



# Ancestors West

*A quarterly publication for the members of the*  
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY  
*Fall 2020 Vol. 45, No. 3*

## Surprises

**A Revolutionary War  
Spy in the Family**

**Surprise! This is  
Your New Family**

**A Quaker Surprise!**

**Texas Tales**

**Google Reveals a  
Genealogical Surprise  
in a Ph.D. Thesis**

**MacKinnon  
Family Surprises:  
World War II Chapter**

**An Ancestral Friendship**



**A SURPRISING  
MYSTERY  
HEIRLOOM**



## Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

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

E-mail: [info@sbgen.org](mailto:info@sbgen.org)

### Sahyun Genealogy Library

(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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## From the Editor

*Kristin Ingalls*

**W**HEN THE LIBRARY CLOSED due to the coronavirus, Spring was just around the corner. Some of us joked that we would be able to stay home and do our “Spring Cleaning.” As someone who cleans pretty regularly, I had always assumed that spring house cleaning was a chore done by folks who had spent a long (and probably pretty grubby) winter indoors and who could finally throw open the windows and doors and clean, clean, clean. I pictured small homes heated by fireplaces, lit by oil lamps, food cooked on wood burning stoves. In some parts of the world, people and their livestock lived in the same building during the cold winter months. From first-hand experience, I know that when you have to go outdoors to pump water and heat it on a wood stove, clothes – and people – don’t get washed much. Having lots of time on my hands, I researched the topic and found, much to my surprise and delight, that in many societies the tradition has century-old roots, both social and religious. This also kept me from doing all that cleaning.

In Jewish custom, spring cleaning is linked to Passover in March or April, which marks the liberation of Jews from slavery in Egypt. Before the start of the holiday, a general cleaning takes place in order to remove any yeast bread, or chametz, from the home, thus keeping the home kosher.

In Christian custom, the Catholics clean the church altar the day before Good Friday, also normally in March or April. Members of the Greek Orthodox church clean house for a week leading up to Lent. It begins with Clean Monday.

In Iran, the holiday Nowruz, or Persian New Year, coincides with the first day of spring. The 13-day celebration traditionally involves cleaning (or “shaking the house”), buying new clothes, and spending time with family and friends.

Chinese New Year preparations incorporate a spring housecleaning called Little New Year, or Xiaonian, designed to symbolically rid homes of any negativity and any lingering spirits.

I am sure there are many other traditions faithfully observed in most cultures.

Researching the history of something like spring cleaning is just one example of what genealogists do best: research, research, research. Curious about something, we need to find out more and more – and more. As Carole Kennedy says in her story: you can disappear down a rabbit hole. I found this to be true when I began what I thought would be a short project of researching my early settlers in New Netherland. Three years later I finished. But I keep finding more. My most common response to the wealth of new information is: “Well, who knew?” Best of all, I never tire of it.

The stories in this, and really all, the issues of *Ancestors West* are based on a great deal of historic research. Sharon Summer found that some of the political upheavals her ancestors dealt with were not part of her education but were discovered when she began her research. Cathy Jordan can tell you how people became spies in the Revolutionary War. Filling idle hours sent Bill Clark reaching back into early California history and finding a surprising and fascinating story there. Carole Kennedy discovered the town of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, is named after an estate near Dolgellau in Wales that belonged to Reverend Rowland Ellis, her 6th great-grandfather. A local cemetery plot sent John Burk delving into the history of Montecito – and what you need to do to be buried in a family plot.

Which has led to me **A Theory**: we genealogists become mini-historians which in turn gives us a historical perspective and I think that may make it easier for us to cope with our new lifestyle. Through our extensive research, we know that people throughout history have survived plagues, pestilence, famine, wars, oppression, and we are the proof that some lived through all that. As difficult as these months have been, we know how much worse things could be.

Studying the effects of war and revolution and even weather on societies, seeing pictures of citizens standing in long, long lines in terrible weather for any scrap of food makes that line at Trader Joe’s a little more palatable.

Society member Chris Gallery reflects “that our ancestors lived much like we have to now. They stayed close to home taking care of their homes and families. Leisure time was spent reading the newspaper and magazines and books, and writing letters and mending things instead of buying new. Playing bridge or canasta or mahjong with a few friends, or working on projects in the basement, garage, yard or kitchen.”

So, get out those board games, bake some bread and make the best of it! I look forward to all being together again at some time in the future.

Our next edition will focus on your family or ancestral traditions of the winter holidays such as Halloween, Thanksgiving, Hanukkah, Christmas, New Years – or any other celebration. Christmas trees in Ukraine are sometimes decorated in spiderwebs! Belfana is a kind,

but ugly old witch who appears on the eve of Epiphany in Italy bringing treats to good children. No cookies and milk for her – parents leave out broccoli, sausage and wine. In the Alpine countries of Europe, Krampus is a ferocious beastie who comes to punish bad children. Carving of the Radishes is a tradition in Mexico, and in Iceland the lazy fear an attack by the Yule Cat. Do you see what fun research can be?

You may already know your family traditions and where they came from. I’m sure some families made up their own way of observing special days. If you don’t know, this would be a great family research project. We do have lots of time now!

**Submission deadline for the next issue is  
October 15, 2020.**



The topic for the next issue of  
*Ancestors West*

## OUR ANCESTOR'S WINTER CELEBRATIONS



# A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA

## A Queen Anne Cottage on the Streetcar Line

By Betsy J. Green

*I was surprised to find an almost identical home in an architecture book.*



House with Inset, credit: Betsy J. Green

**T**HE STREETCAR NO LONGER RUNS along Victoria Street, but it did in 1905 when the widow Ella Stockton Hunter built this home at 223 East Victoria Street for \$2,000. The presence of the streetcar line probably influenced her decision to locate here. Ella and her husband had owned a lemon orchard in Montecito. But after he passed away, she probably wanted to be closer to town. Today the house is the home of Phil and Maureen Mayes.

In 1905, the streetcars in Santa Barbara had been electrified for a decade or so, and the tracks stretched from West Cabrillo Boulevard (near the Potter Hotel), up State Street to Victoria Street (near the Arlington Hotel), where the line split into two branches. The western branch ran up Bath Street to Pueblo and Castillo near Cottage Hospital.

The other branch ran east along Victoria Street, where it passed the 223 E. Victoria Street house. At Garden Street, the streetcar turned and ran up to the Santa Barbara Mission. So, Ella Hunter could walk to

the nearest streetcar stop, hop on, and travel to the stores, restaurants, and theaters downtown, or ride up to the Mission. (The streetcars operated until 1929.)

The 223 E. Victoria home was built in a time when Queen Anne cottages were gradually being replaced by Craftsman-style bungalows. The large bay window in the living room and the charming leafy cut-outs in the trim under the eaves are features that hark back to the Victorian era.

This home appears to have been based on a design in a national pattern book or architectural magazine because I spotted a photo of an almost identical house in Mississippi. The home is too early to be a catalog home - it predates Sears Catalog homes and Pacific Ready-Cut homes.

Pattern books have been around for centuries. They contain drawings or photos



Streetcar: Image courtesy of John Woodward





Phil and Maureen Mayes, credit: Betsy J. Green

of homes, along with floor plans. People could order the plans, and give them to a local builder. Lumberyards often supplied these books, in the hopes that people would order the plans and then buy the materials for the house from the lumberyard.

Like many older homes, this house has some mysteries. A patch in the hardwood floor on the second story may indicate the position of a missing chimney. (Many chimneys were toppled in the 1925 earthquake.) And partway up the stairs to the second floor is the outline of a doorway in the wall. The Mayes presume that the second floor was originally accessed by a pull-down ladder, and that the present stairway was a later addition.

The home originally had a wraparound porch that is now enclosed. The original footprint of the house can be seen on the 1907 Sanborn Fire Insurance Map. (These maps are available on the



Sanborn Map

Gledhill Library pages of the Santa Barbara Historical Museum's website. They are useful if you are curious about the history of your older home.)

The Mayes appreciate that their home is just a few blocks from State Street, although they are keeping close to home these days because of the Covid-19 virus. Fortunately, they are very good at keeping company with each other since they are the authors of *How Two: Have a Successful Relationship*.

What do the Mayes like about their home? Maureen says, "Old houses have quirks just like I do and this one has lots of little nooks and crannies so that it feels like there is always a new way to be in it." Phil says, "I like old houses. I think one reason that people are subconsciously taken with antiques and old things in general is precisely because they (the antiques) have existed unchanged for a long time and hence have a feeling of constancy, a comforting feeling in an uncertain, changing world." That's something we can all appreciate in these strange times.

Note - Please do not disturb the residents.



Leaf Detail, credit: Betsy J. Green



*Betsy J. Green is a Santa Barbara historian and author of Discovering the History of Your House and Your Neighborhood. Her website is [betsyjgreen.com](http://betsyjgreen.com).*

*This article first appeared in The Santa Barbara Independent in the May 7, 2020 issue.*

# An Ancestral Friendship

By Mary Jacob

**D**ID YOU KNOW THAT I'M A DESCENDANT of Elder William Brewster, the Pilgrim who gave the blessing at the first Thanksgiving dinner?" asked Shonali (née Chandy) Chinniah, my Indian host daughter, when I was visiting her in Bangalore, India.

"How can that be? You're Indian," I replied.

"Indian with a bit of American 'spice' mixed in on my mom's side," she responded with a twinkle in her eye.

Shonali and I have known each other for more than thirty years having met when she studied at Mount Holyoke College in Massachusetts where I was on the



Back row, l. to r. Jaya Thomas Jacob and Mary Jacob  
Front row, l. to r. Shonali Chandy and Navneet Marwaha

faculty. As our host daughter, Shonali became a part of our family. She taught my son how to ride a bike. She also teased my late Indian husband, Jaya Thomas Jacob, that the two of them must somehow be related because both their fathers hailed from the Jacobite Syrian Christian community, one of several Syrian Christian groups in Kerala state in southwestern India. The Jacobite Syrian Christians claim to be descendants of Syrian traders who intermarried with the local Indian community and were known traditionally to arrange marriages only within their community.<sup>1</sup> Hence, the joke among community members was that they were all distantly related to each other. My father-in-law and Shonali's father were unusual men in their day because they decided for themselves who they married and both married outside their community.

Shonali's daughter, Anya, had just completed some genealogical research for a high school project. In tracing her maternal line, Anya discovered that her 2nd great-grandmother was Ethel Stetson Colcord who was born in Lynn, Massachusetts in 1883. In 1911 Ethel met

Biren Gupta who was one of the first Indian students to graduate from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). In 1912

Ethel took the bold step of traveling to Calcutta, India, where she married Biren and raised their family. Anya also found that Ethel Stetson Colcord's grandmother was Emeline Stetson,

a 6th cousin of John Batterson Stetson, the inventor of the Stetson hat.

It is through the Stetson line that Shonali and Anya trace their roots back to William Brewster via Brewster's son, Jonathan.

Upon hearing this remarkable story, I responded, "Shonali, my 10th great-grandfather, William Bassett, came to America on the *Fortune*, the first ship that arrived in Plymouth after the *Mayflower*. My ancestor, William Bassett, must have known your William Brewster!"

I descend from William Bassett through his son William Bassett II whose great-granddaughter, Experience Ellis, married into the Tobey family whose progenitor (Thomas Tobey) was an early resident (1652) of Sandwich, Massachusetts. My 2nd great-grandmother was Caroline Sybil Tobey.

As it turns out, while still in Leiden, Holland, on March 11, 1611, "William Brewster and Roger Wilson accompanied their acquaintance, William Bassett, hodman, from Sandwich, England...who went to register his betrothal bans with Mary Butler, spinster..."<sup>2</sup> Sadly, Mary died before they could be married. Many historians think that this William Bassett was the father of the William Bassett who sailed on the *Fortune* with Jonathan Brewster. Indeed, my ancestor, William Bassett, lived for many years in Plymouth with William and Jonathan Brewster.

Shonali and my husband never found a genealogical connection within the Jacobite Syrian Christian community, but Shonali and I found an old ancestral friendship. Little did we know when we first met in western Massachusetts, we were just 120 miles from where our ancestral grandfathers once lived and worked together four centuries earlier.



Ethel Stetson Colcord





Anya and Shonali (Chandy) Chinniah

1. The Apostle Thomas was reputedly martyred in India and some of his relics buried in Mylapore just north of Chennai (formerly called Madras), India. This is just one example of known connections between southern India and the Mediterranean/Middle East area that stem from around the start of the Christian era.

