



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Summer 2023 Vol. 48, No.2



*Love and Marriage...Go Together
Like a "Horseless" Carriage*

Love Stories, Weddings, and Cars

My Parents' Romance

A Road Trip, Early 1900s Style

Gramps and His Vehicles



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

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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.

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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."



Kristin Ingalls aka Chubby Cheeks

FROM THE EDITOR

Kristin Ingalls
antkap@cox.net



Ingalls family c. 1920. Nellie and Charles Ingalls and sons, Curtis and Herbert (my father)

THE THEME OF THIS ISSUE of *Ancestors West* was initially love stories. Every family has them.

Then we had a delightful visit from the Ford car club, and we decided to invite folks to share their car stories. Guess what? All the car stories were love stories. We have a pile of people who love their cars. They name them, they remember details about the engines, the chassis, the horsepower. They may not remember where they left their car keys 10 minutes ago, but they sure can tell you about that first car. Better yet, they find a spouse who also loves cars – and that is a love story of another dimension.

Why do so many people pose in front of their automobile when taking a photo? Of the few photos I have of my childhood, several have the Ingalls kids standing in front of a car. Our cars were not polished to a high sheen; they were not fancy, expensive or impressive in any way. In fact, it looks as though the family car in the photo of my sibs and me has a dented fender.



Ingalls kids c. 1952

Why were we posed in front of this beat up old car? I suppose it is because, as country kids, what else of interest would we stand in front of? A haystack, the chicken coop, the outhouse? (Yes, we had one.) But, city or country, you just cannot deny that vehicles and people were often paired together in photos.

Why? To find out, I asked Professor Google, of course. Amazingly, Dr. Google had almost no clue. The one article I did find suggested that automobiles were a symbol of prosperity and freedom. Pride of ownership is often reflected in the type of car we choose. I confess, I do not get that. I want something reliable with four wheels and doors and windows that work so I can go to the market, take the cat to the vet, and load plants in the trunk. My dear friend, Frank, however, will only drive Peugeots or Saabs. Stick shifts only – and he lived in San Francisco! Hills with a stick shift? Incomprehensible.

One thing is certain, auto ownership dramatically changed the world. No longer reliant on covered wagons, stage coaches, trains, boats, or, the first mode of transportation, our own feet, the world opened up. And off we drove!

I have to wonder: which came first, the car or the gas station? Where did those adventurous travelers refuel their gas tanks? How many miles could they drive on gallon of gas? Did autos use the same type of fuel that farm vehicles did? What about oil and spark plugs and new carburetors? Did the tires need air? What happened when you got a flat tire while driving through the wilderness? And water – how often would you need to fill your radiator? Were headlights adequate for night driving? Did cars come with owner’s manuals? What about repairs? Who did them? Did auto dealers open up repair shops like they have now? Were there warranties on new cars? Did you need a driving license to drive a car? Who made the laws about speed limits, right-of-way, and when were stop signs used? How old did you need to be to drive a car? What happened to all the buggies that were used before? And the horses – were they kept, rehomed, or ?? How did cross-country travelers book hotel rooms in advance? Were there detailed roadmaps like we have now?

Again, I turned to the font of all knowledge, Professor Google and again, did not find all my answers. But, the answer to gas stations really surprised me: American motorists had been able to pump their own gas at filling stations since 1905; but those were little more than a pump at the curbside. Before that, motorists bought gasoline in cans from places like pharmacies and blacksmith shops and filled up themselves. Pharmacies?

"Good morning, I'm picking up my prescription for laudanum and throw in a gallon of gas."

The questions are endless. So, I shall end this bit of my editorial and jump down the Transportation History Rabbit Hole.

UPCOMING ISSUES AND DEADLINES

AUGUST 1 - Birth stories, naming traditions, farming and ranching stories - find details as you read this issue.

OCTOBER 15 - Witches, graveyards, spooky stories.

YIKES! One of our editors, Mary Jacob, was the first one to get her story to us for the Spring edition. Your Editor-in-Chief was so elated she filed it safely away - and forgot to include it in that issue! Is my face red. Mary, her usual elegant self, has forgiven me. On the bright side, it is a reminder for any of you who have stories about taking a new look at research problems... write a story and send them to us.



Next issue theme suggestion:

NAMING TRADITIONS IN YOUR FAMILY OR CULTURE.

IN THIS COUNTRY WE COMMONLY THINK of a child being given a first name, perhaps a middle name, and the family surname shortly after birth. There once was the tradition of naming the first son after his paternal grandfather; the first girl after her maternal grandmother. However, not all countries or cultures or religions follow these traditions. Did your family change their surname? (NO—officials did NOT change it at Ellis Island, or elsewhere.) I have found a number of folks who switch from first name to middle name on records. One census is Paul Amos Smith; the next Amos Paul Smith. Did you know that Henry David Thoreau was actually named David Henry Thoreau? I wonder how many people have been given “nicknames” by their family, and use that name as well. Might name changes hide someone’s identity? While researching your family, what naming traditions or patterns have you found? Have names helped or hindered your research?

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A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA

The Great House Detective *By Betsy J. Green*

A Very Special Wedding Present

PRESUME THAT THIS was not a surprise gift. The groom had this modest five-room one-story cottage built for his bride at 1426 Bath Street just south of Micheltorena. Their wedding reception in 1889 was held in the home's living room, which was said to be one of the largest of its kind in Santa Barbara. The groom was Henry Patrick Lincoln, and his new wife was Annie Merton Stanwood. Lincoln was a successful banker like his father and brother. The Lincoln family, distant relatives of President Abraham Lincoln, had moved to Santa Barbara from Boston in 1871. The groom's father, Amasa Lincoln, built the Lincoln House hotel. This hotel, now called the Upham Hotel, still stands on the corner of De la Vina and Sola streets.

Henry had grown up in Santa Barbara and graduated from Santa Barbara High School in 1883, along with three other students. He was the valedictorian.

A number of years after the 1889 Lincoln-Stanwood wedding, another Lincoln-Stanwood wedding was held in the living room in 1903 when Annie's sister married Henry's brother. The living room is crowned by a large chandelier.



1426 Bath Street

The home grows up

Members of the Lincoln family lived in this home for almost a century. Henry and Annie had three children. The youngest, Anna, was born in 1904. The family then decided to expand the home by adding a second floor. So, the family moved out during the summer of 1905. They traveled and also stayed at the Potter Hotel for a while. While they were gone, contractors raised the home's roof and added a second floor. Other additions have been made to the home during its 132 years.

A 1908 map shows that the streetcar ran past the house and provided convenient transportation, although the hitching post may indicate that the family also had a horse and carriage. The horse was probably kept around the corner on Micheltorena where there was a livery stable. There was no stable shown on the property on the older maps. (A livery stable rented horses and carriages, and was also a place where people could board their horses.)

