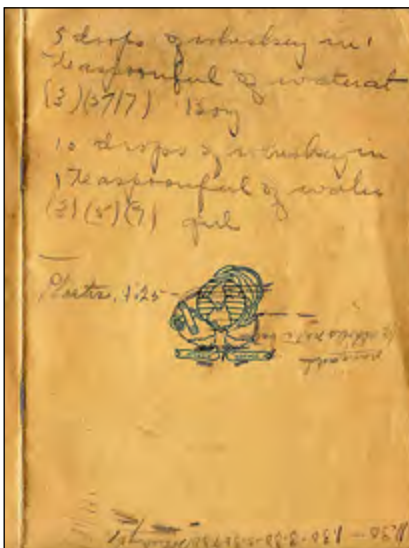


1954-My grandfather, "Shotgun Joe Newman," stands with his diesel electric locomotive. The nickname derived from the need for engineers to protect their train, passengers, and the cargo, always the US Mail. He was always armed with a concealed pistol.



May 3 1918, J R Newman-With engineers mustache, Joe stands with my mother Marjorie leaning out the window, and holding his son Douglas. In seven months and six days his son will be dead of the pneumonia which followed the influenza.

ing from France brought back the flu. Men with dependents were not called up to fight in World War I. In his estate, Joe had kept the love letters and a Marine Corps recruiting booklet of 31 pages. On the back cover of the booklet he had written in pencil a desperate cure for the flu. "Boy (3) (5) (7) (mustard) plaster- 4hrs.- 11.30-1.30-



3.30-5.30-7.30 whiskey 1." There was no vaccine. There was just desperate folk medicine that could not work. Joe would remarry but his true love was gone. A registered Democrat, he was elected to the Utah House of Representatives in 1932. He was a Mason, a hunter, and belonged to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. He called me "Mugwump," a political expression, affectionately.

Marine Corps recruiting pamphlet published August 15 1918. When Stella and baby Douglas took ill, J.R. Newman wrote a desperate pencil cure for the flu on the back cover; JR Newman Estate

1918 Notes by my grandfather- praying for a cure to save his wife of three years and his son from the Spanish Flu... whiskey and mustard plaster. One year, one month, 22 days- Too young for a child to die. Source: *Ancestry.com*

Grandmother Stella

I never knew my grandmother. My mother never got a chance to know her mother or her brother.

August 14 1916- Grandmother Stella with my mother, Marjorie. When Stella died of Spanish flu, my mother was raised by the Feltman family in Covington KY. My mother had many aunts to mother her. Mom was born June 12 1916 in Salt Lake City UT.



A Lesson for the Mesa From 1918

There are vaccines for influenza and measles now. People have the luxury of refusing vaccines. We have never seen the millions dead of the 1918 world pandemic. We have never known the desperation of failed folk medicine. On the Santa Barbara Mesa we can only imagine the desperation of a father with whiskey and water and mustard plaster as the prescribed folk medicine to fend off the inevitable end of his baby son and loving bride. Like 1918, Covid-19 has no vaccine. Summer is coming. But like 1918 when my grandmother died, it will be winter again.

Some Sources;

Letters and Photos from J.R. Newman's Estate

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Ancestry.com; Newman, Feltman



Wendel Hans

Sharing Ancestry with a New Generation

By Dr. Larrie Wanberg

I ONLY KNEW MY great-grandmother Kari Moe through the gift of genealogy and the dedication of my mother. Mother documented our family history by hand on a 30-foot scroll of butcher paper dating back 28 generations.

Her oral history of stories around our family dining table of her grandmother Kari's emigration in 1872 to America from Suldal, Norway, was fascinating, chilling, and courageous, despite a life of hardship. Kari lived with my grandmother's family, including my mother and her three siblings, in Elroy, Wisconsin, until her death at age 81 in 1902 — being blind in her last years.

Upon arriving in Wisconsin at a time when the country was still recovering from the Civil War, Kari at age 51 wrote her first letter back to family in Norway, describing her perilous crossing. She traveled with seven family members, including two sons-in-law and a child aged seven. Before leaving Norway, Kari had buried her husband and five of her eight children on the Moe farm.

Kari departed Norway on a sailing schooner April 20, 1872, arriving on June 2. Shortly after her arrival in Wisconsin she penned the following letter to family in Norway. The letter was translated by Jon Moe, my Norwegian second cousin.

Bota (Wis) den 2. Juni 1872

Dear Jhone and Ingeri:

According to your wish I now at once after our arrival write to tell you about our journey and tumbling across the Atlantic Ocean. As you probably know we left Stavanger April 20th in the evening at 6 o'clock. The weather was very nice but we had no wind to push us so we had to have a steamship tugging us off Udsire [Norway's westernmost island]. No sooner had the steamer turned when a wind began to blow. Our ship was moved quite a bit from one side to the other and it did not, of course, last long before many passengers became very seasick. It was a pity only to listen to all that crying and hollering as if was for their lives. Most of those who got seasick did not leave the hull, and I'm sure you can imagine the hullabaloo coming from there. In our family no one was sick.

Sunday morning the 21st we passed the Shetland islands, and on Monday the Orkney, which was the last part of Europe that we saw. It disappeared from our eyes, it simply did. Now we started to try the waves of the Atlantic Ocean upon which we were to be tumbling for 15 or 16 days. The night before the 17th day we were on the sea, the ship ran into very heavy ice in which we were held like a nutcracker for 6 or 7 hours. It was a quite dangerous situation and we were very lucky, as we got free from the grip of that heavy ice. But, alas, there was more to come, more ice and more trouble. The 18th day, after having sailed for many hours in open waters, the ice surrounded us once more. But now we also had another sight: we could see some sand banks — America.

Well, the lesson was as hard as usual, we were held back from the surrounding ice for 19 days and 10 nights, but God the Almighty saved us out of this peril also, and thanking him for "All Well." We arrived at Quebec the third day of



Kari Moe's story details her courageous decision to immigrate to America as a widow with seven family members seeking a new life. Her first letter home after arrival describes her arduous journey.

Whitsuntime (the day after Whitmonday) (Pentecost). We had been sailing upon the sea for 4 weeks and 3 days.