2. *Mayflower Families Through Five Generations: Volume 24*, Elder William Brewster, pg. 6

*Mary Jacob joined SBCGS in 2016 shortly before she retired as Assistant Vice Chancellor for Enrollment Services at UCSB. She is secretary of the Board of directors of SBCGS and also president of Friends of Navdanya, a non-profit organization that supports the work of Navdanya, a sustainable organic demonstration farm, seed bank network and research and farmer training center in India. She is currently writing (and always researching) a book about her maternal grandparents and their ancestors going back four generations.*



# Discovering My Father's Name Source Through a 2 Cent Stamp!

By Lois Eddy Stadt

**M**Y FATHER, CLYDE WILSON EDDY, was born on the 22nd of September, 1904 and was named after his uncle, Clyde Walter Eddy. I decided to research my grand-uncle to discover more family history.

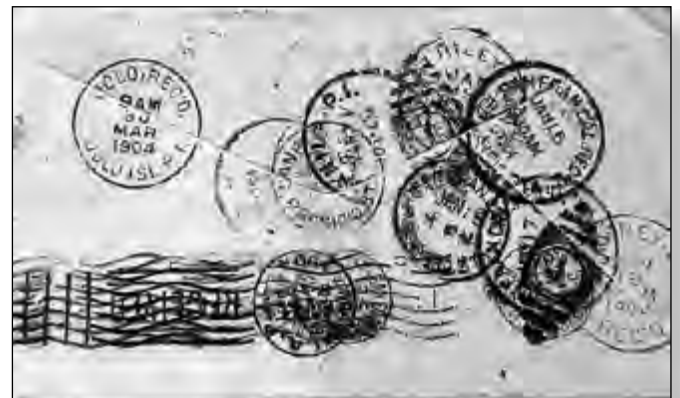
Clyde Walter Eddy was born on the 10th of January, 1876 in Martinsburg, Missouri. No record has been found of any marriages or children. Clyde Walter Eddy was a Private in the U.S. Army with the Field Artillery, from 1901 to 1904, serving in the Philippine Insurrection which took place from 1899 to 1902. He enlisted from the state of Washington.

On January 11th, 1904, my grandfather Ernest Oscar Eddy (called E.O. Eddy) was living in Worthing, South Dakota and he posted a letter with a two-cent stamp. The letter was addressed to his brother, Clyde Walter Eddy - C.W. Eddy, 18th Battery F.A., Manila, Philippine Islands. Not finding Clyde Walter Eddy at this address, the envelope began a long trip, passing through at least two hospitals, and several army posts which included Fort Riley, Kansas, Camp or Fort Ord, California, and the Presidio of San Francisco, California. At each postal facility, another hand-stamped date and place was added - some are difficult to read. The letter finally reached Clyde Walter Eddy over two and a half months later after being sent from Jolo, Philippine Islands on March 30, 1904.

Compliments of our U.S. postal service, this envelope and its contents traveled many miles back and forth to find an American soldier - and all for a two-



Front view of Eddy envelope.



Back view of Eddy envelope.

cent stamp. Could it help locate Clyde Walter Eddy's date of death and where he was buried? Through *Ancestry.com* I was able to find the document under U.S. Returns from Military Posts, 1806-1916, which mentioned Clyde Walter Eddy being at the USA General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, California. I also found that the 1930 U.S. Census showed that Clyde Walter Eddy was living in Portland, Oregon and in 1930 was employed as a custodian in the public schools.

I was inspired to learn more about this grand-uncle of mine. With the empty envelope that I had received from my father in hand, I journeyed to the Genealogical Forum of Oregon in Portland, Oregon, and asked for help. Liz, a very willing volunteer took on the task. After some time, she called me over to say, "Look what I found." And there it was: An Application for Headstone or Marker (Military Veteran). Clyde Walter Eddy was 75 years old when he died on October 3, 1951, and was buried at the VA Hospital Cemetery, Roseburg, Oregon (now called Roseburg National Cemetery), just 79 miles up the road from where I now live.

What a journey that two-cent stamp and letter took and what a surprising journey I took to find information on my father's name source, Clyde Walter Eddy!



"Sister", Elaine Eddy, "grandpa" Ernest Oscar Eddy/E.O., and myself, Lois Eddy, in San Francisco

**Clyde W Eddy in the U.S., Returns from Military Posts, 1806-1916**

Name: Clyde W Eddy  
 Post Name: Presidio of San Francisco, Letterman Gen Hospital  
 Post Location: California  
 Post Commander: George H Torney  
 Military Place: U S A General Hospital, Presidio, San Francisco  
 California  
 Return Period: Mar 1904

**Source Citation**  
 National Archives and Records Administration (NARA); Washington, D.C.; Returns from U.S. Military Posts, 1916, Microfilm Serial: M617, Microfilm Roll: 975

**Source Information**  
 Ancestry.com. U.S., Returns from Military Posts, 1806-1916 [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2009. This collection was indexed by Ancestry World Archives Project contributors in partnership with the following organizations:  
 California State Genealogical Alliance  
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 New England Historic Genealogical Society

US Returns from military posts 1806-1916, from *Ancestry.com*

**APPLICATION FOR HEADSTONE OR MARKER**  
 (Form and fee not return to applicant)

DECEASED NAME: EDDY, Clyde W.  
 BIRTH DATE: 11-5-1876  
 DECEASED DATE: 10-3-1951

VA Hospital Cemetery  
 Roseburg, Oregon

Signature: E. W. Stewart, Sundry Officer  
 Date: 10-4-51

Application for headstone or marker.



Burial marker at Roseburg National Cemetery, Roseburg, Oregon



Lois Eddy Stadt, a member of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, is a retired travel agent and past owner of a travel agency. Traveling is in her blood.

A recent trip to Scotland included attending the Investiture of the new Clan Gunn

Chief in Edinburgh.

A remark from her paternal grandmother, "You are Scots - not Scots/Irish!", sent Lois on her way to research family genealogy and prove her grandmother right.



# A Revolutionary War Spy in the Family

By Cathy Jordan

I HAD GROWN UP KNOWING of my great-grandfather John Philip Bayha's military service as our family is proud of it. By 2012 I had finished researching and collecting records in order to join Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War, 1861-1865.

Then I turned my attention to finding the ancestors of John's wife, Elmira Mitchell. I learned that she was born in Iowa to William Cunningham Mitchell and Elizabeth Sell Lemmon on June 28, 1852. I have two photographs of Elizabeth. I also have a piece of notebook paper with a scribbled genealogy of the family written



Elizabeth Lemmon Mitchell - Elmira Bayha's mother

by a nephew of John Phillip Bayha. So, I was off on my search for those additional ancestors.

I keep my family tree on *Ancestry.com* as private. However, if anyone searches on one of the names, they will get a hit showing my family tree. This fact became significant later in my search.

Both of Elmira Mitchell's parents, William Mitchell (1813-1858) and Elizabeth Sell Lemmon (1815-1903), were born in Pennsylvania. They were married in Cambria County, Pennsylvania, on November 21, 1837, and had six children, one of whom was Elmira. Between 1848 and 1850 the family moved to Iowa. William died of cholera on January 3, 1858, in Fairfield, Iowa. Elizabeth and four of the children moved to Nebraska between 1867 and 1870, likely following her daughter Elmira and her husband John Phillip Bayha who had married by that time. Eventually Elizabeth came to California, as did the Bayhas. Elizabeth died in Anaheim on October 17, 1903. I then went back another generation of her family.

Elizabeth Sell Lemmon's parents were James Lemmon, born November 1, 1784, in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, and Jane Matthews, who was born December 10, 1785, in Ireland. They were married on November 15, 1806, in Pennsylvania and had ten children.



James and Jane Matthews Lemmon Bible record

As soon as I had entered this family into my *Ancestry* tree, I received an email through *Ancestry.com* from a descendant of one of those ten children who offered to share tons of information. Best of all, I was able to obtain copies from him of James Lemmon's Bible. What a treasure trove of information! With the information I found in the old Bible pages, I could confirm birthdates, death dates, marriage dates, spouse's and children's names - I thought I was in heaven. Little did I know what lay ahead.

I discovered that James Lemmon's parents were William Lemmon, born 1743 in County Tyrone, Ireland, and Martha Adams, born 1845. I have not been able to determine their marriage date, but know that they had seven children. As soon as I had entered these details into my *Ancestry* tree I was contacted by Cindi, a relative of a brother of William Lemmon. I am glad I was sitting down when I read her message.

Cindi wrote that William Lemmon and his four brothers who came to America from Ireland about 1750 had all joined the Continental Army together! I had no idea there was a Revolutionary War soldier in our family tree and neither did anyone else in my family. And the amazing news did not stop there.



Cindi said that in her relative's pension application he stated that his brother, Lt. William (MY WILLIAM!), was essentially a military spy for George Washington!

I started searching and found that indeed William Lemmon (spelled Lamon) joined Captain John McClelland's 7th Company, 6th Battalion, Cumberland County Pennsylvania Militia along with his brothers James, John, and Joseph Robert (Cindi's ancestor). William also served in Col. John Proctor's Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania Militia which eventually became Hartley's Regiment during the Revolutionary War. On his brother Robert's Revolutionary War pension application, Cindi said, "Robert states that William was the Lieutenant of their company and 'acted as a spy from one fort to another' (between British and American camps)."

So, I searched for George Washington's papers online, found a copy of *The Papers of George Washington Revolutionary War Series 19*, and there William is, mentioned in the papers as meeting with General Washington. William had been trusted to bring to Washington a person who very likely was also a spy in disguise as an Indian. This led me to believe that it was not the first time Washington met with my ancestor for him to have gained this much trust.

When I was at NARA, the National Archives and Records Administration, in Washington, D.C., in 2013, I copied the pension file for Robert Lemmon, Cindi's relative, and read the passage that states his brother William was a spy between British and American forts and reported to General Washington, confirming what Cindi had told me.

called the Black Tick Creek, on the right of the main road heading from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. Wm. Lemon, the brother of this applicant was the Lieut. & acted as a spy from one fort to another. He remained then having repeated skirmishes with the Indians.

Excerpt from Robert Lemmons pension application

FROM DR. GOLES NOTES & QUERIES " VOL., 1896 P. 204

ALEXANDER WHITE	JOHN McCUTCHON
ROBERT McCLELLAN	HUGH "
JAMES DUNLAP	FESTER BARRCOURT
JAMES IRWIN SR.	JACOB "
" " JR.	DANIEL LAKE (LAIN)
JAMES McGOY	ADAM DUNWOODY
THOMAS WATSON	JAMES "
JOSEPH DUNLAP	JOHN FOLLARD
THOMAS DUNWOODY	JOHN KENNEDY
JOHN GOULDING	JOHN LECOCK
ROBERT SPIGLER	JAMES DUNWOODY (Son of THOS..)
RICHARD BARD	JOSEPH McCLELLAN
JAMES MAXWELL	JOHN McMULLAN
THOMAS LANGHEIN	JAMES INBIS
JAMES LOWRY	JAMES McCOCKRELL
WILLIAM LAMON	HENRY LAYBET
JAMES "	
JAMES "	
JOSEPH "	
RICHARD "	
WILLIAM WENKIN JR.	
SAMUEL DENISON	
JAMES MARTIN	
JAMES HOBBSON	
CHARLES STEWART	
GEORGE WRAY	

Certified by me—  
JOHN McCLELLAN CAPT.  
Return for 1779 until the  
24th of May.

Unit Roll—Captain John McClellan Company—Lemmon brothers

# The Papers of George Washington

Revolutionary War Series

19

15 January–7 April 1779



PHILANDER D. CHASE and WILLIAM M. FERRARO

Editors

THEODORE J. CRACKEL

Editor in Chief

March 1779

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P.S. In case of your being relieved—you will deliver this letter to the officer who succeeds you for his government.

LS (photocopy), addressed to Butler, in John Laurens's writing, DLC:GW, ser. g; Df, addressed to all three recipients, DLC:GW; Varick transcript, addressed to all three recipients, DLC:GW. The letters to these officers were enclosed with GW's letter of 2 March to William Patterson, who then forwarded them to their intended recipients. Below GW's signature on the LS to Butler, Patterson wrote and signed a note dated 25 March that reads: "This will serve as passport for Gershom Hicks, who may appear in Indian Dress, & the Officers commanding will receive him." Patterson apparently covered the LS of GW's letter to Butler with his own letter to Butler written at Northumberland, Pa., in March: "Mr. [William] Lemmon goes to your post, to wait the return, and take into his care Gershom Hicks, who is not to be examined or searched until he goes before his Excellency Gen. Washington. I inclose you his Excellency's letter. Be careful that your people, who are out on duty, or fatigue, receive Hicks, who may appear painted, and in a canoe. His regimentals I have sent by Mr. Lemmon" (*History of Wyoming*, p. 260). For Gershom Hicks, see Patterson to GW, 3 April, and n.3.

