



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Spring 2022 Vol. 47, No.1



An Immigrant Family

Family Myths and Recollections

Myth-ing Treasure?

The Carters of Virginia

Single and Able

Reflections on my Father

Omiyage: A Japanese Expression of Aloha



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

www.sbgen.org

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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
antkap@cox.net

HOPE YOU ALL ENJOY this issue of *Ancestors West* as much as our team did in putting it together. Every issue is a learning experience. The quality of research our members have done shows what comes of having our first-class library and the people who keep it flourishing.

Betsy Green's charming articles on our old Santa Barbara homes have become a mainstay in *Ancestors West*. They are meticulously researched and I especially like the personal stories of the owners over the years. This issue is especially touching. Betsy suggested members share historic stories of homes they had lived in with current owners. Next month we shall have such a story. We would love to add yours!

Observing Black History Month in February, we share three of the stories that were included in our Outreach Committee's exhibit. These stories have largely been untold, but they are important, inspiring, and a powerful look into the lives of the Black community throughout Santa Barbara's history.

Kate Lima (one of the esteemed Outreach Committee Members) followed the suggestion of writing about researching family myths. And debunk it she did... almost. Hers is a great lesson: continue to research and follow every lead.

A mysterious legend about a grave has been part of Susan Ham's family story. How do you sift fact from fiction?

Speaking of mysteries—those of us who visit the library have looked at the photograph above the copy machine for years, wondering who those people were and whatever became of them. One day, Kathy Greene had enough! Her incredible perseverance and research skills solved the mystery for us.

Sometimes research turns up things that are sad or disturbing. However, the ever-positive-thinking authors, Chris Klukkert and Sharon Summer, found a silver lining in their stories—perhaps a bit tarnished, but hopeful nonetheless.

The exuberant Bob Bason shares two charming stories about food and fame. One story made me hungry and the other made me marvel at his chutzpah. Read on.

Melinda Crawford has done extensive research on her Japanese ancestors, and again, so much to learn. Be sure to go to the websites she references. I did and went down a most-fascinating rabbit hole.

And let's not forget.... The 1950 census is coming. Our census expert, Debbie Kaska, gives us an idea of what to expect on April 1, 2022. Although I know the census was always begun on April 1 of each decade, I did not know until now that the respondents were not just asked their age; it was their age on April 1—not the day the census taker came. Is it only genealogists that get excited to know these details?

Our next issue? Those census stories, of course, but also any other story your research has revealed. Such as, how did your ancestors acquire their land? Members have also suggested writers let us know how they found out what they did. Those stories are just as interesting as what is found.



Send your census discoveries for publication in our next issue of *Ancestors West*. If you did not find anything of interest, you know any family history is welcome.

The **deadline for submissions is May 1st, 2022**. Be sure to read the guidelines on the inside back cover of this edition for details.

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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*



679 Mission Canyon Road

named their home La Casa Nichita, after Nettie's nickname Nichi.

Lungren was well known for his paintings of desert landscapes of the Southwest. One of his fellow artists here in Santa Barbara included Thomas Moran. Lungren willed his paintings to the Santa Barbara State Teachers College, now UCSB.

Many of the Indian cultural items he collected were left to the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History. Some of the items—tiles created by a famous Hopi artist—are still in the house decorating the fireplace surround. Jan Timbrook, Curator Emeritus of Ethnography at the museum, told me, "I hope a future owner will respect the tiles and the distinguished history of the house, La Casa Nichita, as subsequent owners did for so many years."



Photo credits: Betsy J. Green

An Adobe with Heart

WAS IT SOMETHING ABOUT this 1907 adobe home that inspired its long-term owners to contribute to the community? Fernand Lungren, a famous landscape artist, built the home and lived here for 25 years. He was one of the founders of Santa Barbara's School of the Arts, and when he passed away, he donated his paintings and artifacts to local institutions. Barbara Tellefson, another owner, lived here for 35 years and created the Unity Shoppe, an organization to benefit the members of our community who need it the most.

In the early 1900s, Santa Barbara adobes were being bulldozed to make way for modern buildings. Down by West Beach, an old adobe was erased to make way for the Potter Hotel. In 1902, the local paper wrote, "The people of Santa Barbara...will witness the speedy change from the picturesque old mound, with its adobe house, to the modern, up-to-date tourist hotel." But up in Mission Canyon, Lungren and his wife Nettie (Henrietta) were having their dream home and art studio built of adobe. The Potter Hotel is gone; the adobe at 679 Mission Canyon Road is still here.

Did luck have something to do with the home and its owners? In 1907, the cornerstone for the home was laid on the seventh day of the week, which happened also to be the seventh day of the seventh month of the seventh year of the century.

La Casa Nichita

When the home and studio were completed, the local paper described them as "snuggled away in the very heart of Nature, and still within a stone-throw of the arteries of commercial life...the walls are 18 inches thick...every window has a pretty view." The Lungrens



In 1920, Lungren helped found Santa Barbara's School of the Arts, and served as a board member until he died in 1932. Classes at the school were open to all regardless of their ability to pay. Lungren's philosophy was, "The greatest thing in the world is love, and love's best expression is service to humanity."

Another Owner with Heart

This philosophy could apply equally as well to the home's most recent long-term owner—the late Barbara Tellefson—who lived in the home for 35 years. To quote from her obituary in the *Santa Barbara Independent*, "Barbara arrived in Santa Barbara in the mid-1960s—penniless and alone. She secured work as a travel agent and soon after met and married Clair Tellefson, an engineer, in 1969. It was then that Barbara vowed never to forget her roots or life's rough patches. She began to actively focus on volunteer work to help struggling single mothers raise their children, much as she had."

In 1987, she founded the Unity Shoppe, an organization that enables Santa Barbara's low-income families, seniors, the disabled, and disaster victims to receive the help they need.

This column originally appeared in the *Santa Barbara Independent* on December 9, 2021. Please do not disturb the residents of 679 Mission Canyon.



Photo credit: Betsy J. Green



The Abyss by Fernand Lungren,
Credit— *Art in California: A Survey of American Art*, 1916



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

Counting Down to April 1, 2022, and the U.S. Census of 1950

By Debbie Kaska

THE YEAR WAS 1950: a postage stamp was 3 cents, gas cost 18 cents a gallon, milk was delivered to the doorstep, the first credit cards were issued, James Dean made his acting debut in a TV ad for Pepsi, NATO was established as a defense agreement between the U.S. and 12 nations in Europe, while on the other side of the world the Korean War began. 1950 was also a census year.

A census has been conducted every ten years since 1790 as defined in the U.S. Constitution. The census of 1950, the 17th U.S. Census, was conducted according to the 15th Census Act of 1929 which ushered in several important changes.

The census of 1920 made it clear that the rural population in the United States was gradually moving to the cities. However, reapportionment of members of the House of Representatives was delayed by the representatives elected from rural areas who feared losing political power to the urban areas. Congress finally passed the Census Act and Reapportionment Bill of 1929 which stated that the House of Representatives would be apportioned based on the results of the 1930 census and all subsequent decennial censuses.

Moreover, the population of the United States was continually growing. The original 65 House seats in 1790 doubled by 1803, tripled by 1820, quadrupled by 1875 and swelled to 435 by 1910. The Census Act of 1929 fixed the number of representatives at 435.

On April 1, 1950, 140,000 census takers began the enumeration of the 150 million U.S. residents and within a month had gathered the information from 90% of them. By the end of June, a mere 1% remained uncounted.

For the first time, in 1950, Americans living abroad were enumerated. This included members of the armed forces, crews of vessels, as well as employees of the government living abroad and their families. The 1950 census may finally include my husband and his family who were Americans who had lived in Panama since the 1930s.

While April 1 was the first census day for the 1950 census, it was unlikely that the census taker actually came to the door that day. Regardless of when the census taker arrived, the questions he asked pertained to April 1. The goal was to create a record of the population of the United States as of that date. Theoretically, if you were born April 2, 1950, you are not listed. Then the census was sealed for 72 years. Thus, opening day for the 1950 census will be April 1, 2022.

Why 72 years?

Like practically everyone else, I believed that the 72-year rule had always been in place and was based on life expectancy. Surprisingly, this is not the case. Until 1870 the census was available immediately! The entire

census was in Washington D.C., but the census for each local area was kept in the county courthouse. Then in 1880, and continuing through 1940, only one copy of the census was stored in the Census Bureau in Washington D.C. Information about individuals was not available to the public. However, in 1942 the census records were all transferred to the National Archives, and the Archives decided to allow public access to all the censuses up to and including 1870. 1942-1870=72. Thus began the 72-year rule, and it has continued to this day.

Release of the data

From 1880 until 1930, microfilm copies of the original census pages were sent to archives and libraries after 72 years had elapsed from the Census Day. Many of us remember looking at microfilms in order to access the early census data. Eventually the microfilms were scanned by companies or organizations and, as the internet developed, they were placed online.

Things changed with the release of the 1940 census that was scanned and made available directly online for free. Indexing the 1940 census based on these scans was a combined effort of many volunteers and companies. Some of us at the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society took part in the indexing! The 1950 census will also be released online for free on April 1, 2022. According to Victoria Macchi of the *National Archives News* (<https://www.archives.gov/news/articles/1950-census-access>), National Archives employees are digitizing and indexing the records which will be available on a dedicated 1950 census website. Artificial intelligence (AI)/machine learning (ML) technology and optical character recognition (OCR) tools are being used. However, some pages are difficult to decipher, and thus they have developed a transcription tool that will allow users to submit name updates. Interested researchers are encouraged to use the transcription tool to make the data more accurate.

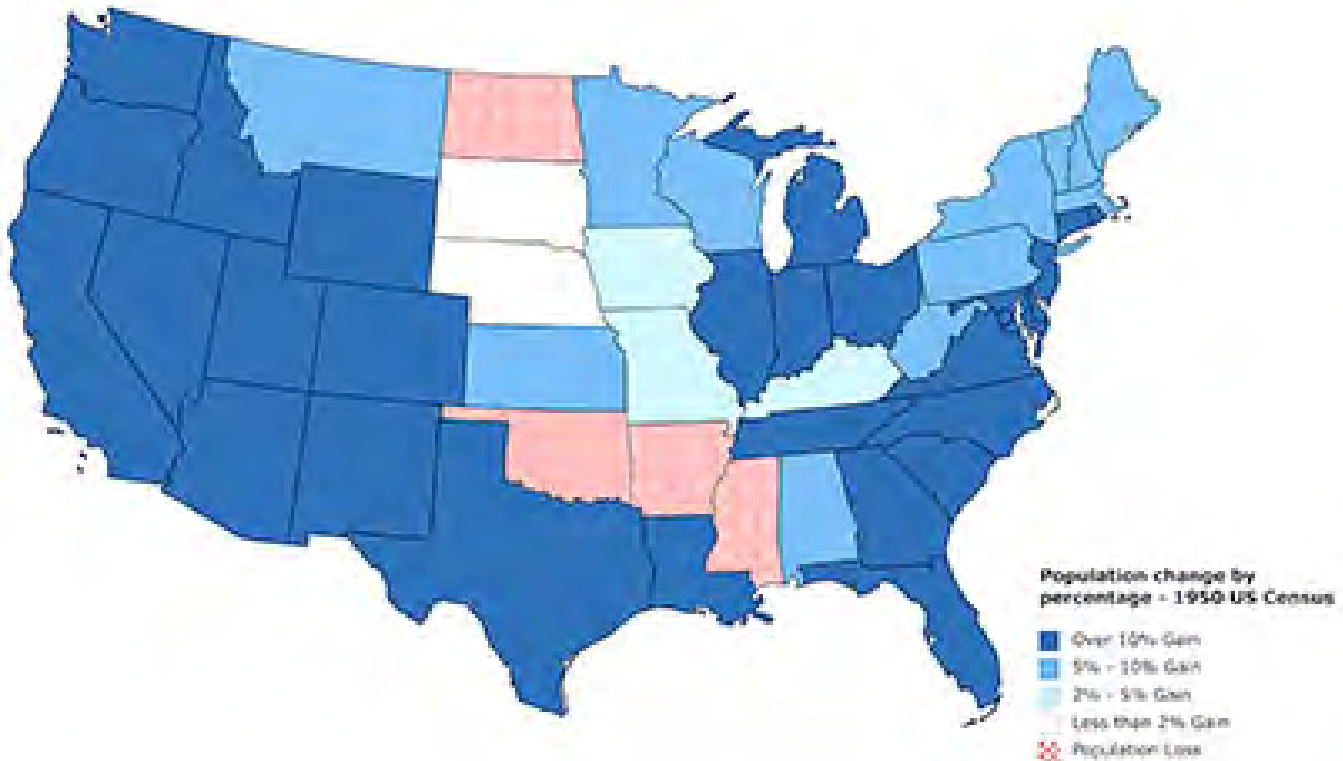
Until the name indexes are complete, researching in the 1950 census will be by location. Each enumerator canvassed the people in an enumeration district (E.D.), and if you know that district, you can narrow down your search for individuals after the release date of April 1, 2022.

Finding the enumeration district for the 1950 census

The easiest tool to use for determining the E.D. for the 1950 census will be the *One-Step* webpages (<https://steve-morse.org/census/unified.html>). This website is free and there is no reason to wait until April 1, 2022, to access it. Beat the crowd and find the E.D.s you want to search before the opening day.

The E.D. number will be unique and have two parts. For example, 42-32 is the 1950 E.D. that includes the location of the present Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society at 316 Castillo Street in Santa Barbara. The first number indicates a region, which could be a county or city. The second part defines a district within that region. In this case, 42 refers to Santa Barbara County.

The Steve Morse website listed above will allow you to enter information about the location of the people you are researching. If you know their exact address, that will be ideal. Even if you know only the state and town, it will narrow down the districts you need to examine.



A map of the United States showing the population changes as revealed in the 1950 census. Only four states experienced a population loss.