An 1892 map shows an outhouse in the backyard. The home predated indoor plumbing. People did not have



Key hole plate

to run outside every time they needed a bathroom break. There was usually a "chamber pot" in the bedroom that the maid would empty when necessary. Often, a bush with fragrant flowers was planted near the outhouse – for obvious reasons.

Perhaps because Henry was a banker, the home has a large safe hidden in a secret room in the home. The safe does not contain money or bottles of whiskey left over from Prohibition.



Sconce

Attention ladies!

The Lincoln's son Warren was featured in the local paper in 1920 when he was 23. 1920 was a leap year, a year when it was socially acceptable for a young woman to propose marriage. The paper listed eight eligible young men in an article called "Santa Barbara Bachelors." The newspaper wrote, "*Warren Lincoln: Young. Regular habits. Eats food, sleeps in bed, rides in automobiles...Owns blonde pompadour which matches light blue eyes. Trips wicked ankle at Recreation Center. Often allowed use of father's automobile...Partial to vamps.*" (A vamp was a term used for flirtatious women.) Warren survived the leap year and later married in 1925.

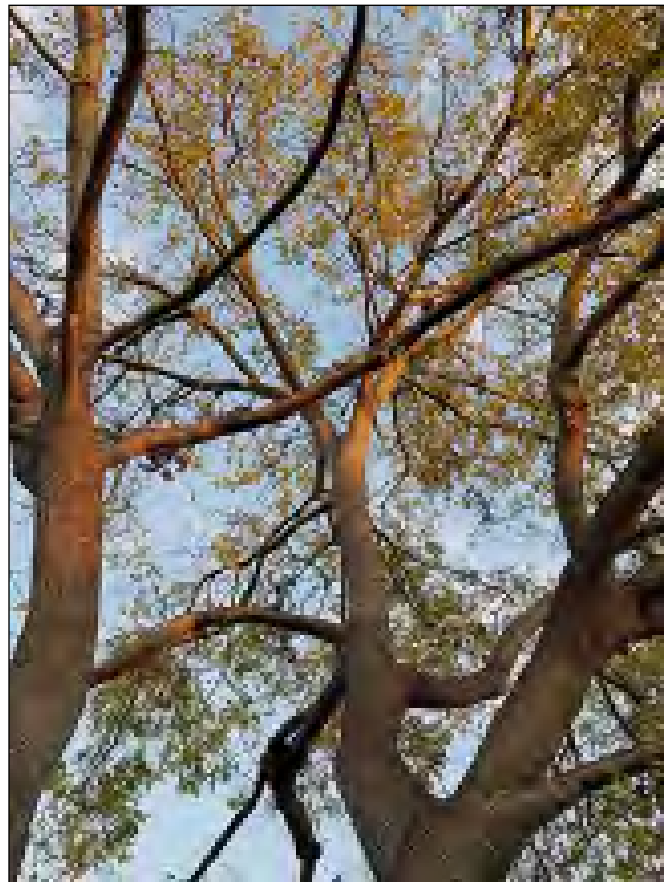
Anna Lincoln lived in the home nearly 80 years. She was active in local theater productions and with the Santa Barbara Historical Society. She married William B. Ellis in 1965. In 1981, she sold the home.

I was happy to see that there is still a hitching post on the parkway in front of the house. Homeowner Nic Scozzaro really enjoys the stone wall that lines the front of the property. He says it's just the right height for sitting, and he often sees people sitting on the wall. His partner Genevieve Fox loves the spacious kitchen that is shaded by an enormous pecan tree planted by Anna Lincoln.

Please do not disturb the residents of 1426 Bath Street.

This article originally appeared in *The Santa Barbara Independent*.

Photos: Betsy J. Green



Pecan tree planted by Anna Lincoln.



HELP WANTED! I am always looking for more houses to write about. If you own a home in Santa Barbara (south of Constance), and built before 1920, I would love to hear from you. You can reach me at author@betsyjgreen.com.

My Parents' Romance

By Cathy Jordan



Wedding of Lola Feely and Murl McDuffie
June 24, 1935

OF COURSE, GROWING UP I never thought about my parents as being romantic. They were clearly fond of each other, but I suppose I took that for granted and never questioned it much. They were typical of the 1950s – he worked, and she was a stay-at-home mom. My father was Murl McDuffie, known all his life as “Mac,” and my mother was Lola Feely. I was an only child who often wished for a sibling and other times was happy not to have one!

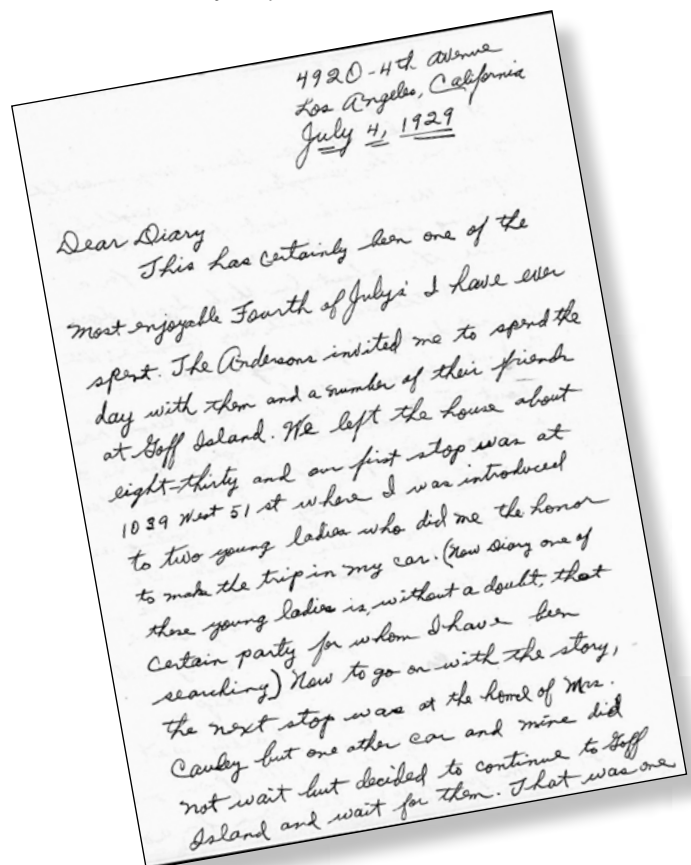
It wasn't until both were gone and I was cleaning out their things that I stumbled across my father's love letters to my mother all tied up with the proverbial pink ribbon. I eagerly read them, blushing a bit as they were intimate but certainly not explicit. No, I felt at times I was intruding on their lives. Later, I reasoned that they wouldn't have minded too much.