Butler commanded the garrison at Wyoming, Pennsylvania. Barnet Eichelberger, who served briefly as a lieutenant in the 6th Pennsylvania Regiment in early 1776 and is listed as captain in records for Col. Thomas Hartley's Additional Continental Regiment, apparently held a designation as "Major Pro: Tem: Vice Lewes Bush, who was Killed the 11th Septemb. 1777," when assigned command at Sunbury, Pa., in September 1778 (Eichelberger to Pennsylvania Supreme Executive Council, 23 Jan. 1779, DLC:GW; see also Hartley to Board of War, 20 Sept. 1778, DNA:PCC, item 78). Fort Wallis, named after Samuel Wallis, owner of the property on which the fortification stood, was another name for Fort Muncy, a work erected by Hartley's direction in summer 1778 on the West Branch of the Susquehanna River about three miles north of present-day Muncy, Pennsylvania. Capt. Andrew Walker, the officer in Hartley's regiment who oversaw the fort's construction, probably commanded the garrison during winter and spring 1779.

1. At this place on the draft manuscript, which is in Laurens's writing, "proved" is struck out and the words "pass and Repass" are written above the line.

George Washington letter mentioning William Lemmon

Further, DNA research by this whole new family, of which I am now a part, says that there were nine sons who all fought in the Revolutionary War on the American side. The nine brothers were Alexander, William, James, Thomas, Samuel, Archibald, Robert, John, Joseph. There may have been a George, a possible tenth son. There is some evidence that the father of this patriotic bunch might have also fought on the American side in the Revolutionary War.

THIS DISCOVERY WAS, AND REMAINS, MY BIGGEST GENEALOGICAL SURPRISE!



Cathy Jordan has been a member of SBCGS since 2009 and has served on the Board of Directors as Membership Chair. Born and raised in Santa Barbara, she returned in 1981 to raise two sons and care for her parents. Cathy retired from the Santa Barbara County Sheriff's Department in 2008 from a career

in computer programming and support to plunge headlong into genealogy after a visit to the 2009 Open House during Family History Month. In her own family she researches the names of Feely, Walsh, Mallery, Pratt, Bayha, Eckhardt, Mitchell, Lemmon, Matthews, McDuffie, Bayne, Wilhite, Farmer, Wood, Shelton, Allen, Griffin, and others. Cathy is a member of DAR and currently serves as president of Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War, 1861-1865.

## Alfred Henry Wilson, b. 1868 By Jim Wilson

FOR FULL DISCLOSURE, this article is adapted from my Member Share presentation at the society's December 17, 2005 meeting. My great-great-grandparents Henry and Ellen Wilson were married in Manchester, England, in 1831. In 1832, at age 16, she bore the first of their ten children. Their second and third children were born in 1834 and 1836. In 1837 they immigrated to the United States, settling in the Newark, New Jersey area where seven more children were born. Eliza, the last, was born in 1851 when was Ellen 35 years old. This is Ellen's last appearance in records found to date. Of these ten children six lived to adulthood. All were dually listed on the flyleaf and in the Birth, Marriages, and Deaths section in the family Bible.

There was however, an anomaly. Alfred Henry Wilson's birth on August 15, 1868 is the last entry on the flyleaf. There is no duplicate entry on the page of births as there are for all the others. Alfred was born 36 years after Ellen's first child, Joseph, and 17 years after their youngest, Eliza. Ellen would have been 52 at the time, an unusually late birth. Not impossible, but certainly out of the ordinary.

Researching the 1870 census revealed the SURPRISE — 60-year-old Henry with 19-year-old wife Emma and a one-year-old son Alfred! My daughter summed this up with one word, DISGUSTING! Without the benefit of generosity one could imagine Henry

and the housekeeper "foolin' around." Further research turned up a family tree on *Ancestry.com* which showed Henry and Emma's wedding date and Alfred's birth six months later. These dates must be taken with some caution as Alfred's death was listed in this source as having occurred 1889. He is in fact shown in the Federal Census to have been living in New Brunswick, New Jersey, practicing his profession as a baker in 1910.

Our mother had sayings which would bring clarity to many, if not most, of life's circumstances. Of this she would have opined, "The first baby can come at any time, only the rest take nine months."

Foot Note: Henry and Emma went on to have three more children, Rachael, the last born five months after Henry died in 1875.



Jim Wilson has been compiling his family history since 1991, and a SBCGS member since 2005. Until recently he has served as a Director-at-Large and Chair of the Investment Committee.



The last two entries on the flyleaf of the family Bible. Eliza Ann Wilson Born March 6, 1851  
Alfred Henry Wilson Born August 15, 1868



# MacKinnon Family Surprises: WORLD WAR II CHAPTER

By William P. MacKinnon

**O**VER MY EIGHTY-ONE YEARS, I have had my fair share of surprises from life with the MacKinnons, including my mother's Costello side of the family. Here are stories of three such surprises, all relating to World War II and involving my father and two maternal uncles.

## Harold Alexander MacKinnon: Case of the Disappearing Father

(b. Chelsea, Massachusetts, 1902  
d. Wolfeboro, New Hampshire, 1972)

When the United States entered World War II, my father did not go into military service. On Pearl Harbor Day he was 39 years old, had seven dependents, and was a senior financial executive (assistant comptroller) at the headquarters of a major defense contractor, General Electric Company in Schenectady, New York. There, 18 miles west of Albany, GE began working around the clock to replace the ruined power plants aboard the remnants of the Pacific Fleet being raised from the depths of Pearl Harbor as well as to build the steam turbines to power most of the Navy's vast armada of new capital ships. In a city of 90,000 people, GE and the American Locomotive Company employed a total of 45,000 war workers. If Detroit was dubbed the "Arsenal of Democracy," Schenectady was a close second.

My father's assignment was in Schenectady, yet we children began to notice that during the war he would board the train to Boston to spend a few days or a week at GE's River Works in Lynn, Massachusetts. When we asked mom the "why" question, she just sighed and replied, "Oh, work." That said it all. Satisfied with that non-specific answer, we moved on to important things like our usual after-school pursuits.



Harold A. MacKinnon,  
GE Assistant Comptroller,  
Schenectady, New  
York, ca. early 1940s.

Fast forward to the late winter of 1944-45. I was playing in the back yard one day when a military plane rocketed over the house at an incredible speed and with an unfamiliar roar. Even stranger to me was the fact that this aircraft had no propeller. The plane was definitely not like the one I had been building as a "stick model" during the past winter. All planes had props, didn't they? I raced inside to ask mom about what I had just seen, but she had no answers for me.

What I eventually pieced together was that this was a "jet" plane being test-flown out of GE's flight operations on the edge of

town. The airframe was made by Bell Aircraft in Buffalo, with the gas turbine engine developed in super-secrecy by GE in Lynn. The engineering drawings and a lone prototype engine had been brought to the United States from England early in the war by Frank Whittle, the Royal Air Force's engineering genius.



Frank Whittle, Royal Air Force, WWII.

The joint British-American plan was for GE, in cooperation with Whittle, to refine the engine and mass-produce it in the United States because of the company's long track record with aircraft turbochargers. Easier said than done. With the expenditure of millions of dollars and a lot of modifications, GE's



Development Team, I-A Jet Engine Project, GE River Works, Lynn, Massachusetts



derivative of the Whittle engine first flew in 1942, but jets were not ready for operational use until 1945, when a few Lockheed P-80s flew combat missions from a liberated Italian base during the closing weeks of the war.



Bell XP59-A Aracomet, 1942, Muroc Dry Lake, California

Because of government-imposed secrecy, we five younger MacKinnons (and perhaps even mom) never knew during the war what dad was doing in Lynn. Brother Dick, who talked to dad about this more than I did after the war, thinks of him as the engine project's "comptroller."

One of the items found in dad's papers when he died in 1972 at age sixty-nine, a retired vice president of GE, was a card from his Lynn visits bearing the signature of Frank Whittle. By the time of dad's passing, he was "Sir Frank," having been knighted for his war work. Eventually, Whittle immigrated permanently to the United States. Perhaps all those lobster dinners dad bought him in secrecy somewhere in the Boston area proved as effective as the pioneering jet engine he and General Electric developed together.

Fast forward again to around 2010. While chatting with SBCGS's own Neal Graffy, I discovered that at the end of the war he and his family lived in the Schenectady suburb of Scotia. At that time Neal's father also worked for GE, in his case as a test pilot. If Chuck Graffy had not flown the early jet plane that streaked over my house that surprising day in 1945, he soon would be.

### Christopher Henry Costello: Case of the Singing Lieutenant

(b. Pouch Cove, Newfoundland, 1913  
d. Putnam Station, New York, 1993)

If dad was a civilian during World War II, Uncle Chris Costello, my mother's youngest brother, was my war hero, although I did not meet him until he returned from Europe in 1946. He had been born at his family's ancestral home in Newfoundland in 1913, but by Pearl Harbor Day, Uncle Chris and the rest of mom's family were in Boston. He was 28 years old, studying pharmacology, and married with a young child. Technically, he might not have been drafted, but in 1942 Uncle Chris volunteered for the army, was commissioned via Officer Candidate School, and by 1944 was a second lieutenant in England with Company D of the 81st Chemical Mortar Battalion preparing for what became the invasion of France. At 6:30 a.m.

on June 6 (D-Day), he landed with the 81st in Normandy with one of the first waves of troops to hit Omaha Beach. With his company commander dead, he worked mightily to help his troops set up their mortars on the beach to provide close fire support for the landing and then to move the company off the sand and into the town of Vierville-sur-Mer. These were actions for which the army decorated him with the Silver Star for valor and a Purple Heart.

Uncle Chris served the rest of the war fighting through France, Belgium, and Germany with the 81st Chemical Mortar Battalion as a forward observer, hazardous duty for which the average life expectancy was about two weeks. From improvised observation posts in advance of the main body of troops, he spotted targets for the crews serving the large 4.2-inch mortars that lobbed shells of white phosphorous or high explosives into German positions. Because of its appearance, the troops dubbed their ordnance "stovepipe artillery," a nickname first used by mortarmen in the Civil War's Union Army. In a letter published by the *Boston Globe* on November 26, 1944, Uncle Chris reported from the assault on Metz (eastern France) that his unit was pouring twenty shells per minute into the beleaguered German garrison and that since D-Day they had been in continuous combat except for six days. "If anyone can beat that record," he noted, "he's welcome to it." By the spring of 1945 the 81st was into Germany and had liberated one of the SS death camps, with Uncle Chris then briefly acting as military governor of the nearby town.



Co. D, 81st Chemical Mortar Battalion, setting up 4.2-inchers in France, 1944, Lt. Costello on extreme left.

After the war, Lieutenant Costello returned to Massachusetts as a widower, remarried, finished his Ph.D. degree, and began a career in the pharmaceutical industry that eventually took him to Manhattan. There he worked for many years as director of research for the pharmaceutical division of Colgate-Palmolive. When he retired, the Costellos moved from suburban New Jersey

to a farm near Putnam Station on the New York shore of Lake Champlain.

From this rugged but beautiful perch in the Adirondacks, he enjoyed life immensely and stayed in touch with his army pals, among whom he had long been known as "Doc" because of the troops' awareness of what he was studying pre-war. Uncle Chris frequently attended the episodic reunions of the 81st at various places in the United States and occasionally sallied out of the Adirondacks to visit France with a few especially close friends. Attendees on these postwar expeditions showed very little, if any, interest in Parisian nightlife. The emphasis was on buddies lost and on the survivors' shared experiences in the fields, hedgerows, ditches, and woods of rural France.

In the late 1990s I was doing genealogical research via Google on the Costello side of the family tree and unexpectedly came across Uncle Chris's name as the lyricist for an obscure song copyrighted in New York in 1982. The title was "The Ballad of the Stovepipe Artillery." I was stunned. No one in our family except my mother had any known musical ability, yet here was the unexpected "outing" of a published song writer among the Costellos, and a very unlikely one at that. With a little more research, I found that the song's music was credited to Hazel Frankel and her husband, David, a former first lieutenant in the 81st Chemical Mortar Battalion. By the time of my discovery, Uncle Chris had passed, so I checked in with Bonnie Costello, one of his five daughters. I learned from her that the "ballad" had grown out of the battalion's postwar reunions and was often sung during them, probably while enjoying cooling beverages of an appropriate character. Cousin Bonnie, a distinguished professor of English literature at Boston University, supplied me with her father's lyrics. They were four interesting but less-than-brilliant verses extolling the attributes of 4.2-inch mortars and reprising the experiences of those using them. (See next page for lyrics and score.)

I was not surprised by the subject of "The Ballad of the Stovepipe Artillery" - Uncle Chris's WWII experiences were one of his postwar life's greatest preoccupations - but my realization that he had collaborated with Dave Frankel to create such a piece was a stunner. I had always thought of my uncle as just a citizen soldier-turned-scientist. This discovery opened up a whole new vista of his hidden talents as well as the possibility that accomplishments by him and other ancestors still await discovery in the upper reaches of the family tree.