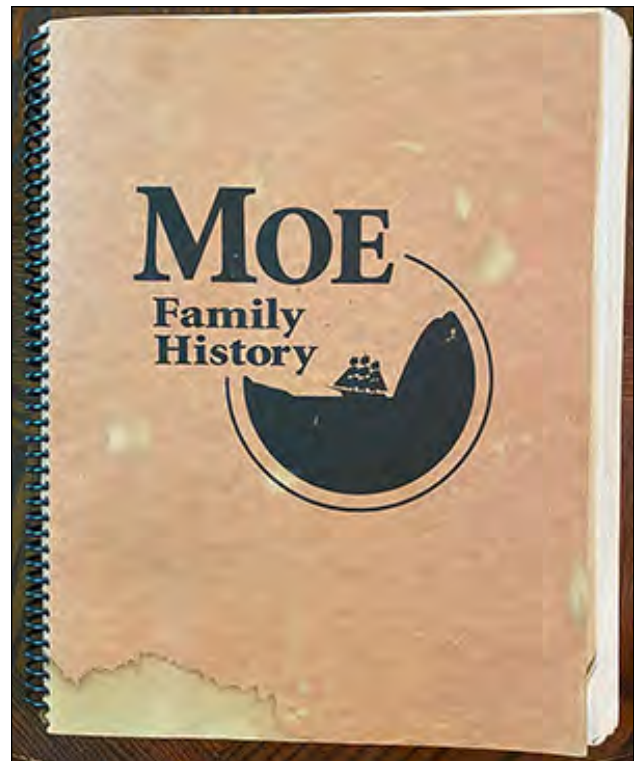
I do not have other things worth mentioning except that Kari Larsdatter Ritland of Suldal gave birth to twins while

on board, but both of them died shortly after they were born. A wife from Hogsford [closer to Suldal] also got a child who died on the railway we were traveling on. The railway traveling lasted for 4 days from Quebec to Mauston, Wisconsin, so we reached our destination May 31st. From June 1st (which was yesterday) we have been living with my brother Osten.

(In her letter, Karen added two paragraphs of greetings to relatives and friends back in Norway before signing)

God Bless You All!

Kari Tdtr. M (Tjerandsdatteer Moe)



The two-inch thick *Moe Family History* details the genealogy of my maternal ancestry dating back to the early 1800s and the origin stories of immigration from Norway.

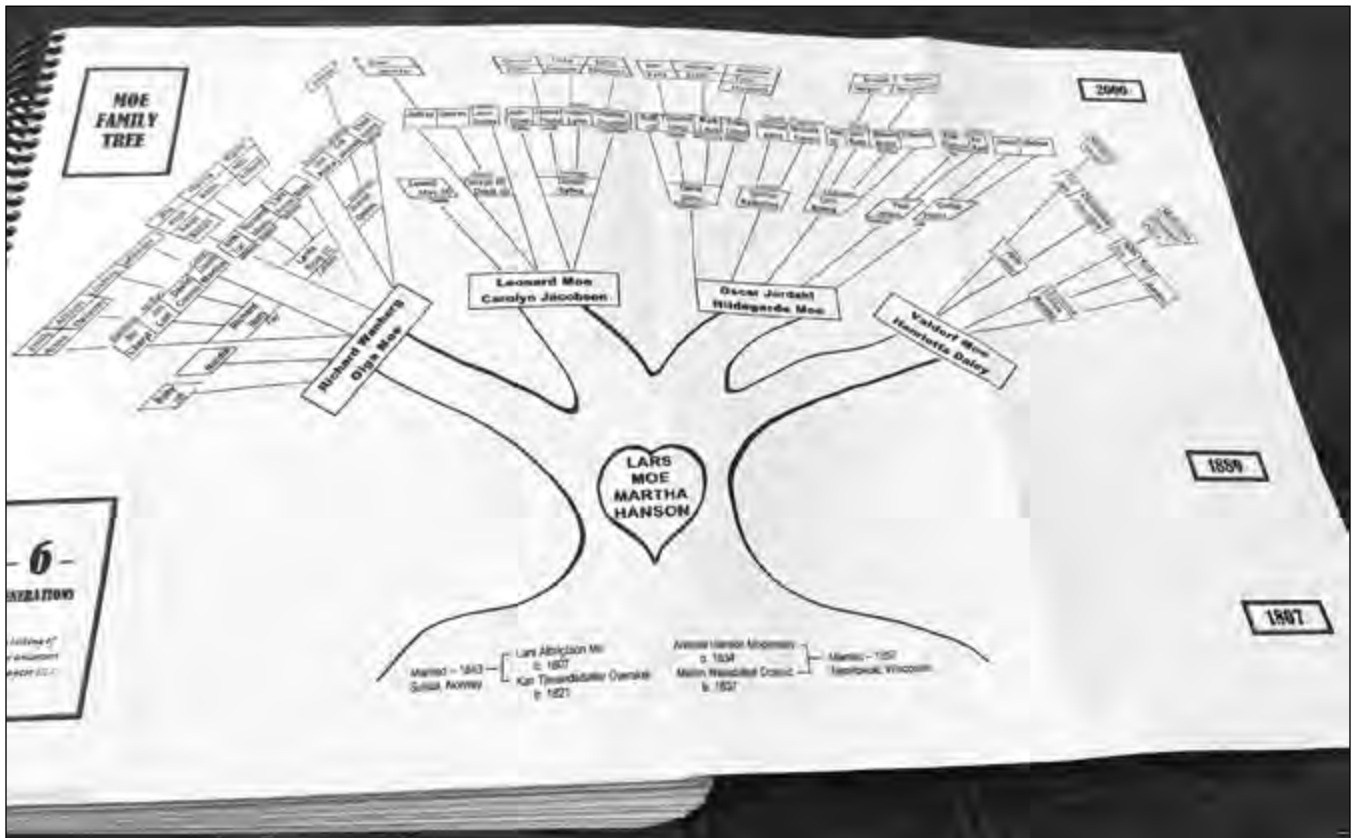
Kari was enterprising. She invested some money from the sale of her home in Suldal, opening a general store with one son, working as a travel agent with a steamship company selling ocean tickets to immigrants from her area in Norway, helping to build a large family home with sons that also served as a small "inn" for inbound Norwegians, and later sending my grandfather off to Luther College in Decorah, Iowa.

