



# Ancestors West

*A quarterly publication for the members of the*  
**SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY**  
*Winter 2021 Vol. 46, No. 4*



**My Heritage Trip to  
Germany and Poland**

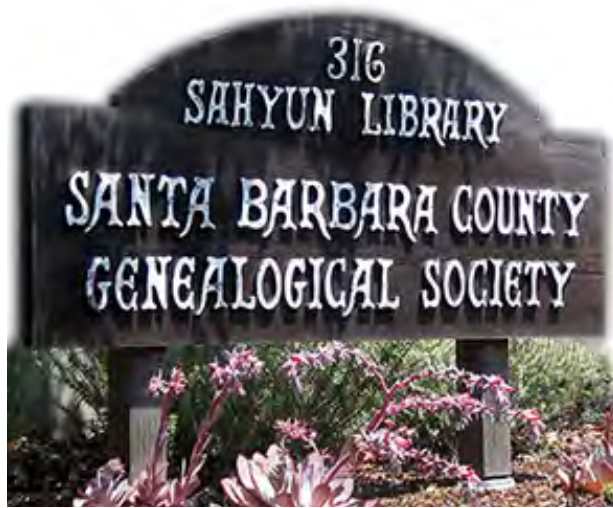
## **Crossing the Pond**

**Germans Coming to America**

**Atlantic Crossings**

**DNA Builds a Bridge Across the Pond**

**Hellfire at Dawn**



## 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.

#### The Mission Statement of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

Established in 1972, the mission of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society is to foster an interest in the study of family history through educational programs, the operation of a genealogical research library, and the preservation of local genealogical records to enhance our understanding of ourselves and our heritage.

*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*

**T**HE THEME OF THIS ISSUE of *Ancestors West* was stories of our families who came across the pond to settle in this country.

One of life's little miracles is that our ancestors actually survived that treacherous journey across the vast, often unfriendly sea in an overcrowded boat, where disease lurked in every corner and the food was dreadful. If their boat sank, if they succumbed to illness, or slowly went mad and jumped ship, why, we would not be here today. I think about that from time to time.

Like most genealogists, I delight in the stories of my upstanding, brave, accomplished ancestors, and for the most part I am astonished and grateful that all those distant ancestors got here. However, there are a couple that I think the world could have done without. Things just might have been better if they had missed the boat. One is just a distant grand-uncle, so that would have been okay. The other, Pasco Chubb, was a distant grandfather. I guess you would have had another editor if he had decided to stay in England and I would be feeding the Ravens at the Tower of London. Truly, he was a devil!

### What's new at the Library

After being away for a year and a half, we have finally been able to open the library on a limited basis. Currently, the library is open on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 10:00 until 4:00, and this month we were open after the General Meeting. While we expected busloads of members to be waiting for the gates to open, it has been a little quiet. We know as time passes more and more of our members will return. We are so fortunate to be able to offer our members free access to three of the most desirable databases, *Ancestry Library Edition*, *American Ancestors* and *Genealogy Bank* through our Members Portal on our website. (A big Thank You to Kathie Morgan, our Library Director). These special subscriptions will end December 31. That means your New Year's resolution will be to join us and do your research from the library again.

We held two fabulous events in October, thanks to the vision, skills and dedication of our Outreach Committee. They are amazing, talented, work tirelessly and...seem to have a lot of fun. Their articles on these events follow.

Our Open House was the front-page story of the *Santa Barbara News Press* the next day.

A jolly and well-attended event was our Picnic in the Cemetery. Six of our friends and members portrayed six of Goleta's early settlers who arrived in the area shortly after California became a state.

### Chumash Land Acknowledgement

The last bit of news was announced in October *Tree Tips*, and that is the adoption by the Society of a Land Acknowledgement Statement, noted on the next page.

We in Santa Barbara County are fortunate to have the lives and history of the Chumash people as part of our identity. After being on this land for 13,000 years, the Chumash were impacted first by the Spanish with their mission system, then the Mexicans who won independence from Spain, and finally the influx of Americans moving westward. These successive waves of settlers almost decimated the Chumash and deprived them of almost all the land they had occupied for so long. Thankfully, many descendants of the original Chumash people still live in our community and keep their history alive. However, there is no escaping the fact that their homeland was taken from them. And I live on that land.

The land our library now occupies was once the village of Syuxtun. I think my house would be located where the village of Kaswa? was. If you live by the Mission, that village may have been Xanayam. Somehow putting a name on the ground my house stands on adds a bit of gravitas and responsibility.

During one of our *Ancestors West* committee meetings, we were discussing topics for upcoming issues. A recent speaker at our General Meeting had discussed how to locate land records of our westwardly-migrating ancestors. At the same time, Chris Klukkert, the Chair of our Book Acquisition committee, began adding a collection of books by Gregory Boyd describing Family maps in various counties and states. We currently have 83 of these books at our library containing information on homesteads, roads, towns and more.

What fun it is to be able to trace our ancestors through time with maps of their land holdings as they hop-scotched across the country. As the group sat munching our chocolate chip cookies, we shared records we had



discovered. And then...then we came to the history of the Oklahoma Cherokee Land Rush of 1893 and a subsequent land rush 1899.

Until then, the land records I had been researching were just square parcels on a piece of paper, but the naming of the Cherokee, these people who had for centuries lived on that land and were forced from it, just brought our discussion to a halt. We had difficulty reconciling the gains of our ancestors with the loss of native people's ancestors. This topic was tabled.

My daughter is mixed race. Her paternal grandfather's family, white Europeans, were able to homestead their way across America. First in Ohio, then Nebraska and then onto this very Cherokee land in Oklahoma. Her paternal grandmother's family were equal parts Hispanic and Native American. Grandma's family were originally natives of South America, who had also lost their ancestral lands. It is kind of a Yay-Boo situation in our family. One part of the family gained; the other part lost.

A Land Acknowledgement Statement does not absolve or change the reality of what happened to native peoples. Let us hope it will allow us to shine a light into this dark part of our country's history and make it easier for us to honestly write our history while honoring those who lost so much.

## From our Board President, Art Sylvester

*Following the example of many institutions and societies, the Board of Directors adopted the following Land Acknowledgment statement:*

"The land on which many of us live and where our library is located is part of the ancient homeland and traditional territory of the Chumash people. We recognize and respect the Chumash Peoples past, present, and future and their continuing presence in their homeland as we join in stewarding this land which we all cherish."

A land acknowledgment is a "formal statement that recognizes and respects Indigenous Peoples as traditional stewards of this land and the enduring relationship that exists between Indigenous Peoples and their traditional territories," according to the American College Personnel Association. The Society's statement will appear on its website, a Library plaque, and in *Ancestors West*. It will also be read at the Society's annual meeting.



# A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA

## The Great House Detective

By Betsy J. Green

### An Architect's Ideal Craftsman Home

**A**RCHITECT ADAM SHARKEY and his wife Jill lived in the neighborhood and had admired this home for years. "I imagined that one day we would live there," said Adam, "So, when it was listed for sale (in 2015), I told my wife that we had to buy it ... We loved the large front porch, the architectural character of the house, the large cut-sandstone walls, and the front rose garden."

The home at 212 West Valerio Street is a large Craftsman-style home – a style that featured clean lines in contrast with the ornate styles of the Victorian era. This home is much larger than most other Craftsman homes here in Santa Barbara. It's also unusual because it has a hipped roof. (A hipped roof is shaped like a pyramid.) The classic reference book, *A Field Guide to American Houses* by Virginia Savage McAlester, notes that only about five percent of Craftsman homes are of the two-story hipped-roof variety.

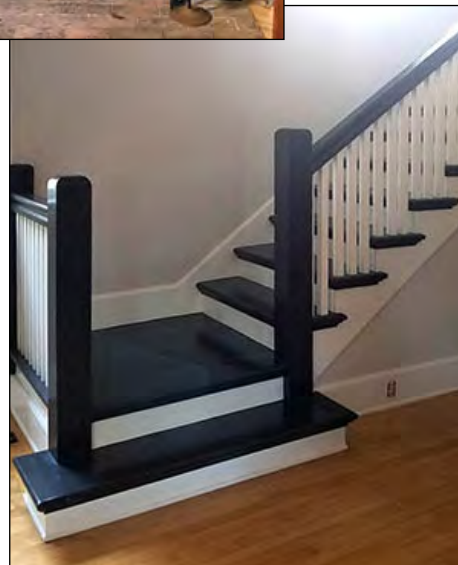
Nevertheless, this home has the defining characteristics of Craftsman style – a low-pitched roof with wide eaves supported by exposed rafters, square porch posts, and clapboard and shingle siding. The slightly flared roofline and elegant curved line on the second-floor porch give it an extra dash of curb appeal.

The home's construction date (about 1908) means that it is an early example of a Craftsman home, a style that was popular from 1905 to 1930. The city's Historic Landmarks Commission has listed this home on its Structure of Merit List, and notes that this house "is characteristic of the type of houses built for Santa



212 West Valerio Street

Betsy J. Green



Barbara's prosperous tradesmen and middle class during the early twentieth century." And, sure enough, the home's first resident owned a jewelry store, and the second resident owned a car business – both on State Street.

So, who built this house and when was it built? It appears that a couple from Calistoga, California, named Oscar and Katherine Fitch bought a house (no longer here) on the large lot on the northwest corner of Valerio and De la Vina in 1906. They applied for a building permit to build the 212 W. Valerio house on the west side of their

lot later that year. The home's estimated cost was \$4,000, according to the building permit. However, the home does not appear on the 1907 Sanborn Fire Insurance Map, and must have been built shortly after that.

The Eaves were the first family to live in the home, according to the 1908 Santa Barbara City Directory. (Old city directories – available at the Historical Museum,



the Central Library, and the Genealogy Society Library – are great resources for house detectives.) The head of the family was Leonora Eaves, the owner of a watch and jewelry store established in Santa Barbara in 1883 (see photo). Other residents were her daughter Leonora and son Albert T. Eaves, the deputy county clerk.

A few years later, the Eaves moved out, and the Fitch family moved in. Oscar Fitch owned an automobile dealership downtown that sold REO cars (see photo). (REO is the initials of the manufacturer Ransom Eli Olds, whose surname later morphed into Oldsmobile.)

**The 1912 Four Door Reo Is Here**

THIS IS THE LATEST CREATION OF R. E. OLDS, THE DEAN OF AUTOMOBILE DESIGNERS, AND IS PRONOUNCED BY CRITICS TO BE UNEQUALLED IN THE FIELD OF MODERATE PRICED CARS. YOU WILL FIND NO CAR SELLING UNDER \$1200 WHICH CAN FOR A MOMENT COME NEAR WITH IT.

**Roomy Luxurious Speedy Powerful**

Four doors, 3 passenger, 30 inch wheel base, 40 hp, cylinders, 36/37, tires, equipped with top, slip cover for top, windshield, speedometer, large, flexible tank, horn and bell, heater for very hot months. Price in Santa Barbara. **\$1220**

**Come and Inspect This Car and Get a Demonstration**

**1200 State Street Home Phone 793 OSCAR FITCH Cor. State and Anapamu Sts. Santa Barbara**

*Sant Barbara Morning Press, September 3, 1911*



The Lenora Eaves Jewelry Store stood at 909 State Street (large awning).  
Courtesy of John Woodward

There were several other owners after the Fitches, and then in 1947, Harry S. Wilson and his wife Myrtle W. Wilson bought the home. They and their descendants owned the home for an amazing 68 years – up to 2015. Clearly, the Wilsons also considered it an ideal house. Harry was a teacher at Santa Barbara Junior High School.

The Sharkeys have kept true to the home’s architectural style with the updates they have made to the home. In fact, *Old House Journal* featured one of their bathroom makeovers. Adam’s advice to owners of older homes is, “Look to preserve and enhance the character of the best qualities of the house. Bring interior items up to date in ways that work with the original house.” Ideal advice, indeed!

(Please do not disturb the home’s residents.)

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

*This article originally appeared in The Santa Barbara Independent on March 5, 2020.*



**WHAT’S THE HISTORY OF YOUR HOUSE?** Betsy is always looking for older homes (1920s or earlier) in central Santa Barbara for her **GREAT HOUSE DETECTIVE** column. Get in touch with her through the contact page of her website – [betsyjgreen.com](http://betsyjgreen.com)

# Germans Coming to America

By Kathy Stark

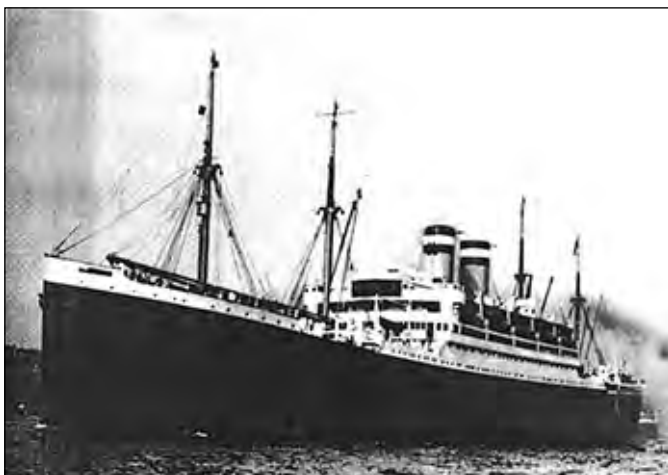
**M**Y HUSBAND'S PATERNAL grandparents, Isidor and Paula Stark, and their three children began their journey to America when they left their home and families in the village of Lauda, Germany, to board a ship in Hamburg, Germany. This was a 548.6 km (340 mile) trek for the family of five. Hugo was seven, his brother Walter was six, and his sister Rose was three. We do not know the details of how they got to Hamburg, possibly by train.