## William H. Costello, Jr.: Case of the Actor-in-Arms

(b. Malden, Massachusetts, 1909  
d. Palm Springs, California, 1957)

Uncle Bill Costello, my mother's younger brother, was always the mystery man in the family. Very little was said about him by my parents while I was growing up in Schenectady, and I never met him. I knew that Uncle Roy had become a financial executive, first with Sylvania Electric in Massachusetts and New York and then AM-PEX in California; and I knew that Uncle Chris was with pharmaceutical companies in Massachusetts, Ohio, and New York; but what did Uncle Bill do for a living?



William H. Costello, Jr., Hollywood,  
ca. late 1930s.

The story from my mother was that he was the most handsome of the Costellos and MacKinnons. After high school he left the Boston area for New York and Hollywood to become an actor on the stage and eventually in "B" movies. He often worked under the stage names "Castle" or "Castello," perhaps a romanticized tip of the hat to the small Portuguese branch in

our otherwise British and Celtic family tree. Unstated, but implicit in the body language around home, was that there was something a bit unconventional and mysterious about Uncle Bill. Indeed, a California actor among a family of Atlantic Coast corporate financial and science over-achievers was counter-culture in the MacKinnon-Costello tribe.

My twin brother, Dick, is not a genealogist, but he does qualify as the family's resident Private Eye, a related profession. He is the most relentless finder of missing playmates and wandering distant relatives that I know. About twenty years ago Dick MacKinnon turned these formidable talents to Uncle Bill Costello's somewhat murky family connection and eventually found his heretofore unknown granddaughter living in southern California not too far from Santa Barbara. In 2012, when Dick asked our long-lost second cousin for family images, she e-mailed him a clutch of photographs of Bill Costello, the grandfather she (and most of us) had never met. As advertised, Uncle Bill was indeed handsome, and he was always photographed immaculately groomed and very well dressed. What really caught my attention, though, were not the glamorous studio images but two 1943 snapshots of him taken outside in a somewhat rumpled Class B WWII army uniform.

Army! Another family shocker. Theretofore I had thought of Uncle Chris as our extended family's sole contribution to the uniformed side of World War II. I had thought of Uncle Bill as sitting out the war, perhaps bivouacked in cafe society. It was a real surprise to learn that there had been a second Costello uncle in the war. One of the newly-surfaced photos from cousin Beth Bond Sczempka showed the two brothers posed before a palm tree in Jacksonville, Florida. Chris was wearing the uniform of a recently-commissioned second lieutenant, and Bill was uniformed as an army T/4, a two-striper equivalent to a corporal. The photo was dated May 30, 1943, a time when both men were together in northern Florida training in the surf for amphibious landings that would take them to their separate destinies on the beaches of France's Normandy and Italy's Anzio.



Costello Brothers (T/4 Bill l. and 2d Lt. Chris r.), Jacksonville, Fla., May 30, 1943.

Somewhere I had made the comment in public that, other than an uncle (singular) and my older brother, Bob, I was the first member of our family to wear the uniform of the United States. Thanks to this most recent surprise, I am now revising that part of our family history.

Uh, Sir Frank, would you please pass the lobster?

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**THE BALLAD OF THE STOVEPIPE ARTILLERY**

Words by Dr. Christopher H. Costello      Music by Hazel and Dave Frankel

1. Out of the crash-ing surf they came Drag-ging their tubes of steel  
 2. They must have look'd re-dic-u-lous To the Jer-ries on the beach  
 3. Thru surf and dune and hedge-row long They fo't their dog-ged way  
 4. Their num-bers slow-ly dwin-dled As the day drew to a close

1. Thru a hell of secks and shot and shell That made the sen-ses reel  
 2. Drag-ging those sill-ly push-carts A-cross that fie-ry beach  
 3. A- gainst a stub-born desp-'rate foe All thru that long-est day  
 4. How those few men sur-vided it Only God a-lone He knows

1. Who is this band of broth-ers Se- murg-ing from the sea  
 2. Who save the 1st sup-port-ing fire To the plin-d-down in-fan-try  
 3. But "E- qual to the task" they prov'd In that fight to set men free  
 4. When the roll is call'd up yon- der I hope He hears this plea

1. It's the Eighty First Bat-tal-ion, The Stove-pipe Ar-til-ler-ry!  
 2. 'Twas the Eighty First Bat-tal-ion, The Stove-pipe Ar-til-ler-ry!  
 3. Did the Eighty First Bat-tal-ion, The Stove-pipe Ar-til-ler-ry!  
 4. Bless the Eighty First Bat-tal-ion, The Stove-pipe Ar-til-ler-ry!

CHORUS  
 Ch the four point two have rug-ged crews, They're Mis-sis-sip-pli's best  
 They'd swap their shoes for a bot-tle of booze And a lit-tle bit of rest!

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Appendix: "The Ballad of the Stovepipe Artillery"

*William P. MacKinnon is a SBCGS member residing in Montecito. This is his second article for Ancestors West. He is an alumnus or veteran of Yale, Harvard Business School, General Motors, and USAF. His two-volume history of the Utah War of 1857-58, At Sword's Point, was published by the University of Oklahoma Press, and his articles about the American West have appeared in more than thirty historical journals in this country and the United Kingdom.*





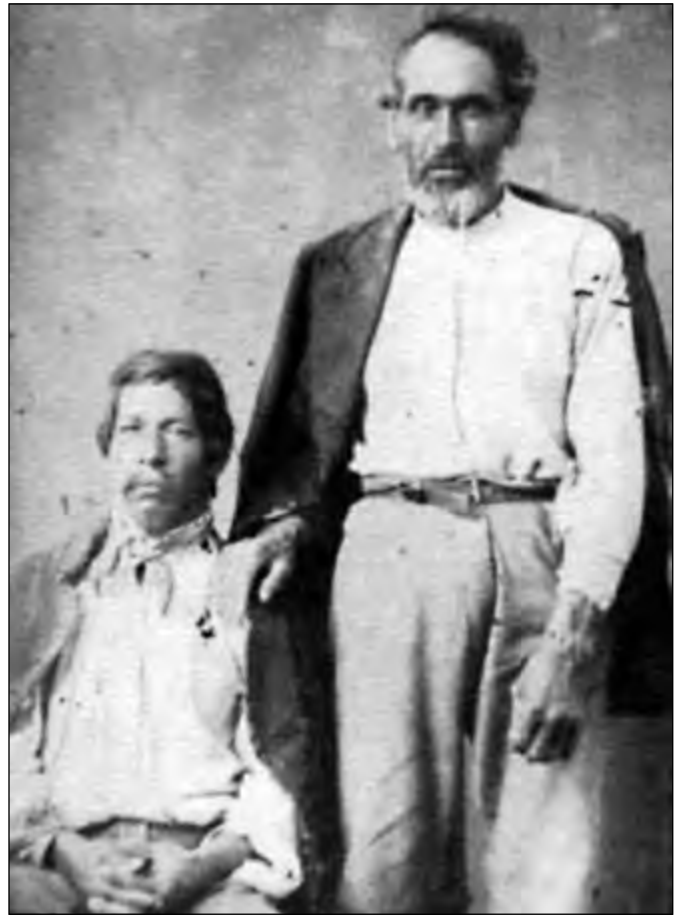
# Google Reveals A Genealogical Surprise in a Ph.D. Thesis

By Bill Clark

I'VE BEEN DOING GENEALOGY on my family tree on and off for a long time. I started in 1986 when I was a freight pilot and was flying to Fresno six days a week. I would fly freight down in the morning, wait around all day, then fly freight back to Oakland in the evening. I decided that I needed something to do with all my time there. I had been a little interested in family history and thought this would be a great opportunity to follow up on that. There was a Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in town with a genealogical library so I spent most of my time there doing research and more research. As most of you know, at that time the only research sources were microfilm, microfiche, and books. Clues and information were few and far between. Still, I started creating biographies and collecting pictures and documents. I put these into a binder, then another binder, ending up with eight binders. About that time the Internet came along and research and information exploded. I was addicted and couldn't do enough! I've been able to tie in genealogy research with my aviation career and to visit many of the places that I discovered in my research.

Most of my ancestors have been in the United States for a while so the research has been relatively easy. I've also gleaned a lot of information from relatives when they were alive. My wife's ancestors, on the other hand, came to the United States from Mexico and Italy more recently. Also, she knew of fewer relatives than I had and even fewer of those know anything about their genealogy. For just those reasons I put off working on her family tree for a long time. When my research began to slow down (i.e. go out of the country) I decided it was time to work on her side. I did what I could, but there wasn't much meat on the bone, so I dropped it for a while.

Last year I was poking around on Google and discovered a hit on the family name of Lorenzana, which was my wife's maternal great-grandmother's maiden name. I found a 2016 Ph.D. thesis by a man named Martin Adam Rizzo at UC Santa Cruz entitled "No Somos Animales: Indigenous Survival and Perseverance in 19th Century Santa Cruz, California." It is 423 pages long and studies the various aspects of the different Indian tribes in the Santa Cruz, California, area during the Mission days. Wanting to find out what it said about Lorenzana, and being a fan of early California history, I couldn't put the thesis down. Late in the document it



The only known photo that is possibly Macedonio Lorenzana (sitting); Joaquin Juarez (standing). (Courtesy of James Zetterquist). Ref. "Do You Know My Name. He Came From an Indian Kingdom: The Lorenzana Family, Race & Rights in a Changing Society" by Martin Rizzo, published by the Santa Cruz Museum of Art and History, *Santa Cruz County History Journal*, Number 8, p. 25.

mentioned a man named Macedonio Lorenzana and his wife, Maria. Through his thesis I discovered that Rizzo had also written an article entitled "He came From An Indian Kingdom: The Lorenzana Family, Race & Rights in a Changing Society," which went into more detail on the Lorenzana family. I thought I might be onto something. Incidentally, both articles can be found online at academia.edu. As I did more research, I discovered that they were indeed my wife's ancestors through her great-grandmother. Both documents were truly a genealogist's treasure chest filled to the top with gems about my wife's ancestors!

The articles are a very interesting history of the Santa Cruz, California, area in the Mission days and especially of my wife's early ancestors, Macedonio Lorenzana and Maria Romualda Petronila Vasquez. According to Dr. Rizzo, Spain was trying to populate Alta California (present-day California) with retired soldiers and others from Mexico to establish its claim to the territory and to keep the Russians and English from establishing a foothold there. This plan was not going well as few people wanted to leave Mexico. As a result, in 1800 the former Archbishop of Mexico, Francisco Antonio de Lorenzana y Butron, sent a group of 20 orphaned children to fam-

ilies in California pueblos. These children were given the surname of Lorenzana, after the former Archbishop. Macedonio Lorenzana, a 10-year old Mestizo (Mexican Indian) boy, was one of these children. He was raised by a family in the Pueblo of San Jose, eventually marrying Maria Romualda Petronila Vasquez in 1816, and moving to the Presidio of San Francisco where he was a soldier.

Maria had been born at the Presidio of Santa Barbara in 1799 to Jose Antonio de Vasquez and Maria Leocadia. Her father had come to California as a child with the De Anza party and then became a soldier in the Spanish Army. Her mother, an Ohlone Indian born near Hollister, had come to Mission Santa Clara with her parents and was raised there. After Macedonio finished his service in the Army, he and his family moved to Villa de Branciforte (Santa Cruz) in the early 1820s where he was given property for his service.

They had about 17 children, many of whom had very poor reputations. The worst was Faustino "Charole" Lorenzana. He was a noted murderer, horse thief, cattle rustler, who had dragged a woman behind his horse, and was a cousin and sometimes gang member of Tiburcio Vasquez, the noted California bandit. He was eventually killed in a gun fight with a posse of eight

deputies in Montecito, California. In 1870 Faustino's brother, Jose Jesus, killed his wife in a drunken rage. Two daughters of Macedonio and Maria, Chona and Josie, were madames in local Branciforte bordellos. Josie was kicked out of town in 1884.

A nephew, Jesus Maria, was a street fighter and had been arrested several times by the time he was 20 years old. One night at a dance hall he met a pretty young widow, fell in love and gave up his old lifestyle and friends. After they were married, Jesus shot a man in the shoulder for insulting his wife. He did a year in prison and then behaved himself thereafter.

This is not the first time that I've found a treasure trove of information in an unexpected place. It just encourages me all the more to keep digging! Also, my wife asked me if I still would have married her if I had known about the notorious past of her family.

I'm still thinking. I do sleep with one eye open though.



Bill Clark, Author

## Supper in Our Home Three Score and Five Years Ago

By Art Sylvester

**P**ERHAPS LIKE US, you've experienced a considerable change in your dining habits during these days of Covid-19, and perhaps like us, these days may have caused you to recall how dining was done during the decade following World War II.