The "boarding house" accommodations in the Moe home hosted a number of notable visitors over the years, including the Norwegian writer Knut Hamsun, who later received the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1920. As a young man, Hamsun worked in the Moe store in 1882, and became a friend of the Moe family, but was known to be up all night writing. The story goes that one day he was fired for sleeping on the flour sacks in the storeroom when he was supposed to be tending the store.

I always felt sorry that I never knew any of my grandparents or great-grandparents as they had all died before I was born. Thankfully, the stories of my heritage are documented for generations to come in detailed family history dating back to Viking times.

Now, it is time for me to share the family story with my 12 great-grandchildren so they may recognize the hardship endured by our ancestors and honor the courage of their sacrifices that we benefit from in our time in history.

Larrie Wanberg is an active journalist at age 90 who is Features Editor for The Norwegian American in Seattle and "Wayfinder" Columnist for Scandinavian Press Magazine. This is his fourth career, having served 50 years as a part-time college teacher at major universities, 30 years as a Medical Service Corps officer at Army Medical Centers, 15 years as a corporate consultant in Europe and now a journalist for nine years. He chairs the Scandinavian Special Interest table at SBCGS.



Polio and the Corset Upright and Uptight

By Sharon Summer

MY GRANDMOTHER, Edith M. Hillman Lowman, was a 19th century L.A. woman. By the mid-1930s she owned and operated her own successful business making corsets, mostly for Los Angeles women whose spines had suffered damage from polio.

Edith set up her shop to help them correct their posture and ease muscle strain by wearing an orthopedic corset. At the time she started her corset business, poliovirus was the “world’s most feared disease.” Polio could cause paralysis and death. Like the coronavirus epidemic of 2020, as author Richard Rhodes wrote in his book *A Hole in the World*, “Polio was a plague. One day you had a headache and an hour later you were paralyzed. How far the virus crept up your spine determined whether you could walk afterward or even breathe.” Remember iron lungs for those who could not breathe on their own?

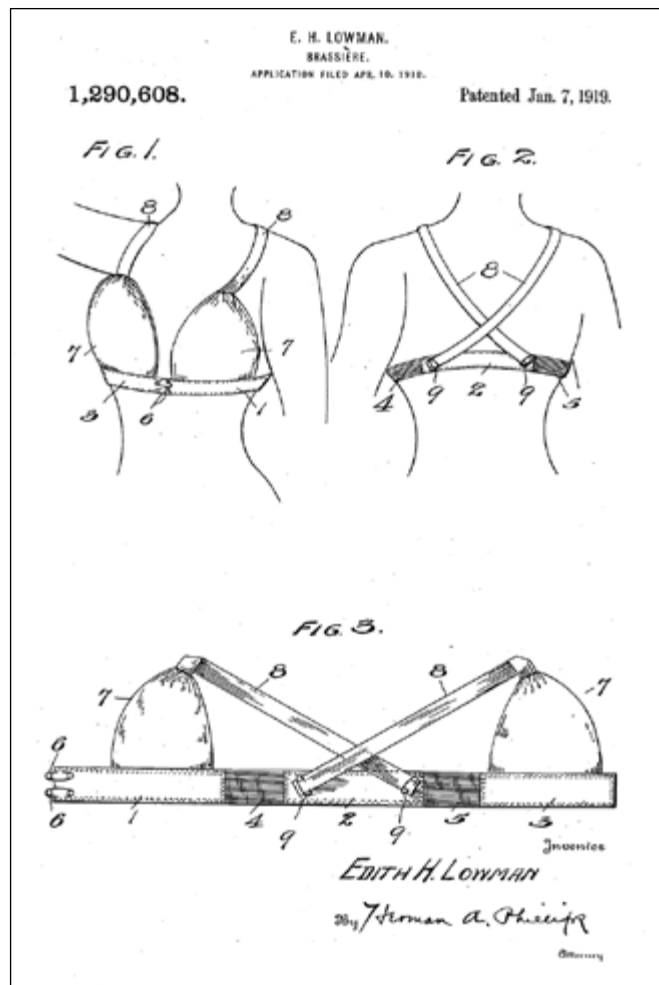
In 1921 Franklin D. Roosevelt, future President of the United States, was struck by polio which left him unable to walk without support. To combat the polio virus, the March of Dimes was founded in 1938 by Roosevelt. Its mission was to “uncover the mysteries of polio and to lend a helping hand to Americans suffering from the disease.” The disease reached its peak in the United States in the 1940s and 1950s, with a “huge polio epidemic” in 1949 and another one in 1952. FDR was memorialized on the United States dime in 1946. I remember as a school girl in Los Angeles being asked to bring my dimes to school to contribute to the March of Dimes. Funded by the March of Dimes, Jonas Salk, M.D. would develop a polio vaccine which was licensed in 1955, and soon 1.8 million American children were vaccinated. After that polio declined rapidly from tens of thousands of new cases per year to a mere handful.

Born on a homestead in Dakota Territory in 1886, Edith arrived in Los Angeles in 1902 at the age of 15. A daughter of American pioneers, she met and married my grandfather, Orlo G. Lowman, whom we called “OG,” in 1913. Their eldest daughter Evelyn, born in 1917, had polio in her tailbone or coccyx. Evelyn, who was my mother, was not paralyzed but had lingering effects such as not being able to sit on hard wooden chairs and tired easily all her life.

Two surprises

According to the 1927 City Directory for Los Angeles, Edith was calling herself a *corsetiere*. I was surprised to find this listing for her occupation. My rather strait-laced Baptist grandmother called herself a *corsetiere*! How curious, exotic, French, and mysterious; how far outside my girlish view of her.

Doing his own research, my brother tripped over an even bigger surprise. While I was still round-eyed about my grandmother never mentioning this surprising listing of *corsetiere*, another startling piece of news



Patent bra: “Edith Hillman Lowman – Patent for an improved brassiere, January 7, 1919”

came to light. Edith Hillman Lowman had been granted a patent, Number 1,290,608, on January 7 of 1919. The patent was for inventing an improvement on the brassiere! My brother found that she invented the modern bra (two separate cups, separated from the corset). He also found a book that makes it clear that the modern bra was her invention. “Her patent was the basis for all later developments in the bra,” he says. What an accomplishment! For some reason Edith did not seem to capitalize on her invention; neither my brother nor I ever heard mention of her patent.