The Stark family in 1927, the year after they came to the U.S.

The *SS Deutschland* left December 3rd, 1926. The ship was known as the "cocktail shaker" due to its vibration problems. My father-in-law was seasick before the ship left the dock. Wally roamed the ship and was loved and offered food by everyone he met. The ship arrived at the Port of New York December 13th. When they arrived, none of the Stark family spoke any English.

The family was greeted in New York by Paula's brother, Bruno Vierneisel who came to the U.S. on the



*SS Deutschland*, the ship the Stark family came to America on in 1926

*Princess Matoika* from Bremen, Germany. He left August 22nd, 1921, and arrived in New York on September 3rd. The ship manifest said Bruno was joining an uncle in Chicago, but we do not know who that uncle was. From New York they set off to Chicago where Bruno was living, most likely by train. Bruno and Paula's brother Franz and his wife, arrived in September of 1922 on the *Oropesa* from Hamburg to New York. They also went to Chicago.



Wedding picture of Paula Vierneisel and George Stark, 1917. Her dress was dark blue as light colored fabrics were being used for parachutes. George was in the German Army.

The Starks and the Vierneisels settled in Chicago and stayed for many years before moving to California. Isidor and Paula traveled back to Germany on the ship *Hamburg* in September of 1933. They visited Paula's siblings who were still living in Lauda.

We made our first trip to Germany in 1986. We walked the streets in Lauda and found where the Stark home was once located. There were no Stark relatives alive at that time. We were able to locate a few Vierneisel relatives, including Paula's sister, Ida. Before she passed away in 1985, Paula had asked us to please visit her sister. Not only did we meet Tante Ida, we met her daughter, Paula, her son-in-law, Albert Schreck, two of her grandchildren, and a great-grandchild. Fortunately, cousin Peter Schreck spoke English and he translated for us. Tante Ida told us, "Next time you visit you need





Lauda Germany where the Stark family lived before coming to the U.S.



to speak German so I can talk directly to you." She looked so much like her sister with tears in her eyes when we left. Unfortunately, Ida passed in 1993 and our next trip was not until 1994. We have a Vierneisel family tree that traces the family back to the 1600s.

Our next trip was in 1994. All was not lost by not being able to see Ida again. It was our 25th wedding anniversary. We silently renewed our vows in the Marienkirche in Lauda. This is the church where Isidor and Paula were married in 1918.

We do not have much information on my mother-in-law's family coming to the U.S. Her father, Alfred Henze, sailed from Bremen on the *SS Berlin* July 4th, 1914, and arrived July 14th in New York. It was a 372 km (230 mile) journey to Bremen from Leipzig. He said, "No war for me."

His brother had been killed in World War I. Alfred was born in Wittenberg but was living in Leipzig in 1914. Again, we assume he took a train to Chicago. Alfred returned to Germany for a visit in 1922. We were able to research the Henze line thanks to the great

photo albums Alfred had kept. In 2009 we traveled to Germany again and met cousins in Hannover and Wittenberg. We visited them again in 2011 and still keep in touch. We saw where the Henze house had been located in Wittenberg and walked all over the town. We also climbed to the top of the Schlosskirche



The Church in Lauda, Germany where the Starks were married and where we silently renewed our vows in 1994 since it was our 25th wedding anniversary.



Wedding picture of Barbara Keller and Alfred Henze, Chicago, 1919

or All Saints Church, sometimes known as the Reformation Church. This is the church where Martin Luther nailed his 95 theses on the doors in 1517.

My in-laws met in Chicago and were married there in 1941, thanks to their immigrant parents.

If only my Irish ancestors were easy to trace. However, we did visit Ireland in 2019 and I saw the areas where they had lived.



Wittenberg, Germany, where Alfred Henze was born

*I was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota. In 1952 we moved to California, living in several cities, and I went to seven different schools from kindergarten to sixth grade. During this time my parents divorced. In 1959 we moved to Carpinteria. I graduated from Carpinteria High School in 1965. My husband and I were married in Carpinteria in 1969, later moving to Goleta where we will still live. I have worked in personnel/human resources and the insurance industry but I truly enjoy retirement. My interest in genealogy began about 1980 when I wanted to find out if my biological father was still alive. Unfortunately, I found that he had passed away in 1970. It is hard to trace his ancestors since I had little information and they were from Norway - darn those surname changes. My maternal grandmother's side has been fairly easy to trace. My maternal grandfather's Irish have been a real challenge. My husband's German heritage has been traced back to the 1500s in Germany. I am currently the Historian for the Genealogy Society.*



## Death by Wallpaper

"A GREAT DEAL OF SLOW POISONING is going on in Great Britain," wrote Birmingham doctor William Hinds in 1857. He was among a growing movement of people concerned about a toxic killer in their daily lives: namely, their wallpaper.

Arsenic was used in 19th century to produce beautiful dyes used in artificial flowers, fabrics, children's toys, and wallpapers. This arsenic-infused wallpaper released tiny flakes into the environment infusing the air with arsenical gas.

The root of the problem was the color green. After a Swedish chemist named Carl Scheele used copper arsenite to create a bright green, "Scheele's Green" became the in color, particularly popular with the Pre-Raphaelite movement of artists and with home decorators catering to everyone from the emerging middle class upwards. Copper arsenite, of course, contains the element arsenic.

By some accounts, thousands of people died of arsenic poisoning before the cause was discovered.

### Sources:

1. *Bitten by Witch Fever: Wallpaper & Arsenic in the Nineteenth-Century Home* by Lucinda Hawksley
2. *Quackery: A Brief History of the Worst Ways to Cure Everything* by Lidia Kang, MD & Nate Pedersen





# Friestad Family

By Jim Friestad

**I**N 1979 MY FATHER CALLED and said, "Your mother and I are considering going to Norway this summer." I immediately said, "Good, we will go with you."

My father, HerlofIngvald Friestad, was born in Egersund, Rogaland, Norway, on December 21, 1906. He was told as a young man that he had the choice of either going to Germany to further his education or emigrating to America. His older brother, Jonah Martin, had emigrated to Chicago in 1916 and my father decided to join him. He came to America, arriving at Ellis Island on August 4, 1926. It had been over 52 years since he had been back to Norway.

He came from a family of ten children and three were still alive when we arrived in 1979. Two lived in Egersund and one, Dagny, came from Sweden to see us.

Farfar, my grandfather, Johan Martin Friestad, was born in Hå, Time, Norway, in 1897. Friestad was the farm name where he was born. His actual surname was Johansen.

My father said Johan had been a sailor and had left for America in 1893. Rumor has it that Johan jumped ship and worked his way to Chicago. He went back to Norway in 1896 and never returned because he married and his wife said she would never go to America.

When he returned to Norway, Johan became a train engineer and he drove the train from Kristiansand, in the south of Norway to Stavanger, a distance of 144 miles. Egersund is 60 miles south of Stavanger. For many years the engine he drove was on display in the Stavanger train station.



My father, HerlofIngvald, said that as children, on days when they knew Johan was coming through Egersund, they would walk up to the tracks to meet him, picking berries on the way.

A story that my Norwegian relatives have told me is that when Egersund was occupied by the Germans in World War II, my grandfather Johan was the one person in town who could walk into the German Command-

er's office and rap his cane on the desk and tell him that some German soldier was doing improper things with some of their young women. The next day that soldier would be sent to the Eastern Front.

In 1984, my brother, Harold, went to Norway to ski in the Birkebeiner, a cross-country ski race. (The Birkebeiner is another story.) He was interviewed by the local newspaper while there. The newspaper noted that it was our grandfather Johan who, 80 years earlier, was



driving a train that didn't stop at the station and ran off the tracks, the reason being the tracks were covered with herring, making it impossible to stop.

I still have many cousins in Norway and we communicate often by email.

Several have visited us in Santa Barbara. My cousin, Jostein Berglyd, who I have communicated with since we were both in high school, has three children: Margrethe, Knut Jostein and Geir Invar. Jostein was an English teacher in Norway (Queen's English), Margrethe lived a year in Colorado with a Norwegian family, and Knut went to school for a year in Minnesota and spent one month at Westmont and lived with us. Geir Invar works in the oil industry and currently lives in Canada.

Now you know why I'm 100% Norwegian!

*Jim Friestad grew up in Williams Bay, Wisconsin, and after four years of service in the U.S. Navy, began his career in electronics at Cape Kennedy in Florida. There he served as lead engineer on the guidance and navigation system for the lunar module, and also completed a degree in Computer Science. After transfer to Santa Barbara he was a program manager at Delco working on Armament systems. Even before retirement Jim was actively doing genealogical research. His service to SBCGS has been varied and valuable. Among his many contributions, he helped build the new library bookshelves, taught classes, helps with digitization of library periodicals and, as well, served as president of the society.*





# Atlantic Crossings: The Wheeler Family Story

By Mary Jacob

I GREW UP HEARING THE STORY of how my English great-great-grandmother, Drusilla Wheeler, had met and married James Newman, and the two of them then emigrated to the United States. My favorite part of the story was the detail that Drusilla's father, William Wheeler, did not approve of James and waited for him with a shotgun at the front of the house while Drusilla and James secretly met in the back. As with many stories, this one apparently got modified in the telling because it did not match the account of her parents' early life written by Drusilla's daughter, Jennie Louise Newman, that I recently unearthed. (Jennie was my great-grandmother.) The key difference between the two accounts is that it was Drusilla's uncle who waited with the shotgun, not her father. In fact, Drusilla had little contact with her father between the ages of five and twenty-four. As I delved deeper into the Wheeler family genealogy, I unearthed the story of the Wheeler family migration across the Atlantic that spanned two decades.

That story begins with William Wheeler, my third great-grandfather, whose life was intimately tied up with his extended family of siblings. William (b. 1800) was the eldest of six children, three boys (one of whom died young) and three girls living in the village of Tarrant Hinton, Dorset in southern England. He became an agricultural laborer, while the blacksmithing business of his father and grandfather passed on to his younger brother, Henry, who ran it with their mother. William married Ann Bagwell, another Dorset resident, and immediately started a family the following year with the birth of daughter Mary (b. 1828). All appears to have gone well for the Wheeler family until 1843 when their sixth child died in infancy. Undeterred, William and Ann had two more children, Drusilla (b. 1845) and George (b. 1848). Then William's family was beset by two tragedies. His oldest son, Charles, died at age 17 in 1849 and his wife Ann died the following year.

The widower William was apparently unable to cope with raising his two youngest children. He sent five-

year-old Drusilla to neighboring Wiltshire County to be raised by his wife's sister, Drusilla Bagwell, and her husband Robert Fookes. Two-year-old George was kept in Tarrant Hinton and sent to live with the family of William's oldest sister, Caroline Wheeler Hill. According to the 1851 Census of England, William's oldest child, Mary, age 22, ran William's household while

William and his three sons, William Joseph, 17, Walter, 14, and John, 12, worked as agricultural laborers. This domestic arrangement ended in 1852 when Mary married William Coombs. In July of that year Mary became the first Wheeler family member to migrate across the Atlantic. The young couple sailed out of London on the clipper ship, the *Ocean Queen*, to New York.

Two years later, William's nineteen-year-old son, Walter, decided to join his sister's family, who were by then living in upstate New York. Walter was accompanied by his cousin, Charles H. Wheeler then 25, who was Caroline's son. The second contingent of Wheeler youth crossed the Atlantic on the *Southampton* and arrived in New York in July 1856.

After Walter's departure, William's shrinking household in Tarrant Hinton consisted of his sons John and William Joseph, until the latter died in 1854. William probably took comfort in the fact that his mother, Mary Wheeler, and four siblings lived nearby. His unmarried sister, Theodora, lived with his mother. His sister, Caroline Wheeler Hill, and her family, who were raising his son George, lived next to his mother and Theodora. Next to them was his brother Henry Wheeler and family. William's youngest sister, Emma, who had married a shoemaker named Henry Hardiman also lived in the village.



Village of Tarrant Hinton (Credit: Mary Pantos)



William Wheeler  
(Credit: Mary Pantos)

On the other side of the Atlantic, Mary Wheeler Coombs and her family moved from upstate New York to Lagrange County in northeastern Indiana sometime in the late 1850s. Her brother Walter and cousin Charles moved with them. These younger Wheelers likely wrote letters to family back in Tarrant Hinton about life in their new home and the opportunities they foresaw in Indiana. Perhaps they even encouraged more family to join them in America.



Wheeler's in LaGrange County, Indiana (Credit: Mary Pantos)

Back in England, William Wheeler's mother died in 1858, and Caroline Wheeler Hill's husband passed away the following year. Given the fact that their mother and spouses were deceased and that some of their children had settled in America, William, 60, and Caroline, 50, decided to emigrate to America. They left England on the *Plymouth Rock* and arrived in New York on July 5, 1860. William took with him his sons John, 20, occupation listed as servant, and George, 11. In addition, brother Henry sent his son Albert, 21, who was a blacksmith, and sister Emma sent daughter Caroline Hardiman, 22. Years later George recalled that they lived for a while in New York City when they first arrived before they moved to a farm near Brighton in Lagrange County where Mary lived. William and all of his surviving children except Drusilla now lived in Indiana. Caroline and her only son were there too. Henry had sent a son and Emma, a daughter. Sister Theodora remained in England with Henry's family.