The major discovery for me was how they met. I learned that they met on a blind date! On July 4, 1929, a blind date was arranged by a mutual friend, Florence Anderson, for my mother and father to meet. They went on a traditional Fourth of July picnic with others to Goff Island, near Laguna Beach, California. A year later, my father was to write an account of the meeting as if it were an entry in his diary. Reading the letter gave me a glimpse of how infatuated he was.

The letter reads:

This has certainly been one of the most enjoyable Fourth of Julys' I have ever spent. The Andersons invited me to spend the day with them and a number of their friends at Goff Island. We left the house about eight-thirty and our first stop was at 1039 West 51st [in Los Angeles] where I was introduced to two young ladies who did me the honor to make the trip in my car. (Now Diary one of these young ladies is without a doubt that certain party for whom I have been searching) Now to go on with the story, the next stop was at the home of Mrs. Cauley but one other car and mine did not wait but decided to continue to Goff Island and wait for them. That was one more race believe me but we made it in short order and without mishap.

We played, talked, ate, played, went for a swim, talked and helped shoot some fire works before returning home very late. This day shall always be another reason for me to rejoice for I have met the sweetest and best girl in the world. Now if she will permit it I am going to see her often and perhaps she will learn to care for me. If anything like that should happen I would be some happy believe me. Guess that would be more than my share of good luck but one can always hope.



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Goff Island, Laguna Beach, 1920s



My father in dark suit and mother right in front of him



1930, Murl McDuffie and his first car, a 1927 Chevy



When not doing genealogy, Cathy's contributions to the Society are: volunteer librarian, Ancestors West editor, past Membership Chair, and she has taught a number of genealogy classes. Her retirement hours are full indeed!

New, Used and Borrowed

By Melinda Yamane Crawford

WHEN I THINK OF hand-me-down clothes, it conjures up images of an older sibling's everyday clothing items being passed down and worn by a younger sibling. However, my own such imaginings don't usually include special occasion events.

Last week, I had the honor of interviewing Mary Yee Young for our genealogical society's upcoming Asian American Pacific Islander Heritage Month exhibit which will open on May 7, 2023.

Ninety-two-year-old Mary gifted me with colorful stories about her personal experiences in Santa Barbara's Chinatown in the 1930s to 1940s. Her first interview with me consisted of some of her earliest memories through her early career days. Here's one of Mary's stories:

Growing up, Mary lived in a second-floor apartment on Santa Barbara Street with her paternal grandfather, father, uncle, aunt, brother, and two sisters. In the small two-bedroom apartment, Mary's aunt and her two sisters occupied one room, and her male relatives the other. There was only one chest with four drawers in Mary's shared space, and each of the four female occupants was assigned one drawer to store all of her clothes.

Being the youngest female in her family, Mary wore only hand-me-downs. For her Santa Barbara High School (SBHS) commencement, she wore the same dress that her oldest sister Ella (SBHS Class of 1944) first wore to her own commencement, followed by her older sister Jessie Yee (SBHS Class of 1946), and lastly by Mary herself (SBHS Class of 1949). I empathized with Mary when she said how she hated that dress.

ELLA YEE QUEN

A perfectly charming personality is that of tiny, dark-haired Ella. She is sweet and gracious and intelligent. She plans to be a nurse. Her natural traits should take her far in this field.

Ella Yee (SBHS Class of 1944)



YEE, JESSIE. After graduation Jessie really should be a secretary because she is so capable. While attending school this athletic senior girl was active in the GAA, Big "S" and the Red Cross AWVS.

Jessie Yee (SBHS Class of 1946)



MARY YEE

Little and cute is this friendly girl who has been a member of Tri-Hi-Y, Scholarship Society, Deputy Force, G.A.A., and Big "S." Stanford University will probably claim Mary and she'll be a success, as her fine record as a Seal-bearer can prove.

Mary Yee (SBHS Class of 1949)

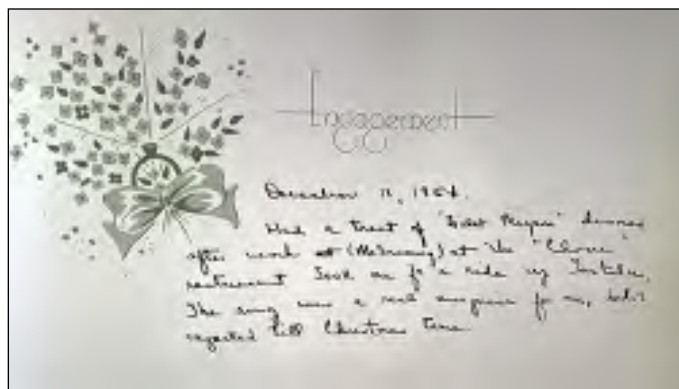


Richard and Juliette (Umeno) Yamane (Feb 12, 1955)

While I still had Mary's story on my mind, I began going through my mom's wedding memorabilia. In her bride's book, my mom described how my dad proposed to her:

December 11, 1954

Had a treat of "Filet Mignon" dinner after work (McInerney) at the "Clover" restaurant. Took me for a ride up "Tantalus." The ring was a real surprise for me, hadn't expected till Christmas.



Richard & Juliette (Umeno) Yamane's Engagement (Dec 11, 1954)

My parents, Richard Mikio Yamane and Juliette Natsuyo Umeno, were married on February 12, 1955, at Makiki Christian Church in Honolulu, Hawaii. The bride wore a gown of beautiful ivory satin.

Similar to Mary Yee's high school commencement dress, my mom was the third bride to wear the same gown. Her future sister-in-law by marriage, Gertrude Miyuki Higashimura, was the first to wear it when she married my dad's younger brother, Shigeki Yamane, on June 10, 1950, in Honolulu, Hawaii.

Between Gertrude and Shigeki's wedding in 1950 and her own in 1955, yet another bride wore the same ivory satin gown: Hazel Kazue Yamane, my dad's younger sister. Hazel married Kenneth Moriyoshi Miyake in May 1951.

As I look forward to more interviews with Mary and others in preparation for the upcoming exhibit to be held during Asian American and Pacific Islander Heritage Month in May 2023, it is with honor and joy that I have the special opportunity to capture and highlight this introductory exhibit story for others to also enjoy.



Kenneth & Hazel (Yamane) Miyake (May 1951)



Shigeki and Gertrude (Higashimura) Yamane (June 10, 1950)



Melinda Yamane Crawford is a Southern California native and has been a UC Santa Barbara Human Resources manager for the last 22 years. Melinda currently serves as a co-leader for the upcoming Asian American Exhibit in May 2023 and as a volunteer librarian at the Sahyun Library. She has been conducting family history research since 2002. SB-CGS 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.

Love and Marriage...Go Together Like a "Horseless" Carriage...