Somehow our family managed to persevere in those days without fast-food, take-out, and drive-through establishments, such as McDonalds, Carl's Jr., and In-and-Out Burger; home delivery services like Rusty's Pizza and Grub Hub; or boxed meal ingredients ordered online from Hello Fresh and Blue Apron. Dine-in restaurants were few, and I don't recall eating at the local Chinese restaurant but maybe two or three times in all of those years. Instead, we bought our groceries at the local Market Basket grocery store and walked them three blocks to home in our two-wheel grocery cart.

Mother was a "housekeeper," and prepared most of the meals. My grandfather, "Gramp," a native of down east Maine, lived with us and often had a hand in cooking the evening meal. Having been born and raised on a farm, much of what he prepared was down east farm food. My father, a bridge engineer for the California State Division of Highways,



had trained as a quartermaster in the U.S. Army and went through its culinary school, but he seldom had a hand in preparing supper; occasionally he would prepare "red beans in red wine," a dish that I think he came to know and like while fighting the war with General George Patton in France.





Supper was “family style” around a large oval table, always with a lace table cloth, in the dining room. My sister and I set the table with cloth place mats, clean cloth napkins, and place settings of silverware arranged in the prescribed traditional manner.

We had meat of some sort – ham or roast, pork or lamb chops, or a casserole for supper (never chicken or fish) - placed in front of my father with a stack of dinner plates at his end of the table, where he would carve the meat or apportion the casserole. I was not very fond of cow’s tongue, which was occasionally on the menu; however, my two sisters and I were told to eat what was put in front of us and like it. I did, because we were told to “remember the poor starving Armenians,” but my elder sister would hide her dislikes on a little shelf under the table. My younger sister was in a high chair in her first few years.

The plates would be passed to the other end of the table where mother spooned vegetables from two bowls onto them. Fresh vegetables were typical of Maine farm food: rutabagas, parsnips, turnips, beets, okra, black-eyed peas, mustard greens, endive, cabbage, broccoli, carrots, string beans, corn on the cob, asparagus, but also Boston-baked beans and mashed potatoes and gravy. Other vegetables came out of a can or from a Birdseye frozen food package - usually peas, string beans, or succotash consisting of various combinations of corn, diced carrots, lima beans, or peas. Only when I got good fresh broccoli in Goleta years later, did I learn why I disliked the limp, colorless imitation as a boy – mother boiled it until the

color was nearly driven out of it.

Sometimes we had rice instead of potatoes. Next day we would blend the leftover rice with milk, raisins, and nutmeg for breakfast or lunch. Other times we had cornbread, and next day we would pour milk over the crumbled leftovers for breakfast.

White bread (never wheat or sourdough) and oleomargarine were usually on the table. In the early days after the war, we kneaded food coloring into white margarine to make it look like yellow butter. The milkman left two or three bottles of milk on the back porch two or three times a week. Before homogenization became standard, we would find cream had risen to the top of each bottle on cold mornings and punched the paper cap off the bottle.

Dessert was always to be looked forward to: Usually cake or pie that Gramp bought from the Helms Bakery man, who came by once or twice a week in his yellow and blue truck with great drawers filled with all sorts of yummy bakery goods. Sometimes dessert was bread pudding, rice pudding, or peach cobbler made from fruit plucked from our own trees and preserved in Mason jars.

Supper was not followed by coffee or tea in our home. Instead, my sister and I asked if we could be excused, then she and I cleared the table, I washed the dishes, and she dried them. How very different supper is in these days even without social isolation, from the way I remember how it was three score and five years ago!



*Arthur Gibbs Sylvester is a past president of the Society, a descendant of Maine “apple-knockers.” During the war and afterward, he was raised and educated in South Pasadena. He is the author of two recently published geology books: “Roadside Geology of Southern California” and “Geology Underfoot in Southern California.”*

# Surprise! This is Your New Family

By Laurie Hannah

**I**N 2015, I WROTE AN ARTICLE for *Ancestors West* about the process of how I, as an adoptee, searched for and eventually found out who my birth mother was. My mother's birth family had no information on my biological father, so it was up to me to use the latest tools and strategies to find him myself.

At that time, I had tested my DNA with both *FamilyTreeDNA* and *Ancestry*. Many people were beginning to do this, so my match list was growing and filling with interesting possibilities. Having no paternal family tree to link to my results meant I had to investigate the public trees of my matches to see what I might have in common with them. As it sometimes happens, I lucked out in the spring of 2016. A close first cousin match popped up with an extensive tree!



Laurie and first cousin Joan, the family historian

Knowing that first cousins have grandparents in common led me to a couple with five sons and one daughter.

The father of the first cousin match was obviously not my father, or we would have shared more DNA. Also, the oldest four sons were quite a bit older than I, so not as likely to be my birth father. But the last-born child, a son, was much younger than his siblings. My adoption papers said my birth father was 25 years old when I was born. I did the math and bingo! This candidate was the right age. Although the adoption agency could not give me any identifying information about my birth parents, they had told me that my birth father was in the military and did some kind of radio work. He had also graduated from college.

A search on his name in *Ancestry.com* listed him and his family in the 1930 U.S. Census in a town adjacent to my birth mother's hometown in southern Illinois. I also found multiple muster rolls of a man who was enlisted in the Marines during the 1950s, and I could see the various bases where he was stationed, including one near St. Louis the year before I was born. Previously he had been stationed at Treasure Island in San Francisco in an electronics and radio communication school. This was sounding promising indeed.

Like any good researcher, I searched for his name on the internet as well. Up came his son with the same



Laurie meeting half-brother Tony in Wisconsin

name and a Facebook page. The son offered little identifying information, other than he lived in Wisconsin,

and no photo of himself. I scrolled through all his friends and came up with a few ostensible family members with the same last name. I clicked on a woman and, lo and behold, I was looking at myself. If this man and woman were indeed the children of my possible birth father, based on their names, then I was looking at my half-sister. She looked so much like me that I immediately sent her photo around to my friends and family for confirmation. Many saw the resemblance.

With those clues in hand, I contacted the manager of the DNA test for my first cousin. She turned out to be the first cousin's wife and an avid genealogist. She was open and generous with information, and best of all, connected me with other family members in various states who welcomed me wholeheartedly into their far-flung family. Another first cousin in Wisconsin, Joan, offered to contact the apparent half-brother from Facebook in an email, under the guise of getting reconnected with a side of the family she hadn't been in touch with, as well as "introducing" me to him. He responded very positively, wanting to connect right away, and after he saw a photo of me, he offered to do a DNA test, though he was already convinced we were siblings. Both he and another half-sister have tested and are my highest matches to date. That proof was very satisfying.

I lucked out. My new relatives have provided me with photographs, letters from my father to his parents, and lots of family lore. Although my birth father had passed away by the time I found out his identity, I met several of my new relatives on a road trip I took in the summer of 2017 to the Midwest. I met Joan and my half-brother, Tony, both of whom lived about two hours apart from each other, although they didn't know it. I still have not met my "twin" half-sister.

Though the connections to the living are still growing and may one day become closer, the confirmation of my biological father's side has provided me with many lines of fascinating ancestors dating back to some of the earliest French colonists in Louisiana Territory in the late 1600s and a growing family tree. One last surprise was the recent discovery that SBCGS member Charmien Carrier and I are eighth cousins through our French-Canadian relatives.

*Laurie Hannah is a retired librarian and archivist. She has been actively doing genealogy since 2013. She spends most of her time researching her paternal lines in the early French towns of Sainte Genevieve and Fredericktown (formerly St. Michael), Missouri, two places that her ancestors helped to found.*



# Great-Aunt Mary's Legacy

By Charles Walworth

Reprinted from *Ancestors West* Spring-Summer 2006 edition

**A**UNT MARY GOGGIN/GOGGEN was my grand-aunt, my mother's mother's sister. When Aunt Mary died in 1945, I was her only living relative and her sole heir. Only years later did I discover other precious gifts that were to come to me from her. My mother died shortly after I was born, and her mother, my grandmother, died a year before I was born. The remaining members of my mother's family lived 500 miles away in the farming community of Forestville, Chautauqua County, New York. I spent summers there on the farm with my grandfather, visiting my Aunt Mary and attending the annual family reunion that has now gone on for a hundred years.



After my grandfather died in 1944 and Aunt Mary in 1945, I had little reason to go back to Forestville. I did maintain contact with some second cousins in the area and many years later started to go back to attend the family reunion. I took my two sons to the reunion in 1980. Afterward, one of my cousins took us to meet next-door neighbors of my Aunt Mary who had lived in their home for over 50 years. I didn't remember ever having met them, but they were delighted to see me. They had stored in their attic, for 35 years, an oval glass-framed picture of a young Aunt Mary. She had entrusted it to them, cautioning that she "did not want it to be burned." They gave me the picture, which now occupies a place of honor in my home on the wall beside the front door.



Years later, perhaps around 1995, I was researching at the New England Historical and Genealogical Society Library in Boston, Massachusetts, trying to establish whether my parents were indeed eighth cousins, both descended from Samuel Eldridge (1620-1677) of Kingston, Rhode Island. My father's line was clear but my mother's line was murky, dependent upon a series of Eldridge names listed in a genealogy without any documentation. Finally, I turned to the library's manuscript collection and the William Henry Eldridge papers, 1911- 1942. I picked a folder that looked promising and there, right on top, was a questionnaire answered by Aunt Mary, God bless her, and sent to Mr. Eldridge in the late 1930s. She listed her family from me back several generations, confirming the Eldridge descent.

I was 14 when Aunt Mary died - too young to have taken advantage of her knowledge - but 50 years later I found her information waiting for me in Boston.

*Editor's Note: Charlie and I are also cousins, both descending from Joris Jansen Rapelje and Catalyntje Tricault. Our ancestors were Protestants, he French, she Belgian, who took refuge in the Netherland fleeing religious persecution. They were with the first settlers of New Netherland, arriving in 1623, to what is now New York. ~KI*



*When I retired from my career as a CPA in 1994, I began to pursue my nascent interest in genealogy. In 2000 I moved to Santa Barbara and was delighted to find the SBCGS – members from all over the country who had chosen to live in Santa Barbara and were also interested in genealogy.*

*I became the Society's Financial Officer even though my wife and I were going back and forth between Nashville and Santa Barbara.*

*In the midst of the recession of 2008 the Society went to work to raise money to double the size of the library. Bob Bason, a professional fundraiser, volunteered to lead the effort. My job was to keep track of pledges and collections.*

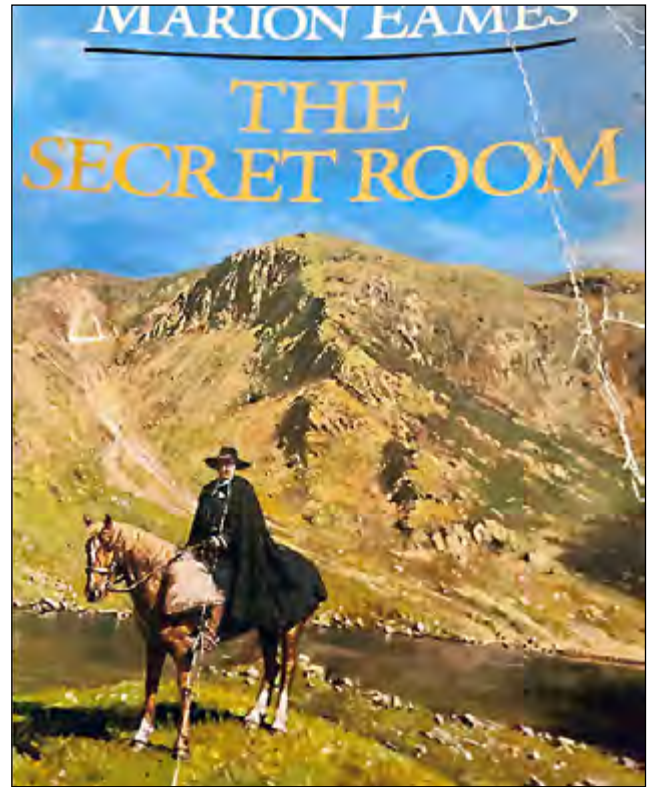
*One night, driving home from a meeting, it occurred to me that the library should have a mission statement (such as the one used by NEHGS). I arrived home and began at once to draft one. It has been updated since that time.*

## A Quaker Surprise!

By Carole Kennedy

**A**S THE WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING were closing in, I was deep in a genealogy rabbit hole! I was following my mother's maternal ancestors back farther than I had ever done before.