The Wheeler siblings and their families now lived on both sides of the Atlantic, but that would change after the Civil War. In the summer of 1866 Henry Wheeler led a family contingent to London where they boarded a freighter, the *SS Hudson*. The family decided to take a freighter rather than a passenger ship because of the prevalence of cholera on passenger ships at the time. The voyage took six weeks to arrive in New York in early August. The nine members of the Wheeler clan who disembarked were Henry, his sister Theodora, his wife Sophia, son Henry, daughter Anna Wheeler Harris, her husband and an 11-year-old boy named Harris, nephews John R. Hardiman and Charles W. Hardiman, sons of Emma.

The whole contingent made the journey to Lagrange County where they all initially settled.

In the meantime, Mary Wheeler Coombs and her husband, who had initiated the Wheeler trans-Atlantic migration, had grown homesick for England and returned around the beginning of 1869 with the intent to remain. However, after six months in England, they decided that they preferred the United States after all and planned their return. They shared their plans with James and Drusilla Wheeler Newman. James had always wanted to go to America and pleaded with his wife to travel with the Coombs when they returned. As the family story goes, Drusilla had one month to make up her mind, break up her home and say good-bye to those she knew in England.

James, Drusilla and their two small children sailed from Liverpool, July 1, 1869, on the ship, *City of Boston*. On the first day three hundred Irish immigrants on the ship mutinied and the captain sailed for Dublin, Ireland, and put them off there, which made the trip much longer. As Jennie Newman retold the story of her parents' voyage,

"The ship was an old one and as our people came as immigrants, their trip was very hard. After a few days out, the food was impossible to eat. The ocean was rough all the way over and at one time the ship was anchored for twenty-four hours, the passengers were put down in the hold of the ship." The Newman family finally arrived at New York, July 12 after a trip of eleven days and fourteen hours! (The family story is careful to note that the *City of Boston* was lost with all on board on its return trip.) Upon their arrival, the Newman family spent two days at Castle Garden Emigration Center, where they slept on the floor. From New York, the family took a train(s) to Brighton, Lagrange County, Indiana, and settled in the vicinity of other members of the Wheeler family.

Emma Wheeler Hardiman was the only Wheeler sibling left in Tarrant Hinton. Three of her eight children had emigrated to Lagrange County, Indiana.

Her sons, John R. and Charles who had naturalized in the United States, returned to England around 1871/72. John R. married in Tarrant Hinton in 1872 and returned to the United States with his bride, his brother Charles, his parents and youngest sister Lucy. They sailed together on the ship *City of Montreal* and arrived in New York in May 1872. No doubt they also took a train(s) to Brighton, Indiana, and enjoyed a large gathering of the Wheeler siblings and their extended families. Whether Emma and Henry Hardiman intended to immigrate is unknown. They returned to England to live out their lives.

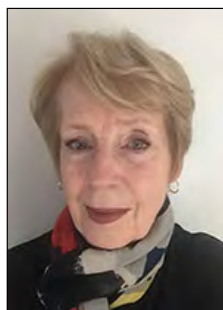


James and Drucilla Wheeler Newman



The Wheeler family migration story documents the important role of the youth in William Wheeler and his siblings' families. At least one child crossed the Atlantic before their parent(s) followed. Members of the extended Wheeler families stayed in contact with each other on both sides of Atlantic. No doubt, those already in the United States guided those that followed. Although they departed from different ports, they all sailed to New York and all but one contingent arrived in the summer (July and August), the exception being in May. After Mary Wheeler Coombs and family moved to Lagrange County, Indiana, all the Wheelers/Hardimans/Newmans made Lagrange County, Indiana, their destination. No doubt the U.S.-based families wrote to those who were crossing the Atlantic about how to navigate New York City and which trains to take from there to Indiana. For the Wheeler's, the Atlantic crossings were very much a family affair.

Final Note: I wish to thank my third-cousin-once-removed, Mary Pantos, whom I met through *Ancestry.com* in the course of doing the research for this article. We both descend from William Wheeler. She generously shared her photographs of the Wheeler family and the village of Tarrant Hinton. Mary informed me that William Wheeler's blacksmithing ancestors moved to Tarrant Hinton in the sixteenth century from the Isle of Wight (another genealogical path to pursue!).



Mary Jacob joined SBCGS in 2016 shortly before she retired from UCSB. She is secretary of the Board of Directors of SBCGS and also president of a non-profit that supports seed saving and regenerative, ecological farming. She is currently working on a book about her maternal grandparents and their ancestors going back four generations.

## Lions and Tigers and Bears, Oh My!!

*Which is the World's Deadliest Animal?*

LIONS ONLY KILL 25 PEOPLE a year; tigers, 85; and bears, hardly any.

The biggest killers are also the smallest: the tiny mosquito is the big winner, hands down!

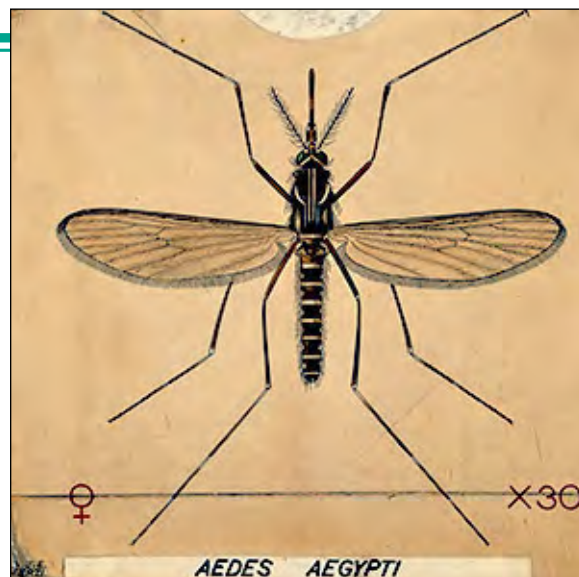
Mosquitoes - the pesky bugs that suck blood and transmit viruses from person to person are responsible for the most animal-related deaths - up to 750,000 a year.

Malaria is responsible for more than half of mosquito-related deaths. Dengue fever, another mosquito-borne disease, has become a leading cause of hospitalization and death in many parts of the world. Other mosquito-borne diseases you want to avoid are the Zika virus, West Nile virus, Yellow fever and Chikungunya virus. Iceland is the one country that is mosquito free.

Did you know? Only female mosquitoes bite people and animals to get a blood meal which they need to produce eggs. How to tell the difference? Males have feathery antennae that help them sense their potential mates' wingbeats; female mosquitoes have especially plain antennae. Females also have unique mouthparts, especially constructed to pierce human skin.

If you have gotten close enough to tell the difference, my friend, you are probably already bitten.

Here are just a few people who have died from disease from mosquitos, usually malaria.



A mosquito (*Aedes aegypti*). Colored drawing by A. Wellcome

**King Tut** had multiple bouts of malaria, but had other health problems

**Pope Urban VII**

**Oliver Cromwell**

**David Livingstone**

**Vasco da Gama**

**Amerigo Vespucci**

**Several of the de Medici family**

**Perhaps George Gordon, Lord Byron**, who also had a host of other health problems

The second deadliest killer: People. I will leave you with that thought.

Sources: *The Mosquito: A Human History of Our Deadliest Predator*, Timothy C. Winegard, 2020.

*Encyclopaedia Britannica*  
*New York Times*



# DNA Builds a Bridge Across the Pond

By Debbie Kaska

**F**OR YEARS MY HUSBAND'S Irish great-grandfather, William Delaney, eluded all attempts to discover his roots in "the old sod." Family lore suggested he came from the County of Kilkenny, but no documents supported that or any other place of birth. However, the surname Delaney/Delany/Dulany abounds in that region. The scant details of his early years in America were gleaned from his enlistment in the 74th New York Volunteer Regiment in 1861 where he gave his age as 23, his 1868 marriage record in Cleveland, Ohio, and the U.S. Census where he lists his year of immigration as 1861. His birth year varied from census to census and finally 1833 appeared on his tombstone after he passed away in 1912. His death certificate indicated his father's name was Michael. So, with no firm birthdate or place and no verified Irish parents or siblings, William Delaney's ancestry remained a very solid brick wall.

Taking a new approach to the problem, I turned to DNA. Early on my husband sent his DNA to *AncestryDNA*, *FamilytreeDNA* and *Gedmatch.com*. A few relatives turned up, as well as a few surprises, but that is another story. Late last year with time on my hands, I searched for the name Delaney in family trees among his matches on these DNA websites. There were a several individuals with Delaney ancestors who also had weak matches to my husband's DNA. After I eliminated all those descended from William Delaney himself, I began to carefully examine the few that remained.

## DNA evidence

Delaney family #1. The first of these was Canadian. The family tree of the individual submitting the DNA to *FamilytreeDNA.com* gave enough information to allow further straightforward research. I found the Delaney immigrant was a John Delaney who came to Lanark County, West Canada, with his wife Mary Brennan and four children, Bridget, Mary Agnes, Thomas and Patrick. The family members are listed in the 1861 Canadian Census. The death records of both Bridget and Mary Agnes list Clogh as their place of birth in the County of Kilkenny! After so many years of having no clue where William Delaney came from, here I had a DNA match associated with an actual parish in Kilkenny!

With something worth looking into, I subscribed to *RootsIreland.com* for a month and quickly located the marriage record of John Delaney and Mary Brennan in Tourtane (next to Clogh) as well as the baptismal records of their children in the Parish of Clogh.

Delaney family #2. A second match with a Delaney ancestor on *FamilytreeDNA.com* also provided a fami-

ly tree. Again, this family was Canadian, but seemed unrelated to Family#1. Traditional research using the Canadian Census records identified the immigrant as William Delaney with wife Ellen. The family was listed in the 1861 Canadian Census in Ancaster, Wentworth, Ontario, with two children, Michael, 20, and Catherine, 11, born in Ireland and two children, ages 9 and 4, born in West Canada. These indicate the family immigrated about 1850/51.

The death certificate of daughter Catherine listed her mother's maiden name as Loughran and a search on *RootsIreland.com* revealed the marriage of William Delaney and Eleanor Loughran on February 13, 1841 in the parish of Clogh, County of Kilkenny. The DNA match to my husband was a descendant of their son Michael Delaney (1840-1901). This second DNA match linked to the Parish of Clogh really got my attention.

I was not surprised when a second descendant of William Delaney and Ellen Loughran turned out to be a DNA match to my husband on *AncestryDNA.com*.

Delaney family #3. The third independent DNA match to a person with Delaney ancestry appeared on *AncestryDNA.com*. Fortunately, an extensive family tree was attached which indicated the immigrant was a Patrick Delaney who immigrated to New York from Ireland with his wife Mary. According to the 1880 census in New York City, their children Mary, 15 and Ellen, 12 were born in Ireland, whereas Bridget, 7, Julia, 5, Patrick, 4 and Annie, six months, were born in New York. Thus, they appear to have come to the United States about 1870. The birth certificate of daughter Julia Delaney in New York City listed her mother's maiden name as Purcell. The DNA match to my husband was a descendant of Julia.

A search of *RootsIreland.com* for the marriage of Patrick Delaney and Mary Purcell found a Civil Marriage Record in the District of Castlecomer in 1864. Patrick Delany, age 24, son of Michael Delany, married Mary Purcell, age 23, daughter of Patrick Purcell. Patrick and Michael Delany as well as Patrick Purcell were all colliers (coal miners). By this time, I was familiar with the County of Kilkenny and knew that Castlecomer was the parish adjacent to Clogh. Furthermore, the address for Patrick Delany was Tourtane, a town in the parish of Clogh. The baptisms of Mary in 1865 and Ellen in 1868, children of Patrick Delany and Mary Purcell, were also recorded in the parish of Clogh.

## Crossing back across the Pond

I was now convinced I had found the place in Ireland that my husband's great-grandfather had left approximately 170 years ago. How he and his family fared during the Irish potato famine I will probably never know, but one has to imagine privation and stress. William's future in Ireland was undoubtedly in the coal mines which offered very hard work, low pay and lungs full of coal dust. He chose instead to try his luck in the New World. A brief stint in the Union Army was cut short by a wound received after serving only six months. As an Irishman he had difficulty finding em-

ployment in those days because the Irish were considered hot-headed and often drunk. Eventually he found work in Cleveland, Ohio, as a stone cutter. He married there and raised a family of seven children. His daughter Josephine was my husband's grandmother.

Now it was time for William's descendants to go back and rediscover what he left behind. Unfortunately, my husband did not live long enough to take the trip, but in 2022 my children and I will visit Kilkenny and the Parishes of Clogh and Castlecomer. William Delaney was my children's 2nd great-grandfather. The coal mines are gone and their closing left much unemployment and the area depressed. However, there is a mining museum in Castlecomer that we will visit as well as the churches in Clogh and Castlecomer and the Rothe Trust, a genealogical research center in Kilkenny.