Figure 1 of the patent shows a picture of the improved woman’s wear “bust supporter.” The patent details the “primary object” of the invention as providing a “special regard to facility in applying or removing the brassiere. And to this end the invention...comprises a minimum number of parts that are so related as to be readily adjusted, easily put on and taken off, and... comparatively inexpensive in production.” How did Edith come to design a better bra? Although I never saw her sew, I suspect she was a highly skilled seamstress. My grandmother, Edith, the woman I lived with as a girl, never made mention of being a corsetiere or of inventing a patentable item. Now no one is alive to ask about these curious rather fun facts.



Edith M. Hillman on her wedding day, 1913

Why did Edith start a business?

The primary reason she started her business was her need to make a living. I did hear fragments of conversation when I was a girl that supported this idea. Then, in 1929, her husband Orlo lost his job as a manager for the California Trucking Company in Wilmington, Los Angeles County. So Edith and her husband with their now two daughters moved back into her parents' large home on Grand Avenue near downtown Los Angeles. Orlo took odd jobs, probably not making much, and leaving Edith with the need to help support the family.

She began her company in conjunction with her brother-in-law, Dr. Charles Leroy Lowman, a very well-regarded orthopedic surgeon, a medical visionary who created successful treatments

for early polio victims. He founded the Orthopedic Hospital in Los Angeles in 1922, converting a lily pond into a warm water therapy pool. Among his many accomplishments, Dr. Lowman in 1931 was the first to develop a surgical technique called "fascia transplants" that enabled some polio victims to walk. For a long time the majority of the patients at his hospital were polio patients. Uncle Roy, as I called him, and my grandmother Edith talked about her starting a corset business for women who had polio and needed corsets to support their spine to help them walk more upright and comfortably.

Edith began her business sometime in the 1930s. She was skilled at taking measurements of her customers' bodies and using those measurements to make individual patterns for each piece of fabric needed for the corset. Then she hired women to cut the peach-colored brocade material from those patterns. For a time she even hired my mother to help with the patterns. Seamstresses then sewed the pieces of fabric together to form the corset. Customers returned to have Edith perform a fitting of the corset and maybe a brassiere. Ladies would pay for their corset and take the garment home.

The business was a satisfying endeavor for Edith as it filled an important need. It became a thriving business with a clientele mostly referred to her by Dr. Lowman and other orthopedic doctors.

Phone DInkirk 7-4211	Appointment Necessary
Edith M. HILLMAN Evelyn M.	2713 West 6th Street (at Rampart) Los Angeles 57, California
	Date _____, 195____
Prescription for _____	
By Dr. _____	
TYPE: Posture _____ Surgical _____ Maternity _____ Kidney _____	
BACK: High _____ Medium _____ Low _____	
FRONT: High _____ Medium _____ Low _____	
STEELS: (Molded) Top _____ Bottom _____ Middle _____	
Gauge: 14 _____ 16 _____ 18 _____ 20 _____	
Regular _____ Wide _____ (Over Scapulae) Right _____ Left _____	
SHOULDER CONTROL: Narrow _____ Medium _____ Wide _____	
SKIRT: Regular _____ Short _____	
PELVIS: Regular _____ Fenestrated _____	
PADS: Abd. _____ Sacral _____ Kidney _____ Hemia _____ Sit-Pad _____	
LACING: Front _____ Back _____ Maternity (2-lace) _____	
INNER BELT _____ CINCH STRAP _____	
GIRDLE TYPE BELT: 6" _____ 8" _____ 10" _____ 12" _____ high.	
Sacral Pad _____ Abdominal Pad _____	
Lowman Type _____ Side Buckles _____	
BELT: Solid front with side buckles _____	
SACRO-ILLIAC BELT: (stock) _____	
BRASSIERE BACK: Regular _____ Medium _____ Full _____	
STRAPS: Straight _____ Crossed _____ Narrow _____ Wide _____	
Shoulder control _____	
REMARKS: _____	

Edith Hillman's customer intake form



Edith M. Hillman Lowman 1970

As a young girl in the late 1940s my mother would sometimes take me to her “shop,” as Edith called it. I remember thinking how different she acted at her business than at home. At work she was the authoritative Mrs. Hillman, owner, boss, supervisor, the most important person in the place.

I remember watching my grandmother oversee a bevy of seamstresses at work in a large room running their sewing machines, making each individual corset from the measurements Edith had taken. It was a bustling place, with curtained-off fitting rooms. The shop was an old America Foursquare style house just off the corner of Wilshire Boulevard on Rampart Street in Los Angeles, not far from downtown’s MacArthur Park. Today the house is long gone. In its place is a

mid-century structure in the shadow of taller buildings, first a bank and now a Korean spa. After Edith moved from the old house her next location was one block away at 2713 West 6th Street, currently a Salvadorian restaurant.

Her handmade orthopedic corsets were meant to cover the entire torso. The Salk vaccine was not introduced until 1954 and until then those corsets were for many women a necessity. Each corset came with steel braces or stays to make them rigid so they could correct the wearer’s posture and help her remain upright. My grandmother could make all shapes and sizes of corsets. She even wore one herself, like many others of her day. It was the fashion for some women to wear a corset before the time when women wore girdles. In fact, Eleanor Roosevelt wore a corset which is displayed at the ELEANOR ROOSEVELT’S UNDIES ON DISPLAY AS MUSEUM PIECES at the Indiana State Museum. Good heavens.

I wish I had a picture of one of Edith’s orthopedic corsets. Now they exist only in my memory. When I was a young girl who often lived with my grandparents, Edith would let me watch her get ready in the morning as she sat at her dressing table. I remember her sitting there in the late 1940s wearing her peach-colored brocaded straitjacket of a corset with its metal stays and laces which made the garment fit snugly. She hooked her brassiere to the top of the corset. There was a piece of fabric at the bottom of her corset held in place by strings that hooked to it. Her trunk seemed altogether unmovable, boned and laced up tightly.