By Susan Ham and Sheryl Roberts

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER, John Crosier (1844-1928) opened an auto sales and garage business in Oklahoma in 1912. It was reported to be the first in the state. It was a large building in the town of Granite, Greer County, and made of - what else - local granite. His only grandchild, our grandfather, Roy Crosier Burke (1885-1985), worked there as a mechanic and later managed the business for the time it was owned by the family. They allegedly sold 50 Model T Fords the first year. Roy gained quite a reputation for being "a fine mechanic."

Young Roy became a widower at age 25. His first wife, Olive, died suddenly in her last stages of pregnancy in 1911.

Apparently, Roy was thought of as "quite a catch" by some of the marriageable women of the small town. Sometime after Olive's death, Roy became interested in Marie York, the local telephone operator. At a time when few had a phone, you went to the telephone office to make a call, and it was there he met Marie when she helped him make the sad phone call to Olive's family after her death.

Marie was a transplanted "northerner," a little older, a career woman, and dressed in fine style. The few photos of her show her penchant for large fancy hats. At first, she wanted nothing to do with a mechanic, or what would later be termed a "grease monkey." But Roy persisted and courted her anyway.

Finally, Marie accepted his marriage proposal. She was, after all, pushing 30. In 1913, they eloped to the county seat at Hobart, Oklahoma, to be married. The newspaper article on the event specifically stated they went "by automobile." That must have been an unusual thing to have earned mention by the reporter.

The family story is that Roy borrowed a new Model T Ford from his grandfather's stock for the occasion. In our over-active imaginations, 110 years later, we can just picture prim Marie in a high collared dress and holding on to her large hat as they rumbled down a dusty, rural Oklahoma road.

They arrived late in the day and only a judge was available to marry them. Marie would have none of that, and insisted on a minister. Someone found one at his home and he came to the courthouse to tie the



Roy at the garage, the Granite Motor Works



Grandfather, Roy Crosier Burke

knot. The newlyweds drove back to Granite to start their lives together. Marie, still with her independent spirit, learned to drive a 1910 roadster at a time when it was highly unusual for a woman to do so.

Marie and Roy had two sons and a daughter while they lived in Oklahoma, and later another daughter born in Missouri. Very little documentation has survived over the years. When we (my sister, Sheryl Roberts, and I) started our family research, we contacted our cousin, Linda Burke Vaio, asking if she had anything from her father that we might be able to use. To our pleasure, she sent an envelope of photos and papers with some explanatory notes written by her father, who was Roy and Marie's youngest son. Among them was a photo of the Granite Automobile Works, our grandfather Roy at work there, and the only known photograph of great-great-grandfather Crosier.

In 1920, the Crosiers left the auto business and relocated in Buffalo, Missouri, where John farmed. Grandson Roy and his little family followed in 1921. Marie and our mother, just three years old, took the train; Roy and the two boys drove a 490 Chevy Touring Car. (An early American automobile made between 1915 and 1922 and priced at \$490.) All the possessions they could fit in the little car went with them. However, outside of Buffalo, the car broke down and the mechanic and his kids had to be towed the rest of the way...possibly by horse or mule?

Roy continued to work as a mechanic for the rest of his working days. Their two sons both had careers in the automotive business.



Marie York at switchboard

Love Rises Like the Phoenix

By Susan Ham and Sheryl Roberts

THE 1904 WORLD'S FAIR in St. Louis, Missouri, was such an exciting event that entire railroad trains were devoted to taking visitors to the fair. As a special treat, Mary Eliza and Lewis Sullivan put all of their six children, ages 9 to 21, on one of those trains out of Wichita, Kansas, on October 9, 1904, to enjoy the wonders of the world's latest and greatest progress.

Mary Eliza Bowen Sullivan was my grandmother's aunt. She was the sister of my grandmother's father, Charles Wesley Bowen. In 1878, she married Lewis Sullivan in Cedar Vale, Kansas, where they made their home for the rest of their lives. They were highly regarded in the community for "...the time and energy to help build and improve the little community...". Lewis was well-known in the Midwest for raising award-winning cattle and horses. Mary was busy raising children in their large white farm house. They had eight children, two of whom died before age seven.

With the oldest two, young ladies of 19 and 21, in charge, Lewis and Mary must have felt that this special trip would be well chaperoned and safe. But that wasn't to be.

After boarding the train and as night fell, the Sullivan's slept in or lying down on their seats. At 4 a.m. on the morning of October 10, three miles east of Warrensburg, Missouri, speeding Missouri Pacific trains, one passenger and one freight, crashed in a head-on collision. At these high speeds the force of the crash caused the passenger train's cars to telescope into each other and the front car immediately filled with scalding steam and hot water. At the time it was one of the nation's worst train disasters. Twenty-nine persons were killed immediately and at least 60 were injured, some of whom later died.

The two oldest Sullivan girls, Nellie and Dollie, had left their seats to go to the restroom in the front end of the car. Rescuers found both thrown out of the train and in a "death stupor." Dollie soon died and Nellie died that afternoon in a hospital. Lillian, 9, and Neal, 13, were lying on their seats at the moment of the crash and escaped injury other than breathing in "deadly vapors." Harvey was thrown from his seat and badly bruised, and later in forcing the door, cut his hands severely. Susie, 16, was "thrown headlong into the aisle and before she could struggle to her feet was trampled by the struggling mass." Her body was badly bruised but "probably not seriously."

Two days after the wreck, a special jury determined that the cause was a sleeping crew on the freight train. They were charged with criminal negligence. Two of the train's brakemen were arrested and charged with stealing money from the dead at the scene of the wreck. (October 11, 1904, *Wichita Daily Eagle*, and *Wikipedia*.)



Sullivan home in 1904

THE LOVE STORY?

Yes, there is a love story in this terrible tragedy. Susie was rescued from the trampling mob by a man named Francis Marion Cunningham of West Virginia. He himself was very badly injured, his face and hands being scalded and lacerated.

A few years after the wreck, "FM," as he was called, visited Susie and her remaining family in Cedar Vale. They fell in love and married December 18, 1907. Susie was a little over 19 and "FM" was 32 years old. They raised five children together, all of them having long lives. "FM" lived to be almost 88 years old, dying in 1963. Susie lived to be 84, dying in 1972 in Cedar Vale where she grew up. They were married 56 years.



Francis Marion Cunningham



Susan Ham

Sisters Susan Ham and Sheryl Roberts jumped headlong into family history in 2019 to "finish" what their late mother had started in the 80s. It's a team effort with Sheryl's skills at internet research and Susan's writing to make it come alive. It's been a most rewarding journey and isn't over yet. Sheryl lives in Ventura and Susan lives in Goleta.



Sheryl Roberts

Falling in Love During Difficult Times

By Holly Snyder

MEET MIYE TACHIHARA OTA and her husband Kenji Ota, Japanese American participants in the Society's Santa Barbara County Asian American and Pacific Islander Exhibit.