### Some questions remain:

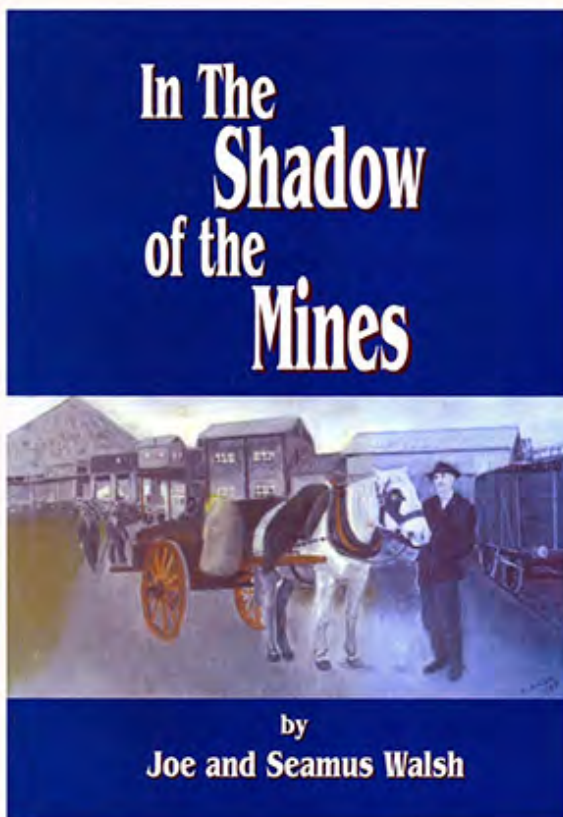
The Castlecomer coal mining region has scores of Delaney families even today. Will it be possible to reconstruct their family trees and identify the relatives of William who stayed behind? How much of Clogh and Tourtane remain from the early 19th century? Will I see the church where William was baptized? The streets he knew? What civil or church records exist from that era that have not yet been digitized?

One treasure I have already discovered, thanks to a Delaney relative who has also been researching the family history, is a book entitled *In the Shadow of the Mines* by Joe and Seamus Walsh. This poignant account revealed the lives of the coal miners in Castlecomer, their living and working conditions as well as their sense of humor, comradery, religious devotion and efforts to protect and help each other in the mines.

William Delaney left behind his family, a close-knit community, and his homeland, all of which he never saw again. His enterprise and courage, however, gave his descendants the opportunity to gain an education and see real fruits from their labors.



A memorial plaque to the men who worked in the coal mines and women who supported them in the villages in and around Castlecomer, Kilkenny, Ireland.



Book by Joe and Seamus Walsh describing the lives of the coal miners around Clogh/Castlecomer, Kilkenny, Ireland.

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





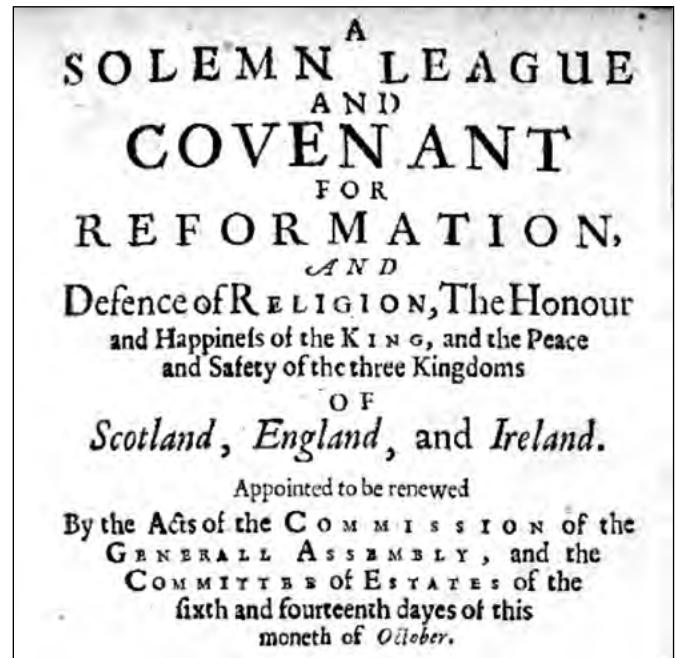
# Hellfire at Dawn

By Kate Lima

“**W**AR IS HELL.” William Tecumseh Sherman’s declaration has been tossed about so often that it’s become a cliché; its essence is lost in the overuse of the phrase. Most people will never know how true those words are unless they’ve experienced war first hand. My 9th great-grandfather, Alexander Innes, was such a person. The Innes Clan from the Highlands of Scotland sent many men to fight the English in the 17th century, and Alexander was among them. He experienced not only the hell of war but also the agonizing hardships that followed.

Alexander Innes, born in or around 1632, entered his teen years when Scottish soil lay soaked in the blood of many a Scot. During the English Civil War (1642-1651), Alexander held sword and shield alongside his clansmen in support of the Scottish Covenanters. King Charles I was asserting English religious practices throughout Scotland, forcing the Scots to pick up arms. Alexander and his clansmen were, in essence, in alliance with Oliver Cromwell and the “Roundheads,” the English Parliamentarians, who were also angry with the English king. Then the Roundheads beheaded Charles I in 1649, and the Scots were appalled. They believed in the divine right of kings, and so they changed their allegiance, supporting Charles II, Charles I’s son, against the English Parliament.

Scotland now fought against Cromwell. The exact number of battles and skirmishes Alexander engaged in is unknown, except one. In 1650, Alexander fought at the Battle of Dunbar, a spectacular battle in that it lasted only an hour. The Scots had had the upper hand; their army was almost twice as large as Cromwell’s, and they stood on higher ground, a major tactical advantage. A victory seemed imminent, but the gods were not on their side. Perhaps hubris had a hand in what happened next. A heavy rain fell, and the Scots moved to the lower part of the hill, thus removing their advantage. They weren’t worried, though, because they



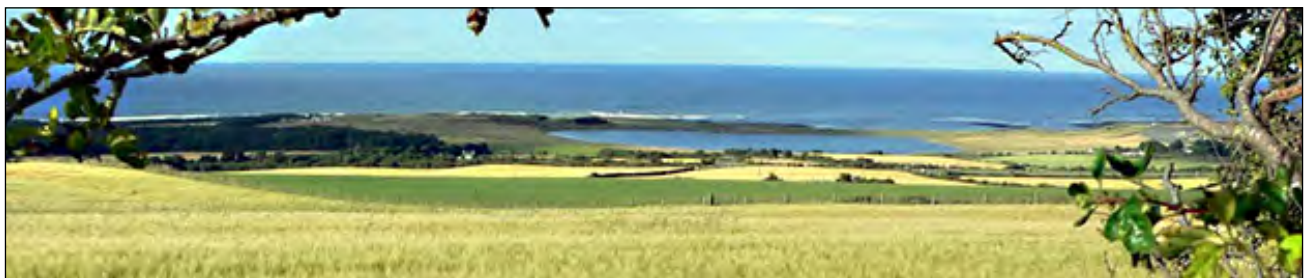
Page from *Solemn League and Covenanters*, from Wikipedia

still had a much greater number of soldiers. However, in the hours before dawn, when the world was still dark, the English, under Cromwell’s expert command, caught the Scots unawares. The rain had stopped, and when it did the English were already upon the Scots who were not prepared for battle. It took only an hour, an hour that saw hundreds of Scots slaughtered. Many more threw down weapons and fled, only to fall by swords and axes in their backs. At the end of the battle roughly 4,000 Scots were killed while Cromwell boasted that “not 20 [of his] men” perished. These numbers vary greatly depending on English or Scottish sources. Cromwell announced that God had helped him win because they had won so decisively. Indeed it must have felt as if God brought down his hand and placed it over the English to protect them.

Alexander escaped major harm; he and an estimated 5,000 Scottish soldiers were taken prisoner while roughly 5,000, too sick to move, were left to die. Alexander and the others marched 100 miles from Dun-



Battle of Dunbar sign, from [ethrickbrown.co.uk](http://ethrickbrown.co.uk)



Site of the Battle of Dunbar, from [ScottishPrisonersofWar.com](http://ScottishPrisonersofWar.com)





Durham Cathedral, from *purcelluk.com*

bar, Scotland, to Durham, England. This march came to be called “The Durham Death March.”

The Scots were already hungry when the march began. Not only had they fought long and hard, but they had followed the Scottish practice of fasting before a battle to sharpen their reflexes. They were in desperate need of food and water but received none. A few civilians tossed the prisoners what little bread they could, and they drank water from rain puddles and ditches. Many, too weak or wounded to continue, were killed or left to die. When they sat in protest in the town of Berwick, the captors killed 30 on the spot, and forced the rest to move on. A few days later, at Morpeth in Northumberland, England, the prisoners were enclosed for the night in a walled garden. Still starving, they ate cabbages that were growing there, roots and all. This, as well as ongoing dysentery, brought on the “bloody flux,” and the next day many fell dead by the wayside.

In total the march took about eight days; roughly 2,000 died en route, some were executed and some escaped, but about 3,900 finished the march. As English prisons were relatively small, and couldn’t accommodate so many prisoners, the English decided to imprison them within the Durham cathedral. The cathedral

had not been used for church services since Henry VIII dissolved the monasteries in 1538.

Alexander must have been of sturdy stock, for he survived the march. This proved to be only the beginning of the suffering; in the cathedral he and the other prisoners subsisted largely without food, water, or heat. For warmth they desecrated the Cathedral, tearing down wood structures and even wood burial plots. The sick and the dead lay en masse, next to others who were barely surviving. Without adequate food and warmth, let alone medical help, the men fell victim to dysentery and other diseases. It is believed that of the roughly 3,000 prisoners 1,700 died horrible deaths in Durham’s sacred cathedral.

Alexander survived. Captured soldiers traditionally would be ransomed or exchanged, but military leaders feared that healthy men would return to the Scottish army and fight again. The English also did not want to deport Scots to Europe or Ireland, for fear that they would join the armies of the Commonwealth’s enemies. The prisoners, therefore, were sent to many different ports; Alexander was to sail to the New England. Those chosen for this voyage had to be “well and sound, and free from wounds.” Amazingly, after two months of living in a death camp, about 150 men were strong enough to sail. These men, between 18 and 25, were sold as indentured servants at a cost of about 5 pounds per man; Alexander was about 18 years old.

After spending months under the most barbaric conditions imaginable, Alexander sailed to the New World in November 1650. He arrived in Boston on the ship *Unity* where he and 35 others began work at the Saugus Iron Works.

### His life in Scotland was at an end.

When Alexander arrived in the New World in December 1650, the conditions couldn’t have been more different. Medical provisions were given to the prisoners once they departed the ship; they were given plenty of food and warm shelter, and it is believed that only

one Scotsman died after landing in the area. The Iron Works seemed a decent place to live and work, though the workday was usually 12 hours of strenuous labor. Alexander learned a trade, perhaps a number of different trades. It appears that the company treated the workers well and wanted them to become citizens, able to earn a living on their own. Within a few years he met Catherine, “an Irish woman,” whom he married around 1656 when his contract was at an end.

Alexander’s journey to America began after the harshest, most extreme circumstances of war. He endured a hell that’s unimaginable to most of us, and he survived. Except for a scuffle or two with the Puritans, it appears that he lived the rest of his days in peace.



English sailing ship 17th C., from *NPS.gov*



Saugus Iron Works, National Historic Park, from [NPS.gov](https://www.nps.gov)

**THE COVENANTERS**  
*were those people in Scotland who signed the National Covenant in 1638 to confirm their opposition to the interference by the Stuart kings in the affairs of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland.*

Note: For some of you this story might sound familiar, and for good reason! The TV show “Who Do You Think You Are,” Season 9, Episode 1, describes this in great detail. Actor Jon Cryer had an ancestor who endured the same hardships in England and Scotland as Alexander had. As Cryer said in the episode, “my modern concept of resilience pales in comparison to what he [his ancestor] must have possessed.”

Postscript: People wondered what happened to the bodies of the 1,700 that perished at Durham. In 1946, three hundred years after the horror, workers installing a central heating system in the cathedral’s music room came upon a mass grave. That grave traveled from the cathedral’s North Door, under a line of trees, and then under the music school. The details of this discovery remain a mystery since no information of the find was recorded.

In 2013 archaeologists studied the cathedral’s library grounds, which were thought to be an old cemetery; in the process they uncovered two mass graves in the Durham Palace Green. The bodies of about 28 men between the ages of 13 and 25 were discovered, and two years of subsequent research revealed that the men were the Scottish POWs from 1650. The bodies had been “tipped” into the burial pit with no signs of ceremony.

The bodies were reburied close to the original site, despite a petition from many Scottish people to return the bodies to Scotland. The University of Durham said that, given the incomplete nature of the skeletons, “limiting the distance between those remains that have been exhumed and those still in the original mass graves was the most ethically responsible course of action.” Also, keeping them as close as possible to their comrades “would be morally appropriate.” The exhumed bodies can now be found a few hundred yards away in the cemetery of St. Oswald’s; the original site is marked with a plaque made of Dunbar stone.