This adventure took me to my 6th great-grandfather, Rowland Ellis (1650-1731), one of the early Quaker settlers in Pennsylvania who arrived on this continent in 1687. He was born in 1650 in the old market town of Dolgelly in Merionethshire, North Wales. Farming was his occupation and it seems that he was one of the wealthier land holders at the time as a land deed refers to him as a "Gentleman." The leader and founder of the Society of Friends (Quakers), George Fox, traveled through Wales when Rowland was about 22 years old. At this time, as is described in Quaker meeting minutes, "He [Rowland] was convinced of the truth" and adopted the Quaker beliefs. The Welsh Quakers met in secret and because of their religion they were fined and often jailed for months in squalid conditions. Rowland and a group of persecuted Quakers purchased land from William Penn who recruited them to populate Pennsylvania. Rowland was the leader of about 100 Welsh Quakers who sailed on a turbulent voyage which lasted six weeks and is documented in the ship Captain's diary. He called his new 700-acre home in Pennsylvania Bryn Mawr, named after his home in Wales. In 1700, he was elected to represent Philadelphia County in the Assembly of the Province. The Reverend Rowland Ellis was a highly regarded and a very respected leader within the Quaker community. Thanks to the great Quaker meeting minutes and Pennsylvania history books, I was able to find many facts and stories about his fascinating life.



And then I found another surprise! *The Secret Room*, by the Welsh author Marion Eames, was published in 1969. It is a novel which was subsequently the basis for a successful British 2001 television series. The story follows the experiences of the Quaker leader, Reverend Rowland Ellis, who founded a Welsh colony in Pennsylvania after being illegally imprisoned and condemned to death in Wales. Many thanks to King Charles II of England who intervened and ordered Ellis and his fellow Quakers released. After a bit of searching, I found, purchased and read this book. Ultimately "the secret room" refers to the secret room within one's heart where the inner light is found.



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



# A Surprising Mystery Heirloom

By Marjory Friestad

## Cast of Characters:

### CAPTAIN ARNOLD BRIGGS

b. 1757 Little Compton, Rhode Island  
d. 1813 Paris, Oneida Co., New York

### His wife, MARY PEARCE BRIGGS

b. Little Compton, Rhode Island,  
d. 1833 Paris, Oneida Co., New York

### Their son, GEORGE BRIGGS

b. 1777 Little Compton, Rhode Island  
d. February 18, 1793 Cape Mount, Liberia, Africa

### MARJORIE'S ANCESTORS:

#### JOHN PEARCE

1758 - 1827 of Little Compton, Rhode Island

#### GEORGE PIERCE

1787 - 1849 \*first recipient of the checkerboard set

#### DELOS PIERCE 1825 - 1906

#### JOHN PIERCE 1871 - 1955

#### HAROLD PIERCE 1906 - 1985

#### MARJORY PIERCE (FRIESTAD)

author of this story, and current recipient of the heirloom

**W**HEN I WAS ABOUT 12 years old, my father, Harold Pierce, gave me an antique checkerboard set and told me it had been damaged in an "uprising on a slave ship," but added, "the slaves were not the problem." He knew nothing more about what had happened nor why he was given the set.

The checkerboard was beautifully inlaid - albeit "broken" - folded up, and inside the board were the checkers, leather shaker cups, and a picture of a man with a long beard. On the back of the picture was written: "Capt.[Arnold] Briggs gave George Pierce this checkerboard. George Pierce gave this to Delos Pierce." It appears the checkerboard was given to my great-great-grandfather, George Pierce by Captain Briggs. He gave it to his son, Delos Pierce, who gave it to his son John who gave it to my father, Harold. And now my father had given me the mystery. Who was Captain Briggs? What had really happened?

After five annual trips with the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society to the Family History Library in Salt Lake City, and poring through the Pierce genealogies there, I found a George Pierce who had the same birthdate as that on a piece of paper from my sister's



Antique checkerboard set

Pierce Bible. This brought even more questions, as the heading on this paper was "Kalamazoo Insane Asylum!" Examining the families around that of George Pierce, and mindful that he might somehow have been related to a Captain Briggs, I discovered the following story told by one of my distant cousins. One Ezekiel Pierce had a daughter, Mary (Betsy) Pierce "who married a sea Captain, by the name of Arnold Briggs. They had one son, George, who accompanied his father on a voyage when he was only eleven years old. They had a cargo of slaves who, instigated by two passengers, attempted to kill the crew. The slaves were overpowered after wounding the Captain, killing his son George and the first mate. The object of these two instigators was to get the ship's cargo. Captain Briggs then retired from a sea-faring life."

About 10 years later, while in the Albany New York Public Library, I came across a DAR book containing Bible records. By chance, I looked for my Pierce family - nothing. But there was the Bible record of Mary Briggs, and the death of her son George Briggs was listed as February 18, 1783, in Cape Mount, Africa.

Captain Arnold Briggs' will, found in Utica, New York, mentioned "George Pierce, son of John [Pierce] who lives with me" and it was witnessed by family members from Rhode Island. My conclusion is that my great-great-grandfather, George Pierce, went to New York with Captain Arnold and Mary Briggs as a teenager (they had one male in their home under 16 years of age in the 1800 census. George would have been 13

years old in 1800). In the 1790 census, the Arnold Briggs family lived next to John Pearce, George's father.

I have been unable to find George Pierce as head of household. He must have lived with relatives. His wife died in 1825 and he was left with six children under the age of 17. I believe George died in New York in 1849 but have no proof. Others believe he went to Michigan with his two daughters who married there in Calhoun County next to Kalamazoo.

No birth records for the children of George Pierce have been found. But those of his son Delos were found in the probate papers and cemetery records in Wisconsin. Delos's first-born child was buried near Paris, Oneida Co., New York, with the parents of Delos's wife, Hannah Ingham.



Captain Arnold Briggs

Although Captain Arnold and Mary (Pearce) Briggs have no descendants they will always have a heritage in my family, a little distant from them but most appreciative for the care they gave to George Pierce and family.

*Marj Friestad, daughter of a teacher and head librarian in a small town in Wisconsin, followed her mother's example, teaching and loving the library, especially doing research. After retiring from teaching, she started going to Salt Lake with the SBCGS group, helping in the society library and volunteering in the local LDS library. She served as vice-president of membership and programs back when there were about 300 members and was involved with society friends getting our wonderful library equipped. She is presently involved with the group digitizing the periodicals and serves on the book angels committee.*



## The Surprising Meaning of Salsipuedes

By Neal Graffy excerpt from *Santa Barbara Street Names and Place Names*

**T**HE LEGEND OF SALSIPUEDES STREET states that it took its name as the lower section passed through a marshy slough making it difficult to cross thus, as translated, "Get out if you can."

However, upon researching closer, I found that portion passed through the outer edge of El Estero. So, though it may have been wet part of the year, mostly that area was dry. After looking at several old maps I found a better reason for the name can be found at the upper section of the street. Circled in brown on the map is what is now Peabody Stadium. Coming out of that circle to the left we can clearly see a creek which runs

between Laguna and Olive (originally called Canal) streets. That creek is still there though mostly covered up and running through culverts. Originally, the site of Peabody Stadium was like a deep box canyon with that stream dropping 20 or more feet into the center of it. The steep sides along with the wet and marshy bottom would have certainly been hard to get out of! But there's more - leaving the box canyon, Salsipuedes street crosses creeks at least five times. So, dropping in and out of the creek beds and crossing hills and gullies resulted in a street with a warning attached - sal si puedes!



*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.*



# A Montecito Farming Family

By Dr. John Burk

**T**HERE IS A PLOT OF PRIME but relatively undeveloped land in Montecito with a 360-degree view of the sea and mountains that would normally cost about \$1,100 a square foot, but, if you bought it, like my relatives did back in 1888, the cost was a mere 15 cents per square foot. The “good” news is our family still owns it; the “bad” news is it is located at the “Summit” in the Santa Barbara Cemetery. By a chance detour of a few steps, this plot of land led me onto a path of exploration into early Montecito history through distant relatives, the Neals, an early Montecito farming family.

## A Chance Detour

A friend passed away in the 1970s and I attended the service at the Santa Barbara Cemetery. Having time, I drove through the cemetery, parked and randomly walked among some gravesites. I looked down and saw the name “Neal” chiseled on a family-plot stone overlooking eight graves with marble tablets. My memory is fuzzy but I remembered my mother saying that her father, my grandfather, had a cousin, Mary Neal, who lived in Montecito. “This must be them,” I thought. I shrugged, time passed, and I forgot about it until 1986 when I chanced to meet a local architect who was working on a condo project on Olive Mill Road near the beach involving a historic “Neal House.” I asked if there was a Mary Neal connected to that house, and he replied, “Yes, she owned it.” The architect and a letter from my uncle, John Neal, added some additional information, all of which I marveled at but promptly put into a drawer. It was not until my mother, Dorothy Neal Burk, passed away a few years ago and I pon-

dered a place to lay her remains, that I resurrected the “Neal story.” It was due to the requirement of the Santa Barbara Cemetery to show familial lineage to the Neals in order to bury her remains in the Neal plot that led to months of genealogical and historical detective work.

## The Neals Began in Scotland

It seems the early Neals left Scotland during Mary, Queen of Scots’ reign and settled in Ireland. They later emigrated from Scotland to America, arriving before the Revolutionary War. From New Hampshire, they eventually settled in Peoria County, Illinois. One Neal family, headed by John Prentice Neal (also my uncle’s name), in 1871 came to establish one of the early farms in Montecito that stretched along present-day Olive Mill Road from the ocean to where Casa Dorinda is today.

## A Brief Montecito Historical Background of Ups and Downs

Up until California became a state in 1850, historical records of Montecito from the 1700s to the mid-1800s are sparse. Unnamed Montecito was basically wild and primitive land of about six square miles of useable valley land to the east of the Santa Barbara Pueblo and was administered by the Spanish as “Outside Pueblo Lands.” In 1782, the Presidio was built, and over time, retired guards received land grants from the government in lieu of pay. Most early settlers started settling along Montecito Creek which provided reliable water in a dry land and even some fish. Modest wood and adobe structures were constructed; “Old Spanish Town,” which sprang up where East Valley Road meets Montecito Creek, was one example. Gradually, handfuls of people came into the area acquiring 40- to 50-acre parcels for a small \$15 administration fee. The settlers cleared rocks from the scrub brush meadows for farming and fenced the chaparral ridges and draws for livestock. From the 1860s to 1870s the area of Montecito, along with Santa Barbara, grew. In 1860, Santa Barbara County recorded 200,000 head of cattle, which were raised for meat, leather hides and tallow. During 1863-4, a drought hit hard, dropping those numbers to under 10,000. Ranchers who did not go bankrupt began to subdivide and sell parcels of their land. Life continued to be uncertain but people endured, and by 1869 there were 47 registered voters in Montecito. Over time, newspapers and pamphlets began boasting about the healthy climate, hot springs and pleasant sea breezes; visitors came and stories flourished. In 1870, a San Francisco newspaper wrote about Montecito Valley and its “enchanted” views. The horse-drawn wagons increased in number as Wilbur Curtiss spread the legend of his Hot Springs and “miracle waters” which outgrew reality long after he pulled out in the mid-1870s. The *Orizaba* passenger steamship docked at the newly-built Stearns Wharf in 1872, an improvement over the Chapala wharf. Rumors that the



Neal family plot in the Santa Barbara Cemetery



John Prentice Neal farm house

railroad was coming spread, and it eventually did, but not until 1887 which ushered in a land boom. Montecito was changing from an agricultural community to a district of fine homes and gardens. The train system was improved so that by 1902 a traveler could go from Chicago to San Francisco and then to Santa Barbara or on to Los Angeles. During the first three decades of the 1900s, wealthy easterners were establishing large houses or estates in the area. The Potter Hotel opened in 1903. Montecito was incorporated in 1905. Then in 1914, the same year World War I started, a deluge of rain (8.5 inches in 72 hours but 4 feet in the first 2 hours) hit Montecito. The flood rushed down Montecito Creek obliterating "Spanish Town," then turned by a clog or dam, temporarily rerouted the creek and cut a deep channel down Olive Mill Road, over 20 feet deep in some places, which inundated properties including the Neal's. The highway and railroad tracks were washed out. This sounds like an early precursor to the recent Montecito mudflow event on January 9, 2018. In spite of nature's setbacks, building continued and things moved forward rapidly. Then the earthquake hit Santa Barbara in 1925 which was followed soon after by the stock market crash of 1929. The economy slipped, banks failed and landowners were in debt and short on cash. Troubles both natural and man-made adversely affected the entire country including Montecito residents.