Sampling in 1950—6 out of 30

There were 30 persons per sheet on the 1950 census and 6 were selected for extra questions. This sampling began in 1940 where 4 of 60 individuals per sheet were sampled for extra information.

The answers to these extra questions in 1950 are of great interest to genealogists. For example, the person was asked whether they served in WWI or WWII or in the armed forces at any other time, as well as where their mother and father were born. Some questions, however, were quite personal, such as how much money the person earned during the year, and I can imagine these were frequently left blank.

For the last time, in the 1950 census, people were asked if they were naturalized, and for the first time, college students were listed at their college address rather than their parents' home.

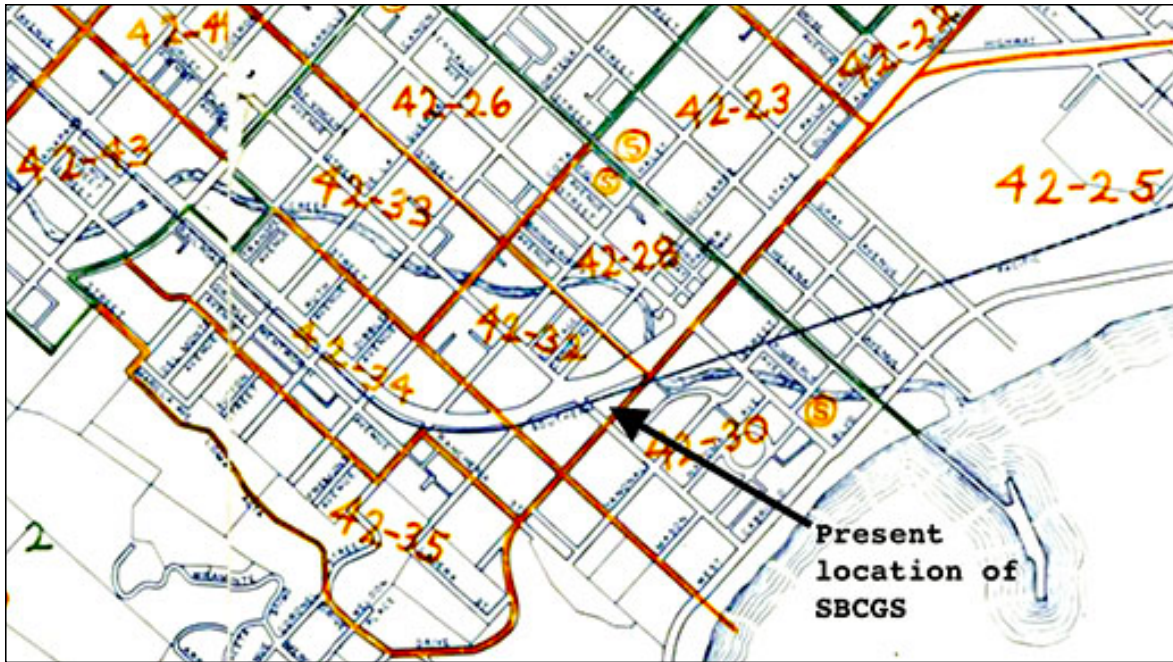
The instructions for the enumerators for the 1950 census are generally self-evident. They were requested to use the exact wording of the questions on the census form. The instructions included who they should enumerate and also who they should not enumerate. Examples of those to be excluded were: temporary visitors, domestic employees who do not sleep at the residence, persons living

in lighthouses, former residents who are now in institutions, and officers and crews of ships, except those on inland waterways.

In the 1950s the latest in technology was a black and white TV, and pay phone calls were a nickel (this was a dial phone, of course). For fast food you could go to a McDonalds in southern California (still owned by the McDonalds) or out west you could drive up to In-N-Out Burger. For dessert it was a Dairy Queen! The Yankees took the World's Series—Joltin' Joe DiMaggio, Yogi



A census taker in 1950 with an interested young audience. Census.gov



Enlarged numeration map showing the E.D. numbers and the location of the districts.
 Note: the location of the present day SBCGS on Castillo Street is in E.D. 42-32.

Berra, and Phil Rizutto were household names. Possibly less well known were the winners of the 1950 Nobel prize in Physiology and Medicine for their discoveries concerning the hormones of the adrenal cortex, Edward Kendall, Philip Hench and Tadeus Reichstein. If you've ever had a cortisone shot, these are the people to thank. *All the King's Men* took best picture at the Oscars in 1950, and Broderick Crawford beat out Kirk Douglas, Gregory Peck, Richard Todd and John Wayne for best actor! Olivia de Havilland was best actress.

What did all the rich and famous and the not-so-rich and famous share? They were all in the 1950 census! Maybe you were too. Soon we can begin to explore a whole new family history resource. April 1 is just around the corner.



The author in 1950!

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, participated with the team teaching the beginning and intermediate classes at the Sahyun Library, and was editor of Ancestors West.



BLACK HISTORY MONTH

SBCGS'S OUTREACH COMMITTEE

created an exhibit featuring Santa Barbara's early African American families. What started with six families soon grew to twenty families, with additional exhibits on military, churches, businesses, clubs and organizations, athletics and famous visitors.

The exhibit went on display at the Goleta Public Library in October, 2020, and since then has been available at our website, *sbgen.org* under "Outreach/Exhibits." The next physical showing was at the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society's Open House in October 2021. This February, as part of Black History Month, the exhibit is featured at the Santa Barbara Public Library.

In this issue of *Ancestors West*, we highlight the family stories of three of the contributors to the project.

Reflections on my Father, William Leslie Downey

By Michael Downey

MY LATE FATHER, the writer Bill Downey, was known in Santa Barbara as a jovial, kind, and creative writing teacher who was always accessible to his students. My early memories of him were somewhat different. Tall and imposing, he lived with the spirit of a warrior. According to family lore, our family was barely hanging on during a particularly bitter winter in Ottumwa, Iowa, where I spent my childhood. A neighbor across the street helped himself to our meager supply of firewood that was stacked against the side of the house. Dad immediately knew who did it and stormed across the street and stood in front of one of the houses. He roared at the top of his voice, "I'm going to set you straight right now. If you take anything else from us, I will crack your head on the pavement." We never had any more trouble after that!

The Downey family first arrived in the Ottumwa, Iowa, area in the late 19th century. Dad's great-grandfather, Isaac Downey, relocated there from Virginia to work in the coal mines. The booming coal mining industry was a steady source of employment for African Americans in those days. My father, William Leslie Downey, was born in Ottumwa on June 15, 1922.

He was the first-born child of Samuel Leslie Downey and Beulah Allen Downey. Dad was delivered by his grandmother, Fannie Allen, who served as the midwife, and he was born in the house that his grandfather William Allen purchased some years earlier. That house was also the place where my father married my mother, Catherine Overton, in January 1946. My parents had known each other from childhood.

Dad ran his own business as an automobile body and fender repairman, a trade he continued for decades, even when he eventually relocated his family to Santa Barbara. It was dirty manual labor, hammering out dented fenders and prepping cars for painting. However, Dad would startle me sometimes by completely dropping this presentation of himself and taking on the demeanor of a philosopher and storyteller. One night he took me raccoon hunting, and when we took a break, he gazed at the star-filled sky with a feeling of wonder and reverence. He said that the ancient sailors relied on the stars to navigate long voyages and regarded the natural world as a logical coherent system. I was amazed. How



William Leslie Downey



William and Kim Downey



Downey family 1958. Back row: Michelle and Michael, front row: Dawn, William Sr., Catherine, William Jr. Downey Family Archives

did he know all that? On another occasion, he came home early from work and scrubbed off all the dirt and grease from his job. He proceeded to put on cologne and slacks with a coordinating sports jacket and strode confidently into my classroom for my elementary school's open house. He engaged my teacher and charmed her with his views on American literature. The next day, my teacher twittered like a star-struck teenager and gushed, "Oh your father is so urbane!" I didn't know what urbane meant, but I was convinced that it couldn't possibly have anything to do with the father I thought I knew.

By 1965, my parents had divorced and my father, with his second wife Kim, moved our family from Iowa to Pasadena, California. While living there, I attended California State College at Los Angeles. Dad and Kim decided to relocate the family to Santa Barbara after a visit there. During September of 1967, I received a letter from Dad. It contained a clipping from the *Santa Barbara News-Press*. The article byline indicated Dad as the writer. I was stunned! How could my father, the body and fender repairman, be writing articles for a newspaper? Yet, there it was. It was a piece about a small Santa Barbara African American religious group called the Nation of Islam, or more popularly known as the Black Muslims. They were a local branch of the same organization that Malcolm X had belonged to on the East Coast. The article explored the group's ideology which stressed self-determination for black people. Dad also explored his own sensibility as a black man living in that era. The newspaper loved the story and printed it in three installments. Then, they offered him a job as a cub reporter. At the age of 45, Dad traded his overalls and tool box for a typewriter and began a new life. Years later, my stepmother Kim told me, "The first time I saw your father working at the body shop, I said to myself, this man is an artist. He does not belong underneath cars pounding out fenders." She encouraged him to take creative writing classes through adult education even before we left Iowa. She had also motivated him to approach the *News-Press* about writing that groundbreaking piece on the Nation of Islam.

At home Dad expressed his frustrations at feeling confined creatively by the *News-Press* and largely limited to writing obituaries. Eventually, he created a popular outdoor column called "Gone Fishin'." One of my UCSB professors read it avidly. After 16 years, Dad left the paper and began focusing more intensely on personal writing projects. He eventually published four books. The first one, *Tom Bass: Black Horseman*, appeared in 1975. Tom Bass was an African American



William Downey in uniform

slave born in Missouri in 1859. Bass had a gift for communicating with animals and became a prominent trainer of show horses, contributing to the development of the American Saddle Horse. He trained horses for several U.S. presidents and received an invitation from England's Queen Victoria to attend her Diamond Jubilee Celebration. These accomplishments stood out in stark contrast to the racial discrimination Bass endured as a private citizen. The book remains the only one that Dad wrote that is still in print.

Uncle Sam Must be Losing the War was published in 1982 with an introduction by the late writer Alex Haley. Among the indignities that Dad recalled in this book was his experience of riding on a train with other members of his all-black Marine Corps unit. The train had a scheduled rest stop in Atlanta, and word had reached the local sheriff that black soldiers were riding on the train. The sheriff and two deputies met the train armed with rifles. They forced the soldiers to stay on board. It didn't matter to these

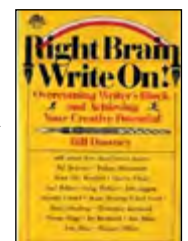
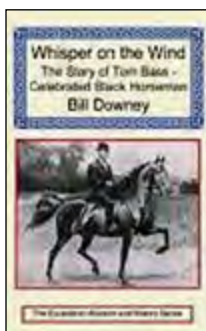
authorities that the American soldiers on that train were on assignment to defend the United States overseas during WW II. The sheriff declared, "Ain't no niggers going to eat with white folks at our train station."

Dad's third book, published in 1981, was a novel entitled *Black Viking*. It was based on a historical supposition that Viking Warriors may have sailed to the African continent and returned home with captives. According to Dad, archeological evidence seemed to suggest that a colony of these captives may have been established in Greenland.

His fourth book, *Right Brain-Write On*, was published in 1984. This was a writer's textbook of sorts that explored the linear and nonlinear functions of the left and right brain hemispheres and their application to the writing process. The book included insights from prominent writers of the day including Budd Schulberg, Alex Haley, Fannie Flagg, and Charles Schulz.

Over the course of his career, Dad became something of a Santa Barbara icon. He was a founding member of the internationally famous Santa Barbara Writers Conference. He taught creative writing for many years at Santa Barbara City College and through the college's continuing education program. He collaborated with the late fiction writer Sidney Sheldon to create a writing seminar that was sponsored by the UCSB Extension program in the mid-1980s. The seminar was telecast to 20 college campuses across the country.

In his late 60s, Dad developed pulmonary fibrosis, an incurable lung disease. He passed away at age 72 on September 1, 1994.





Michael Downey was born in Ottumwa, Iowa, and graduated from East High School in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1964. He completed undergraduate work in Theatre Arts at California State College at Los Angeles in 1969. He earned a Master of Arts degree in Dramatic Art at University of California at Santa Barbara in 1970, and completed a Ph.D. in the same field at the same institution in 2005. Michael taught in the Theatre Arts department at Santa Barbara City College from 1988--2016. He is also a trained dancer and performed with a variety of dance companies in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. Since 2007, Michael has also taught his own system of gentle stretching techniques to patients in Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital's Department of Psychiatry and Addiction Medicine.

NOTE: Michael Downey has written and will perform in a one-person play called *The War Shirt* that explores his relationship with his late father. The production is being directed and produced by Rod Lathim, a prominent local theatre personality. In compliance with current Covid-19 guidelines, the performance will be videotaped in front of a live audience at the Marjorie Luke Theatre on Thursday and Friday, March 3 and 4, 2022. The finished video will be added to the Luke Theatre's virtual concert series and will be available for free online viewing at the theatre's website: luketheatre.org



My Grandfather Mr. Otto Artie Hopkins

By Wilbur Hopkins Tate, MA,
Grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Hopkins

MY GRANDFATHER, Otto Artie Hopkins, was born on February 24, 1897, in Frio, Texas, to Jasper and Clara Banks Hopkins. Jasper Hopkins' father had been enslaved until the age of 15. Otto, his parents, and siblings Effie, James, and Gussie grew up in a very small one-room house.