Miye Tachihara and her family were taken to the internment camp in Gila River, Arizona, where she met her future husband. Miye grew up in the Guadalupe/Santa Maria area, and Kenji Ota was from Lompoc. As a sneak preview, here is how they met and eventually fell in love — in Miye's own words.



Kenji Ota and Miye Tachihara Ota

The following is excerpted from the *Santa Barbara Independent*, December 12, 2020**

Even though the electricity had not yet been installed, the young people were able to hold a dance using battery-powered radios. Afterward, when I was walking back home in the pitch dark, I stepped into one of the ditches. But I didn't even hit bottom because Ken[ji] caught me with both hands under my arms and swooped me up. He was a weightlifter and a body-builder. He took me back to my barrack room, where my family stayed.

We were at the camp for a couple of years, and Kenji kept showing up at my front door. My sister, Hama, would say, "Kenji is here." I'd answer, "Him again?!" Hahahaha. He was five years younger than me, and I would tell him, "Go away. You are too young for me." I was 24 and he was 19 years old. He wasn't old enough

to get married without his parents' consent. But he was persistent. Poor guy. "Never give up," you know, was the motto he taught everybody.

Sometimes we went to my mess hall, and sometimes we went to his mess hall. And one time at the mess hall, he went over to the next table to help cut an older lady's food because he could see her struggling with it. His thoughtfulness and kindness won me over, and I accepted him as my boyfriend. He was observant, and he noticed if somebody needed help.

Some men wanted to date me, but they were told, "She is taken." That was Kenji. He was persistent. Maybe it was because of his experience as a quarterback on his football team at Lompoc High School. He was always calling the plays. He also played basketball, baseball, and shotput, and he was outstanding in all of them. It taught him to focus and go for his goals relentlessly.

At first, I did not spend a lot of time with Sensei [Kenji], but eventually we started going to dances together. I did kiss him in the camp. He was holding my hand. I said, "Give me a kiss." He said, "I don't know how." I said, "I don't know either."

** *Pearl Harbor Aftermath: A Memoir* by Miye Ota, by Miye Tachihara Ota, 2020 <https://www.independent.com/2020/12/09/pearl-harbor-aftermath-a-memoir-by-miye-ota/>



Holly Snyder is a Santa Barbara native. She lived all over California before moving back to Santa Barbara about eight years ago. She is a former elementary school teacher and now a librarian. For the past four years, she has worked for the Santa Barbara Public Library, and currently is the Cataloging Librarian for the Gledhill Library.

Currently, Holly volunteers at the Society as the Outreach Committee Chair, library volunteer, and helps the IT Committee and Library Committee. Holly recently formed an exhibit planning committee to put together the new Santa Barbara County Asian American and Pacific Islander Historical Exhibit that will be opening on May 7, 2023, at the Sahyun Library.

Hannah Hollett: Lost and Found

By Mary Jacob

LOST HANNAH HOLLETT shortly after my cousin-by-marriage, Martha Hollett, had found Hannah's grave in a rural cemetery in Berrien County, Michigan. The gravestone read, "Hannah wife of T. Hollett died Aug 19, 1863 75 yrs." I grew up knowing my mother's Hollett family were from Michigan, but we could not figure out where the Holletts came from, nor who the parents were of Amos Hollett, my 2nd great-grandfather, who had settled in Berrien County by 1860. We suspected that Hannah might be Amos' mother. If so, we now had a clue that Amos' father was "T." Hollett.

Hollett is a somewhat uncommon name and it is spelled a variety of ways. My inexperience in genealogy research combined with the name's variant spellings led to my losing Hannah. According to the *Dictionary of American Family Names* (2022), Hollett is a variation (perhaps from the Devon area) of the name Howlett that comes from the Middle English personal name Hu(gh)elot, a double diminutive of Hugh Hue formed with the suffixes -el + -ot. Similar surnames include Hulet, Hullett, Hewlett, Hallet and Hallett. On *Ancestry.com* there are 519,000 records for the surname Howlett, but only 55,000 for Hollett. What follows is the story of how I found out who "T." Hollett was and how I lost and found Hannah again by taking a second look.

Armed with the name T. Hollett, I searched the online databases at the Sahyun Library. On *Fold3.com* an index record for a military pension application popped up for Thomas Ireland Hollett that was made by his spouse, Hannah Hollett, based on his service in the War of 1812. After obtaining a copy of the application from the National Archives, I learned that Thomas and Hannah were married in Newburgh, New York, in 1815. I also learned that Hannah's maiden name was Aldrich and that she applied for the pension while living in Plymouth Township, Richland County, Ohio. Now I had to connect this Hannah Hollett who had lived in New York and Ohio to the Hannah Hollett who died in Michigan. I began this endeavor by searching the federal census records.

I found an 1820 census record for Thomas Hollet (note the single "t") in Newburgh, New York, whose household consisted of two boys and one girl, all under the age of nine, and a man and woman in the age range of 26 - 44. Since I could not find an 1830 census record for the Thomas Hollet household in Newburgh, I decided to look for it in Richland County, Ohio. *Ancestry.com* had not indexed the county census records for that year, thus I began examining each page of the census for Plymouth Township. On the ninth page, I found an entry for Thomas Hollet. The ages of the oldest boy and

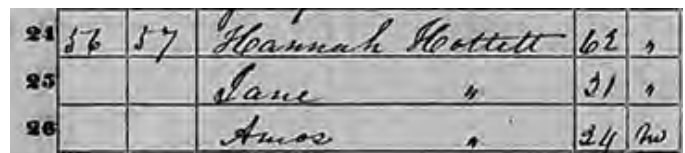
girl in the household and the adults dovetailed with the information about Thomas Hollet's household in New York in 1820. In the decade between censuses three children were added and one boy apparently died. I knew from the pension file that Thomas himself died in 1832.

Now I searched for Hannah in the 1840 census and found Hannah Hollet as head of household still residing in Richland County. She was living with a boy, whose age dovetailed with Amos, and three girls whose ages aligned with the Thomas Hollet household in the 1830 census.

Then I lost Hannah when I looked for her in the 1850 census. She was not in Ohio or in Michigan. I even looked for her in Indiana in my attempts to trace her move from Richland County, Ohio, to Berrien County, Michigan. I decided to skip ahead and look for her in the 1860 census in those three states. No luck. I had an 1860 census record for Amos Hollett in Berrien, Michigan, but no Hannah Hollett was there. I searched using the many variant spellings of the name Hollett, with and without Soundex. No Hannah Hollett turned up, and I gave up. I could not connect the widow Hannah Hollett of Richland, Ohio, with the Hannah, wife of T. Hollett, on the gravestone in Berrien, Michigan.

Several months later, I joined the "Brickwall Seminar" held at the Sahyun Library. When I shared my story about losing Hannah, my classmates urged me to go back and take a second look at the records, specifically the original records, not the indexes produced by *Ancestry*. What excellent advice!