Edith put in long days at her business. She and her husband Orlo lived near her business in her parents’ home until 1942 when they moved to Arcadia, California. From then on she had to make a long drive on surface streets and the Pasadena Freeway to get to work. I remember her arriving home at day’s end, when they lived on 2nd Avenue in Arcadia, not far from the Santa Anita Racetrack. She liked to rest on her chaise lounge. I didn’t realize then that she would have been on her feet most of the day, running her business, organizing her employees, and being the expert Mrs. Hillman before having to drive for an hour to get home. No wonder my grandfather made dinner while she reclined.

As the 1940s gave way to the 1950s fashions changed. Corsets were abandoned in favor of girdles. Fewer ladies needed orthopedic corsets, so her business dwindled. But she had given it a good long run.



Sharon Summer greatly enjoys researching her family history. She has found a wealth of information about her father’s, the Knickrehm side of the family, while this article focuses on her mother’s, the Hillman/Lowman, side.

Annie Bomberger Gibbel Sahn Survived the 1889 Flu Pandemic

By Judy Sahn

MY GREAT-GREAT PATERNAL grandmother, Annie Bomberger Gibbel Sahn, was a member of the German Baptist Church and enjoyed a large circle of friends and family. She was an interesting and capable woman. She and her husband, Emanuel Singer Sahn, farmed in Penn Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, for 27 years. I inherited 12 years of Annie's daily diaries.

She writes that in 1890 she had the grieppe for seven weeks. Then in 1893, at age 57, she had it again and was confined to bed for 10 weeks. *La grieppe* is an old-fashioned French term for flu or influenza.

Wikipedia states that the Flu Pandemic of 1889-1890 had recurrences in 1891, 1892, and winter 1893-1894. The strain Annie had was likely Influenza A virus, subtype H3N8.

Even though very sick at times, Annie writes a daily account of her illness from her first day in bed on March 1st through July 9th, 1893, when she is finally able to get back to her daily life. Her diary entries include the people who came to clean house, wash, sew and mend, iron, bake and cook, churn butter, plant the spring garden, and sow the oat and corn crops. She lists three pages of visitors that came to see her. Among the relatives that came were her siblings and their spouses, her sons and their wives, and her grandchildren, Rolandus, Rufus and Isaac Sahn, aged five, three, and one at the time.

Her doctor, Dr. John Dunlap, made 32 house calls during the two- and a half months she was ailing. He saw

her every other day, daily and sometimes twice a day when she was very sick. Her husband, Emanuel Sahn, whom she refers to as Mr. Sahn, paid Dr. Dunlap \$39 for her care while she was sick.

Annie had survived being bedridden with typhoid for seven weeks in 1860 and eight weeks in 1885. She had the flu three times: in 1890 for seven weeks, in 1893 for 10 weeks and again in 1901 for a short time of two weeks. She survived those and lived a full life for 10 years after her 1893 sickness. She continued writing in her diaries up until three days before she died in 1903. She was almost 67 when she died.

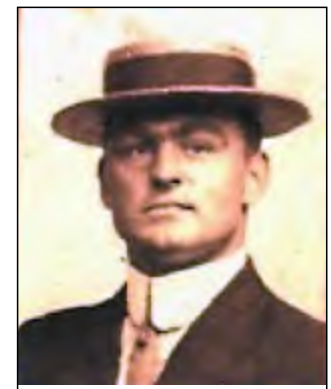
She is buried next to her husband, Emanuel Sahn, in the Kreiders Church of the Brethren Cemetery in Manheim, Pennsylvania.

A number of her diary entries resonated with me. Many friends and neighbors were in her home daily performing the everyday duties that she would have done or overseen with her hired help, and her family members that came to visit. She wrote of her sense of not being able to do anything. She must have felt powerless, grateful, indebted, and even apologetic for their generous acts of friendship and love.

It is an intimate thing to become immersed in my ancestors' community through her diaries and discover how she moved forward when the worst had passed. Her story has been inspiring. It is a privilege to be a steward of it and I am honored to share it.



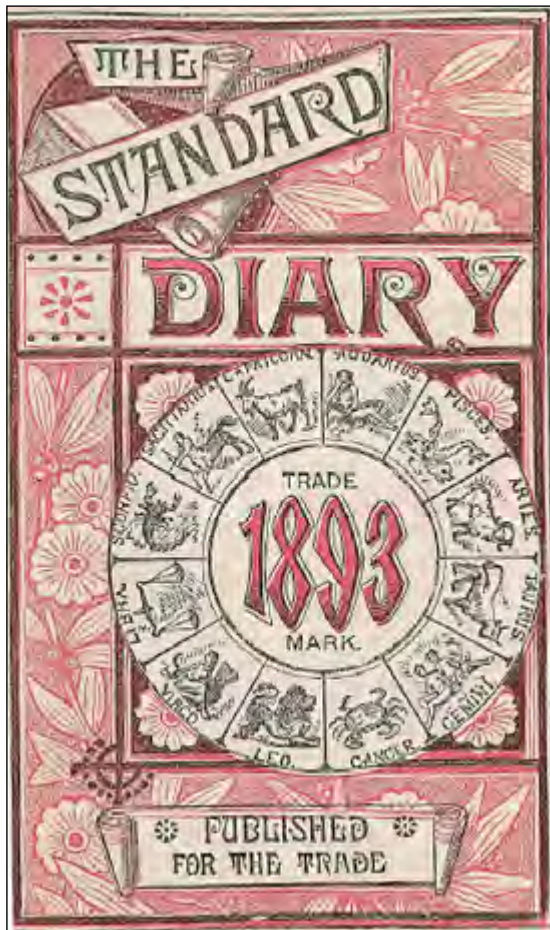
Annie Bomberger Gibbel Sahn



Emanuel Singer Sahn 1894



Anna Gibbel's German hymn book 1854



MARCH 1 Mr. Sahn (her husband Emanuel) to Manheim to work at the bank and to get medicine for Annie.

Ther. WEDNESDAY, MAR. 1 Wea. fair
 Mr Sahn two times in town he did fetch medicine for me I am not well.