My grandfather was born into the era of "white supremacy," Jim Crow laws, and Plessy v. Ferguson. These laws legalized segregation and white supremacy throughout the United States. This was also during the time period of "mob rule" and the bombing of our Black Wall Street. The bombing of Black Wall Street was the first time in American history that airplanes were used to drop bombs on United States citizens, and the legal lynching of African Americans, both men, women and children. Country singer Woody Guthrie wrote a song about one such murder. Mrs. Laura Nelson, along with her children, were lynched and hung. Mr. Guthrie states in his song that "three bodies" hung under the North Canadian River bridge in Oklahoma. Native Americans, Mexican Americans and Asians were also lynched and murdered during this time. My grandfather, Mr. Hopkins, was a supporter of the late great Frederick Douglass. He gave my mother the name of Earline Frederick Douglass Hopkins.

In spite of all the pain, heartaches and institutional racism, my grandfather, Mr. Otto A. Hopkins, exceeded all expectations. He was a big believer of educational literacy and

property ownership. Mr. Hopkins always mentioned, "if you can read and write you're on your way to freedom and independence." He was proud of all of his businesses, including the financially successful Cotton Club of Santa Barbara. The Cotton Club was the first integrated business establishment along the central coast. After the closing of the Cotton Club (after 10 years of service), Mr. Hopkins opened his Brown Derby restaurant, located on Santa Barbara's eastside. Mr. Hopkins was the original owner of the Desert Inn Night Club in Las Vegas, Nevada, and Cotton Club II which was located directly across from Hoover Dam along the Colorado River (1931-1936).



Otto Hopkins 1927 age 21



Cotton Club singer



Inside the Cotton Club

Additionally, Mr. Hopkins owned the Anacapa Rooming House. This was one of the only places in Santa Barbara County that African Americans and people of color were allowed to lodge and spend the night. Mr. Hopkins also owned Santa Barbara's first recycling and personal trash pickup (including in Montecito). Years later, due to his illness, he sold his recycling business to MarBorg Trash and Recycling of Santa Barbara. MarBorg still serves our town today. In 1923, Mr. Hopkins purchased his 460-acre ranch located in the Rincon Santa Barbara area, along Casitas Pass Road. This particular land purchase made Mr. Hopkins the largest minority land owner in California. The family still owns some of his land today.

The Hopkins ranch was also a very successful business endeavor. Mr. Hopkins raised hogs by the thousands on his Casitas Pass ranch. Our grandfather would sterilize the trash from his Montecito recycling business and feed the sterilized food to his hogs. In addition, he raised turkeys, squabs, and cattle, and planted thousands of



Hopkins-Tate Ranch

fruit and walnut trees on his ranch land. Although the Hopkins family lived in the city of Santa Barbara just below the Santa Barbara Rivera, the restrictive housing covenant in Santa Barbara halted my grandfather from moving to Montecito. This covenant included Blacks, Jews, Native Americans & Asians. My granddad kept his housing dream alive and constructed and built five lovely homes on his ranch land.

Lastly and most significantly, even though Mr. Hopkins was an extremely successful business man, what was most important to him was the love of his family and service to others. He frequently stated, "always lend a helping hand to others and never hit a man when he's down on his luck." He and his wife, Mrs. Emma Ruth Brown Hopkins, were the founding members of Second Baptist Church of Santa Barbara and founding members of the George Washington Carver Club of Santa Barbara.



Earline and Otto Hopkins, Earlines SBHS high school graduation



Mr. Otto A. Hopkins



Earline Hopkins, Labor Queen

Mr. Wilbur Hopkins Tate graduated from Atlanta University, Atlanta, Georgia, and the University of California Santa Barbara with Master of Arts degrees in Political Science and Liberal Studies. He then followed his childhood dream of



becoming a professional athlete and played for several years in Corsica, France, Sao Paulo, Brazil, Rotterdam and Amsterdam, Holland. His career in politics included working in several capacities for the Office of the Speaker of the California House of Representatives. Mr. Tate was the Assistant Dean of Humanities and Social Sciences at Cal State Fullerton and recently served on the Cal State University African American Initiative board and the Presidents Council for Underserved Communities. In addition, Wilbur was the Transportation Commissioner for the city of Pasadena. After 20 years of employment at Cal State Fullerton, Wilbur has recently retired from academia.

Mrs. Emma Ruth Hopkins

As told by her granddaughter
Dr. Lenore A. Tate

MY GRANDMOTHER, Mrs. Emma Ruth Brown Hopkins, was born in Sequin, Texas, on October 23, 1898, one of five children of Ben and Ella Duke Brown. She grew up on a small farm that was owned by her mother, and the land was worked by her stepfather.

Miss Emma Ruth Brown married Mr. Otto Hopkins on February 4, 1918, in Bexar County, Texas. Looking to escape the racist policies and practices of the south, the couple came to Santa Barbara with their two small daughters, Earline and Margaret.

My grandmother instilled a number of values and attributes into me while I was growing up, such as: remembering to always be a lady; to be poised, and have grace and manners. She was kind and soft spoken, trustworthy and progressive. My grandmother enjoyed philanthropy and was a founding member of the George Washington Carver Club, which raised scholarships to erase education inequities within the African American community of Santa Barbara. Our grandmother loved Santa Barbara. She enjoyed her quality of life, the connection with neighbors, leaders, the clergy and the environment (mountains, beach, climate, serenity). She was co-owner of the Anacapa House which provided housing for African American visitors traveling to Santa Barbara. She and my grandfather, Otto Hopkins, entertained civil rights leaders, national business owners, and entertainers in their home. Her hobbies and interests were gardening and



Mrs. Emma Hopkins and her daughters,
Margaret and Earline Hopkins.



Earline Hopkins and her oldest daughter, Lenore, the author of this article.

interior design, and she loved horses. As long as I can remember, she had a Palomino or a Pinto at our ranch in Ojai. She enjoyed attending the annual horse shows at the Earl Warren Showgrounds and looked forward to the Fiestas.

We were so close and I could always confide in her about anything. I felt safe and loved; she was encouraging and supported my dreams unconditionally. Although pragmatic, she had such a softness of life. She shared her heart with me. She was a constant in my life. And as I grew and developed, our relationship and our conversations matured as well. I am so thankful to have had the most incredible relationship and close connection with my grandmother. I miss my grandmother, Mrs. Emma Ruth Hopkins, but will always treasure and be grateful for the positive impact she had on my life and those she touched.



Lenore A. Tate, Ph.D. is a licensed psychologist who has dedicated more than 30 years to mental health specializing in neuropsychology, geriatrics, forensic psychology and trauma. Her career encompassed working for the California Assembly and Senate and with numerous public and private organizations. She has Chaired the Psychology Program at Prairie View A and M University (an HBCU), and was co-director of the Adult Development and Aging Program at Arizona State University, Director of the Forensic Psychology Program at Alliant International University, Government Affairs Director for Pfizer, Inc. and the California Primary Care Association, and has had a thriving private practice.



Margaret and Earline riding horses at the Hopkins-Tate Ranch

Emma and Carrie Knickrehm: Single and Able

By Sharon Summer

MY GREAT-GRANDAUNT, Emma Knickrehm (1877-1956), spent the last three years of her life in Rockhaven Sanitarium in Glendale, Los Angeles County, California. The sanitarium has a wonderful history and is today being saved to operate as a museum on its three and a half acres of lovingly tended gardens.

Before being confined to the sanitarium, Emma lived an independent life as a quite capable single woman. So did her niece, my aunt Carrie Knickrehm (1894-1983), with whom Emma came to live. The more I learned about these two women, the more I respect them, particularly for the independence they showed in the times in which they lived and thrived. Both were unmarried, kind, smart, happy, and resourceful.

Who was Emma?

Emma was the youngest surviving child of Carl and Caroline Knickrehm who had emigrated from Schaumburg-Lippe (in Germany) in 1871. Emma was born six years after their arrival in the United States on October 22, 1877, in Elgin, Kane County, Illinois. She had two older brothers and four older sisters.

One of her brothers, William Knickrehm, was a house mover in Los Angeles and my great-grandfather. Caroline, Emma's mother, was said to have had fifteen pregnancies! Eight of those children survived to adulthood. Carl, Emma's father, had been a shoemaker in Germany, but in Illinois he was one of the last itinerant shoemakers who traveled from farm to farm. However, he found that he could not make a living making handmade shoes, since the new factories manufactured shoes that they could sell for only \$5 per pair; so, he became a farmer.

Working at the famous Elgin Watch Factory

By age 22, as shown in the 1900 U.S. Census, Emma worked as an "operator" at the famous Elgin Watch Factory in Elgin, Illinois. The watch factory employed three generations of Elginites from the late 19th century to the mid 20th century, when it was the largest producer of fine watches in the United States and the operator of the largest watchmaking complex in the world. [The factory ceased production in 1965 and was torn down in the summer of 1966.] Emma was employed at the factory from 1900 to 1933, with one time out from 1908-1909 when she lived in Los Angeles. Working at the watch factory, Emma lived in various people's homes or in boarding houses near her work, as many women did.

For a time her sister Julia lived with her as a lodger. In 1910, Emma lived with her other sister, Anna Knickrehm Hunt, in Anna's house on Henry Street in Elgin.



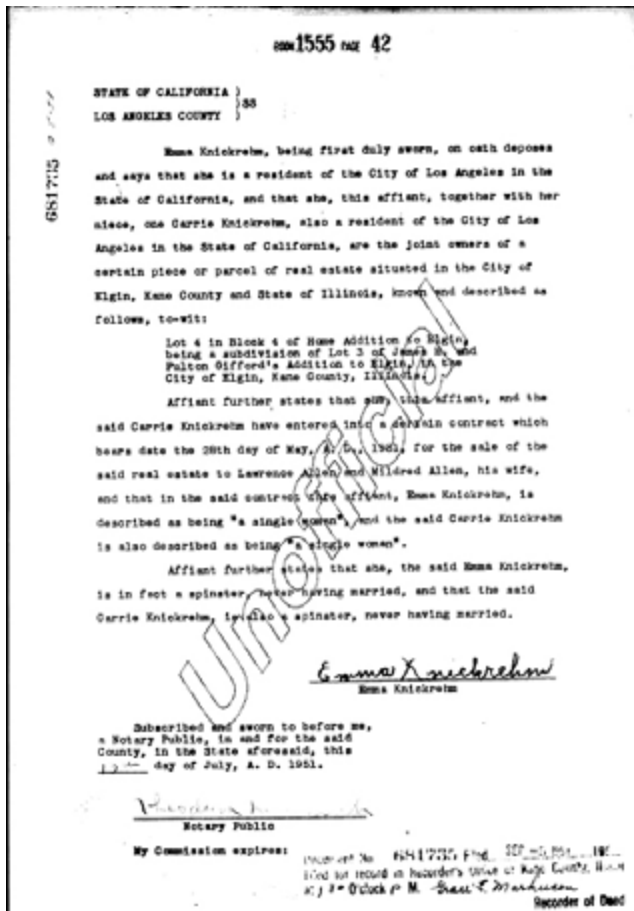
Great-grandaunt, Emma Knickrehm (1877-1956)

When Anna died in 1919, the house was conveyed to Emma, though curiously, she never lived there again after Anna died.

Selling the house: single ladies, spinsters by law

Emma continued to own this house on 217 Henry Street until late 1951, even after she had moved permanently to Los Angeles by 1940. In 1951 Emma had made her niece, Carrie Knickrehm, a joint tenant, so that they legally owned the house together.





Digging into the land records at the Kane County Recorder's office with my brother Glenn, we found a telling bit of legal frippery. All documents having to do with the sale of the house on Henry Street were complete and notarized, with all other possible heirs signing a document saying they relinquished any right to the property. Even a newly married 18 year old was made to have his wife of two months sign that she made no claim on the property. So the sale was supposedly complete. But no: Emma and Carrie had signed those documents of sale saying they were single ladies. However, two months after the sale, they were required to have a separate document drawn up and notarized saying that, instead of being single ladies, they were in fact spinsters! It seemed the law only recognized the term "spinsters," not "single."

A spinster is an unmarried woman, but the term once was synonymous with the pejorative "old maid." A spinster was typically an older woman: unmarried, childless, prissy, and repressed, beyond the usual age for marriage, and was considered unlikely ever to marry. My two aunts were required by Illinois law to label themselves spinsters so they could sell the property. I wonder how the aunties felt about the label in 1951.

Moving to Los Angeles

Her niece Carrie visited Emma and other Knickrehm family in Elgin, and invited Emma to come live with her. Emma accepted Carrie's offer. Thus the 1940 U.S. Census listed Emma living in Los Angeles with Carrie, with whom she would live for nearly ten years, until entering the sanitarium.

Carrie Knickrehm lived in a one-room apartment in the Highland Park section of Los Angeles at 221 North Avenue 52. I remember my mother taking me there as a young girl. Carrie's upstairs room, off a long, carpeted hallway which ran the length of the building, was filled with dark mahogany Victorian furniture. Emma had a bed with a curtain around it for privacy. In one corner was a little area for cooking. My little-girl reaction was that it was so dark in there, but the ladies seemed happy.

All of her working years, Aunt Carrie was a third grade teacher at a school close to her apartment named Monte Vista Elementary School, which has since burned down. Emma assisted Carrie in the classroom without pay at a time before teachers had aides. She was extremely helpful to Carrie with her students, according to family members.

My cousin, Linda Knickrehm, told me that Emma was known as a friendly, kind, upbeat, pleasant person. But then she told me the sad story how Emma ended up entering the sanitarium. She said that around 1950 Emma and Carrie were visiting Linda's parents' house in Los Angeles. After dinner all the ladies were in the kitchen washing dishes and cleaning up. Emma dried the dishes and when she was finished she tried to hang up her dish towel. The problem was that Emma attempted in vain to hang the dish towel onto a long fluorescent lighting tube over the stove. Linda said Aunt Carrie cried,



Elgin Watch Factory in Elgin, Illinois.

likely feeling that this was a confirming moment showing Emma's increasing dementia.

Not long after this event, Aunt Carrie found a lovely place for Emma to live and be cared for, Rockhaven Sanitarium in Glendale, California. It was a characteristic act of kindness of Carrie to find such an exemplary place for Emma.