I paged through the actual images of the 1850 census for Cass Township (Plymouth Township's lines had been redrawn), Richland County, and found Hannah Hollett. Hollett was now spelled with two t's.



24	56	57	Hannah Hottlett	62	?
25			Jane	31	?
26			Amos	24	(w)

Original image of 1850 census record for Hannah Hollett's household

In its index, *Ancestry* spelled the name as "Hottell" which was understandable since the census taker ran the line crossing the t's also through the i's.



1850 United States Federal Census	Name	Hannah Hottell
1850s	Birth	New York
View	Residence	1850 Cass, Richland, Ohio, USA

Ancestry's index for the same record

The 1850 census named her son, Amos, and youngest daughter, Jane, who were still living with her. I had now confirmed that the Hannah Hollett of New York and Ohio was the mother of a man named Amos Hollett, but was she the mother of my 3rd great-grandfather who lived in Berrien, Michigan?

I took second look at another record, the original 1860 census record of Amos Hollett's household in Michigan. In addition to his wife and children, the census taker wrote the names of four other people who lived in the household: three men aged 19-31 and a woman, aged 74, named Hannah Hiller.

4	1250	1240	Amos Hollett	35	M	.
5	1257	1222	Mary G.	28	F	.
6			Monette	8	F	.
7			Michael	4	M	.
8			Adoo	2	M	.
9	1241		Hannah Hollett	74	F	.
10	1240		James Phillip	19	M	.
11	1245		William Stokes	37	M	.
12	1257	1244	Nancy Haskins	20	M	.
13	1262	1223	Rebecca Bonds			

Original image of the 1860 census record for Amos Hollett's household

Given the research I had done on Hannah Hollett and her age in previous censuses, I am confident the census taker made a mistake in writing her last name (even

her age). Indeed, the odds of Amos having a woman in her 70s living in his household who was not his mother are very low. Furthermore, I could find no other people named Hiller living in Berrien County in 1860. I am certain I found Hannah Hollett again.

I learned two lessons from taking a second look: 1) always check the original records, and do not rely on indexes of names because transcriptions can contain errors; and 2) always evaluate the "facts" in original records in the context of other information or evidence gathered from your research. Not all "facts" are accurate.

Mary Jacob joined SBCGS in 2016. She is secretary of the Board of Directors of SBCGS and volunteers for projects with the Society's Outreach Committee.



Little Red Wagon, Paradise Mesa Drag Strip, San Diego, summer 1952. The author, age 18, background, far right. Photo credit Don Cox

Ford V-8. Fueled by a mixture of nitromethane and alcohol rather than gasoline, driving it was an entertaining experience. The car was not competitive at the dry lakes where speed was measured at the end of a mile and a quarter, it was 20 miles per hour slower than the competition. However, at the drag races where speed was measured at the end of one-quarter mile, we prevailed, holding the record at the Paradise Mesa Drag Strip in San Diego at 108.23 miles per hour.

The exhaust, of course, was always unmuffled for more horsepower and a glorious

sound. The never-ending search for more power led to constant experimentation with fuel additives. At one race our competitor would have the pit crew shake their car violently at the starting line to make us think they had some new fuel that needed a final mixing. We retaliated by adding a bottle of Mennen After Shave Lotion to our fuel to alter the characteristic eye-watering, nostril-stinging cloud emitted by a nitromethane-fueled engine. The competition was colorful to say the least.

Such were the joys of growing up in Southern California in the early 1950s.

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



My Model A By Jim Wilson

THE VEHICLE DEPICTED in the photo was not my first Model A. The first one was a black 1931 2-door sedan which I acquired from my cousin in trade for a motor scooter. We met, going in opposite directions, on a back country road. Both dissatisfied with our conveyances, we traded. It was a fair trade. I received a car with an inoperable second gear, and he received a motor scooter which would periodically burst into flame when started.

The photo is of my second "Model A," the Cox & Wilson Little Red Wagon, not a vehicle to be driven for transportation on public thoroughfare, but to be raced on the dry lakes and drag strips of Southern California. It was a 1929 roadster body mounted on a 1932 Ford chassis, powered by a modified (hopped-up) 1948

A Road Trip, Early 1900s Style

By Cheryl Jensen

MY GRANDPARENTS, John and Nellie (Bowler) Fitzsimmons, were both born and lived in upstate New York, except for a few years, which were some of the most exciting times of their lives. They twice journeyed across the country. Once in 1913-1914, and again in 1917-1918. On their first trip, John would have been about 24 and Nellie 20. On the second trip, they would have been 28 and 24.

They traveled by automobile at a time when the roads were rough, if they existed at all.

On at least one trip they followed the Lincoln Highway. The Lincoln Highway was created to link cities, which had paved roads, to smaller towns and to the countryside where little paving existed. John and Nellie also veered off the highway to take other back roads across this country and into Canada. A number of times the car broke down and my grandfather would have to repair a tire or hitch a ride to the nearest town to get parts.



John and Nellie on the road

Very few photographs exist from the first trip across country, but apparently they decided to memorialize their second trip with photographs.

In January 1918, photos were taken in Hayward, California, and in February 1918, Nellie was pictured in Oakland, California. Undated photos show John and Nellie camping in Yosemite National Park. They came prepared to camp with portable



Nellie Bowler Fitzsimmons



Nellie at Yosemite National Park camp site

tables and chairs. There are photos at Walnut Creek and San Francisco, California. In May 1919, they made their way down to San Diego where John was photographed on the beach at Coronado. Nellie told of visiting some of the California missions including San Juan Bautista, which at the time was in a ruined state, and of seeing the San Diego mission. They also rumbled across the desert of the southwest on a wood plank road, according to Nellie.



John at Coronado Beach San Diego 1919

When they were low on money, they found jobs. Some jobs may have been arranged before they left home, such as their work in glove factories in San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles. Both John and Nellie worked in leather glove factories back home in New York, and so in Los Angeles, John was hired as a glove cutter, creating ladies long ten-button evening gloves. As with many hometown newspapers that published news of local citizens, John and Nellie's trip west appeared in several newspapers, with short notes about their travels.

Brevities

—Mr and Mrs John Fitzsimmons left yesterday afternoon for San Rafael, Cal.
From the *Morning Herald*,
Gloversville, New York
Thursday, 21 June 1917, page 3.

While in Canada, John and Nellie found work at the Alberta Shoe Manufacturing Company where they were photographed with their co-workers in 1913. They were included in a company's group photo taken at Pitt River, British Columbia, in 1914. On a sheep ranch in Washington state, Nellie worked as a cook for the farm hands, while John worked as a ranch hand. One photo shows John mending fences; another photo is captioned "cutting corn."