2013 excavation at Durham’s Palace Green, from [TheGuardian.com](https://www.theguardian.com)

*Kate Lima is our current Membership Director and volunteers on the Outreach Committee and at the Sahyun Library. She enjoys genealogy, walking her dog, raising her grandson, and writing.*





# My Heritage Trip to Germany and Poland

## From Ostfriesland to Pomerania

By Charmien Carrier

IN 2016, MY SISTER Priscilla and I visited the homelands of our maternal great-grandparents John and Henrika Henning of Ostfriesland and our great-grandparents Carl and Mathilda Rudenick of Pomerania. I was inspired to make this trip after doing a search for "Henning" on a Rootsweb Message Board in 2008 and finding a message about the family posted by Pastor Jürgen Hoogstraat of Victorbur Lutheran Church, in Germany. The message contained some valuable information taken from the Victorbur Ortssippenbuch, (a town lineage book, or OSB). The following is the translated excerpt from the message:

**Surnames: HENNING, ALBERS, ENNEN, HINRICHS, DETEMERS**

**The OSB Victorbur Nr. 2287**

**HENNING, Jann Harms**, Arbeiter, Colonist at Hinter Theene \*09.12.1843 ~ 21.12.1843 Victorbur [witnesses: father and Lena THEILS in Victorbur] [Konfirmation: 13.04.1862] oo 29.07.1865 Victorbur

**ALBERS, Hinrica** \*26.05.1844 Ekels ~02.06.1844 Victorbur [witnesses: father and Ecke Wilhelmine ANDIKS from Ekels]

1. **Antje Janssen** \*15.03.1866 Hinter Theene ~30.03.1866 Vict. [witnesses: Antje Henning geb. Ennen; Frauke Hinrichs; both from Hinter Theene]
2. **Hinrich Albers** \*08.10.1868 Hinter Theene ~25.10.1868 Vict [witnesses: Antje Harms Henning geb. Collmann and Antje Janssen Detmers geb. Dunker, both in Hinter Theene]

### About Patronymical Naming

A patronymic surname is a surname originating from the given name of the father. Patronymic surnames were prevalent in Ostfriesland and changed with each generation. This naming practice ended there in 1811.

As an example, here is my great-grandmother's Hennerika Albers patronymical lineage:

Albert HARMENS -1738

5th Great-grandfather

Hinrich Harms ALBERTS 1723-1774

Son of Albert HARMENS

Albert Harmens HINRICHS 1765-1823

Son of Hinrich Harms ALBERTS

Hinrich ALBERS 1795-1868

Son of Albert Harmens HINRICHS

Hennerika ALBERS 1844-1909

Daughter of Hinrich ALBERS

Great-grandmother

Figuring out lineage when dealing with patronymical surnames can be confusing, so Ortssippenbuchs can be a great help. You're in luck if your family's town is in one of these books. Here is a link to a website listing Ortssippenbuchs: <http://www.ortssippenbuch.net/> and a link to a map website with town locations: <https://www.ortssippenbuch.net/karter-der-ortssippenbuecher.html>. The Family History Library in Salt Lake City and some other genealogy libraries are good resources for these books. The closest libraries to Santa Barbara are in Burbank at The Immigrant Genealogical Society (IGS), and the Southern California Genealogical Society where the copies are limited.

Hoogstraat's online message contained my great-grandfather, John Henning (Jann Harms Henning), his wife Hinrica Albers, and their first two



John Henning, 1894



Hennerika Albers, 1894

children Antje Janssen, and Hinrich Albers. These four came to the U.S. in 1869, settling in Illinois and Minnesota, where an additional nine children were born. My grandmother Tena (Triente), born in 1885, was the youngest daughter. In the U.S., they continued to farm as they had in Germany.

Having corresponded with Pastor Hoogstraat, (we are distant cousins), I learned that his church was where my ancestors were married and baptized, and I thought it would be a great opportunity to meet him and visit Victorbur. Before the trip, I felt compelled to learn more about the area and the people. First of all, I learned that Victorbur is located in Ostfriesland, the very northwestern corner of Germany bordered by the Netherlands and the North Sea. This area may also be called East Friesland and is now part of the Niedersachsen, or Lower Saxony, state of Germany. Ostfriesen's have common roots with the Scandinavian Vikings. They speak Plattdeutsch or Low German, which is closely related to Dutch, Friesen and English.

To help me with my research, I became a member of the Ostfriesen Genealogical Society of America, <http://www.ogsa.us/> This was a helpful resource about the

area, its customs and its people. Their website had an article with tips on how to plan and travel to Ostfriesland. As recommended in the article, we began our trip by flying into Amsterdam the closest big city to our first destination of Victorbur. After renting a car in Bremen, Germany, my sister drove, while I navigated using a GPS which was, to our dismay, only in German. We first settled into a B&B in Aurich, the largest city not far from Victorbur, and then drove to the church where we met Pastor Hoogstraat and his wife Pastorin Andrea Düring Hoogstraat. They would be our guides and hosts for the next several days. After an introduction and tour of our ancestor's church, St. Victor-Kirche, they generously took us on a tour of our ancestral villages, treated us to delicious meals, and the local specialty of \*East Frisian Tea. I was surprised to learn that they drink more tea here than any other place in the world. I'm a tea drinker as was my grandma Tena.



Victorbur Evangelical Lutheran Church where my ancestors were baptized and married.



Me with Pastor Jürgen Hoogstraat and his wife, Pastorin Andrea Düring Hoogstraat on the North Sea.



The altar was designed by Master Marten in 1657. Shown here are scenes from the Passion of Christ.

### About St. Victor-Kirche

The church is a German cultural heritage monument of Romanesque architecture built in the 13th century. It's located in Südbrookmerland, Aurich, Lower Saxony, Germany. The church has been lovingly maintained and is a vital part of the community. We attended a church service, but couldn't understand the Low German which they speak. That Sunday, local dairy farmers were invited to share on the difficulty they were having keeping their farms going. We were happy to learn that the church is very interactive and involved with the



community, inviting its members to participate in the services.

It was also good to know that Pastor Hoogstraat is very involved with genealogy and so he gave us copies of the baptismal and marriage records for my great-grandfather Jann Harms Henning (John Henning).

One of the historical sites we visited was the Moormuseum of Moordorf. It's like visiting America's colonial village of Williamsburg, and shows what life might have been like for our ancestors. There were thatched-roofed buildings, peat bogs, and men threshing wheat in their wooden clogs. After that, we stopped by a 100-year-old farmhouse much like the one my grandparents may have lived in. They would have shared it with the livestock. As we explored our great-grandparents' neighborhood of Hinter-Theene, we met some Hennings who lived on the street where our ancestor's house once stood. We may be related, but since we're unfamiliar with the Plattdeustch language, we struggled to communicate with them. Luckily for us, the teenage son could speak some English. They were friendly but couldn't help us make a family connection.



100-year-old farmhouse



Possible relatives, Kai Uwe Henning and English speaking son



Wheat Threshers on a break at Moormuseum



Possible relatives, Anton Henning and wife

**\*East Frisian Tea**

East Frisian Tea is a thick, dark, malty tea served in porcelain cups. A piece of rock sugar is placed in the bottom of the cup and heavy cream is carefully poured down the side from a flat, shell-like spoon. Stirring is taboo. The cream hits the bottom and mushrooms up, creating a "tea cloud." It's a lovely tradition.





After spending three days in Victorbur, we headed east towards Pomerania, traveling along the Baltic Sea and the northern coast of Germany. Our first stop, was a one night stay in beautiful Lübeck. The next stop was Griefswald for a visit to the Museum of Pomerania and to spend a night there. Included was a day trip to Stralsund. Our next stop was Slupsk, Poland or (Stolpe, Germany) for a two-night stay and our base while we explored our great-grandparents' village nearby.



Great-grandparents Carl Johan Rudenick (1860-1916), and Mathilda Rosin (1863-1942) from Pomerania.



Lübeck, Holsten Gate built 1466-1478 (Museum Holstentor)

The village of Dobieszewo, (Gross Dübsow, Germany) was the home of my great-grandparents Carl Johan Rudenick (1860-1916), and Mathilda Rosin (1863-1942). It was a day trip of 12 miles from our hotel in Slupsk. Unfortunately, there isn't much left of this tiny village and most people only speak Polish. So basically, we were just seeing what the farmland and village looked like now. The Rudenicks left there in 1886 with two children. They were destined to be farmers in Minnesota and had 13 more children.



*Charmien Carrier grew up in Seattle and moved to Santa Barbara in 1972 when her former husband became a professor at UCSB. As her two children grew, she started working at UCSB in the College of Engineering and*

*then the Kavli Institute for Theoretical Physics. Much of her work in these departments was designing and producing publications. After her retirement in 2012, she became involved in genealogy, taking classes and joining SBCGS. Her focus has been on her German and French Canadian ancestors. She continues to enjoy helping create Ancestors West.*



Entering the village of Dobieszewo, formerly, Gross Dübsow, Germany



# Picnic in the Cemetery Event

A Living Historical Presentation by the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society *By Kate Lima*

**H**OW MANY OF US can say we've seen spirits wandering around a cemetery? Not many, I'm sure, but on October 23, quite a few people were witness to such a sight. The Society's Picnic at the Cemetery began mid-morning at Goleta Cemetery. People arrived early, excited to spend some time outdoors, and at a graveyard no less. Genealogists and history buffs get that flutter of excitement whenever they see old gravestones, and people were certainly abuzz. They also knew they would see some ghosts rise up to tell a tale or two.

We couldn't have asked for a better day. The sky was blue though gray clouds loomed in the distance. A gentle breeze kept the air cool, and trees offered shade throughout the walk. People milled about and were talking with one another... maskless! While some people chose to wear masks, this was the first event for many where they could see each other's faces. It was outdoors and it felt safe.

People gathered into groups and walked through the cemetery. Most walked quietly, meandering between headstones, reading about war veterans and the sad little infant graves. At certain grave sites the group gathered, and the leaders spoke incantations to wake the dead; soon people were witness to the rising up of ghostly apparitions. These cemetery residents talked about what brought them to Santa Barbara, and how they lived their lives here. The stories of each person can be read within these pages.

Afterward, the crowd made its way to Grace Gathering Church for lunch. The space held many tables, with much space in-between, important for this mostly-mask-

less gathering. The boxed lunches were from Pickles and Swiss, a well-known sandwich shop, and people seemed to enjoy the fare. Talks centered around the cemetery event, and moved to include other topics, showing a deep enjoyment of being together. Wonderful venue, wonderful event, wonderful time.

Thanks must be given to the Outreach Committee for planning the event: Cherie Bonazzola, Jeannine Fox, Kate Lima, Karen Ramsdell, and Chair Holly Snyder. A special thank you to Chris Ervin from Gledhill Library, Santa Barbara Historical Museum, John and Ruth Lane, and the Hendry family for contributing to our research. Thank you to Rick Bower from the Goleta Cemetery District for giving a history of the cemetery, and videographer Larry Nimmer, Nimmer Pictures, Inc. Video and pictures will be on our website soon! A special thanks to our researchers: Holly Snyder, Jim and Marj Friestad, Jeannine Fox, Phil Levien, and all the actors who added to their research.

Thank you to all volunteers and to all those who participated in making the day so special, in person and behind the scenes.

Rosa Avolio  
Michelle Fitton  
Jim Friestad  
Marj Friestad  
Debbie Kaska  
Chris Klukkert  
Kat Kosiec  
Robin McCarthy

Dorothy Oksner  
Marie Sue Parsons  
Liz Smith  
Sharon Summer  
Art Sylvester  
Diane Sylvester  
Jace Turner



The Actors: Ken Gilbert, E. Bonnie Lewis, Alfred Smith, Leslie Roby Ervin, Betsy J. Green, and Neal Graffy.

Several interesting "residents" were researched, a script about their lives was drafted in first person. The actor (often but not always the researcher), then dressed in period dress, delivered a talk to visitors. The following "residents," their researchers and the actors were:

**WILLIAM HENDRY**- Researched by Holly Snyder and Neal Graffy; portrayed by Neal Graffy  
**ANNE STRONACH HENDRY**- Researched by Holly Snyder and Betsy J. Green; portrayed by Betsy J. Green

**RALPH PAULIN**- Researched by Holly Snyder and Ken Gilbert; portrayed by Ken Gilbert

**STELLA HAVERLAND ROUSE**- Researched by Jim & Marj Friestad and Leslie Roby Ervin; portrayed by Leslie Roby Ervin

**MILES LANE**- Researched by Holly, Jeannine Fox and E. Bonnie Lewis; portrayed by E. Bonnie Lewis

**JOSEPH SEXTON**- Researched by Phil Levien and Alfred Smith; portrayed by Alfred Smith



Photo credit: Sue Cook

## William Nicol Hendry

Portrayed by Neal Graffy.

WILLIAM NICOL HENDRY (1850-1924) was born in Scotland and immigrated to Santa Barbara around 1872. He initially worked for Ellwood Cooper at his Goleta Valley ranch before becoming a substantial landholder himself. By 1884, he leased over 360 acres in the vicinity of Arroyo Burro, including Veronica Springs and portions of Hope Ranch. William sold the farm in 1918 for \$80,000 and moved his family to Chapala Street in Santa Barbara.

MY NAME IS William Nicol Hendry. I was born February 17, 1850 in Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, a village on the River Dee along the edge of the Highlands in Scotland. My middle name, Nicol, carries the heritage of my mother's family name.

For twenty-two years this was my home and it was expected it would be so as it had been for my father and his before him. This changed when we received tidings that men – Scotsmen in fact - were needed to work a large farm in the United States – in California. What kind of men did they have, or rather lack of a man, in California that would call for a Laird to seek workers half-way from around the world? Six of us, John Rutherford, William Begg, James Smith, Jim Milne, John McLaren and I answered the call.

On the first day of December, 1872, we left Liverpool bound for New York on the *S.S. Manhattan*. We were joined by a number of Swedes, all headed to our destination in California as well.

I was seasick for a week and the next two weeks passed without incident. We arrived in New York on December 23 and passed Christmas as best we could away from home and family. We left for Panama on New Year's Day. We were 11 days at sea and quarters were

cramped with 100 of us in steerage. I went on deck and played fiddle for fresh air. No sooner had we landed at Panama than we boarded a train and headed for the Pacific, five hours away. I was stunned by the sights. We had left Scotland in the dead of winter and here the entire world – birds as well as plants – were in bloom and full of color such as I'd never seen before.