### The Big Move West

Myths of the "West" abounded but it was the chance to buy cheap land and possibly make a fortune that was the driving force to move. The "Westward urge" made it to Peoria, Illinois, where 43-year-old John Prentice Neal, a farmer, acted to boost prospects for his wife and three children. With the encouragement and assistance from a friend living in the area, he bought two adjoining 52-acre parcels on February 21, 1871, from Delia

Dow (William) through attorney Charles Fernald, sight unseen for approximately \$13 per acre or about \$1400 for 104 acres. Later that year he arrived in San Francisco by train, then on to Santa Barbara by steamer accompanied by his wife, Anne Marie, and three Neal children with "Prairie State" names like, Abraham Lincoln, Orrin Starr and Mary Maud. But what a welcome they received; they were greeted by news of a marauding grizzly bear that ruined gardens, killed livestock and threatened safety the prior year. Then that October, a wildfire swept through some canyons and foothills above Montecito burning houses and taking the Curtiss Hot Springs shanties. Fortune was a motivator, but grit was required to establish order in one's life; the Neals just started farming and in 1882 John Neal acquired another 52-acre parcel, which adjoined his land to the north, from Mrs. Dow for \$800. The 156-acre property he had amassed now stretched along the east side of Olive Mill Road from the ocean, where Bonnymede/Edgecliff is today, and inland past the freeway (which, of course, was not there) and on north to the southern border of present-day Casa Dorinda. Then in 1886, only four years after he bought it, John Neal was offered \$9,000 for 40 acres of his upper parcel from lawyer George H. Gould to build a residence. Not surprisingly, he took the 11-fold increase in price.

Used to rural life, the Neals seemed to prosper, building a farm, housing and working with neighbors like Mr. Gould, to build an access road from Montecito Creek to the ocean, a prelude to Olive Mill Road. Over the years the Neals raised livestock and chickens, grew hay, fruits, and vegetables and even sold their milk, butter and produce to San Francisco transporters at Stearns Wharf.

### The Railroad

In 1887, Collis P. Huntington's Southern Pacific Railroad finally made it into Santa Barbara, 18 years after





Montecito Depot on Olive Mill Road

the Transcontinental Railroad's golden spike was driven at Promontory Summit, Utah. But, creating the coastal route was slow and it struggled from Los Angeles to Castaic Junction then over to Santa Paula. Slowly track progressed into Carpinteria and paused a little north at Ortega Hill. Anticipating this obstacle, two camps for 500 Chinese graders were set up on either side of the hill. Over weeks the workers carved a ledge using blasting powder in order to make the proper grade for train track. The route continued into the Montecito area and the Southern Pacific train arrived at Gutierrez Street on August 20, 1887, while the Santa Barbara Electric Company lit up State Street and a couple of blocks of storefronts and hotels. A Montecito train station was soon completed on Depot Road west of Olive Mill Road in 1888. A bit further south, the Miramar waiting shelter and flag signal was erected in 1892. When the track was rerouted in 1901 to straighten out the track at several locations, a new station was built in Santa Barbara and a Montecito waiting "shelter," often called the Biltmore stop, replaced the station just west of where the tracks now meet Olive Mill Road on Depot Road. The sign on the Montecito waiting shelter read, "Montecito - Elev. 15', San Francisco 375 miles." The Neals, like other coastal property owners, issued a right-of-way to the Southern Pacific Railroad in 1889 for the new route. Things happened more quickly in those days.

### The Neal Land and Family Recedes

In time, life tumbles in on people's plans. John Neal, who arrived in Montecito at age 43, died in 1888 of cancer at age 60. This is when the burial plot in the Santa Barbara Cemetery was purchased. His widow Anne with her children ably managed the farm and property. Her eldest son, Orrin, had become a boat builder and carpenter, skills he used to build housing. Several farm houses were built for clients by Orrin (1395 Virginia

Road and 1304 Danielson Road are two examples) and also for relatives who also migrated west and bought small lots from Mrs. Anne Neal. Some of these houses still stand in modified form today. The Neals profited from the prime location of their real estate and apparently converting it to cash made more sense than farming all of it. Old real estate plot maps reveal the parcels that Mrs. Neal sold over time. Interestingly, one acre at the north end of their property was sold to William Gould, George H. Gould's cousin, in 1893 to build an olive mill which later closed in 1905 — the name stuck. That mill was converted to a residence at 200 Olive Mill Road that was once owned by

Lena Horne. In 1902, a 4-acre parcel

was sold to the Danielsons. Then in 1906, after much negotiation, Mrs. Anne Neal sold their prime oceanfront property to William M. Graham for the considerable sum of \$102,000, a property destined to become the western part of E.F. Hammond's estate and eventually Bonnymede and Edgecliff. Research found Anne placed much of the proceeds into bonds to generate income, but also some into a new home. Shortly after this beach property sale, son Orrin took on the task of building a more sophisticated Neal House (more on this below). Then in 1918, 42 Neal acres just north of the freeway called "The Woods" or "The Grove" were leased to A.W. Dinsmore for him and his sons' Miramar Dairy operation to which the Neals sold their milk for a time. The astute Mrs. Anne Neal died in 1922 at age 89 followed by Orrin in 1925 at age 68, then Abraham in 1930 at age 65. So, it fell to Mary, a single woman, to manage the property with the help of cousins and friends. From 1930 to 1954, Mary Neal sold small lots (for about \$850 each) within the Virginia and Danielson Road area. Then, in 1952 she sold the 42-acre dairy-leased land to a group who developed the El Montecito Oaks subdivision just north of the freeway beside Olive Mill Road, an area hard hit by the 2018 mudflow. She was to die two years later, leaving behind about four acres of the original 116, still around the Neal House. The Montecito Neals barely lasted two generations and distant local relatives with last names not Neal seemed to drop off the local radar after the Neal house was sold. But my grandfather, Arthur Neal of Newport Beach and his children, John and Dorothy, were still in Pasadena and Whittier respectively when I came to Santa Barbara in 1974.

An aside: From June of 1911 until March of 1913 Hattie and Emil Danielson fought an extensive legal battle with Anne Neal over a grant deed boundary dispute concerning a land sale between them which made it



all the way to the State Supreme Court – Case No. 2974. Interestingly, Anne was represented by attorney and neighbor, G.H. Gould, in the court proceedings.

### The Neal House

Anne Neal commissioned her son and master carpenter, Orrin, to build an eclectic Victorian-style home during 1906-07. When completed, the home was just under 5,000 square feet and featured five bedrooms and six fireplaces. It was located just north of the railroad tracks and east of Olive Mill Road alongside an existing water tank house, barn and other utilitarian structures still useful for agricultural life. After the rest of her family passed away, Mary Neal managed and provided housing for some of her cousins and friends on the property. Mary died in 1954 leaving the house to a relative, Martha Secrest, who sold the property the following year. We know that the Neal House changed hands several times after that, and in 1968 it was selected to be the site where the television series, "The Ghost & Mrs. Muir," was filmed. On television it was known as the "Gull House" and the series starred Hope Lange. In 1986, the owner of the house, now on an acre, sold it to a developer who combined it with adjacent property to become the 1.8-acre Montecito Del Mar Condominium complex with 17 units. During the extensive review process prior to the construction, the Neal House was deemed a "structure of merit," as it contributed to the cultural landscape and way of life in Montecito. The house was restored and stands hidden from view, tucked behind some duplexes along Olive Mill Road near the railroad tracks and beside a 50-foot redwood tree and some oaks that silently reflect upon a former time.

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- Hattie C. Danielson & Emil A. Danielson v Ann M. Neal, State Supreme Court Case:2974
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- Sue Burk—tenacious detective.
- John@jsburk.com*

*John Burk, DMD has been retired from family dentistry for 14 years and has lived in Santa Barbara since 1974. He is married to Sue Burk and has a son presently living in New Hampshire. He has written outdoor articles for the Montecito Journal for ten years and was formerly a member of the Outdoors Writers Association of California. His mother's death caused him to research her family history in order to lay her remains in an existing Neal family plot in the Santa Barbara Cemetery. His determined sleuth, Sue, solved a key link in the Neal family tree which, with the outstanding and courteous assistance from the Santa Barbara County GeNEALogical Society volunteers, resulted in allowing the internment of his mother, Dorothy Neal Burk's, remains. Together, John and Sue discovered an appreciation for record keeping and the nuanced art of interpreting them. They also have a new appreciation for a timeless burial place for ancestors, a physical place for those who come after to visit rather than simply casting ashes upon the amorphous sea, as loving as that act may be.*





# Texas Tales

By Sharon Summer

**M**Y GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, Augusta Henriette Vater, was born September 22, 1861, in the Texas Hill Country's Gillespie County, a mere month before her father, Fritz Vater, was killed in the Civil War Battle on the Nueces. His name and that of his brother Adolph Vater are etched on the monument *Trëue der Union* (True to the Union) in Comfort, Texas. Augusta's mother, Christine Heubaum, had become a widow at age 22 with the infant Augusta and Augusta's older brother, Heinrich Rudolph Vater, who was born in 1859. Two years later in 1864 Christine married Georg Heinrich Gömbert, a teacher.

In 1888 Augusta Vater traveled by wagon from San Antonio, Texas, with her mother's family, the Heubaums. They all came to Los Angeles for a vacation, but Augusta never left. She had met William Knickrehm on a Sunday at the First German Methodist Church (service spoken in German) and talked with him on the steps of the church. He was greeting people coming to the service. She hoped to see William the following Sunday but was embarrassed that she forgot how to pronounce Knickrehm ("Nic-crum" or the German "K-nic-rehm"). The following Sunday, despite her embarrassment over forgetting how to say his name, she saw him there and spoke with him anyway. There was a spark between them and they married January 11, 1890.

I met Augusta only once. As a young girl of seven I remember looking at Augusta with curiosity, wondering to myself what it was like to be so old. She was about 90 and did not say much. The occasion was an extended family gathering one Sunday afternoon in 1951. She greeted us all at her large home on 35th Street in Los Angeles, the home she had lived in since 1910. It had been built by her late husband William Knickrehm who was the owner of a successful house moving company. Augusta could no longer care for such a big home, so her daughter Mary Knickrehm Reinecker was taking her to Pleasanton near San Francisco to live near Mary's home. Augusta's 35th Street house was being sold. That was the last time any of us in Southern California would see her. She died about two years later at age 93.

I was surprised to find out that Augusta and her brother Rudolph's stepfather, G. H. Gömbert of Live Oak Creek, Texas, was issued one of the first teaching certificates by the Gillespie County Commissioners Court. Mr. Gombert taught at Wrede School near Fredericksburg, Texas. This school is now a historic site, #20 on a map of historic rural schools.

It wasn't until the coronavirus pandemic in 2020 that I decided to research my Vater and Heubaum families. I had also connected with one of Augusta's great-granddaughters through the DNA site, *23andMe*, who wondered about our family history. As I researched answers for her, the surprises continued.

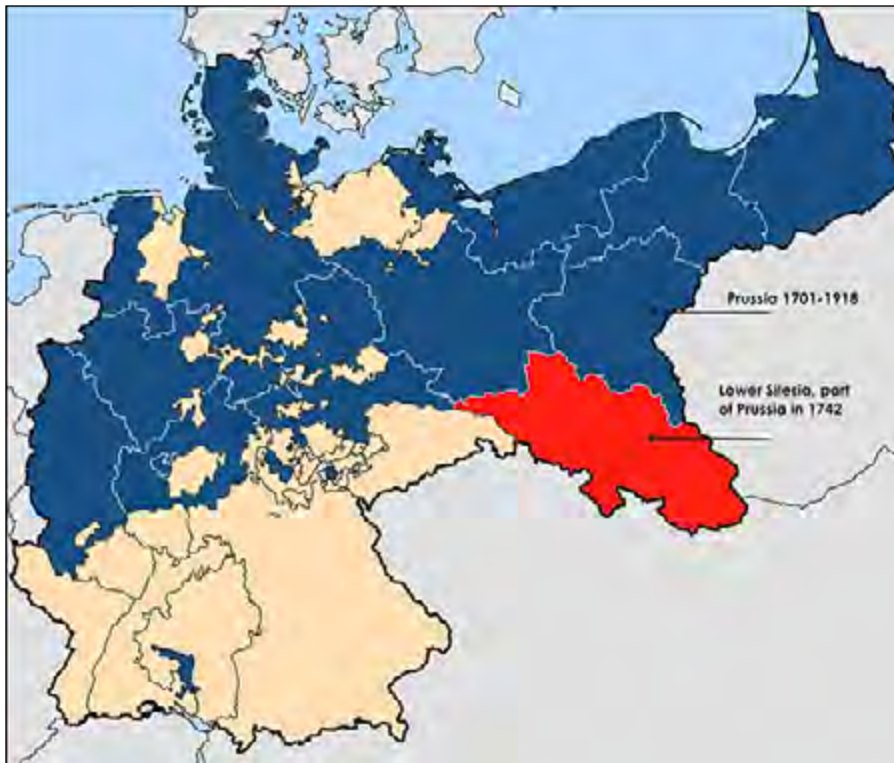


## Where did the Vaters and Heubaums come from before Texas?

On several censuses both families reported that they came from Prussia. Only one census, the 1880 U.S. Census, said Augusta Vater's grandfather, August Vater, came from Silesia. Another source said both Augusta's mother, Christine Heubaum, and her father, Fritz Vater, were born in Wigandsthal in Lower Silesia. I was quite surprised to learn of this location, Silesia, a place I knew little about. It turns out Wigandsthal is the old name for a mountain village in Lower Silesia that had been taken over from Austria by the Prussians in 1745. The area was home to Germans that had migrated there in Medieval times. The language spoken then was Silesian German. Today the village is in modern Poland. The Polish name for the village is now Pobiedna.