Editors note: I love that she recorded the weather in her diary

March 10 Dr. John Dunlap to see Annie. The first of 32 house calls.

Dr. John Dunlap here to see me

March 11 I have the grippe again.

March 12 Son Emanuel came home from his carpentry job in Reading.

Her sister Mary and husband Benjamin Gibbel see her.

March 13 Her son Henry Sahn visits her.

Ther. SAT. MAR. 11, 1893 Wea. rain
 Mr Sahn two times in town, I took my bed I was ailing two week before I was right Sick. now I have the grippe again

Ther. SUNDAY 12 Wea. fair
 Emanuel came home Benjamin Gibbel & wife here

Ther. MONDAY 13 Wea. fair
 Mr Sahn in town, Mrs. Miller here. Mrs. Hammer & Henry Sahn

March 21 Her son Emanuel is back home to stay for 3 weeks. She is very sick.

March 31 Good Friday, son Emanuel, son Henry and wife Lizzie and their sons visit.

Dr. Dunlap sees her.

good Ther. FRIDAY 31 Wea. fair
 Mr Sahn & Emil in town. Lizzie Sahn here. Benj & wife. Henry Sahn & boys here. Henry Snyder & wife. Harry Conelis & wife
 In love



Annie and Emanuel's son Henry G. Sahn and wife Lizzie Masterson Shelly. Wedding photo 1885



Annie & Emanuel Sahn Farm, Locust Lane, White Oak, Lancaster Co., PA. ca 1910

APRIL

Annie is very sick.
 Her sister-in-law Fianna Sahn Brandt comes on the train from out of town.
 Her sister Mary Gibbel and two brothers Henry and John Gibbel visit.
 Her garden is planted for her with cabbage, potatoes, pickles, gladiolas and dahlias.
 The oats and corn are sown.
 Dr. is seeing her often.

Thur. SAT. APRIL 1, 1893 Wed.
 Changeable
 Mr Sahn & Emil in town
 Henry B Gibbel & Herman Gibbel
 here Sam Graybill & wife here
 I was very sick Dr here

Thur. MON. APRIL 10, 1893 Wed.
 fair
 Mr Sahn in town
 Council meeting at Riders
 Emil gone to Reading again
 he was three weeks at home

Thur. TUES. APRIL 13, 1893 Wed.
 Changeable
 Mr Sahn in Lancaster
 family did churn butter & iron
 Dr here

MAY

10 Annie sat up for the first time since March 1, "only for 15 minutes."
 21 "It is ten weeks that I was bedfast with the grippe I am not able to sit up long yet."
 22 Dr. Beamesderfer visits.
 "I was the first time on the porch since I am out of bed." She weighs 110 lbs.
 29 Her brother Henry is very sick with Typhoid fever.
 31 "I was the first time at the barn, first time in 13 weeks."

Thur. MON. MAY 22, 1893 Wed.
 Monday Mr Sahn in town
 Henry & Eva Bollinger here
 here Sam Hittinger here
 Dr Beamesderfer & wife &
 child here I was the first time
 on the porch since ans end
 of bed

Thur. THURS. MAY 25, 1893 Wed.
 fair
 Mr Sahn did dig the cabbage
 bed, family did iron. Henry brought
 wood the boys along - this afternoon
 Sarah Shiner & Sarah Gibbel
 did clean our tinware



Annie and Emanuel's son Henry and Lizzie Sahn's boys.
 L to R: Isaac Sahn who moved to Los Olivos,
 California, Rufus Sahn, authors' grandfather who
 moved to Pasadena, California and Rolandus Sahn.
 They moved to California in 1916.
 Their parents came out in 1918.

JUNE

- 2 "I can't work yet."
- 3 Friends and family visit.
- 4 "This eve I was the first time at the table since I am better."
- 5 Emanuel took Annie out driving "for the first time since I am better."
- 6 In the afternoon she is at the neighbors, the Fahnstocks, Emanuel came to fetch her for dinner.
- "I was in the garden for the first time this spring."
- 7 First time in town (Manheim) for Annie.
- 8 "In the eve we were at (son) Henry Sahms." Sold butter and eggs.
- 9 Annie spent the whole day at her sister Mary's house.
- 16 Annie is not able to work yet, but she is out visiting.
- 23 "Now I can mend a little."
- 27 Annie's daily life slowly begins to resume. She begins quilting at the Fahnstock home, she is sewing and having her friends over for supper.

<p>Thurs. SAT. JUNE 5, 1893 Wed.</p> <p>Changeable Mrs. Sahm in town, Lizzie Kitzinger for dinner. Papa did take her to doctors. Annie Kingit & her boy here for supper. Boy & girl here. Annie & Emanuel did both morning. Old Shouse to man here.</p> <p>Thurs. SUNDAY 4 Wed.</p> <p>Henry Gibble here Jenny back here, Emil at home. William Miller here. Henry Sahms here on street way home. This eve I was the first time at the table since I was better.</p> <p>Thurs. MONDAY 5 Wed.</p> <p>Mrs. Sahm in town. Fanny did. Pleased job by road. a dutchman white washing. Mr. Sahm did take me out driving for the first time since I am better.</p>	<p>Thurs. TUES. JUNE 6, 1893 Wed. 11/14</p> <p>in the afternoon Mrs. Sahm did take me to Fahnstock at dinner. I did fetch me again. Fanny did wash. Annie Bomberger here. I was in the garden for the first time this spring.</p> <p>Thurs. WEDNESDAY 7 Wed. 13</p> <p>fair Mrs. Sahm did haul wood. Fanny iron. Mrs. Miller here. The Dutchman did finish white washing. He paid I. Will to him. in the eve we were in town first time for me.</p> <p>Thurs. THURSDAY 8 Wed. 14</p> <p>fair Mrs. Sahm did barren corn. Fanny did here. in the eve we were at Henry Sahms.</p> <p>Butter 23, eggs 14</p>
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<p>Thurs. MON. JULY 3, 1893 Wed.</p> <p>Changeable Mrs. Sahm two times in town. Emil in town. Lizzie Weidman and her two girls here. After supper Papa did take them home. Emil did take me to Domanys. to do Lizzie & Bessie.</p> <p>Thurs. TUESDAY 4 Wed.</p> <p>fair Mrs. Sahm & Fanny did wash. in the afternoon he did fetch me north end of boy at Henry Shanks. Emil gone to Breckling again. Mrs. Miller here.</p> <p>Thurs. 5 WEDNESDAY 5 Wed.</p> <p>fair in the showers Mrs. Sahm at Shiman's in harvest. Fanny did iron. Mrs. Shaffer here with cherries.</p> <p>I did iron - butter 14, eggs 14</p>	<p>Thurs. 6 TUES. JULY 6, 1893 Wed. 15</p> <p>fair Mrs. Sahm in town and again at Shiman's in harvest. Fanny did weed the usual potatoes. I did iron.</p> <p>Thurs. FRIDAY 7 Wed. 16</p> <p>cloudy we did bake. pedlar that here for dinner. in the afternoon we were in town. I was in the store the first time since I am better.</p> <p>Thurs. SATURDAY 8 Wed. 17</p> <p>in the showers Mrs. Sahm and Shiman are harvesting. we done our Saturday work.</p>
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THEY HAVE ANSWERED THE LAST SUMMONS.
Refused to stand next
Some Well-Known People Succumb to the Dread Monster Death, and Pass to the Beyond.