Boarding ship at Panama City, we arrived in San Diego on January 28 and were met by Mr. Ellwood Cooper, the gentleman who had sent for us. We were a little short in party as a number of Swedes who were to work for Colonel Hollister remained in New York, leaving only two for his needs.

It was Thursday, February 6, when I arrived at my new home in La Patera at Mr. Cooper's ranch. I started work two days later. Plowing, grading roads, planting trees, harvesting, and fencing became my life with the dream of eventually securing my own property.

An opportunity for much greater pay arose in June of 1877 when I went to work for the Kimberley Coal Company. This enterprise, founded by Captain Martin Kimberley and John Stearns, builder of our wharf, had \$3,000,000 behind them. A safe bet. The mines were on Unga Island, part of the string of islands off the coast of Alaska, 2,400 miles from Santa Barbara. I was joined by my fellow Scotsmen William Begg and John Rutherford. They returned to Santa Barbara after five months but I stayed on for thirteen months. We had been told the coal was so abundant and available that one man could take out three tons a day with ease. Upon arrival we soon found that was not so much the case. During our time we built a wharf, a railroad and dug coal. The six of us returned in August of 1878; the result of our labors brought 300 tons of coal with us which was unloaded in San Francisco.

Not long after my return, I went to work for Mr. Sherman P. Stow at his ranch in La Patera. I was still single, but my bachelor days were thankfully about to end with the arrival of the Stronach family. Well, not the whole family, just a certain beautiful daughter, Anne, who caught my eye and my heart. They hailed from Banffshire along the north coast of Scotland and just 60 miles north of my former home. Just 60 miles apart, but it took 3,000 miles to bring us together.



William Hendry and his horse, photo courtesy of Sally Hendry





Photo credit: Sue Cook

## Anne Stronach Hendry

Portrayed by Betsy Green

ANNE STRONACH was born in Scotland in 1861. When she was about 20 years old, she and her family left their homeland and traveled to California. A few years after arriving in Santa Barbara, she married another Scottish immigrant - William Nicol Hendry, who was leasing a 365-acre farm in Arroyo Burro.

Over the next 23 years, she gave birth to 12 children - three girls and nine boys:

Anne Hendry - 1884 - 1969  
 William Hendry - 1885 - 1965  
 Nicol Hendry - 1887 - 1968  
 John Hendry - 1888 - 1963  
 Harry Joseph Hendry - 1890 - 1971  
 Lottie Burns Hendry - 1892 - 1979  
 Fred Hendry - 1894 - 1965  
 Frank Peter Hendry - 1896 - 1959  
 Allan Stewart Hendry - 1899-1990  
 Margaret E. Hendry - 1901 - 1950  
 Walter George Hendry - 1905 - 1993  
 Robert Bruce Hendry - 1907 - 1978

The Hendrys lived on the farm until it was sold in 1917. They moved to a home at 509 Chapala Street. (The home is still here.) Ann lived there until her death in 1940. She is buried with her husband.

Betsy creatively distilled Anne Hendry's life into these letters.

## Ann Stronach Hendry - letters

February 11, 1881

Dear Friends and Family,

I am now settled in my new country, and I know we shall never meet again in this world, but I am sure that we shall be together again on the other side someday, but not too soon, I hope.

My family and I are now settled in California in a city named Santa Barbara on the west coast of the country - about as far from Scotland as one can get. But Scotland, and you all, will always be close to my heart. I promise to write to you, and I look forward to receiving letters from my old homeplace.

I'm sure you have noticed that I am writing this letter on my birthday. I will try to do this every year, time permitting, but I cannot promise.

Yours forever,  
 Annie

February 11, 1884

Dear Friends and Family,

I am sorry that I have not written sooner, but the days - and the years - have passed by so quickly. I have much news to tell you. Good news. I met a wonderful Scotsman here. His name is William Nicol Hendry. A farmer from Scotland. How could I marry anyone but a Scotsman? He is tall and strong.

We married last year. I know we will be very happy together. And we have already begun a family - our first child - a daughter was born this year. We named her Annie.

I hope you are well, and please write when you have the time.

Yours forever,  
 Annie

February 11, 1894

Dear Friends and Family,

How quickly the years slide by. And how quickly the stork delivers the babies to us. We have been blessed with six more children since my last letter: William, named for his dad, was born in 1885, then Nicol in 1887, and then John in 1888.

Then came Harry - son number 4, Lottie - daughter number 2, and Fred, son number 5, who was born just this year. Fortunately, the older children help me care for the little ones.

Yours forever,  
 Annie

February 11, 1899

Dear Friends and Family,

Since my last letter, our family has increased by two more sons - Frank and Allan, my sixth and seventh sons. Although I have lost my first child - Anne - or perhaps I should say, I have gained a son-in-law. It seems like only yesterday when she was a babe in my arms.

I hope this letter finds you all in good health.

Yours forever,  
 Annie

February 11, 1903

Dear Friends and Family,

I was blessed with another addition to our family - Margaret, my third daughter was born a couple of years ago. I

don't know how long the Lord will continue to bless me with babies, but I love them all. You know how it is.

This year, Frank, Johnny, Fred, and Lottie took part in the recital at the end of the school year. I was so proud of them.

Yours forever,  
Annie

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February 11, 1907

Dear Friends and Family,

Well, our children are finally becoming productive young adults! Our son William, has been apprenticed to a local blacksmith in Santa Barbara for a couple of years. And recently, when the shop owner moved away, William took over the business. And some of his brothers will be joining him when they are old enough. I am so proud of them.

And speaking of children, I have added two more to our family – my eighth son, Walter George, was born a few years ago. And he was followed by Robert Bruce, my ninth son.

I so look forward to reading your letters and hearing about your families as well.

Yours forever,  
Annie

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February 11, 1911

Dear Friends and Family,

Well, I have not seen the stork at all since my last letter to you, so my final count of children is: 12, nine boys and three girls. They certainly keep me busy, but I wouldn't trade any of them for a sack of gold.

Three more of my babies walked to the altar recently. William married, Harry married, as did Lottie.

Yours forever,  
Annie

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February 11, 1920

Dear Friends and Family,

Margaret graduated from Santa Barbara High School, and Nicol married a lovely young Scottish woman.

We all survived the Spanish flu, although it was difficult to wear masks and stay home for so many months. Everything

was closed – the schools, the library, the cinemas, the stores. The younger children were still in high school, so they got their school assignments in the mail, and sent them back the same way. Fortunately, the local record store would deliver phonograph records on approval, and then pick them up the next day. That way, we could listen to a new melody overnight.

I think one of the reasons that we did not succumb to the flu is that I kept everyone healthy – with, ahem, regular elimination. I gave my children a daily dose of cod liver oil or Veronica springs water. They could choose which one, but the result was the same.

The biggest news this year, however, is that we have moved from the farm. We moved to a comfortable home in the city. We will miss our life on the farm, where we made a living and raised a family, but William and I are not getting any younger, and we were ready to move on.

Yours forever,  
Annie

---

February 11, 1940

Dear Friends and Family,

I still enjoy your letters, even though I am writing fewer and fewer as I get older.

Three more of my children have made their trip to the altar – Robert Bruce, William, and Lottie. My dear husband left this earthly realm back in 1924.

I do not know how much longer I will be on this earth, but I do know that when it is my time, I will be buried in the Goleta cemetery together with my beloved William.

Yours forever,  
Annie

### William Hendry adds:

Anne has told you of how the Hendry name became part of Santa Barbara through our grown children's businesses, but there is one more Hendry name to account for. Around the turn of the century, I secured a lease for 350 acres below the Veronica Springs and east of the Hope Rancho. This was good land, plenty of spring water, and water from the Arroyo Burro Creek. Our land funneled into the beachfront, one of the few open beaches between Santa Barbara and Goleta. Now there was an old road through our property into the Hope Rancho. It wasn't used too much as no one lived there. But as the Hope Ranch was improved with the Potter Country Club and large estates, the road was graded and became a scenic drive along the cliff tops overlooking the Pacific. The beach at the foot of our property soon became a pleasant place for folks to stop for lunch and bonfire dinners and so it became known as Hendry's Beach.



Hendry Family, photo courtesy of Sally Hendry





Photo credit: Sue Cook

## Stella Haverland Rouse

Portrayed by her granddaughter Leslie (Roby) Ervin.

STELLA (HAVERLAND) ROUSE (1908-1999) was born and raised on a walnut, citrus, and avocado ranch on San Marcos Road in the Goleta valley. She was a librarian, historian, forty-year columnist for the *Santa Barbara News-Press*, and author of two books. In her spare time, she was an avid gardener and perpetual student. She was married to Clarence Rouse, who spent his career at County National Bank, and had one daughter, Shirley (Rouse) Roby.

GOOD MORNING. My name is Stella Haverland Rouse. Thank you for visiting today.

This peaceful cemetery has been my home since 1999. I'm here with my husband Clarence, my twin sister Della, my parents AJ and Edith, and my grandparents, aunts and uncles. They all moved here from Ohio and Indiana in the late 1800s and early 1900s.

There were quite a few Ohio transplants in the area. Mr. Joseph Sexton and Mr.

Ralph Paulin both came from Ohio. Mr. Paulin's brother Arthur was a friend of my mom's cousin, Andrew Hoel, who was a constable in Goleta and one of the first trustees of this cemetery.

My father Albert John "AJ" Haverland came from a large farming family near Cincinnati. He arrived in Santa Barbara in 1896 and worked on local ranches. Five years later he went home and returned with a bride, my mother Edith Moore.

In 1905, he started buying land at the southwest corner of Cathedral Oaks and San Marcos Roads, planting orchards of walnuts, lemons, avocados, persimmons and other fruit. He sold to some of the local stores and the packing houses, and was quite successful.

On April 14, 1908, I was born on that ranch. Half an hour later, my sister Della followed. The story goes that my mother wasn't sure what to name us, so she



Stella Haverland Rouse, about 1938



"Two-and-a-half-year-olds find books." Stella and Della, 1910

asked the doctor for ideas. He gave her a list... and we became Stella Ella and Della Bella.

When we were girls, we went to the one-room Cathedral Oaks school across the road from us and loved reading and writing. In sixth grade I won a county essay contest and was hooked: I wanted to be a writer when I grew up. I devoured any reading I could get my hands on, even the pieces of newspaper I used when packing fruit as a teenager.

We were good students, but in high school typing nearly caused our downfall. We figured it would be useful later, but it was hard! We bought a typewriter to practice at home and I spent a whole Christmas vacation catching up on assignments.

We graduated from Santa Barbara High in 1925, studied for two years at the Teachers' College on the Riviera, got our degrees in English at UCLA, and then spent a year at the Library School at the Los Angeles Public Library.

When we returned to Santa Barbara in 1931, I went to work at the downtown public library and Della became librarian for the William Wyles Lincoln Collection at the State College. She worked in the building that later became the Riviera Theater.

In the 1930s we wrote biographical sketches about California authors for a library journal, interviewing writers like Irving Stone, Isobel Field, and Edwin Corle. We really enjoyed getting to know these interesting people and even kept in touch with some of them.

In 1940 I married Clarence Rouse, who worked at County National Bank. He came here from Missouri in 1919, at the age of seventeen. He had caught the flu during the 1918 pandemic and of course his parents also got sick. His father died three days later. Not sure what to do, he and his mother accepted an invitation to join some cousins here in Santa Barbara.

In 1942 I helped establish the county medical library housed at Cottage Hospital and served as its head librarian. But I had another project going on too: I was pregnant! The library opened in June and our daughter Shirley was born in December.

Since we were now a family, in 1943 Clarence and I bought a house with 1 1/2 acres just over the hill from Franceschi Park. We planted fruit trees, vegetables and flowers, and rare trees and plants. I was no longer working, but was busy raising Shirley and taking care of our home and yard.

Since there were flower shortages during the war, I raised dahlias and made weekly flower arrangements for the bank. I also competed in flower shows and won first prize for my most stunning arrangement.



Clarence was in Kiwanis and we always belonged to multiple organizations, so we spent many hours volunteering. Shirley used to giggle when I crossed the street to avoid Pearl Chase so I wouldn't get handed any extra projects.

When Della died in 1951, I decided to take over her column for the *News-Press*, pulling snippets from newspapers 25, 50, and 75 years in the past. In 1962 I started writing a Sunday column called "In Olden Days" about people, places, and events in Santa Barbara history.

My granddaughter tells me I'm still "famous" for toting my typewriter to the *News-Press* building to do research. The less-known aspect is that the papers were stored in the tower, and it was freezing in there. I had to bundle up! Later the papers were on microfilm, so I did my research in comfort and made copies instead of typing notes.

In the late 1950s, I took over ranch duties from my father. I spent Thursdays and Fridays supervising orange pickers and on weekends Clarence, Shirley, and I split into two cars and delivered about 150 twenty-pound bags of oranges to people all over town. We only broke even, but at least the fruit did not go to waste.

In 1964, the Goleta School District seized some of our property to build Foothill School and when my father died in 1968, I sold the rest of the ranch. It became a housing tract and a park. Tarragona Park still has some of my father's cactus garden, and some of the cacti went to Lotusland.