About Rockhaven Sanitarium

The founder of Rockhaven was a psychiatric nurse named Agnes Richards who had worked in a number of sanitariums in Los Angeles County and was appalled by the treatment of patients. So, in 1923 she established what today could be called the first feminist sanitarium, Rockhaven. It was the first woman-founded mental health facility in America. Ms. Richards was a pioneer of compassionate mental health care assuring women would be treated with dignity, respect in a place of serenity, and beautiful surroundings, with individualized care rather than being drugged. It was a place run by women, for women. She called the patients "her ladies." She built stand-alone cottages on three and a half acres of lovingly-tended grounds with fountains, oak trees, rose gardens, and statues where the ladies could stroll and sit on benches outdoors. Billie Burke, who played Glinda the Good Witch in *The Wizard of Oz* was once there. Marilyn Monroe's mother, Gladys, was once a resident. It is heartening to learn that Aunt Carrie found such a place for Emma, who lived in Rockhaven for the last three years of her life, dying in 1956 at age 78.

Another happy occurrence happened just recently. After the property had been empty for two decades, and after years of trying to preserve it by the Friends

of Rockhaven, its President, Joanna Linkchorst, learned that it would become a museum. From the website *LAist*: "The one-time appropriation of \$8 million from the 2021-22 [California] state budget will allow for the creation of the Rockhaven Mental Health History Museum. State Senator Anthony Portantino (D-La Cañada Flintridge), who proposed the funding, said in a press release: "Converting the Rockhaven grounds into a museum dedicated to the legacy of Agnes Richards, women's history, and telling the story of compassionate care for women with mental health challenges ensures that we honor the historical significance of this site and the legacy of those who created it."

Aunt Carrie chose well for Emma's last years. The funding and future plans for Rockhaven Sanitarium are a fitting end to the story of my two aunts, women of integrity and substance. Both Carrie Knickrehm and Emma Knickrehm are buried beside my other Knickrehm family in Angelus-Rosedale Cemetery in Los Angeles.



Rockhaven Sanitarium gates



*Sharon Diane Knickrehm
Summer enjoys multiple aspects of genealogy. Among them she likes doing research, writing articles and vignettes for her memoir, creating pages for her family history books, and learning more about the history of the world in the process.*

The Carters of Virginia

By Kate Lima

“WE’RE DESCENDED FROM the Carters of Virginia,” Mom regaled as she lifted her teacup, pinkie extended. She spoke this phrase often, referring to Robert “King” Carter and his aristocratic family. King Carter was one of the wealthiest landholders in the American colonies, holding important government positions and owning many plantations and slaves.



Shirley Plantation

Though Mom was a liberal and someone who was involved in social reforms and civil rights, she told the story of our connection to the landed gentry with pride. She mentioned that her mother, my Grammy, got to stay at the Carter-Hill

Shirley Plantation (though she was not a Carter, she married one), and she was given a red rose when she arrived. I grew up believing that I was descended from this family, never doubting this information for a second.

When I began my genealogy many years ago, finding the link to this 17th century Carter family was at the top of my to-do list.

I started by doing an on-line search for King Carter. King’s father, John Carter, emigrated from England in the 1630s. He had familial and business connections to the Virginia Company of London, and with these connections, along with his influential work in government once he got here, he had the inside track to acquiring land. He quickly became one of the richest men in the colonies. King followed his father’s pursuits, but he collected land with a zeal far greater than others at the time. He often took over land at the terrible expense of others. One man, for example, had a large tract of land but he had committed suicide. King Carter sued his estate for his possessions, saying “self-murder is the highest species of murder.” He also foreclosed on countless others, thereby increasing his holdings. At his death, King owned 300,000 acres of land, 48 plantations and more than 1,000 slaves. I didn’t know the more sordid side to this person while growing up; not until I began my research did a clearer picture emerge. I imagined my mother’s pride crumbling in the face of this newfound information.

After reading about King Carter and family, I started researching the Carters that I knew. I followed the usual genealogist’s path of discovery, finding five generations of Carters. My great-great-grandfather Ezekiel Carter’s name was unique and more easily searched, but his father’s name, John Carter, was not. I started getting lost. I did as most genealogists do, I flipped my search from going up my tree to going down. I started reading about King Carter’s descendants, hoping to get far enough down that line to find my John and Ezekiel Carter. Despite months of searching, I couldn’t find any viable connection.

Also, my John Carter was born in New Jersey as was his father, also John Carter. Substantial research



Robert Carter I

proved our lineage to John Sr. and John Jr., but that’s where the trail ended. Try as I might, I couldn’t connect our Carter line to that of King Carter.

I had to admit that being descended from the Carters of Virginia was indeed nothing more than family lore. As my research showed, though, the actual Carters in my tree were much more interesting than those

from my mom’s romanticized plantation world.

John Carter Sr. and John Carter Jr. lived in Virginia for a time, so it’s true that we are “descended from the Carters of Virginia” as our mother often said. However, our Carters were cut from a very different cloth. John Sr. was born in New Jersey in 1732. He and his family subsisted on what they hunted, foraged and farmed. Finding available land for this large Carter family was near impossible. They heard of land further south, so in the mid-1660s three Carter families, including John Carter, Sr., his wife and eight children headed off. They started in Pennsylvania, but land was already snatched up, mostly by land speculators like King Carter (and George Washington, by the way). Still hoping for land, they set their sights on the west. The Proclamation of 1763 had made travel over the Appalachian Mountains illegal, but in 1770 the Carters, like many other settlers, moved there anyway.

By the time the Carters arrived in the Monongalia area in what is now West Virginia, land speculators as well as some earlier settlers had already taken ownership of most of the valley. Their land, then, was near the foothills and hindered by hills and rocks. The Carters quickly built a cabin around a cluster of trees. They etched their names in the trees that surrounded the cabin, thereby invoking “Tomahawk Rights.” They



Early settlers set up cabin

also planted corn, and this was called a “Corn Claim.” These physical signs gave them rights to the land, and their claim was respected by others in this wilderness who did the same thing.

The land wasn’t optimal and they fought constantly with the Native Americans. In 1777 they learned of free land in North Carolina, so they headed south once again, this time to Surry County in the northwest region of North Carolina.

By this time the American Revolution had begun and John Jr. had enlisted in the militia. He served a few tours in the Pennsylvania and Virginia areas, then again in North Carolina. His main duty was to protect the homesteaders against the Shawnee (near the Allegheny Mountains) and the Cherokee (near the Appalachian Mountains) who allied with the British forces. He also served as a scout, routing out Tory militia.

The fighting in North Carolina proved intense and bloody. In this area the fighting was very personal. At

this time it was neither the British troops nor the trained “Continental.” It was neighbor against neighbor, and the militias on both sides were hellbent on winning. Their livelihoods, their families, and their homes were at stake. Both sides fought not just for their beliefs, but for their own survival.

In 1780, the families moved once again. The reason may have been that they wanted to protect their families from the terrible destruction of war. We also can’t discount the “wanderlust” that many pioneers had in those days. They crossed the Appalachian Mountains to the Watauga country, later Tennessee.

Once there, though, the British targeted those over the mountains. British Major Patrick Ferguson threatened to bring his army across the mountain to “hang their leaders, and lay waste to the land with fire and sword” if they did not swear allegiance to the King. John Jr. and other Carters picked up their muskets once again, this time as Overmountain Men. They may have taken part in the decisive “Kings Mountain” battle which was a turning point in the war. They fought with the militia through the end of the war.



troops nor the trained “Continental.” It was neighbor against neighbor, and the militias on both sides were hellbent on winning. Their livelihoods, their families, and their homes were at stake. Both sides fought not just for their beliefs, but for their own survival.



Home of the pioneer

In their new land beyond the Appalachians, the Carter family finally found a bounteous land they could call home. On Lick Creek they established Carter’s Station, where they built a fort, a church, a cemetery, and their homes. John Carter Sr. stayed until his death in 1811 and John Jr. stayed until his death in 1845. John Jr.’s son Ezekiel, though, still carried that pioneering spirit and he moved across the Cumberland Gap to Missouri in 1845.

I get exhausted, thinking about these tough individuals and how hard they fought for a place to call their own. In my mind, these hardscrabble people, plucky and determined, were people I could respect. I was proud of these Carters, but my mother didn’t buy it. She didn’t—couldn’t—let go of the many stories told to her of being part of the plantation aristocracy. I extolled the virtues of our Carters; they were quintessential pioneers, hardy, hard-working, and brave. But she was adamant—very adamant. To hear her talk, well, it gave me pause. Maybe I was missing something. I continued to search. I didn’t think I’d find anything, but my mom was certain. She had absolutely no doubt.

This article was going to end at this point. I had debunked the family myth, and the search was over. But with genealogy, is the research ever really over? Though I put aside this branch of my ancestry, I occasionally made a cursory glance their way in case something caught my eye.

Will wonders never cease. Finally, years after my Carter journey started, I found something!

King Carter’s mother was Sarah Ludlow. I had a Ludlow in my ancestry, so I thought, what the heck, I’ll look at the Ludlow family. My Ludlow ancestor landed in Massachusetts, but he had two brothers who instead went to Virginia. One of these brothers was Sarah Ludlow’s father! King Carter’s grandfather was my nine-times great-grandfather’s brother. So, we are indeed related—at least indirectly.

But wait! I have recently discovered yet another connection! I was reading an interesting article about King Carter’s grandson, Robert III, who had famously freed 500 enslaved people in 1791. This reading brought with it another discovery. Robert III’s father died when he was only three years old, and his mother, Priscilla, then married John Lewis, another wealthy plantation owner. He served as Robert III’s father from the time Robert was three years old. This man was my sixth great-grandmother’s brother, John Lewis IV!

Sometimes there’s more to a family myth than meets the eye. I believe that Mom, Grammy and perhaps others had conflated our pioneering Carters with the wealthy Lewis family. Our tree actually holds both kinds of ancestors.

I love our direct Carter line and am pleased to have found a connection to the Carters of my mom’s memory. My goodness, who knows what another few years will bring me.

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.



Myth-ing Treasure?

By Susan Ham

WHY COULDN'T POOR Jack Richardson rest in peace in his own grave? Who or what kept disturbing the earth above his coffin?

Jackson Richardson was born in 1822 in Missouri, one of 14 children of Amos and Nancy Richardson. On March 1, 1862, Jack and two of his younger brothers enlisted in Company C, 8th Missouri State Militia Cavalry (Union), and reported for duty that same day. He was 39 years old and left behind his wife and six children, ages 2 to 14 years. Sadly, eight months later on November 8, 1862, he died in a hospital in Springfield, Missouri, "of disease." His brother Preston brought his body home to be buried in the Richardson Cemetery located in Johnson Township, Polk County, Missouri.

The Myth

A newspaper article from the August 31, 1930, *Sunday Morning Star* reported that Jackson's final resting place was far from restful. The article said that "periodically relatives... found the earth dug from above his casket. At first the desecration was contributed to vandals."

It further stated that a local man known as "Uncle" Tommy Mashburn, "who remembers the dim past when Jack Richardson went to war, has a different theory."

An old man named Martin once lived near the burial plot, and according to Uncle Tommy, this man had a "parsel (sic) of negro slaves, 18 of them." Afraid his slaves would be taken from him, Martin took them to "a mart" at Warsaw, Missouri, and sold them. "Word got about that he was paid \$1,000 each...." Missouri was torn apart and rife with guerrilla warfare at the time. Robbery was common and this sum, over \$475,000 in today's dollars, would have tempted any highwayman. Martin left and never returned, and it was suspected that he concealed his money in Richardson's fresh grave, "...and that to this day the grave is the object of a treasure hunt."

As Paul Harvey would say:

And now the rest of the story...

When 39-year-old family-man Jackson Richardson enlisted on March 1, 1862, so too did his youngest sibling James, age 21, and his brother Preston, age 38. All three left for duty that same day. James had been married just one year and Preston was married and had two children at the time.

On November 27, 1862, just three weeks after Jackson died, young James also died "of disease" in Marshfield, Missouri. Once again, brother Preston was sent to bring his brother's body home to be buried in the Richardson

cemetery. Preston himself lived to also serve in the Mexican War and later he and his family emigrated to Oregon, where he died in an old soldiers' home (now a VA hospital) at the age of 82.

Jackson and his wife Mary Yoast Richardson had six children, the fourth being Barbara Ann Richardson, born in Humansville, Missouri, in 1855. When she was 17 years old, she married the dashing Charles Wesley Bowen in Polk County, Missouri, and they had five children. The youngest was Harriett (called Hattie)



Preston Richardson

Bowen who was to be my paternal grandmother, making Jackson my great-great grandfather. Coincidentally, Barbara's husband Charles died at age 39, the same age that her father died. Charles' cause of death is listed as typhoid fever, which could possibly be the "disease" that took Jackson and James, but that is only conjecture.

Old Richardson Cemetery

The 1930 news article states that "to this day" the grave is the object of a treasure hunt, but the intervening years must have been tough on the place, as a 1979 report from Polk County by Fonda D. Baselt says: "In 1979, the cemetery was in poor condition and not accessible by car. Cecil Crawford, of Weaubleau, took us to the cemetery which was overgrown with tall grass. He carried a snake stick, knife, and anti-venom. Due to the age of the stones and the difficulty reading them, the dates should be verified with church and death records when possible... Traces of an old fence were barely visible. Mr. Crawford said that on the other side of this fence was a Slave Cemetery

(sic) but there were no stones."

Along with the Richardsons, a number of families buried their loved ones there, and in 1979 perhaps a dozen surnames could still be found on various stones. A comment with the report and photographs states "the condition of this final resting place is very sad."

My sister and partner in the family genealogy research has suggested we travel to Missouri and visit cemeteries and take photos. After reading of the "snake stick, knife and anti-venom" and the condition of this cemetery, she has definitely decided to leave it off our bucket list of stops should we ever venture to the mid-west.