MRS. EMANUEL S. SAHM.

Annie B., the estimable wife of Emanuel S. Sahn, the well-known farmer, and director in the Keystone National Bank, died at their home, in Penn township, a mile northeast of this Borough, at 8 o'clock on Monday evening, aged 65 years, 3 months and 15 days. Deceased had been ailing for several weeks but only confined to her bed less than a week from pneumonia, superinduced by heart trouble, which caused her death. She was a consistent member of the German Baptist church and enjoyed the friendship of a large circle. She is survived by her husband and two sons, Henry G. Sahn, residing at White Oak, and Emanuel G. Sahn, at Lancaster; also, one brother, Mr. Henry B. Gibble, residing west of Sporting Hill, and Mary B., wife of Mr. Emanuel G. Gibble, in R-pho township. The funeral will be held this Friday morning at 9 o'clock at the house, and at 10 o'clock at Kroider's meeting-house, south of town, where interment will also be made. Revs. Hiram Gibble and Nathan B. Fahnstock will officiate.

JULY

Annie is now going to the store in town, she goes with Emanuel to get cherries to can, she attends meetings at Krieder's Meeting House, her friends are calling on her to visit, she is selling her eggs and butter and she is doing her Saturday work.

Judy Sahn joined SBCGS in 2003. She is retired from a career in horticulture. She co-owned two plant nurseries, taught the horticulture program at Santa Barbara High School and established a wholesale business in Santa Barbara County and raised certified organic crops for 20 years. She has served as a volunteer for several organizations.



Well equipped with a sense of curiosity, her family history has been a source of interest since childhood. In the 1990s, her genealogy research began in earnest with assistance from a family member. She published several family genealogy books and has made visits to the homes of ancestors in the US and Europe with her family. Her research continues, enhanced by using DNA matches with her Swedish, Swiss-German, French and English ancestors.

I Finally Stood Where My Ancestor Stood

By Steve Jacobsen

THE BEGINNING OF MY recent pilgrimage to Denmark was a 51-page copy of a 1971 manuscript that I had carried with me in a dusty storage box for 47 years. It was written by my great uncle, Rev. Lewis Jacobsen, and titled “The Jacobsen Story.” It was not until I retired in the summer of 2018 that I felt I had time to explore my past. I searched for it, found it, and read it. I then turned to my friends at the Genealogical Society (Jim and Marj Friestad and Cari Thomas) to help get started on the research. What I found fascinated me and I felt a call to find out more. This led to a memorable moment 18 months later in Copenhagen, just as the Coronavirus was emerging in Europe.

The Background

My father, who died in 2012, had been largely dismissive of his ancestors. I was told that my great-grandfather had come from Denmark to Minnesota as a Baptist missionary, then was sent to “convert the California Indians without learning English.” He then would add the comment, “So we’ve always said if you ever find a California Indian speaking Danish, you know my grandfather’s been here.” But the more I read the story of my great-grandfather and his wife, Laust and Matilda Jacobsen, the more I saw they were extraordinary figures.

According to the manuscript, Laust had become a Baptist minister in Denmark in the 1850s at a time when being anything other than being a state-approved Lutheran was suspect. “He spent more than one night in jail...some jailors, on cold winter nights, took his shoes from him so his feet would freeze” if he tried to hold services in the town. He had studied with a controversial and influential theologian of the time, Johann Oenken, in Hamburg and became a prominent and popular pastor in Denmark. In 1874 he came to America to visit relatives, expecting to return but never did.

Matilda was born in Thisted in 1850, an only child. At some point they moved to Copenhagen. Her mother died when she was 19. She became a maid in the home of a Danish noble family, “Countess Gravenkoep Castencold.” For one two-year period, she accompanied the Countess to Newcastle-on-Tyne in England. Though she enjoyed her work, her father had remarried and persuaded her to come with them to America. They arrived in Chicago in 1873, a year before Laust emigrated. She found work in the home of Lyman Turnbull, “one of the greatest statesmen of the Lincoln era and the man who persuaded Lincoln to run for President.” At some point, she became a Baptist and met Laust. They were married in 1878 in Clarks Grove, Minnesota. They lived in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Kansas as Laust had a wide-ranging and fruitful ministry in America for 40 years. (Early on he changed his name to Lewis, since



“Laust” sounded to Americans like “louse”). Eventually they joined other Danes who had come to the Fresno area to farm and settled in Selma where they both died – Laust in 1920 and Matilda in 1923.

I had known none of this. I’ve lived in California all my life and had no idea that these amazing people had lived and died so close to where I’ve lived.

Using *Ancestry.com* and other resources I began to fill in more facts and connect with other family members (some unknown to me until now). Like many people, I felt a call to go to see for myself where they had come from, and, if possible, to stand where they had stood.

The Pilgrimage

I have found great meaning in traveling to sacred sites around the world: Israel, India, Mexico City, Iona in Scotland, as well as significant sites in America (often related to baseball). I’ve also had an abiding interest and passion for classical music, art and modern European history. Last fall I began planning a solo winter trip to Vienna, Prague, Leipzig and Hamburg. As my interest in genealogy had been intensifying, I decided to conclude the trip by going to Denmark looking for any place I could find where Laust and Matilda had been. I had only two weeks for the trip, so my time would be limited.