In the 1970s I wrote a book about Fiesta and spent about a decade as editor of *Noticias* for the Historical Society. Clarence and I traveled a lot, continued our gardening, and enjoyed spending time with our two grandkids. Clarence was with me until 1996, when he died at the age of ninety-four.

Through all of life's changes, I continued to write my weekly columns. But after thirty years and about 1,500 articles, I decided it was finally time to retire. I was eighty-three and my dream to become a writer had certainly come true. My other writings may become lost to time, but the "Olden Days" articles are in good hands at the Gledhill Library and I'm pleased to hear they are accessed regularly. I'm so glad people are still interested in Santa Barbara history.







## Miles Hinton Lane

Portrayed by E. Bonnie Lewis

MILES HINTON LANE (1810-1888) was born in North Carolina. He, his wife Elizabeth Ancrom (McCoy) Lane, children, and some of their grandchildren made a five-month wagon train journey to California in 1863 and came to Santa Barbara in 1874. Miles invented the mechanical walnut huller. Grandchildren Jasper and Dexter Lane invented a portable picking ladder to help get crops from tops of trees. Descendants still own and operate the Lane Family Farm on Hollister Ave.

*As an aside....*

*Not for us, not for us, My Lord, but to your name give the glory... Faith, a willingness to serve God, my community, my family...*

WHY TOP OF THE MORNING TO YOU. I'm Miles Hinton Lane. Born 1810 in North Carolina, and left this earthly form in 1888. Although life was fine in Ashton, Clark County, Missouri, - California called. It offered land, the freedom to farm, and so at 53 Elizabeth and I got together our wagons, some fine oxen, nine of our ten offspring, some grandkids and in 1863, across the plains we traveled. History says we were part of The Western Movement. Inspired by the great Abraham Lincoln, "I think...that the wild lands of the country should be distributed so that every man should have the means and opportunity of benefitting his condition." We took advantage of that adage and traveled during the height of the Civil War. Now I'm not getting into politics, ya hear, just painting the picture. My son Jasper is the wordy one. Kid's a corker, also most accident prone of the young uns...more on that later. He wrote a journal of our five-month travels and I'd like to

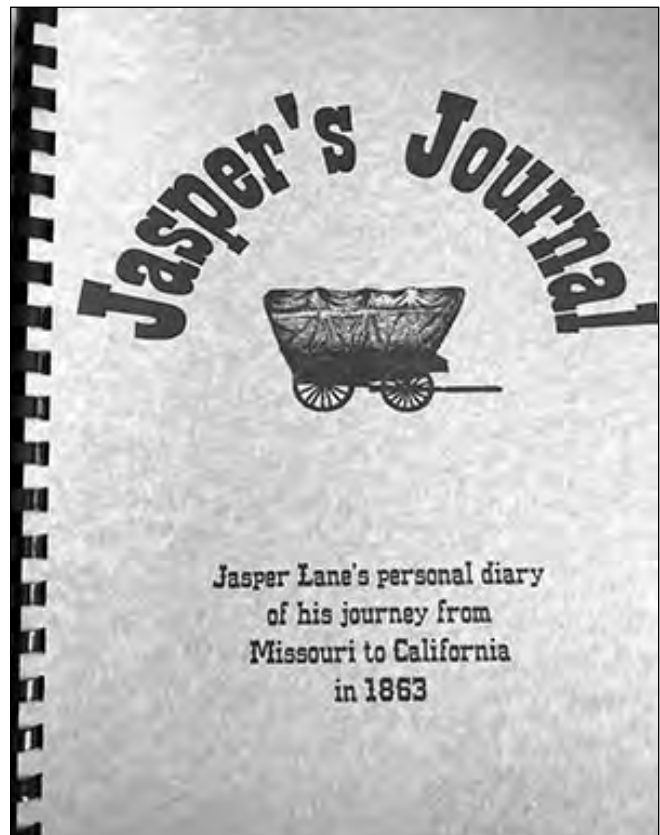
share with you what he wrote the first two days of our momentous journey, beginning on April 21st in 1863.

(Reading from Jasper's Journal)

*"For many years previous it has been my earnest desire to perform a journey similar to the one now impending. Now I have the pleasure of announcing our departure from our residence upon that perilous journey. This evening we have hitched in and traveled two-and one-half miles to my uncles where we will stay until morning. It is the intention of our neighbors to gather together tonight at our house for the purpose of enjoying ourselves together once more in the way of a social party, when we will again resume our journey.*

*April 22nd. This morning we hitched in and awaited the arrival of the remainder of our Caravan, which presently came up. It now consists of eight wagons of which four are drawn by Oxen, the remainder by horses and mules. After all having arrived and decided upon the route to be traveled, we moved slowly off, with a great many of our friends and acquaintances accompanying us. We passed on about 3 miles and came to...[a small village]. Here the most affecting scene I witnessed came to pass. Friends, Mothers and Children, Brothers and Sisters that have for years lived with peace, tranquility and harmony existing between them was forced to say farewell, perhaps, forever...."*

Photo credit: Sue Cook



Now you need to understand that being married to a fine woman provides any man with the backbone he needs to be of service, and Elizabeth Ancrom McCoy honored me by saying "Yes." She was my rock. Some might say she was the true ground that held us together and I, well, I was the dreamer and had a vision. We were quite the team and created quite the brood. Why, that handsome woman bore me ten children! Whoo Wee they were a handful! Five girls. Five boys. And with all of that, she kept us together.

Our caravan arrived in Petaluma, California, September 26, 1863. But we didn't get to Goleta until 1868, where we encountered the prettiest parcel of land I ever did see. Bought 120 acres two miles from town on the stage road near the school house on the right. For one dollar an acre! I saw the farm in my mind. Felt it in my heart. And the work began.

Boy did we work. One year we harvested our corn which yielded 50 bushels to the acre. Now mind you we did what was called dryland farming relying on precipitation and ground moisture. We didn't irrigate. We had 14 acres of wheat which gave us over 25 bushels to the acre. My volunteer barley crop yielded 2 tons to the acre the third year since the ground was plowed. The newspaper was so excited they said, and I quote, "What other country can show such results in the way of a volunteer crop three years from the sowing of the seed and the plowing of that ground?" They found my information valuable and of great interest to the folks abroad.

We always found ways to take care of and be a part of our community. Some say it was me, could have been my son, Miles, who invented the mechanical walnut huller. Pretty nifty if I say so myself. And then Jasper and Dexter, two of my grandkids invented a portable picking ladder to help get crops from the tops of trees. We believed in sharing and helping. Any farmer needed it, we would let them use our thresher. We were always watching out for each other in this town.

Now I said I wasn't going to mention politics, but in August of 1884 I was elected as one of two delegates in the Hope Ranch polling place for the Democratic

Primary Election. Jasper was a delegate in La Patera. Speaking of which, that boy got himself into more shenanigans! One time, had a narrow escape when one of his helpers threw him off balance while he was hoisting himself into his barn by means of a block and tackle. Fell about eight feet, but, as the papers said, "he sustained no serious injuries!!" And one time he was standing on a curb, looking up at the windmill when he suddenly felt dizzy and fell into a well 32 feet deep. He was fished out by his wife, without any serious damage to himself...or the well! I'm not too worried about him though; anyone who can survive and write about traveling across the country is of strong stock!

Now before I let you go, I have two more quips for your enjoyment, both of which happened after I left this earth. We were a large brood, as you know, and the land had to be divided. Well, that family of mine numbered the shares of the farmland, put the numbers on slips of paper which were placed inside hollow walnut shells, and then the shells were glued back together. On January 16, 1900,—the start of a new century—my family met in solemn assembly and cracked the nutshells drawn by lot. In this way ten heirs, aged 37-61, selected their inheritances.

The Lane family's final achievement took place in 2002, on the 8th day of July where it was passed, approved and adopted by the Santa Barbara County Historic Landmarks Advisory Commission that the Lane family's main farm house and cottage, barn, oak tree and the landscaping surrounding the three buildings became a place of historic merit.

All this because I had a hankerin' to move out West. Thank you, Elizabeth, for being by my side, and thank the good Lord for the strength and fortitude. Now you all skedaddle and listen to some other fine stories of the folks who have made Goleta and Santa Barbara heaven on earth!







Photo credit: Sue Cook

## Ralph Harold Paulin

*Portrayed by Ken Gilbert*

RALPH HAROLD PAULIN (1886-1935) was born in Ohio in 1886. Ralph became a well-known photographer in Santa Barbara and traveled extensively to the Channel Islands where he took hundreds of photographs and turned them into stereographs. He often traveled with Horace Sexton, one of Joseph Sexton's sons. Ralph married Clara Luella Jacobson in Santa Barbara in 1906 and had one son, Stewart Harold Paulin. He was also musically inclined. He would often entertain by playing his violin and played in a band and directed an orchestra.

One never knows when their time will come, and mine came early by some standards. I died at the age of 49 on September 23, 1935, in Santa Barbara. My beloved wife, Clara, lived to 1974, and my son, Stewart, died not too long after his mother in 1981.

MY NAME IS RALPH HAROLD PAULIN and even though I was born in Ohio on December 22, 1886, I've always considered Santa Barbara, California, my home.

One of the things I believe is that pictures speak louder than words. Now, history considers me an "avocational photographer." Fine by me. All I know is some of the best times of my life have been traveling with my buddies Horace Sexton and Captain Mortimer Rodehaver on trips to the Channel Islands. I was captivated by all the islands, but San Miguel Island had an extraordinary "fossil forest" of caliche, which is a consolidation of calcium carbonate, sand, silt and clay. Former trees and root systems turned to caliche, forming a bizarre island landscape which I photographed in 1910. Sometimes those trips to the Islands were treacherous where the underwater conditions demanded expert knowledge of how to navigate off shore rocks. Since

my trips to San Miguel Island, it has changed and what you see now is not quite as dramatic as what I experienced and photographed.

I made many trips to all the California Channel Islands and took hundreds of photographs, turning them into stereop-ticon views. Stereoviews, more accurately called stereographs, consist of two nearly identical photographs taken from separate angles, paired side-by-side and glued to card mounts which are often curved. The cards are designed to be viewed through a stereoscope (viewer) to produce the illusion of a single three-dimensional image. Left-eye and right-eye-views depicting the same scene appear as a single three-dimensional image. It was all the rage in the late 1800s and early 1900s.

In 1906 I married Clara Luella Jacobson at the First Methodist Church. One of the happiest days of my life. We had one son, Stewart Harold Paulin. A bit more on him later.

Now I've always loved music. My first job was in a music store when I was 15. I played a pretty decent violin, too, and enjoyed entertaining whenever I had the chance. Eventually, I played in and directed the Santa Barbara Sciots [pronounced Sheeot] Pyramid No. 34. a Masonic organization. Our pieces were known for their balance of beauty and merit. My orchestra won a place in the musical circles of the city.

Along with photography, which I continued into the 1930s, and music, I added another career into my life.



Ralph Paulin



Stereopticon

Beginning around 1914 through the 1920s, I went from being a photographer to a phonograph salesman. It was a way to turn my music into a business, the Paulin Music Company. I owned what was called a "Talking Machine" store (You may know it as a record player). This turned out to be quite a successful endeavor. I was surprised to see the interest manifested in talking machines. Invariably, the farmers wanted the best. They wished to be prosperous, and they were eager for the things of the world that would make their homes pleasanter. I was particularly interested to see the selections of records they made. All wanted the high-class records such as Caruso and the opera selections. We sold hundreds of records, and we believe that some of our best customers were to be developed from rural districts. We not only made the news but we were mentioned in the 1914 edition of *The Talking Machine Magazine*. Of note was the fact that I remodeled our store, putting in an artistic entrance which connected my store with the piano store of the Brown Music Co. New demonstration rooms had been added, and the reception room had been refitted. I was proud of that mention.

And following this headline: "TRADE ACTIVE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA" here is what was said about the Talking Machine and myself:

About me, specifically, it was noted, "Ralph H. Paulin, manager for fifteen years of the talking machine department for the Guernsey S. Brown Music Co. of Santa Barbara, has recently purchased that department and has greatly increased the stock." The Paulin Music

Company was located in Santa Barbara, Santa Paula, and Santa Maria.

I sold the business in 1922. And, when the Pacific Ready-Cut Homes Company decided to expand the scope of its activities, I acquired control of the Santa Barbara branch and erected two hundred and fifty homes, artistic in design and substantially constructed. Pacific Ready-Cut Homes specialized in the designing, financing and building of homes. The lumber was delivered in individual pieces like any other load of materials, but the pieces were cut to the required size at the mill and notched and finished before delivery instead of having a carpenter prepare them on the job. From the start of the venture, I was successful as head of the large business, displaying mature judgement and administrative management.

Now before I let you fine folk move on to the next story, I'd like to get you caught up with my son Stewart. The legacy of which I'm most proud. Stewart attended local schools and graduated from Santa Barbara High School. He then graduated from USC and returned to Santa Barbara to become a teacher and the head of the Business Administration Department at Santa Barbara High School, as well as the summer principal of the three secondary schools. Stewart also served as administrator to set up the Business Education Department at Dos Pueblos High School when it opened. I gather some of my business endeavors rubbed off on him. Stewart married Elizabeth Mary Davis (1907-2008), and they had two sons- Ralph S. and Robert L. Paulin.

I was a charter member of the Rotary Club of Santa Barbara and had fraternal connections with the Benevolent Protective Order of the Elks and the Masons. I was stable in purpose and quick in perception. I found the path of opportunity open to all who have the courage to persevere prosperity. I contributed toward the up-building and improvement of Santa Barbara.