Ghouls Seek Treasure In Vet's Grave

An historical legend has come to light in Humansville, Mo., through the ghoulish disturbance of the grave of Jack Richardson, civil war soldier who was buried when the state was torn by post-war strife.

Periodically relatives of the soldier have found the earth dug from above his casket. At first the desecration was attributed to vandals. But "Uncle" Tommy Mashburn, who remembers the dim past when Jack Richardson went to war, has a different theory.

An old man named Martin once lived near the burial plot, according to Uncle Tommy. This man had "a parsel of negro slaves, 18 of them."

Martin feared the slaves would be taken from him. He took them to a mart at Warsaw, Mo., and sold them. Word got about that he was paid \$1,000 each for the negroes. Guerilla warfare tore the land, robbery was a commonplace. Martin left and never returned. It was commonly held he had concealed his money.

Uncle Tommy Mashburn said he believed it was suspicious Martin buried his money in Richardson's fresh grave and that to this day the grave is the object of a treasure hunt.



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8 Reg't Cav. S. M. Vols.

Richardson Jackson Age.....
 Rank Pvt Co. C.
 Captain Human

Enlisted March 1, 1862
 Where Hickory Co., Mo.

Mustered in March 1, 1862
 Where Pittsburg, Mo.

Remarks Died of disease
 November 8, 1862, Springfield.

Mustered out..... 1862
 Where.....

Form No. 549, A. O. O., Mo., 11-3-11-431



Charles Wesley Bowen and Barbara Ann Richardson



Susan Ham, Goleta, and her sister Sheryl Roberts, Ventura, joined forces in 2020 to pull together their late mother's hobby (pre-computer) of family history. Sheryl researched and Susan wrote narratives. The husbands pitched in with tree graphics and maps. Reams of paper became recycle fodder in the process. Their efforts were compiled into two books which were shared with surviving cousins. They say the research is never "done" but simply a "work in progress."

An Immigrant Family

By Kathryn Greene

IF YOU'VE VISITED the Sahyun Library, you've undoubtedly seen the picture of the immigrant family on the wall over the copy machine. A stoic looking group: the father with a note of identification pinned to his jacket; the mother in her dress and apron, perhaps wondering what the future holds for her children; the daughter, a bit of apprehension in her eyes; and the seven sons, each one a little smaller than the one before, all wearing the same jacket, trousers, and boots, with their caps in their hands. A remarkable picture, but what of the individuals in the picture? Have you ever wondered what became of them, this immigrant family? I decided to find out.

A few preliminary assumptions: the photo obviously seemed to have been taken at Ellis Island, the time period was probably 1890-1920, their origin was probably Eastern or Southern European. A broad search term, "photo immigrant families Ellis Island," produced a number of pictures of families. Luckily, multiple copies of this photo were there, including one which had a typewritten description at the top, "Jacob Mithelstadt and family, Russian Germans, ex SS 'Pretoria', May 9, 1905. Admitted to go to Kuln, N.D."¹

A check for the ship's passenger list provided wonderfully useful information. The family had originally departed Hamburg, Germany, on April 22, 1905, with stops at Boulogne-sur-Mer in northern France and Dover, England.² Arriving at Ellis Island on May 9, 1905, was Jakob Mithelstedt, age 41, occupation - farmer, able to read/write - yes/yes, nationality - Russian, race or people - German, last residence - Glecicz(?), final destination - Kulm, ND. [Note: more than half of the immigrants on this page of the passenger list gave Kulm as their final destination.] With Jakob was Rosena, his wife, age 38, and his children: Adolf, age 15; Rheinold, age 13; Jacob, age 11; Johann, age 9; Fredrick, age 7; Benjamin, age 4; Alfred, age 2; and Mathilda, age 16, occupation - domestic.²

Russian-Germans were an ethnic group which had emigrated, at the urging of the Russian government, from various areas in Germany, Poland and Alsace, and France, between 1814-1842 to an area known as Bessarabia. The Bessarabia Governorate, part of the Russian Empire, existed for 125 years in an area lying in parts of today's Republic of Moldova and southwestern Ukraine. These Russian-Germans were primarily farmers, and living conditions in the region were difficult. Floods, crop failures and epidemic diseases affecting both humans and livestock were widespread. However, the residents were allowed to retain their own language and religion, and to participate in local government. Bessarabia was dissolved by the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact in 1939, and the German residents were relocated to eastern Germany by the Nazis.³



The Mithelstadt family's start in America was a little tentative at first. A "Record of Aliens Held for Special Inquiry" shows the family was detained at Ellis Island on May 11, 1905. The cause listed for their detention was "LPC," or "Liable to Become a Public Charge." The Immigration Act of 1882 barred entry into the United States by people who might rely upon public funds for their support and was a reaction to taxpayer fears that the U.S. would be financially burdened by the great wave of immigrants coming from Europe. However, after a hearing, the family was admitted to the country on May 17, 1905.⁴ They were finally on their way to their new home in North Dakota.

On March 7, 1906, Jacob Mittelstatt, now living in Dickey County, North Dakota, filed a notice of intention to become a U.S. citizen by renouncing his allegiance to the Czar of Russia.⁵ In addition, naturalization laws at that time allowed all members of the immediate family to become naturalized citizens as soon as the head of the household had done so.

The 1910 U.S. Federal Census of Spring Valley in Dickey County, North Dakota, shows Jacob Mithelstedt had now become Jack Mittlestadt, a naturalized citizen. Other members of the family who had immigrated with Jacob are also listed, except Rosena, his wife, and Mathilda, his daughter. Jack's wife is now given as Mary, and Adolf's name is listed as Otto. Mathilda, who would now be about 21, had probably married and moved from the family home.

An entry at *Findagrave.com* suggests that Rosena had died, although the headstone, probably not contemporary with her death, lists her death date as May 4, 1905, a date when the family was still on board the *Pretoria*.⁶ No other information could be located to confirm when she died. Jacob probably married his second wife, Mary/Maria, née Ulrich, sometime in 1908-09, as the 1910 census shows they had been married for one year when it was taken on May 9, 1910.⁷

Similarly, an entry in the 1910 census lists a Matilda, white female, 22 years old, wife of Henry Paul (Pahl), in White Stone Twp, Dickey County, North Dakota. The location of her birth is stamped "Russ German," as is the birthplace of both of her parents, as well as many others on the same page. The entry further states the couple had been married for one year and had no children.⁸ Entries in the 1920 and 1930 censuses contain the identical information, with the exception of their places of birth in the 1930 census, which were given as Romania, due to changing national borders in Europe.^{9,10} The couple had no children listed in either of these censuses. In 1936, Matilda Paul died, and was buried at Spring Valley Cemetery in Dickey County, North Dakota, the same small cemetery where Rosana Middlestad is buried.¹¹ Her husband, Henry, remarried shortly thereafter to a woman nearly 30 years his junior and they had several children. Henry Pahl died in 1972 at age 84.¹²

Adolph, the oldest son of Jacob and Rosena, was born on August 28, 1889. A record of his U.S. naturalization gives the only recognizable name of the town in Bessarabia where the family originated—Klöstitz. Adolph married Elizabeth Schrum on March 9, 1912, and together they had twelve children, four boys and eight girls. He was a farmer in Dickey County, North Dakota, for his entire life.¹³ After the death of his first wife, Adolph married Emily Schneck Middlestead in 1949. She was the widow of his brother, Johann. Adolph died on December 3, 1965, and is buried in the Ellendale City Cemetery in Ellendale, North Dakota. His memorial page in *Findagrave.com* has a thumbnail picture of young Adolph as he appeared in the original family photo.¹⁴

Rheinold, the second son, was born on August 15, 1891. He was a farm laborer in Logan County, North Dakota, until his death on October 6, 1913, at the age of 22. He was unmarried and had no children. He is buried in the same small cemetery as his mother and sister Matilda.¹⁵

Jacob, named after his father, was born on July 5, 1893. He was a farmer in Dickey County, North Dakota. On July 26, 1914, he married Paulina Schneck, sister of John's first wife and Adolph's second wife, Emily. They were the parents of five children, two boys and three girls. Jacob died on August 9, 1963, and is buried in the same cemetery as Adolph.¹⁶

Johann "John," the fourth son, was born on October 19, 1895, and he, too, was a farmer in Dickey County, North Dakota. He married Emily Schneck in 1919 and together they had thirteen children, three boys and ten girls. John died on September 5, 1948, and is buried at Merricourt Cemetery in Merricourt, North Dakota. The following year, his widow married his older brother, Adolf.¹⁷ John's death certificate offers an additional piece of information about his mother, listing her maiden name as Rosina Kling.¹⁸

Fredrick "Fred," was the fifth son of Jacob and Rosina. He was born on February 6, 1898, and he, too, was a farmer, residing at various times in Dickey, LaMoure and Barnes counties, North Dakota. He married Lydia Reinke about 1921 and together they had seven children, three boys and four girls. Fred died on July 19, 1946, and was buried at the Ellendale City Cemetery.¹⁸

Benjamin "Ben," was the sixth son and the only one to actually live in Kulm, North Dakota, for a time, the

destination given on the original photo of the family. He and his wife, Marie, née Presler, were married November 9, 1929, and together they had four children, two sons and two daughters. Ben died on November 1, 1963, in Jamestown, North Dakota, and is buried at the Highland Home Cemetery there.^{18,19} His widow lived to be an astonishing 97 years old and left behind a family which included 18 grandchildren, 36 great-grandchildren and 16 great-great-grandchildren.

The seventh and last son of Jacob and Rosina Mithelstadt was Alfred, born on February 2, 1902. He married Jessie L. Curtis on October 28, 1929, and together they had three children, one son and two daughters. Like his father and brothers before him, Alfred was a farmer. However, after living most of his life in North Dakota as they had also done, Alfred and his wife moved to Newberg, Oregon, to spend the last years of their lives. Alfred died on April 10, 1964, and is buried at the Friends Cemetery in Newberg.^{20,21}

Jacob Middlestead, the patriarch of this large immigrant family departed this life on July 30, 1921, at the age of 57.¹⁸ He had traveled halfway around the world and undoubtedly suffered untold hardships to give his children and their descendants a better life than he had known in Europe. And though he never became wealthy in monetary terms, he was rich in family, having no less than 43 grandchildren and countless more great- and great-great-grandchildren. Jacob is buried in the Spring Valley Cemetery with Rosina and Matilda and Reinold.²² May he rest in peace.

ENDNOTES

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16. Memorial #136843456 for Jakob "Jake" Middlestead, *Findagrave.com*
17. Memorial #111827647 for John Middlestead, *Findagrave.com*
18. North Dakota, U.S., State Death Certificates, 1908-2007, *Ancestry.com*
19. Memorial #149612906 for Benjamin "Ben" Middlestead, *Findagrave.com*
20. Oregon, U.S., State Deaths, 1864-1968, *Ancestry.com*
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Kathy Greene was born Kathryn Lowden many years ago in Minneapolis, Minnesota. She grew up in the Chicago suburbs, then moved to Santa Barbara where she met her husband, Curtis. She is the proud mother of two sons and the proud grandmother of five. She worked for the County of Santa Barbara as a 9-1-1 dispatcher for thirty-nine years before retiring in 2009, and when not spoiling her grandchildren, she can be found at her computer doing genealogy for herself and several lineage groups.

Omiyage: A Japanese Expression of Aloha

By Melinda Yamane Crawford

THIS ARTICLE IS WRITTEN in memory of my Issei ancestors, Kichizo and Hisae Umeno and as a gift of aloha.

My maternal grandfather, Kichizo Umeno, was my first immigrant ancestor from Japan on my mother's side. Kichizo Umeno was born on January 23, 1891.

As the eldest son among nine children, and with the death of his father, Eizo Umeno, on April 25, 1922, Kichizo became the head of the household for the family's permanent address at 1116 Honbun-mura, Kamitsuma-gun (now Yame-gun), Fukuoka-ken, Japan. When writing one's Japanese address, one includes such designations as the village ("mura"), the district for a rural area ("gun"), and the prefecture ("ken").



Hisae's and Kichizo's Wedding Photo

At the time of his father's death, Kichizo was already living in Maui, having departed from Japan aboard the *S.S. Asia* and arriving in Honolulu on August 10, 1907. For the next 19-plus years, Kichizo lived at Camp 2, Puunene, Maui, and worked at the Puunene Sugar Plantation as a laborer. After divorcing his first wife in 1914 following just one year of marriage, and the early death of his second wife in 1919, he was married for a third time on September 17, 1920, to my grandmother, Hisae Kawashima, who arrived in Hawaii on November 8, 1920.



Kichizo and Hisae Umeno Family (My mom is on the far left.)

Many *Issei*, or first-generation immigrant ancestors from Japan, arrived on the U.S. mainland and in Hawaii between 1886 and 1911, with more than 400,000 men and women leaving their homes in Japan.

After the Meiji Restoration in 1868, Japan's rapid urbanization and industrialization brought about great social disruption and agricultural decline. As farmers were forced to leave their land, and workers were left jobless by foreign competition, they looked more and more for a better life outside the islands of their homeland. As Japanese wages plummeted, and word of a booming U.S. economy spread, the lure of the United States became difficult to resist.¹

Similar to many other *Sansei* (third generation, or grandchildren of immigrant ancestors from Japan), I knew little about my grandparents' story both in Japan and their hard life experienced as sugar plantation workers. My grandfather spoke only Japanese, and my grandmother mostly spoke only Japanese, too, but with an occasional English or pidgin word or phrase thrown into her conversations. In thinking about my own mom and her ability to communicate with her parents, she herself was not fluent in Japanese, having only attended Japanese school in Maui until the third grade.