Before leaving, I had tried, without success, to locate any Danish sources that could tell me more about them. It was not difficult to know when and where they were baptized, but little else. I tried several times to Google “Countess Gravenkoep Castencold” but could find nothing substantive. I was able, however, to find out a little about Laust’s time studying theology in Hamburg. There was a school there that was popular with Baptists and other adherents of faith groups that were not part of the state-sanctioned Lutheran church. (One fact I discovered is that immersion baptism was illegal at that time; early converts would be baptized secretly at night in the Elbe River.) I searched for the history of the school and discovered it had eventually merged with other theological schools, ending up as part of an institution near Berlin. But no one there could tell me much about where it had been located in Hamburg.

By chance, on the train from Leipzig to Hamburg I was in a compartment with a young German woman. In the conversation she asked me about my travels. I told her I was headed to Hamburg in part for a musical event, but also to see if I could locate the site of the school Laust had studied at in the 1860s. She started contacting friends on her smartphone who knew Hamburg and might know where I could go. She ended up with a suggested address – a place that had become an intergenerational hostel.

The next morning, the desk clerk at my hotel gave me directions that involved a combination of subway lines and walking. It was early on a Sunday morning and the subway cars were almost empty. I made the connections and walked to the hostel. I asked the young clerk if she had any way to know if this site had been used by a

theological school in the past. To me, it was a reasonable question; only later did it occur to me what an odd question to be asked by a tourist on a Sunday morning – as if she personally knew the history of this neighborhood going back 160 years. But she was very gracious and patient and did her best to do what she could on her computer. In the end, there was no reliable lead. I made the best of it, walking around the neighborhood thinking maybe, just maybe, he had walked on this same land.

Late Sunday afternoon I took the train to Copenhagen.

I had three days to see as much as I could of the city and try to locate any leads as to where Laust or Matilda had been.

Monday morning, I went to the desk clerk at my small hotel and told her I was looking for some ancestors, particularly one who had worked for Countess Gravenkoep Castencold. The clerk was not Danish herself but went to the owner's office with the request. The owner invited me in and spent some time trying to help me. She said that the spelling I had was not the Danish spelling but an Americanized version. Even with the correct spelling, however, she said she could find nothing of substance. She explained that Danish noble families had largely lived in the countryside and had limited public records. My hope that I might find the house where Matilda had lived as a maid servant was not to be realized, at least for now.

I was left with the thread of Laust's history.

I searched for any English-speaking Baptist churches in Copenhagen. I found a website with a listing of staff and emails. I emailed the pastor and his assistant, describing my search. I did not hear from either one that day.

On Tuesday, however, I did get an email from the assistant. She said she had sent a note to the pastor and also had forwarded my request to a staff member at the Baptist headquarters in Denmark.

Later that day, I received an email from a Ms. Ulla Holm at the headquarters office. She told me there was an official history of Baptists in Denmark that had been published in 1989. It had not been translated into English and is out of print, but she took the time to search the document and found five references. One noted he was in Hamburg and "is writing excited letters home." Another is a report on the poor conditions in Danish congregations. He's then included in a list of traveling missionaries, mentioned in a discussion of theological matters and finally described as one of the many Danish Baptists who emigrated to America.

It was just a document, but knowing his name was included five times made me feel he had come to life.

The next day – my last day before flying home – I received an email from the local pastor. He offered to meet me for coffee at my hotel. We met and talked a bit, then he said, "You know the church where he would have been active is not far from here. Would you like me to show you?"

Twenty minutes later, I walked into the sanctuary. It had been built in the 1850s and was the center of Baptist activity. The original pulpit is still there, and he translated the carved inscriptions. He showed me through the building, including down an original staircase to a basement. I met the two young men – in t-shirts and beards – who are now pastoring the current congregation. On the wall was a tribute to the theologian, Johann Oenken, who had inspired Laust. Finally, I was standing

in a building where he had stood and looking at a pulpit he would have seen.

I thanked the pastors for their hospitality and found my way back to the hotel to prepare for my trip home.

As I waited at the Copenhagen airport the next morning reflecting on my journey, I was grateful for all the strangers who had helped me in my search. I also wondered what it was like for Laust and Matilda to board a boat to come to America. They had lived at the same time in the city of Copenhagen, possibly passing each other on the street without knowing it. They had gone far away to the American prairie. They had eight sons – five of whom survived – and a stillborn daughter. They are buried in Selma, California, just a few hours from where I've been living and pastoring for almost 30 years. All of this was unknown to me until this past year.

One quote from Matilda stays with me. My great uncle says, "When she was getting older, I recall her sometimes saying to me, 'I don't know where my life has gone. It seems only yesterday I was playing on a beach in Copenhagen with other young girls, and now my hair is white, and my children grown, and my life almost gone.'"

I have their photograph on the wall in my home office. Looking at it fills me with love, admiration and gratitude.



Rev. Lewis and Matilda Jacobsen, Lewis, Jr, Albert and Noah, 1890

Steve Jacobsen, a UCSB graduate (class of 70), served as a Presbyterian pastor for 30 years, including 16 at Goleta Presbyterian. From 2008 – 2013 he was Executive Director of La Casa de Maria, and from 2013 to 2018 Director of La Casa de Maria. After retirement, he remained active in the nonprofit community and is serving as Interim Pastor at St. Andrews Presbyterian in Santa Barbara. He and his wife have three adult daughters and three grandsons.



Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated May 2020

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

Manuscripts

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

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

Images

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

Author information

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

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

Contributor copies

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To Prevent Influenza!

Do not take any person's breath.
Keep the mouth and teeth clean.
Avoid those that cough and sneeze.
Don't visit poorly ventilated places.
Keep warm, get fresh air and sunshine.
Don't use common drinking cups, towels, etc.
Cover your mouth when you cough and sneeze.
Avoid Worry, Fear and Fatigue.
Stay at home if you have a cold.
Walk to your work or office.
In sick rooms wear a gauze mask like in illustration.