Lincoln Highway map
<https://www.lincolnhighwayassoc.org>

Several years ago, my husband Gary and I took a road trip and attempted to find some of the original markers still existing today. As you can see from the photographs, we were successful in our hunt. Perhaps my grandparents looked at the very same markers on their trip that we found on ours.



John and Nellie working on a sheep ranch, Washington state



Sheep ranch, Washington state. Nellie far right, John second from right

The Lincoln Highway website shows the route of the highway, although it was realigned many times to create more direct routes. The route originally was marked with 2,436 concrete markers with the Lincoln Highway logo: a bronze medallion with the head of Abraham Lincoln set on a concrete post with colored arrows indicating the route. Very few markers still remain today. Some markers were relocated, other destroyed when roads were widened or improved, still others are in the hands of museums, private collectors or taken by souvenir hunters.

After their travels, John and Nellie returned home to New York. They lived in various locations in the state, but most of their lives were spent in Gloversville where they continued in the leather glove trade.

My grandmother, Nellie, told me some stories of crossing the country, but of course, I should have asked more questions. I have, at least, their photographs, and John and Nellie had their memories.



Lincoln Highway marker, Iowa



Lincoln medallion on highway marker



Lincoln Highway marker, Nevada



The author with a Lincoln Highway marker



John and Nellie Bowler Fitzsimmons' automobile

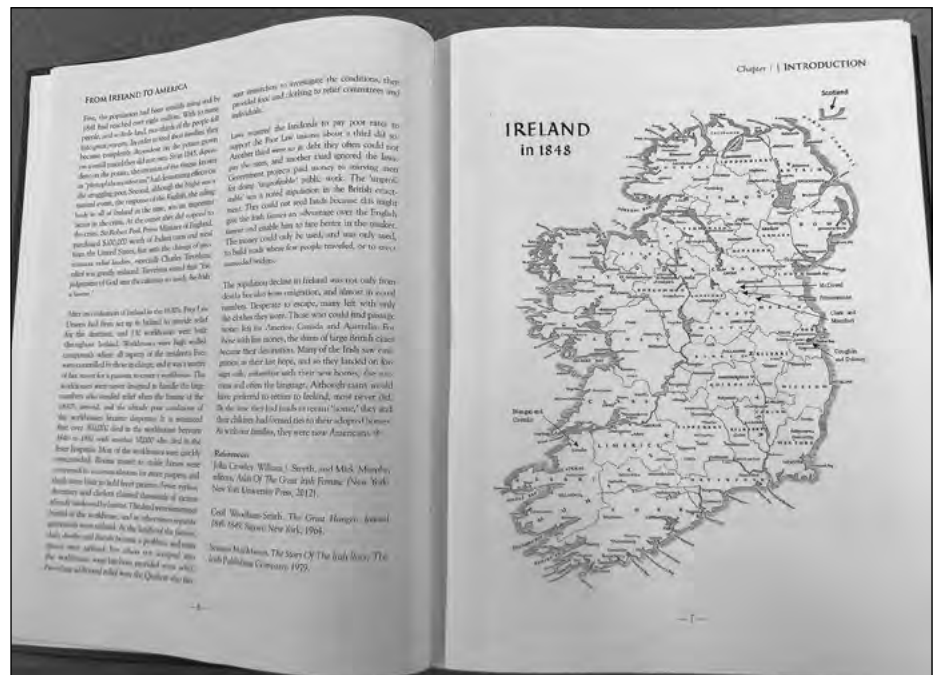
Born in Gloversville, New York, Cheryl moved with her family to San Diego, California, when she was seven. In 1973, she relocated to Santa Barbara with husband Gary. After a career as a landscape architect, Cheryl retired in 2015. She has been doing genealogical research for over 35 years, inspired by stories told by her grandmother. Cheryl has been a member of the SBCGS since 1985 and is a life member. She served as Society President from 1994-1996, and currently volunteers at the Society as the Garden Committee chair.



What Happens To All Your Years of Research?

By Cheryl Jensen

RESEARCH IS MY FAVORITE PART of family history, and that is what I did for the first thirty years of my “genealogy life.” It was never my intention to publish a family history book. I loved the research, the detective element of genealogy. Over the years I had collected binders full of birth, marriage and death documents, newspaper articles, military records, and later saved records on my computer. But as the collection grew, I realized no one else in my family had much interest in all my “stuff.” So, what happens to all your years of research? The answer may not be up to you. I decided that was reason enough to write it up, and so began my journey through publishing.



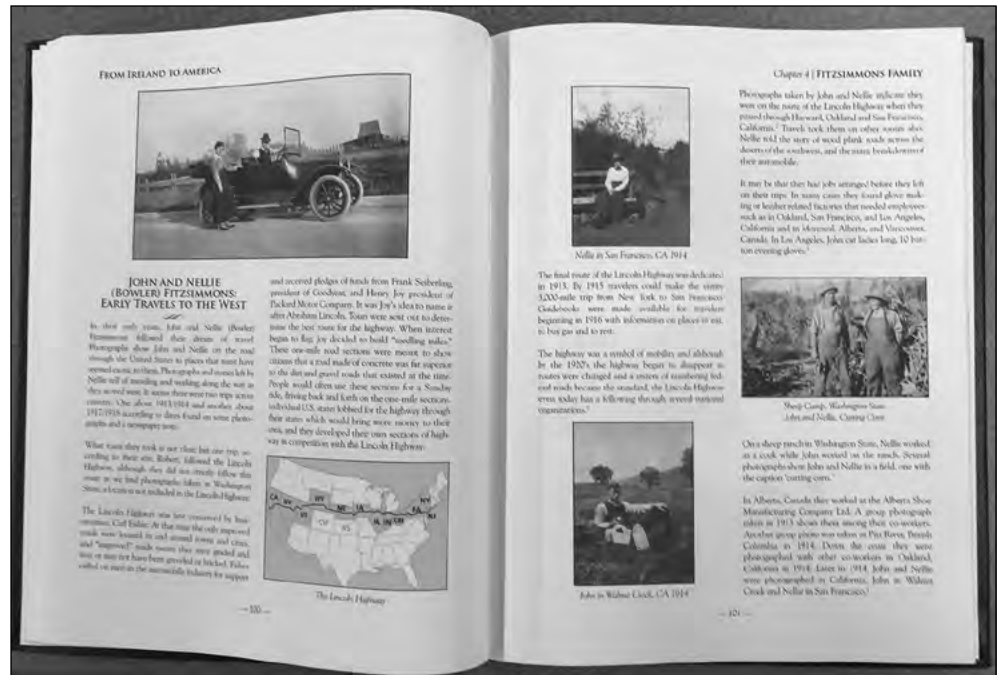
The Journey

The road to a final book seemed daunting, but as with any project, it was one step at a time. I looked at books created by other genealogists and found the most interesting ones included stories and pictures, and not just facts and charts. I wrote a basic outline of what to include, the order of the information to be included. I moved things around as the outline became more detailed and the contents began to fall into place. An outline is essential, I found, in order to have some limiting parameters; otherwise, I realized, this book could get overwhelmingly large. For example, I decided to include the siblings