One never knows when their time will come and mine came early by some standards. I'd like to leave you with this note...

Follow the passions that are burning inside your heart. You might be surprised how they help your community and how what you leave behind inspires future generations. You just may be a part of something bigger. Something you never thought of or had never seen.







Photo credit: Sue Cook

## Joseph Sexton

Portrayed by Alfred Smith.

JOSEPH SEXTON (1842-1917) was born in Ohio and moved to California when he was young. He spent many years immersed in the science and business of running nurseries. In 1868, he purchased sixty-five acres in Goleta. Joseph brought in plants and trees from all over the world. In 1869 Joseph married Lucy Foster. They had seven sons and five daughters. He also owned an 8,000-acre cattle ranch in Ventura. You can visit his house today which is now Pacifica Suites Hotel on Hollister Avenue.

MY NAME IS JOSEPH SEXTON, born 1842. My father, Richard, owned nurseries in California and I was raised in the business. Horticulture was my only real skill. And I was good at it. My parents moved to Santa Barbara in 1867, and I helped them start a new nursery near Castillo and Montecito Street.

La Patera, now Goleta, was a young farming community nine miles of bad road west of Santa Barbara. That stagecoach ride could give you the *willies*. Once, a wildcat jumped through the coach window onto some poor, unfortunate *galoot*. He killed it, but it sure left some awful scars.

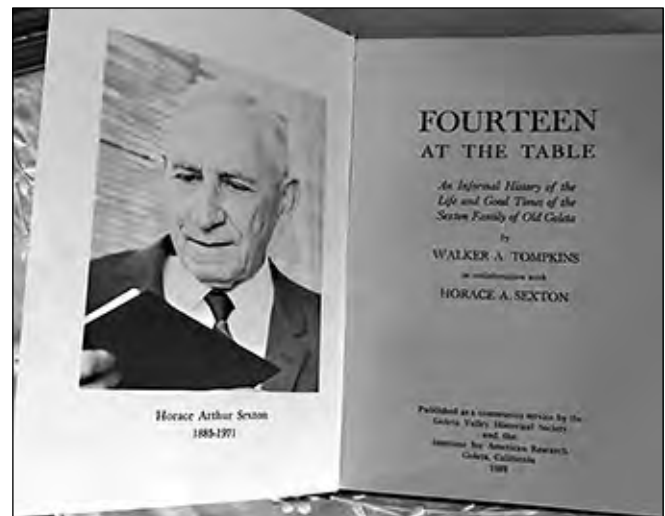
In 1868 I bought 129 acres along Hollister Avenue, a little west of here. My neighbors were serious about getting into commercial farming, so a year later I established a nursery. The locals thought it was a *cockamamie* idea that would never pay: there's droughts, floods, wind, dust, hopper-grasses, birds, and ants! It was no *cinch*, but I did get my money back and more. In less than five years I showed that every tree, flower, vegetable, and fruit that I planted did well. The nursery idea turned out to be a real *corker*!!

1869 was a busy year for me: I opened the nursery, I built a house, and I married Lucy Ann Foster. I was 27, she was 16... now don't judge me... it was 1869! Besides, there's a hand-written note right there on our marriage certificate saying her father approved. Heck, we were married at her parents' home just over there by Patterson Avenue!

Being a pioneer horticulturist and good businessman, I helped transform southern California's vast cattle ranchos into commercial farms and ornamental gardens. The nursery was as much a laboratory as it was a supply station. I imported plants and exotic trees from Europe, Asia, Australia, South America and Hawaii. Commercial farmers like Elwood Cooper came to rely on me. You know, Coop and I, we served on the first committee charged with selecting trees for public places in Santa Barbara.

While building the nursery, everything was just *ducky* between Lucy and me. By the time she was 26, we had eight kids. Nine years later, we welcomed our 12th and last child. I hired

Santa Barbara's first professional architect to design a house befitting our family's size and prosperity. I was no *cheapskate*. And don't you worry about Lucy. She was happy and she lived to 75.



Way of life in our home is recorded in the book *Fourteen at the Table*, co-written by my son Horace. Among other things, it documents that our kids were not *mollycoddled*. Each had their daily chores before and after school. A chore that everyone participated in was dealing with gophers. Yah, they were a plague in our time too. I happily paid a nickel bounty for every tail. As for Lucy, she saw to it that our children developed a love of literature by reading youth classics to them every night.

In 1872 I got me some Argentine pampas grass. It had been grown in the U.S. for 25 years with little attention until I started a fashion craze. On spec, I shipped dried pampas plumes to New York, London and Hamburg and the *la-di-dah* crowd just snapped them up! I perfected



Joseph and Lucy Sexton with their 12 children

how to dry them and my eldest son Charley invented a husker to speed production. We shipped *scadoodles* of these things every year for over a decade. But the fad wore out by the late 1890s. Just as well. Turns out dry grass is quite the fire hazard.

And yes, we made time for fun. In 1890 I had a *nifty* dance hall and theater built just east of our home to provide social opportunities for our children. It was called Sexton Hall, a community center for plays, dances, elections, meetings, weddings and funerals. One of the saddest funerals was for my son Charley, who died at 27 in a dynamite explosion while working on an oil rig in Carpinteria. Charley wanted to bring that rig to Goleta because of tantalizing evidence there was oil under them thar fields. And there was. Lots of it. Charley just never had the chance to look.

In 1894, I turned the nursery, the *whole shebang*, over to my boys and bought an 8,000-acre cattle ranch in Ventura County. For years I worked that ranch during the week and *skedad-dled* home every weekend to be with my family. At 60ish, I retired from all my businesses to return to my first love: plant propagation experiments. I died at home in 1917 at the ripe old age of 75. My funeral was one of the last community events held at Sexton Hall.

60 years later, in 1978, our home, Sexton House became a County Historical Landmark.

A few years after that trash pits were discovered in our backyard, revealing *scads* of information about how we lived. Apparently, we had a fairly standard American diet of beef, mutton, and poultry. Curiously, no privy holes were found.

In 1987, our home, Sexton House was restored. Today, it's the centerpiece of the Pacifica Suites Hotel and is open to the public. So, get on the tube and call the Pacifica Suites Hotel. Ask the front desk for viewing availability. Tell'em Joseph sent ya.

Underlined, italics identifies a slang term from that era as reported by: <https://www.alphadictionary.com/slang/?term=&beginEra=1860&endEra=1890&clean=false&submit=Search>



Sexton House now the Pacifica Suites Hotel. Photo by Alvis E. Hendley



# Celebration at the Sahyun *By Kate Lima*

IN THE GLORY DAYS OF SUMMER, the Outreach Committee started discussing the Society's annual Open House. After 18 months of isolation, that long withdrawal from gatherings and social activities, we started planning. We felt like the sun glowed a little brighter than usual, the birds chirped joyously, and we were going to have An Event! Excitement sizzled our conversations. Remember the Mary Tyler Moore Show's opening scene when she throws her hat into the air? That was us.

We knew we had to get information to schools about the Student Art Exhibit, find volunteers to help out, ask Special Interest Groups to participate, and work on an assortment of other tasks. We started organizing, ordering supplies, making fliers, and contacting people. We were off and running.

Then Covid numbers began to spike again.

At first we ignored this, pushing our growing fears off to the side. We wanted more than anything to see the world as it once was, as it's supposed to be, vibrant and full of family and friends together again. The Open House was part of this vision, but would it actually take place? The virus, with its virulent Delta variant, began breaking through what we all thought was an impenetrable barrier, the vaccine. Could we safely enjoy a group setting? Would we cancel it for another year?

The committee didn't want to make this decision alone, so they brought it to the Board and waited to hear back from them.

The Board said, "Yes, let's do it. Let's bring some lighthearted joy to the community!" Happily, the planning resumed.

We knew safety measures were the top priority. Much of the event would take place outside, and the people that wanted to tour the library or try their hand at research would be spread far apart. Hand sanitizer could easily be found, and even the goodies could be picked up safely. Everyone would wear masks.

And so on October 3rd, a warm and bright Sunday afternoon, we opened our gates to one and all. People drove in and Art organized parking. They walked to the courtyard and checked in with Rosa, the greeter. The air around the library filled with discussions of genealogy, of the library, and of the joy at seeing one another. People appreciated the coolness of the shady spots, and lingered while looking at the information at different tables. I don't think a person could be found that wasn't smiling. You could see it in their eyes and hear it in their voices.



Student Art Exhibit,  
photos taken by Holly Snyder





Photo by Christine Klukkert

What would a society event be without goodies? Gorgeous cookies, cupcakes, brownies and breads were brought in by Gretchen, Judy, Kathie, Kate and others that slipped by without my notice.

Outside, Alex's Civil War Exhibit drew the attention of so many, and Alex was hard at work describing de la Guerra's army from the Civil War, and the Californios who fought under him. Cherie sat at the craft table, talking with people, helping a few with their ancestry craft, making trees and adding family names. Milt was on hand to showcase the Jewish Special Interest Group. Jeannine, Chris and Mary walked between exhibits, talking joyfully and pointing things out. Outreach Committee Chair Holly ran outside and inside, like an orchestra leader in the middle of the band, making sure everything was in place and running smoothly. I was also a busy bee helping former members renew and talking with potential members. Alfred Smith, aka Joseph Sexton, also roamed around. Joseph is a cemetery resident who rose from his earthly home at the Goleta Cemetery for our Picnic in the Cemetery event.

Inside, Charmien, Kathie and others showed the library to curious visitors and members who hadn't stepped foot in the library for a long time. Henrietta, Gwen, and Norma helped people discover their ancestors on the computers and among the bookshelves; Onja spoke with visitors about the African American books and Special Interest Group; and Karen created fan charts for those interested through *FamilySearch.org*. Kristin was on hand to bring sparkle wherever she went, selling books and helping whenever she could.

Families came to see the Student Art Exhibit, and many people commented how moving many of the students' pictures and words were. A couple student artists proudly brought their parents and grandparents –

who were their models – to view their beautiful art. Some gazed for a long time at the African American Exhibit, reading stories of the early families in Santa Barbara. The son of one of the families, Payne Green, came by to talk about growing up here so many decades ago, proud of his heritage and legacy with the Santa Barbara Police Department.

Three hours passed in the blink of an eye. People stayed to help put everything away, and some stayed past that, resting among the student artwork, sharing highlights of the day.

I often have this vision; when I look around a place that just held a joyous event, I can see particles of that joy still floating in the air around me. I saw that on Sunday as I left, and I also heard the ringing of laughter in the orange tree.



Photo by Holly Snyder



African American Exhibit, photo by Christine Klukkert

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Rosa Avolio  
 Cherie Bonazzola  
 E. onja Brown  
 Charmien Carrier  
 Norma Egli  
 Alex Grzywacki  
 Milt Hess  
 Henrietta Hinderstein  
 Kristin Ingalls  
 Mary Jacob  
 Kristin Lewis  
 Kathie Morgan  
 Gretchen Murray  
 Gwen Patterson  
 Karen Ramsdell  
 Art Sylvester  
 Judy Thompson





Civil War exhibit, photo by Christine Klukkert



Rose Avolio being interviewed by reporter from the Santa Barbara News Press. Photo by Christine Klukkert

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# Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated August 2021

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

## Manuscripts

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

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

## Images

Any piece is enhanced by images. Please provide images if you can to support your piece. The images in general must be over 1 MB, and preferably over 2 MB, with good quality resolution (300 dpi) – clear and sharp to the naked eye when printed at a reasonable size (e.g., 3" x 4" - plus). Please include a caption for each picture, a photo credit or source, and insert the caption in the location in the document where it should appear. The images must be sent as separate files and not included within a word file.

## 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 Kristin Ingalls, [antkap@cox.net](mailto:antkap@cox.net)

## Contributor copies

Authors and other special contributors receive a printed copy of the issue by mail. This is in addition to the copy you receive as a member of the Society. In addition, *Ancestors West* encourages contributors (and other interested readers) to share articles online via social media, email, etc. The entire back catalog of *Ancestors West*, all the way up through the current version, is available online, and text inside the journals can be located in *Google* searches that originate outside the [sbgen.org](http://sbgen.org) website.

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## Suggested Themes for the Next Issue of *Ancestors West*

### Unusual occupations

Odd or unusual occupations of our ancestors  
Ancestors and relatives who changed professions.  
A farmer turned steel worker; a nanny who became a streetcar driver.

What happened to the Fuller Brush door-to-door salesmen? Or the TV repairmen, or people who made typewriter ribbons? Did any of your relatives find themselves in jobs that were disappearing? What did they do?

What were some of the odd tools of the trade most of us would not recognize?

Did any of your ancestors work in dangerous trades? Miners, loggers, fishers, those working with explosives, rescue workers, medical workers during pandemics and epidemics?

### Family myths

How about writing about family myths. What you were told and how have you researched them to find the truth. One of our members tells me "I have three great stories; my mother was either told 'stories' about certain people or she made them up herself. In any event, I've been on some wild adventures, searching for the truth."

### Family traditions

How fun to share your family's long-established traditions they brought from "the old country," A member just shared with me concept of the Danish "Hygge." You will have to look it up! What were these customs and are they still observed?

You all know you can also submit a story with another theme too. Reading each other's family stories is a great way for us to know one another.

**The deadline for your submissions is February 1st, 2022.**

Be sure to read the Guidelines on the inside back cover of this edition for details.