Lower Silesia was near the Oder River, had fertile soil, many mines rich with minerals needed for making weapons, and was on the trade route between Prussia's lands and Russia, and has always been a war-torn area. The area was devastated by the Thirty Years War, the Seven Years War, and more wars whose names didn't make it into my history book in school. But the hardships didn't stop there. The average peasant's life was near to intolerable under Prussian rule. Workers lived in poverty, having to pay extremely high taxes.

I was surprised to find that both my families lived in the same village of Wigandsthal in Lower Silesia.



journey from their homes to get to Hamburg, about 350 miles. Both families were listed on the Passenger List as weavers. Sadly, two of Augusta's grandmothers died on this journey. Altogether eleven members of the families emigrated together; listed were two sets of parents and seven children. From New Orleans they took a smaller ship to Indianola, Texas. From there they made their way up the trail to the town of Fredericksburg in the Hill Country of Texas.

### Where did the families settle?

By 1858 both Fritz Vater and his father August Vater obtained land grants in Gillespie County after homesteading for the required three years and improving part of the land. Fritz's brother Adolph Vater became a wagoner or teamster transporting supplies on the trade route from Indianola to San Antonio and beyond. The Heubaum family settled in San

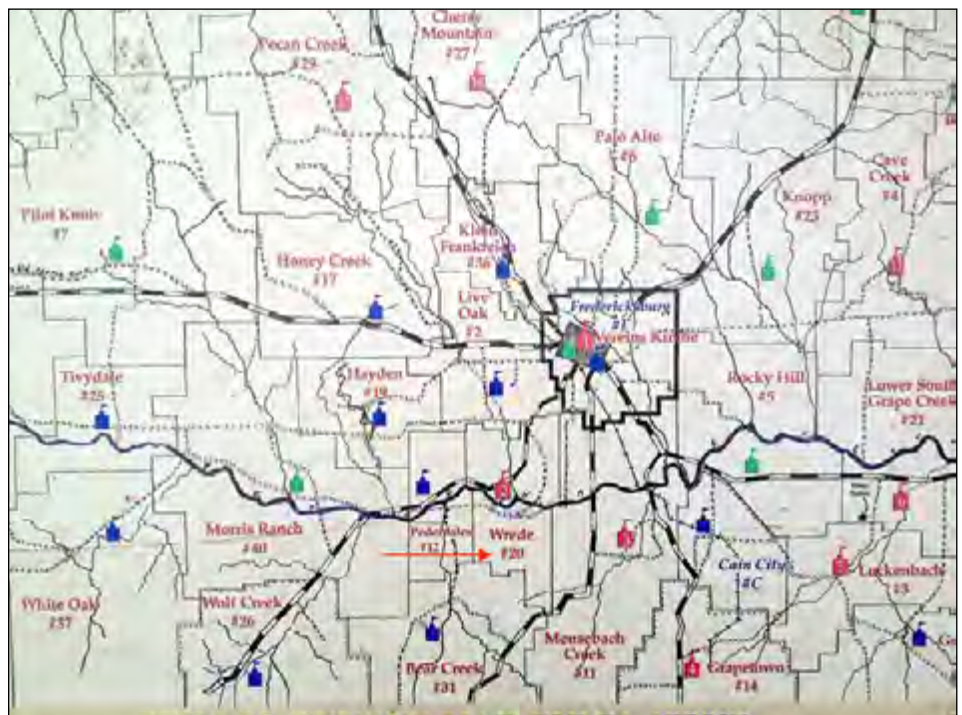
Surprisingly, both families were weavers and times had long been tough for weavers. The Vaters and Heubaums lived in the mountain region where weaving was done on hand looms. Prices of hand weaving had dropped in the early 1800s because of the Industrial Revolution. Further, the Prussians had limited trade of linens to the lucrative Russian market, and peasant-weavers were living in abject poverty. And along with weaving there was farming to be done with a significant portion of the crops needing to be given to the Prussian landowner.

In 1844 weavers finally rebelled in what was called the Weaver's Uprising. The rebellion came to naught. Soon Silesians and others expressed their discontent with the harshness of Prussian rule in the Revolt of 1848. The participants were dealt with cruelly and swiftly by the Prussian military. The leaders were thrown in jail never to be heard from again. If the Vaters and Heubaums had participated or even sympathized with the revolt they might not have been safe from harm. So, both families finally emigrated together in 1853.

The 1853 Passenger List for the ship, *Falcon*, shows both families leaving from Hamburg to go to New Orleans, Louisiana. First the families would have had a long

Antonio, Texas where they opened a successful general merchandise store.

My surprises didn't stop here. Eventually one of the Vaters married a Heubaum. In 1858, at age 22, Fritz Vater married 18-year-old Christine Heubaum who had also been a passenger with him on the immigrant ship *Falcon*. Augusta Vater and Rudolph Vater were their children.





I remember a family story handed down from my great-grandmother Augusta (Vater) Knickrehm. She said that when she was a young girl living in Gillespie County she opened the door of her house one day to find an Indian man standing there. She told about how he and the other Indians spent a few days living in their barn, taking only the food they fed themselves with, but not harming her or her family. Then they rode off. According to family lore, that Indian was Geronimo!

## Passenger List, ship Falcon, 1853

Name	Age	Sex	Occupation	Destination	Remarks
F. A. Heubaum	30	M	Farmer	San Francisco	
Fri*k Heubaum	25	M	Farmer	San Francisco	
Christine Heubaum	20	F		San Francisco	
Gustav Heubaum	15	M		San Francisco	
J.A. Vater	35	M	Farmer	San Francisco	
Johanna Vater	30	F		San Francisco	
Adam Vater	25	M		San Francisco	
Fredk. Vater	20	M		San Francisco	
August Vater	15	M		San Francisco	
Augusta Vater	10	F		San Francisco	
Ernst Vater	5	M		San Francisco	

Source: "Louisiana, New Orleans Passenger Lists, 1820-1945," database with images, FamilySearch (<https://www.familysearch.org>)



Sharon Knickrehm Summer is endlessly fascinated with her family's history. There are so many surprises to uncover! This article includes findings from two family lines she has only recently researched. These two, in addition to her Knickrehms and one other line, all German, ended up in Los Angeles in the 1800s, so Sharon is part of the 4th generation of her family to be born in Los Angeles County.

# A Confederate POW in Need

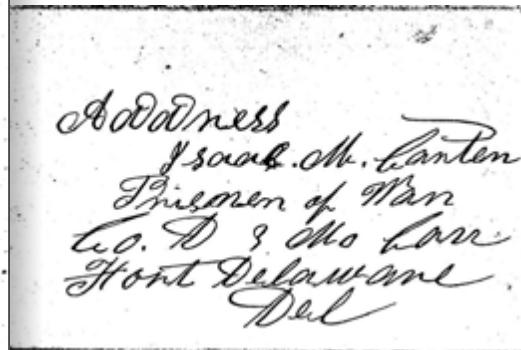
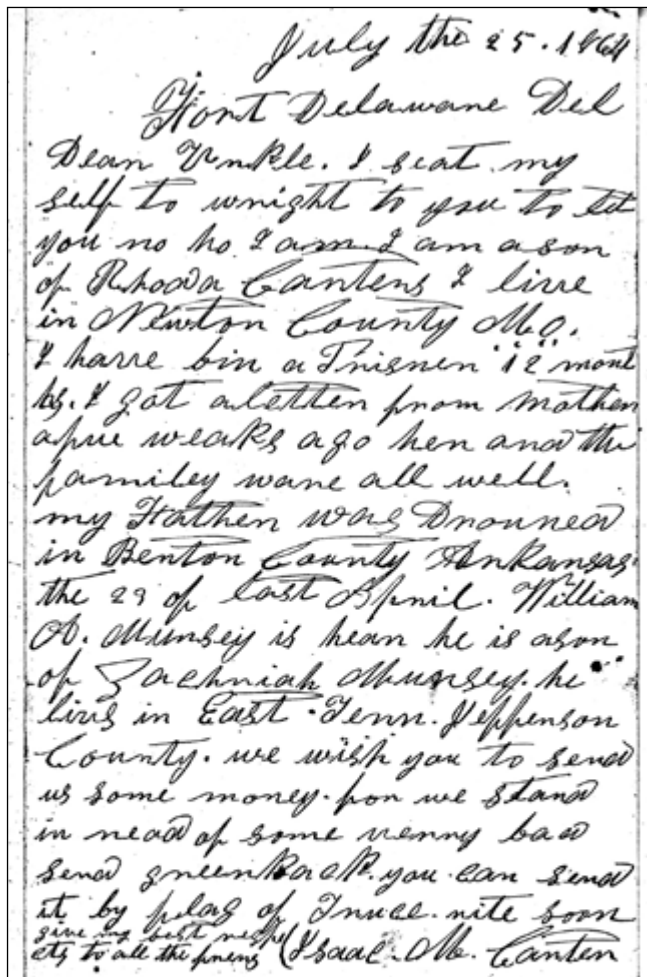
By Kate Lima

**F**ORT DELAWARE IN 1864 was not a place anyone would choose to visit, especially a Confederate soldier, but that's where my great-grandfather landed when he was just 17 years old. Isaac Munsey Carter was captured in Arkansas in September 1863, then spent time at two other prisoner of war camps, Gratiot Street Prison in St. Louis and Camp Morton in Indianapolis. Those were small compared to this camp on Pea Island in the Delaware River.



Isaac sat down on a dirt embankment, knowing he had to write. Starvation gnawed at his body constantly, a harsh reality for a POW. Some of his fellow prisoners received money from home and could purchase extra food or clothing from the sutler. (Sutlers were civilian merchants who sold provisions to an army in the field, in camp, or in quarters, usually out of the backs of wagons.) Isaac was desperate for more food, but his family couldn't help him, he knew that. His father, also a Confederate soldier, had drowned in a swollen river just a couple of months earlier. His mother had fled her Missouri farm after numerous skirmishes and full battles ravaged the area; Union soldiers captured the area and took or destroyed everything. She and his many siblings sought refuge with one of his older half-sisters in Arkansas, and despite her letter saying she was fine, he could read between the lines and knew they were starving and desperate as well. He had an uncle in Virginia, though, who had money and may be able to spare some.

It was hard to say since this war took so much from people. He looked around him, at the thousands of rag-tag men sitting, lying, or shuffling unconsciously, around



and around. They were skeletons, and so was he. His uniform hung loosely on his dwindling frame, and its many moth holes allowed wisps of air inside. Conditions were never what could be considered "decent," but earlier that year the War Department cut rations to all POW camps. They had learned that the Union POWs were being held in squalid conditions, without enough food to eat and many without even a roof over their heads. In retaliation they had reduced the Confederate prisoners' rations to just two meals a day. The rations usually consisted of two or three pieces of hardtack and a small piece of meat, three small bites worth, salted or boiled. Some days they also received a tin cup of bean soup and maybe a small bit of black coffee.

Hunger forced his thoughts back to the task at hand. He looked at the paper and pen in his hands, and started writing.

After note:

I don't know if Isaac's uncle ever sent money, but I know that my great-grandfather survived the war. He was part of a prisoner exchange in March 1865, a month before the end of the war; he had been a POW for roughly a year and a half. Within three years of his release

Copy of a letter written by Isaac Munsey Carter (1846-1910) while in the Federal prison at Fort Delaware. He was then 18 years old and had been captured by Federal troops in Northern Arkansas in 1863. He was a member of Co. D, 3rd Missouri Cavalry, CSA. The letter is addressed to the husband of his mother's sister, Nancy Wagoner Munsey. The letter reveals that his father, Ezekiel Carter, had drowned in Northern Arkansas on April 23, 1864. It also reveals that a fellow prisoner was William A. Munsey, a cousin of Rhoda Munsey Carter, mother of Isaac Munsey Carter.





Family photo of Isaac Munsey Carter, with second wife Rosa.

Isaac bought a farm and married. He quickly had his first five children, and he became a "Minister of the Gospel." He moved into the Choctaw Indian Territory, later Texas and Oklahoma, where his first wife died and he remarried. In all he had thirteen children and three wives, and spent the remainder of his life preaching the word of God to both white and Native Americans.

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



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Updated August 2020

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## 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](mailto:antkap@cox.net)

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*Longing for  
the  
Good Old  
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