The Library of Congress' gives this account of plantation life in Hawaii:

Plantation-era Hawaii was a society unlike any that could be found in the United States, and the Japanese immigrant experience there was unique. The islands were governed as an oligarchy, not a democracy, and the Japanese immigrants struggled to make lives for themselves in a land controlled almost exclusively by large commercial interests. Most Japanese immigrants were put to work chopping and weeding sugar cane on vast plantations, many of which were far larger than any single village in Japan. The workday was long, the labor exhausting, and, both on the job and off, the workers' lives were strictly controlled by the plantation owners.²

Through my family history research, I've learned more about my Japanese ancestral roots than I ever would have thought possible; however, much still remains a mystery. At the heart of that mystery is my

older brother Michael's question as shared repeatedly with me: "Why did our maternal grandfather leave Japan to come to Maui in 1907, only to never reside again in Japan?"

In Japan, there's what is called the *koseki*, which is a Japanese family registry. Since 1872, Japanese law required all Japanese households to report births, adoptions, deaths, marriages and divorces of a Japanese citizen to their local authority. Such vital records only become legally effective once they had been recorded in the *koseki* and as filed by family members.

FINDING RECORDS IN JAPAN

<p>Must know:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Immigrant's name (preferably in kanji) • Name of hometown or place of birth <p>Must have proof of lineage:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Birth certificates • Marriage certificates • Death certificates. 	<p>To find:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Koseki – register of each family household member • Joseki – withdrawn register for deaths, marriages, or renounced Japanese citizenship • Kakochō – Buddhist death register with posthumous name (<i>kaimyō</i>)
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To obtain one's family *koseki* is no easy task unless there's already a copy of it in your family's possession. One must know their earliest immigrant ancestor's name, preferable in Japanese kanji, and the immigrant ancestor's hometown or place of birth. One must also present documentation as proof of their lineage, including, but not limited to, copies of certified birth certificates, marriage certificates and death certificates. One must know the local government office location to direct the request to, complete that office's *koseki* request form, and also provide a self-addressed envelope with the required return postage (if making the request by mail).

In April 2017, two of my first cousins in Maui, Wayne and Jan, traveled to Japan to visit Wayne's daughter. Once in Japan, the three then ventured to the area where my grandparents had immigrated from. Together, they went to the local government office in Yame-gun and, after



Kichizo and Hisae in front of the Tsue Shrine



My cousins standing in front of the Tsue Shrine.

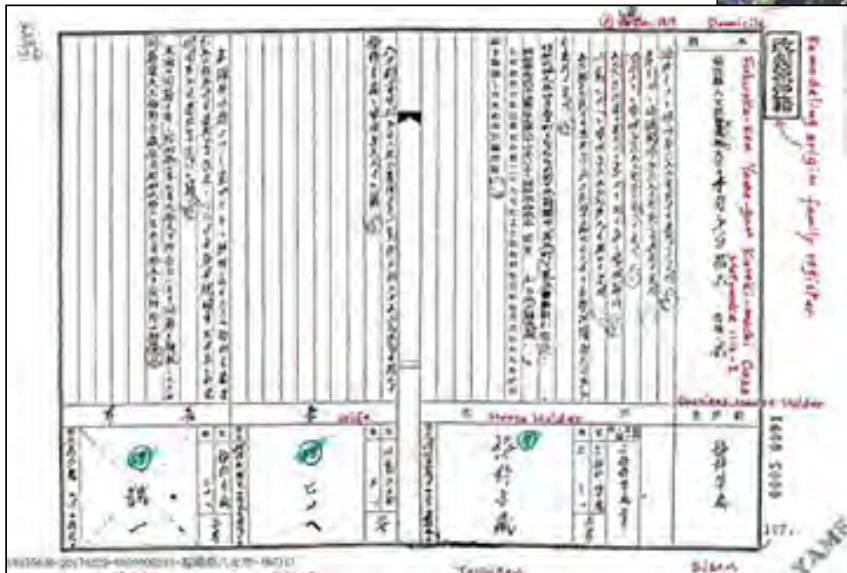


Tsue Shrine, Old Kusu Tree, 2017



Kichizo Umeno's Ancestral Home in Japan

their second visit there, were successful in obtaining both of my maternal grandparents' *koseki*s. Here is one page from my grandfather's *koseki* as translated by Brother Hara from Japan, a former library volunteer at the Family History Library in Salt Lake City, Utah.





Plaque at Kichizo's Ancestral Home in Japan

In addition to securing our grandparents' kosekis, my cousins had incredible luck on their side as they had also located my grandmother's only living niece and our grandparents' ancestral homes. Images above are of my grandparents and cousins standing in front of the Tsue Shrine. Behind the shrine is my grandfather's ancestral home and a plaque adjacent to the house which has been translated below.

The Tale of the Umeno Family

Written as the "eastern" branch of the family, the Umenos are an autonomous line of the samurai family of the same name that served the Tsue Shrine.

It is known from an inscription on a ridge beam that this house was first constructed on February 10th of the 24th year of the Meiji era (1891) by Umeno Kinsaku. The inscription lists Umeno Kinsaku as the head constructor, as well as the names of carpenters, fellers, and plasterers.

This manor represents Umeno Kinsaku's line branching off from the main Umeno family, as it was built around the time of this divide.

There are three compounds to the structure, which together are eight units lengthwise along the crossbeams. The roof is made of one-way gabled pantiles, and downward-facing arrows line the perimeter of the compound below the roof tiles...

This building exhibits a handsome combination of residence and storehouse, and along with the Tokunaga family house to the west, gives the area a historical appearance.

Ever since seeing our cousins' photos of our grandfather's beautiful ancestral home, my older brother and I have pondered the question mentioned earlier: "Why did our maternal grandfather leave Japan to come to Maui in 1907, only to never reside again in Japan?"

While the answer to that question remains unanswered, I have since determined from reviewing Kichizo's Alien File (or A-File with my grandfather's alien registration number along with his immigration and naturalization records as a consolidated file) that my grandparents remained at the Puunene Sugar Plantation with their young children until accepting

employment from October 1926 to December 1950 with Bishop Museum curator, Charles Montague Cooke, Jr. Kichizo worked as a gardener and Hisae was a cook for the Cooke's summer estate. In December 1950, Kichizo became self-employed as a farmer in Kula, Maui, raising flowers and various crops alongside his eldest son, the owner of their family home and farm. Lastly, from the Umeno family koseki, it is written that on May 20, 1960, Kichizo voluntarily ended his head of household designation in Japan, with his loss of Japanese citizenship by his own will, to become a U.S. citizen given that no other family member was left at the Umeno ancestral home.

For the Christmas holiday 2021, my family shared the gift of aloha. For years, I've been wanting my children to travel with me to Maui and Oahu and gain a better sense of their ancestral roots—to know where their grandparents were raised, where their great-grandparents and other ancestors were laid to rest, to meet more of my cousins, and to experience the glorious beauty and spirit of Maui and Oahu. Even though I did not grow up in Hawaii, the occasions when I have traveled back to the islands always bring back old memories as new ones are created. It is a place of family and heritage. It is a spiritual place that calls to me like a home away from the actual homes that I knew as a child growing up in Southern California and later on in my adult years. In the Japanese tradition of omiyage, the sharing of this story is an expression of my gratitude to my Japanese immigrant ancestors and for the spirit of aloha that lives in me today.

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Melinda Yamane Crawford is a Southern California native and has been a UCSB HR manager for the last 21 years. Melinda currently serves as a volunteer librarian at the Sahyun Library and has been conducting family history

research since 2002. SBCGS classes and general membership meetings have played an important role in developing and supporting her passion for genealogy research and also served as an inspiration that eventually led to her co-founding the Nikkei Genealogical Society in 2014.

Eccentric Brilliance

By Christine Klukkert

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER, Patrick Henry Winston, Jr., was born in Windsor, Bertie County, North Carolina, in 1847. He died in 1904 at age 56, in his last home in Spokane, Washington. The events



of his life could fill a book. He traveled in high political circles from an early age. Two states, Washington and North Carolina, have biographies of him on their official websites. At 21 years of age, he attended President Grant's first inauguration, and, at that, as an ex-Confederate officer. He was later appointed to important governmental positions by U.S. presidents Chester Arthur and Benjamin

Harrison. He was seriously considered for state governor and U.S. senator several times. He was three times a newspaper editor and prolific writer in all of them, while often at the same time running his law office and being a trial attorney. He was especially known for his oratorical skills and was widely sought after as a speaker.

Patrick H. Winston's brother, Judge Robert Watson Winston, wrote this of my great-grandfather in his 1937 book, *It's A Far Cry*:

from childhood to death he was the wonder, the delight or the terror of all who knew him. His powers of description, his brilliant imagination, his infinite fancy, his sparkling and flashing wit, his droll, irresistible humor, his unbounded sympathy, his intellectual power and audacity, furnished to all beholders an endless display of mental gymnastics and pyrotechnics, leaving impressions that lasted a lifetime.

Patrick Henry Winston, Jr. shared something in common with several of the more talented and recognizable people of history such as Abraham Lincoln, Emily Dickinson, Benjamin Disraeli, and Charles Darwin. Like those listed, Patrick Winston suffered from mental illness. Colonel Winston, as he was referred to affectionately, suffered from deep melancholy and depression. Despite this handicap, which affected him significantly off and on throughout his life, he was an incredibly

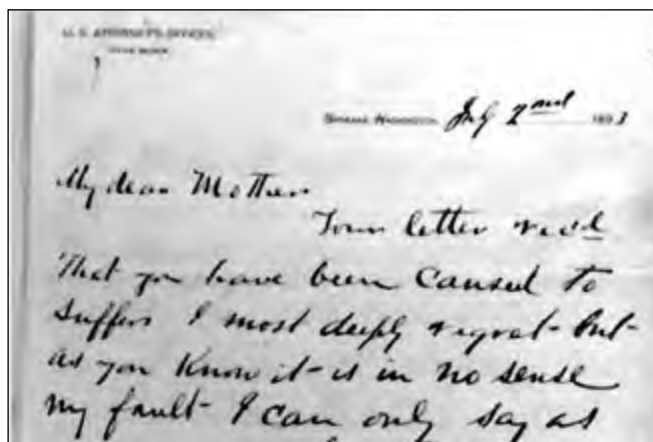
successful person of influence whose mental challenges did not inhibit his talents or the depths of his abilities. The newspaper in his last hometown, Spokane, said of him in 1903, that he was "the veteran editor, statesman, politician, orator, lawyer, bon vivant, philosopher, humorist and wit."

Patrick Henry Winston, Jr.'s beginnings were far from humble. His father and namesake, Patrick Henry Winston, was a revered attorney and Whig politician who, after law school at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, had gone to Washington, D.C. to sit at the feet of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. P.H. Winston's lineage traces directly back to the Revolutionary War patriot, Patrick Henry, for whom he and many in succeeding generations were named. The family prided themselves on their education and literary, scientific and political pursuits. Patrick's three younger brothers were very successful in their careers as attorneys, university presidents, authors and community leaders.

Patrick Henry Winston, Jr. graduated from his father's alma mater, the University of North Carolina, in 1867 as valedictorian of his class. His address made such an impression that one of the viewers there that day, Secretary of State William H. Seward, removed his gold watch and chain and presented it to Winston on the spot.

As I delved more deeply into Colonel Winston's life history, I discovered that despite being a dazzling genius, his life held many challenges. In following his political career, for example, I discovered that he changed his political party on a number of occasions. Over the course of his lifetime, he was a member of at least five political parties and his shifts in party affiliation often were not painless or without consequence. His brother Robert tells of Colonel Winston's first political change:

In 1882, when brother Pat moved from Bertie (County) to the city of Winston, up in the foothills, he severed his connection with the Democrats and became a liberal Republican. Soon afterwards he made a speech, at the National Convention at Chicago, seconding the nomination of Arthur for President. Before joining the Republican party, he had built up a good practice at Winston-Salem, but a change from Democrat to Republican had been fatal. His business had left him.



Letter home to Winston's mother in North Carolina.

I discovered another perhaps more significant of Patrick Winston's challenges. We was listed on the 1900 census as an "Insane Patient" at Baltimore's Mt. Hope Retreat (Sanitorium)! Mind you, at that time, Patrick H. Winston was the acting attorney general for the State of Washington. It was not his first visit to such a treatment center. This is from July of 1898 (only 18 months after being sworn in as Washington State attorney general):

IN A SANITARIUM.

**Sad Condition of Attorney-General
P. H. Winston.**

PORTLAND, July 12.—Attorney General Patrick Henry Winston, of the state of Washington, is at a private sanitarium in this city for treatment for acute melancholia. The distinguished gentleman's condition demands the utmost privacy and attention. Hopes of his recovery are entertained by the physicians in charge. Mr. Winston has been for years recognized as one of the most brilliant and gifted men on the Pacific coast.

It could not have been easy for Colonel Winston or his family that his mental illness struggles were reported in the newspapers so publicly.

He'd already gone through a very public and humiliating incident when, he had been implicated in an opium and Chinese smuggling scandal in 1893. Winston, as United States Attorney, was in charge of enforcing the Chinese Exclusion Act, and had indeed successfully prosecuted some opium smugglers in 1891. But then the story broke in newspapers across America with headlines that read, *A Conspiracy. Gigantic Fraud Unearthed at Puget Sound, An Official Ring that Has Been Making Money. Government Exposes That Sweep Heads Into Baskets* and the very first named is United States Attorney, Patrick H. Winston. Winston proclaimed his innocence and in a letter home to his mother in North Carolina wrote:

My Dear Mother

From letter received that you have been caused to suffer I most deeply regret—but as you know it is in no sense my fault—I can only say as you are a Christian you will forgive the scoundrels who for political purposes have attempted to destroy my character. The charges are absolutely false, manufactured without any formulation. I have had no more to do with opium and Chinese smuggling than you have.

He ends the letter like this:

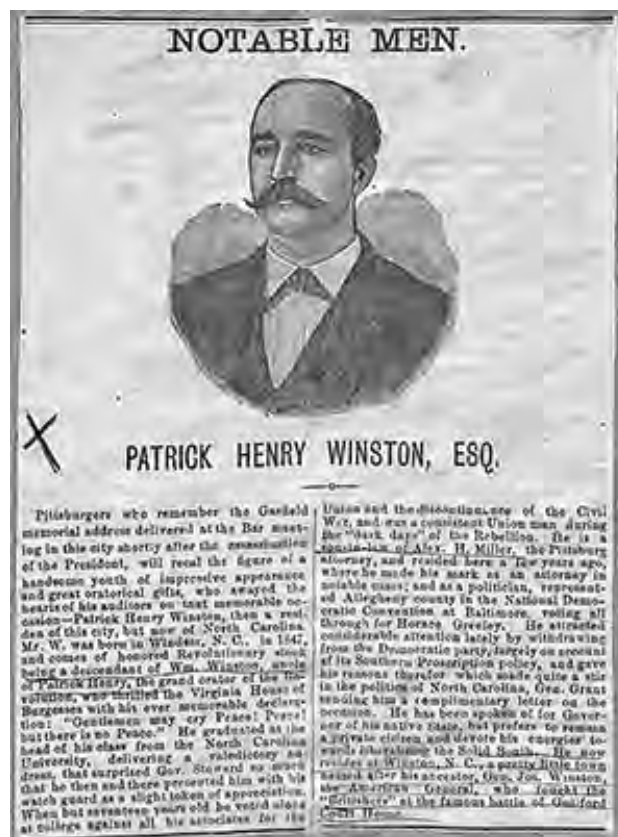
If I had made any money mother dear, smuggling, don't you think I would have sent you a little? Do you think I would better my wife & daughters [lives]? Don't you think I would use a little of it to come to see my dear old Windsor?

I have asked the Washington State National Archives about this case and was informed that there was never a case prosecuted. However, Winston and all the other named government officials were removed by President Cleveland and their successors appointed. I believe in Winston's innocence and that it appears to be a retaliation by President Cleveland during his second term (1893–1897) to remove Winston because of his then bitter antagonism toward the Democratic Party. I can only imagine the stress this brought on a person already afflicted with depression. This could not have helped Winston's health.

Finances and money issues also plagued Colonel Winston and were a source of stress to him. He was reported to be "horrible with money." His brother, Robert Winston, wrote,

Naturally, so open-hearted, versatile, and cosmopolitan a being was without money-sense — one day very rich and the next as poor as Lazarus. Once, while Attorney-General attending the Supreme Court at Olympia, he received a telegram announcing that his home had caught fire and was burning up. "Your wire received," he replied, "and I trust to God the mortgage is burning with the house!"

In 1869, having graduated from Chapel Hill and finished his law schooling, Winston moved to Baltimore, Maryland, where he began practicing law. While attending a cotillion, he met Virginia Beason Miller, the daughter of prominent Pittsburgh attorney, Alexander Hamilton Miller. It is said that Winston proposed to Virginia on the very first night they met. They were married in Pittsburgh, January 5, 1870, and the couple



Pittsburgh newspaper praises Patrick Henry Winston, Jr.

moved into Alexander Miller's home. Winston practiced law with his new father-in-law.

Winston and Virginia started a family, and their first son, Patrick Henry Winston III, was born in Pittsburgh but, sadly, died five months later. The couple did go on to have nine more children, two of whom were also born in Pittsburgh.

In 1873, Winston and his family moved back to Windsor, North Carolina, where Winston practiced law, as well as purchased and edited a newspaper. His success, prestige and reputation grew: he was elected reading clerk of the state Senate and trustee to the University of North Carolina. Governor Vance appointed him Albemarle Canal director, and he was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention. By the spring of 1882, Winston had returned to North Carolina and moved his family to Winston-Salem to resume his law career.

Winston's father-in-law, Alexander Miller, died in 1887, and there was a horrific and drawn-out 10-year battle over his will that pulled the curtain back on the challenges and family fights behind the scenes. During the month-long court case in May 1897, regarding Miller's will, Colonel Winston was asked why he had left the house of his father-in-law, with whom he was at that time living and practicing law.

It must be apparent to anyone who reads the testimony to this case that there would be but three fates in store for an educated gentleman living in Mr. Miller's house in 1881 and 1882, the insane asylum, the penitentiary or to get drunk. I choose the latter. When I got sober I concluded I had enough and left.

Miller was well aware of Winston's poor choices with economy and left this note with his will's executor in May of 1883:

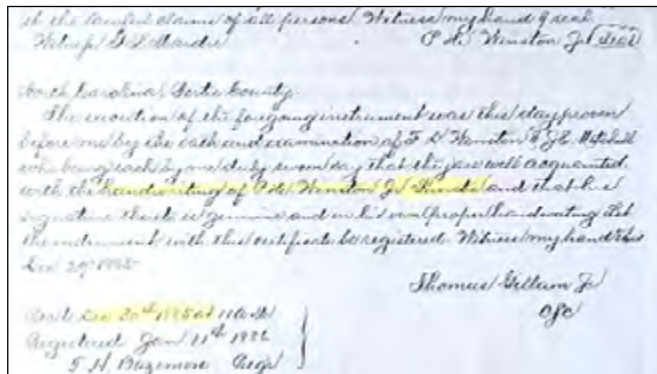
I have no idea that Winston will be alive many years hence. I am satisfied that he will die without leaving a dollar for the support and maintenance of those children. They should not come to want. I expect you to exercise a wholesome discretion."

Miller's will also left his daughter, Virginia, a monthly stipend of \$300 for her and her children only, for the remainder of her life, as he thought Winston unreliable. Alexander Miller had already come to his daughter's financial rescue several times while he was still alive. The court case recorded that Miller had sent the Winstons as much as \$7,000 (about a quarter million dollars in today's money) in the time between Virginia and Winston's marriage and the time of Miller's death.

It's hard to say which were the larger of Winston's problems, or if indeed the mental issues and money challenges went hand in hand. There is at times a whiplash feeling to his mental illness "episodes." For instance, in 1884, President Chester Arthur appointed Winston as registrar of the U.S. Land Office in Lewiston, Idaho Territory. (Arthur had originally given Winston the United States minister position to Switzerland in Zurich, but his wife, Virginia, refused to move there.) Winston started the job in Lewiston in July of 1885. He returned to North Carolina to gather his family, by then six children and one to be born in September, to bring them all back to Lewiston.

Something must have gone amiss while he was

back in North Carolina as a December 1885 land sale signature guarantee clearly illustrates. The land sale had happened 19 years earlier in 1866. We do not know why this land transaction was not completed in 1866, but it was now before the land office in Windsor, Winston's hometown. One of the witnesses to the authenticity of the document was Winston's brother, Judge Francis D. Winston, and Colonel Winston's name confirmation of his identity shockingly reads, "P.H. Winston, Jr. LUNATIC."



P.H. Winston 1885 land deed

This strongly suggests that during his time back home Winston had suffered a descent into his depression. Indeed, he and his family did not return to Lewiston until three months later. Winston then resumed his duties in the land office as well as acting as an attorney in some high-profile cases that earned him accolades and praise in the press. This was his gift: the capacity to rise out of the depth of his depression and function again.

Some of Winston's breakdowns were more serious and longer in duration. The circumstances that led to his 1900 mental hospital census listing was but the tip of the iceberg. As early as 1896, Winston's hard political fight and jam-packed speaking schedule started him on a downward spiral. He had just switched party affiliation again and was strongly campaigning for the senatorial election of his friend and ally, George Turner of Washington. Turner was elected state senator and Winston was elected attorney general. The strain of that campaign and the demand of the legislative sessions as attorney general in Olympia, Washington, combined to be his undoing. By December of 1896, he suffered a complete collapse.

Some of the details of that time are gathered from family records. My father, Winston Norman, who was curious himself about the family history, had long conversations with his grandmother, Virginia Winston, during a trip to Spokane in 1930. He made this note in his journal:

In Olympia, setting out to elect Turner Senator, complains that he does not feel well. Refuses to go to Opera, then breaks down completely. 9 months in Texas. Then to North Carolina. Then sanitarium near Baltimore, nerve specialists.

Winston went first to Texas to recover at the home of his brother, George T. Winston, who was then president of the University of Texas. There were many more stops after that and not all of them are known to me.

However, this headline in the Nov 22nd 1898 *Morning Oregonian* makes clear the long road of treatment and recovery that Winston had been on, and also outed his condition to the public.

Here is the full article and the shocking headline:



WINSTON IS A WRECK:

Sad Condition of Washington's Attorney-General
He is a victim of Melancholia, and Incapacitated from Attending to Business.

SOME MONTHS AGO Patrick Henry Winston attorney-general of the state of Washington, spent several weeks in a Portland sanitarium, but as his friends wished the matter kept from the public ear, *The Oregonian* said nothing on the subject. It seems, however, that this affliction has become too apparent to be kept secret, and the following account of it is published in the *Tacoma Ledger*:

Patrick Henry Winston, state attorney general, for more than a year has been unable to transact the business connected with his office and is a wreck of his former self. Mr. Winston is a victim of melancholia, and it is said that the malady is hereditary.

Shortly after his election as attorney-general of the state the eloquent Patrick Henry began to worry. He complained of lapses of memory, was confined to the house at times, and again was helpless in many particulars. His Spokane friends advised that he be sent East to a specialist, and he accordingly was put on a train and eventually domiciled at different points on the Atlantic coast, where some of the best physicians of the East took charge of the case.

The doctors agreed that the attorney general's malady was curable, that much of his sickness was due to constant brooding over his mental condition, but they assured his friends that an exercise of will power would throw off the blight and make him a well man again.

After a sojourn of several months in the East, Colonel Winston was brought home to Spokane, and was apparently better. He was on the streets, learned to ride a bicycle, participated in bowling and billiard games at the athletic club, and rapidly gained flesh. Most of the time he was accompanied by a nurse, who watched over his patient with solicitude.

His improvement was only temporary, however, and after a brief stay in Spokane, the attorney-general was taken to Portland, where he was placed in a sanitarium for mental diseases. The date of his departure from Spokane is not known, but he certainly was in the Portland sanitarium over three months. Reports as to his condition were flattering, his friends said. They expected he would return home and take up the duties of his office.

One bright day last summer the colonel appeared at the depot in Spokane, this time in the charge of a colored attendant. He was pale and wan, and appeared to be undergoing mental torture. He was taken home and there nursed faithfully by his attendant, also receiving the constant care of a skilled physician.

Again Mr. Winston appeared to rally. He first came down town in the charge of the attendant, and seemed to grow more cheerful, until finally the services of the attendant were dispensed with. He even made an attempt to go to his office and take up the thread of the law business which had been carried on by Alexander Winston, his son. It was of no use. Mr. Winston soon allowed his melancholia to master him, and again was confined to the house, appearing only at intervals.

A personal friend from Spokane, who was in Tacoma a few days ago, says: "Just before I left Spokane I saw Mr. Winston waiting for a [street]car. He was feeble and haggard. One of his children was with him, guiding him to the car, and the father seemed to depend entirely upon the judgment of the child as to which car to take, seemingly having forgotten the distinguishing sign."

Mr. Winston's case is curable. If he were taken away from all his associates, into an entirely strange land, and not permitted to dwell on his troubles, he would eventually shake off his lethargy which has undermined his constitution, and return a comparatively well man. He has a naturally strong constitution, and his mentality, as is well known by the people of Washington, is vigorous when he is in health, but he broods over his troubles, believes he is getting worse, and is actually growing worse as the days roll by. In his present condition Mr. Winston is incapable of doing work of any kind. Transaction of law business is out of the question, and he is compelled to turn over the business of the state to the assistant attorney-general Vance—and also his son, Alexander Winston. The latter is a bright young man, and a hard worker. Like his father, he is aggressive and persistent.

He has personally conducted no cases for 18 months. Those actions which have borne his name have either been pushed by his son or gotten up at the instance of friends among the attorneys.

No man could have better care at home than Mr. Winston. His family is devoted to him, watching over every movement, accompanying him on his walks, constantly striving to rouse him from his melancholia. He is better and worse by turns. For days he will be confined to the house; again he will appear on the streets, painfully picking his way up and down Riverside avenue, and engaging in conversation with his friends.

Invariably, the attorney-general turns the conversation to his physical condition, and as often the listener attempts to turn the conversation to other channels. No one in Spokane believes his malady is incurable, but it is common knowledge that he has failed to fill the duties of his office for nearly two years, and will not be in condition during the life of the present state administration to actively prosecute the law business of the state of Washington. He has personally conducted no cases for 18 months. Those actions which have borne his name have either been pushed by his son or gotten up at the instance of friends among the attorneys.

He has attempted absolutely no private law business for nearly two years, although Winston & Winston, the firm name on the office door where he is supposed to be in health, has not wanted for cases. As was said before, his son conducts all these cases and prepares them alone.

Patrick Henry Winston was elected attorney-general two years ago. He was nominated as a silver Republican on the Fusion ticket, and made a strong canvass, defeating E.W. Ross, of Castle Rock. Prior to the campaign of 1896, Mr. Winston had been a strong Republican, but he allied himself with the silver movement after the St. Louis convention.

During the senatorial contest he was one of Turner's most successful lieutenants. An attempt was made to secure legislative instructions to Mr. Winston which would compel him to reside in Olympia, but he successfully combated this movement. He declared he would reside only in Spokane.

Assistant Attorney-General Vance has remained in charge of the office at Olympia, attending to all legal business of the state.

In the time that followed his breakdown in 1898, Winston's health was tenuous for a long stretch of time and the news of it reached back to his native North Carolina and was reported in the *Elizabeth City, North Carolina* newspaper in May of 1899:

P.H. Winston, Jr., a native of Windsor, N.C., now a prominent citizen of the State of Washington, was the smartest boy we ever knew, and would have been the smartest man, had not broken health and



The last known photo of Patrick Henry Winston taken in August 1903, with his daughter (my grandmother), Maria Ellis Winston Norman and granddaughter, Virginia Norman. Spokane, Washington.

nerves checked his career and assigned him with a seat in the synagogue of life midway just betwixt distinction and greatness.



Patrick Henry Winston, circa 1903. Loon Lake, Washington

However it occurred, Winston subsequently “recovered,” and after his 1900 stint in the Baltimore sanitarium, was able to resume his law practice back in Spokane. In late 1903 he started his own publication, *Winston’s Weekly*, which today would be likened to a blog. In it Winston recounted his philosophy, experiences,

and reminisces of his early North Carolina and Southern boyhood. At the same time, he is listed as a practicing attorney in the 1904 Spokane city directory.

The Spokane newspaper noted that when Winston returned to Spokane after his mental health treatments, “he had taken no active part in politics since, save for a slight interest in the last senatorial campaign. At the time of his death, he is said to be not a member of ANY political party.”

His brother Robert said of brother Patrick’s political and occupational background, “But his name is not remembered from the places he held. Office seemed but to lessen his fame. An open life, great-heartedness, never-failing wit, these gifts set him apart.”

Patrick Henry Winston died at home of heart failure on April 3, 1904, at the age of 56. The announcement of his sudden death was a shock everywhere. The obituaries were numerous and profuse. Here is one from a Seattle newspaper:

A noted state politician passed to the “great beyond” last Sunday when Patrick Henry Winston breathed his last at his home in Spokane. Mr. Winston was the political “character” of this section of the country. He had repeatedly held high positions in both the Republican and Fusion parties,

and at the time of his death was publishing one of the best weekly papers in the state. He said some funny things, he said some true things, and he said some cutting things, all of which the politicians of this state will have reason to remember for years to come. Mr. Winston was a North Carolinian by birth, and served in the Confederate army. Since the reconstruction days he has for the most part been a Republican.

The North Carolina state website says of him, “He was the sort of man who enjoyed embracing lost causes and relished the fight.”

Winston’s biggest fight was to stay out of the darkest depths of his mental illness. However, it seems clear that Colonel Winston’s mental challenges did not inhibit his talents. He was even known to joke about it at times. He told the Spokane reporters in 1903, “I graduated from the Populist party into the insane asylum into the Republican party, but now belong to the ‘dominant party,’ whatever that may be.”

Patrick’s brothers, George and Robert Winston wondered how it came to be that Patrick was so inclined with fits of depression.

George and I discussed old times, we talked of Father and Mother and of our kinfolk. Perhaps we were a family with a disproportion of intellectual activity, he suggested. It was his opinion that if Brother Pat had been reared in an atmosphere of intellectual freedom—where criticism and independence were tolerated—he would have accomplished something.

Patrick Henry Winston, despite his history of depression, was able to lead a full and creative life. He was recognized everywhere as a man of exceptional talent and natural gifts. The juxtaposition of Winston’s depression with his creative and witty mind seemingly endowed him the gift of keen insight and heartfelt wisdom. Perhaps, as fellow depression sufferer and talented poet, Lord Byron, called it, his melancholy was his “fearful gift.”

I think it was best summed up by Colonel Winston’s grandson, my father, who wrote in his 1930 journal that Winston’s roots were clear signs, perhaps not of insanity, but more specifically, of his eccentric brilliance.



Chris took a DNA test in 2016 to further her genealogy research and discovered that she had been donor conceived. She now researches all three of her parental lines - including the relative in this story. Tracing her new paternal roots in Virginia, North Carolina, England and Wales has been exhilarating.

Chris is currently chair of the Sahyun Book Committee and a member of the SBCGS Board.

Giving Advice to Pearl Chase

By Bob Bason

IT WAS 50 YEARS AGO this year that UCSB, led by Chancellor Vernon Cheadle, honored the “first lady” of Santa Barbara, Pearl Chase, with the naming of a special garden overlooking the campus lagoon. It was an appropriate honor, for she was, with Tom Storke and others, one of the prominent leaders in the city to help create the new campus of the University of California on the old Marine base. Moreover, she was credited with having cemented the post-earthquake architecture of Santa Barbara itself as “Mission Style” (or pseudo-Spanish) - through her Plans and Planting Committee. She had also used her power, her time and her money to create, encourage, dominate and badger countless other organizations and ideas popping up around “her town.” She had recently led the fight to block the construction of two 10-story condominiums on the square block where the Alice Keck Park Memorial Gardens (the “Park Park”) now stands, defeating the likes of Louis Lancaster and Rube Irvin, Santa Barbara’s preeminent bankers.

I had heard about her, of course, since coming to Santa Barbara in late 1969. She was a dynamo, a force to be reckoned with. If Pearl Chase called (and she called everyone constantly), you just stood and saluted. You did not argue with Miss Chase. You took directions.

Thus, when I was recruited to UCSB in mid-1972 (after the Chase Garden party) by then-Executive Vice Chancellor John Snyder, to be the new Director of Development for the campus, I was very soon called to Chancellor Vernon Cheadle’s office and given personal instructions to go visit Miss Pearl Chase at her home on Garden Street to receive her annual gift of \$10,000 to the campus.

I was a young go-getter at the time, only 31, wet behind the ears, but I thought of myself as something of a charitable giving expert since I had recently taken a class on the tax law changes in the 1969 Tax Reform Act. Miss Chase was now almost 84, a veteran of community organization and a relentless fighter for her causes, someone who took no prisoners. She had seen my kind a dozen times before.

I dressed in my best three-piece suit (with the matching vest) and presented myself at her home and was ushered into her presence. She was shorter than I expected, a little stocky, with a full head of white hair. I introduced myself, hoping that we might have some get-to-know-you conversation. But that was not to be. It was all business.



Chancellor Vernon Cheadle with Pearl Chase

“Thank you for coming,” she said. “For my annual gift this year, I am going to sell some shares of stock and send you my usual check for \$10,000.”

My recently-trained ears perked up and, without thinking, I said: “Miss Chase, may I give you some advice on that gift-er, rather some information?”

She seemed dumb struck at the thought and stared at me.

I immediately went on to explain that if she sold the stock, she would have to pay the capital gains tax on the sale, which could amount to as much as 30%. If, however, she gave us the stock, she would get the full \$10,000 value for her charitable contribution and avoid the capital gains tax completely.

Miss Chase may have been in her 80s, but she was as sharp as a tack. She got it immediately. Instead of arguing with me, she picked up her phone and called her attorney (I am quite sure it was someone at Price, Postel and Parma, and it may well have been Frank Price himself). After asking whether my information was correct, it was a one-sided conversation, with Miss Price giving the listener a tongue-lashing for having not given her this information previously and having squandered her money. The original stocks arrived some days later at UCSB.

To the best of my memory, I never met with Miss Chase again. She passed away in 1979, having been memorialized by the Santa Barbara historian, Walker Tompkins as the person who “did more to beautify her adopted home town of Santa Barbara than any other individual.”



Grandma Bason's Buttermilk Pancakes

By Bob Bason

WHEN WE GOT MARRIED, I asked my new wife, Carol, if she would make me some pancakes like the ones my mom used to make. They were thin, almost like a crepe. With butter and maple syrup or homemade strawberry jam, they were a big hit on a cold wintery morning back in those long-ago days of Iowa in the 1940s. Carol asked my mother, Violet Eleanor (Benshoof) Bason, for the recipe. My mother said it was a little of this and a little of that. So, my wife had to experiment over and over until she got it just right.

The final written recipe has been passed around in the family for two generations now, including an emergency phone call recently from Vermont on a snowy morning when our granddaughter desperately needed "Great-Grandma's buttermilk pancake recipe."

This recipe is for only two people. For guests, we use the full quart of buttermilk. For the whole family, we double it again. Carol tells me that she has recently cut the baking powder and soda amounts in half for even better, thinner, pancakes. ENJOY!



Bob Bason cooking buttermilk pancakes in Santa Barbara in 2021.



Bob Bason with his mother, Violet (Benshoof) Bason, in Iowa in 1949, when he was growing up on buttermilk pancakes.



IN CELEBRATION of our 50th anniversary, the SBCGS will be creating a new recipe book sharing recipes by our members. Keep posted for updates and details on how you can be part of this project!



In Remembrance



The Society would like to honor the members who we lost in 2021.



MARGERY BARAGONA

Margery Baragona, born at Santa Barbara's Cottage Hospital November 1930, died August 2021. An active realtor in Santa Barbara for more than two decades, Margery was renowned for gathering her wide circle of friends and family for festive occasions. An avid reader, she enjoyed writing, having published nearly three dozen

of her memories of Old Santa Barbara in *Ancestors West*. Margery rests with Anthony, her husband of more than a half-century. She is survived by her husband Jim Wilson, sons Marc, Paul, Matt, seven grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. She is greatly missed.



JOAN JACOBS

Joan was born in Chicago, Illinois in 1937 and passed away in Santa Barbara in July, 2021. Joan had over 40 first-cousins sprinkled throughout Illinois and Wisconsin. She attended Cornell College in Iowa for two years until meeting Robert (Bob) Jacobs. They married in 1957 and had one daughter, Rebecca. Joan became the

main breadwinner of the family, supporting the family as a librarian while Bob was in medical school.

The family moved to Santa Barbara in 1974 where Bob began the first undergraduate pharmacology program in the U.S. at UCSB. Joan also worked at UCSB in the Marine Sciences Department and Polymer Institute in the Physics Department.

Joan was an active volunteer and philanthropist. She co-chaired the Planned Parenthood Book Fair in the 1970s, and she was active in the Faculty Women's Club at UCSB. She served on the board of the Santa Barbara County Genealogy Society, and on the board of the Santa Barbara Symphony League. She and Bob were passionate patrons of the arts.

Joan truly found her voice through literature and writing classes she first took through Santa Barbara City College's Adult Education programs, and continued through Vistas Lifelong Learning. She found a particular passion for poetry, and was published in several anthologies. She also self-published a collection of her poems, *Verses and Images*.

Joan is survived by her daughter Rebecca Roling and son-in-law Mark Roling and several nieces and nephews.



SHEILA MACAVOY BLOCK

Long-time member, Sheila Marie MacAvoy was born in Queens County, New York, on March 31, 1931, and died September 22, 2021, in Santa Barbara.

Sheila attended parochial schools and then graduated from Queens College of the City University of New York in 1952.

Marriage to William Gibbons, home-making, and raising three children followed. In 1976, Sheila graduated from St. John's School of Law and was admitted to the bar in New York and later California after moving to the West Coast. She began her 18-year tenure at Northrop Grumman in 1977 as Assistant Secretary and was ultimately appointed to the Board of Directors as Senior Vice President and Corporate Secretary.

Retirement in 1995 led to relocation to Santa Barbara where she lived with her husband of 20 years, Robert Block. Sheila pursued several interests during this time, serving as President of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, as volunteer docent at the Santa Barbara Botanic Garden and later on the Casa Serena Board of Directors. An avid traveler and sailor, she adventured with Robert until his death in 2013. Throughout this time Sheila also wrote several short stories and memoirs, some selected for publication in collections.

Sheila leaves behind her three children, two step-children and numerous grandchildren.



CHARLES ARTHUR WALWORTH

Long-time member, Charles Arthur Walworth, Charlie to us, passed away on September 13, 2021. He was 89 years old.

Charlie was born in Charleston, West Virginia, in 1931. After graduating Phi Beta Kappa from Cornell University in 1953, he entered the U.S. Army Finance Corps

and later attended Harvard Business School. He lived and worked as an accountant in San Francisco, New York City, and Nashville, Tennessee. He retired in 1994, and he and his wife moved to Santa Barbara in 2005. Charlie is survived by his wife of 49 years, Patricia Ann McDonald Walworth; two sons, three step-daughters; 15 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren.

Upon moving to Santa Barbara, he became active in the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society. He served for many years on the finance committee at SBCGS. Charlie enjoyed genealogy, tracing his ancestry to Miles Standish of the Mayflower. He discovered that his parents, unbeknownst to them, were eighth cousins. He shared these and other stories in *Ancestors West*.



1950s PHOTO EXHIBIT

SUBMIT YOUR PHOTOS NOW!

Submit a 1950s photo (or two) from your family collection along with information or memory about the photo.



1952 - When I was 4, my older half-sister Shirley was 19 when she traveled to Germany by herself to visit our Uncle and Aunt, Orville and Ruth Bathe. Orville worked for the State Department, or so we thought. Shirley's boyfriend, Jim, also happened to be serving in the Army, stationed in Germany. Shirley did stay with our uncle and aunt and also married Jim; they had a daughter and returned to the United States in 1955 at the end of Jim's tour of duty. I have memories of waiting with my mom on the tarmac at LAX to Sherry Jim, and my new niece walked down the airplane stairs to meet us. As a side note, many years later, when our uncle retired, he revealed that he was a CIA agent and Germany was one of his assignments. -Karen Ransdell



Submit:

1. Printed copy of photo (If you live out of town please email photo and info)
2. Typed and printed memory of photo
3. Include your name & contact info
4. Bring to Sahyun library- in person, by mail, or arrange for pick up

This exhibit will be displayed during the 1950s census party at Sahyun Library!

Sahyun Library: 316 Castillo St,
 Santa Barbara, CA 93101
Open hours: Tue & Thu 10-4pm
Email: Info@sbgen.org

Upcoming Events

Wednesday, March 16, 1 PM: "Let's Chat about the 1950s"

Friday, April 1: 1950 Census released!

Sunday, April 24, 10 AM-4 PM: Sahyun Party celebrating the 1950s

Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated February 2022

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

Manuscripts

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

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

Images

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

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 website.

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THE CENSUS IS COMING!
THE CENSUS IS COMING!

SEND YOUR CENSUS DISCOVERIES for publication in our next issue of *Ancestors West*. If you did not find anything of interest, you know any family history is welcome.

The **deadline for submissions is May 1st, 2022**. Be sure to read the guidelines on the inside back cover of this edition for details.