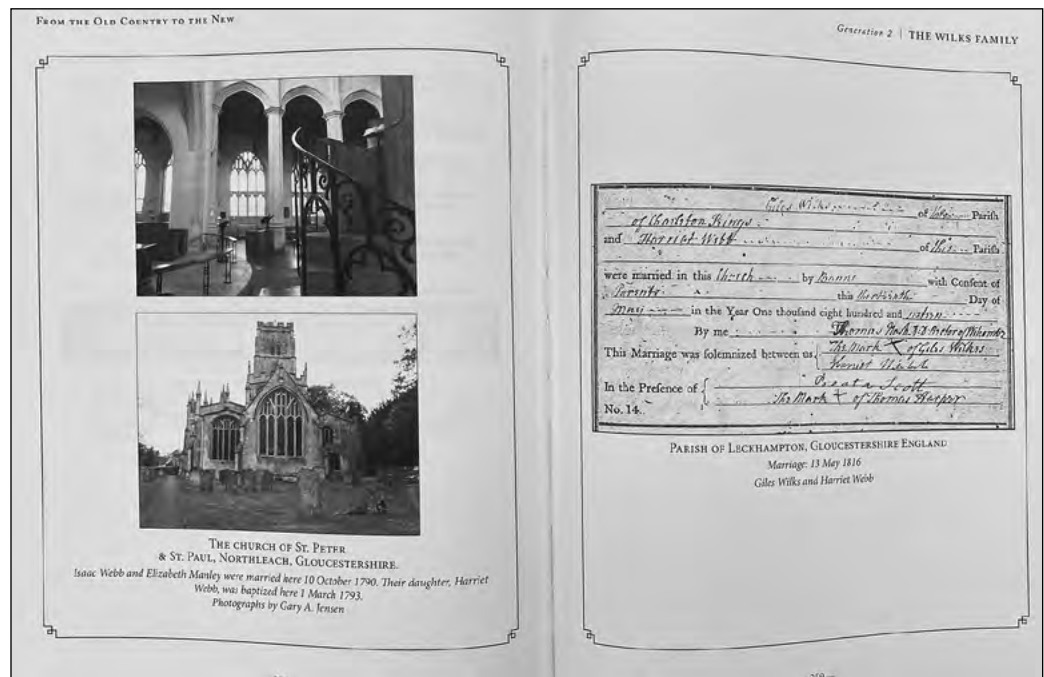
of each of my direct ancestors with their spouses and children, but not their grandchildren, nor their spouses' ancestry, except to name their parents. I followed this guideline until I got to the living family members. Here I wanted to include everyone so that they could see how they fit into the family, thus making it meaningful to them. Even with these limitations, I could see I had too much information for one book and decided to do a book on the ancestry of each of my grandparents.

So, what was my format and what did I include in each book? I included a table of contents, an introduction to the book describing the families in brief, the chapter contents, and maps pertinent to the families. Next came pedigree charts beginning with the subject grandparent. I also included a descendancy chart beginning with the earliest known ancestor with the surname of the grandparent. The following chapters were by family names. These chapters included family group sheets, stories, newspaper articles, obituaries, military information and photographs.

Primary towns and cities where the ancestors lived, occupations, and anything of special interest about a particular family or person were included in another chapter. In the case of my family, the occupation of leather glove making was ubiquitous and so I included



articles pertinent to that occupation and to the locations where it was found. Anything that greatly influenced the family or explained why they emigrated was included.



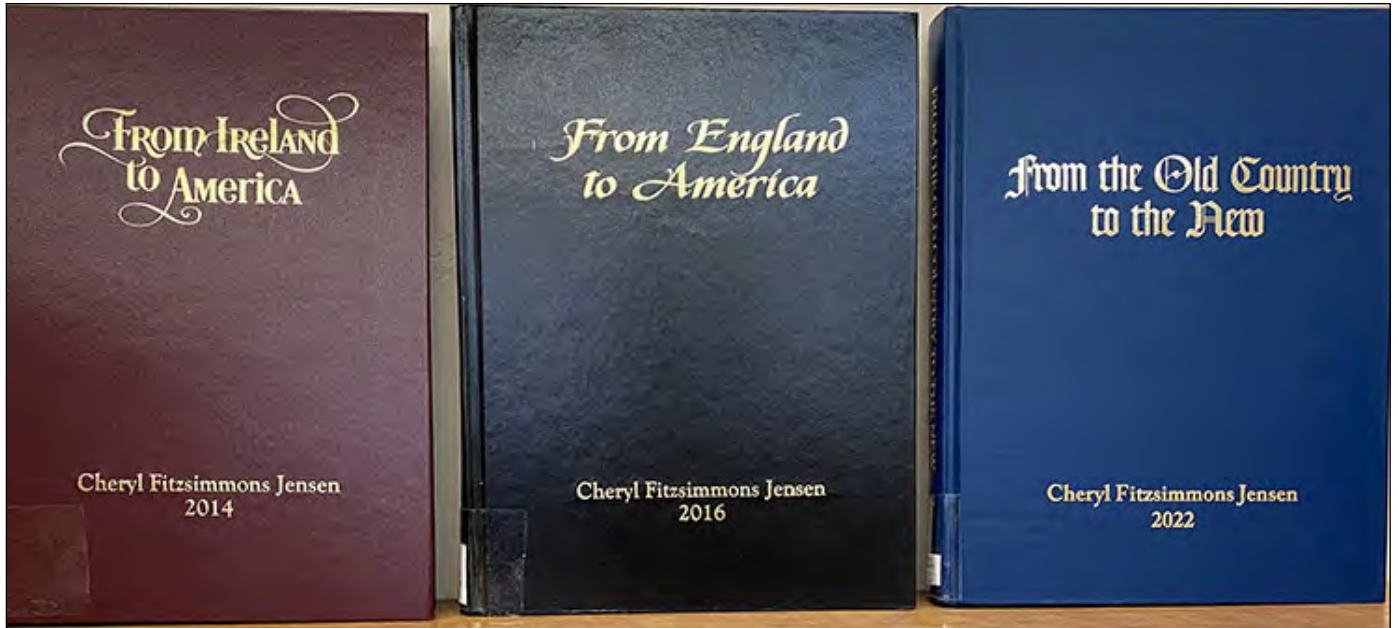
I know genealogists always look for an index and so I included an index of individuals to help the reader navigate through the book more easily. Referencing sources is important, and I gave sources for births, marriages, deaths, military service, migration, and newspapers. When I did not find, for example, a birth record, I used census records to give an approximate date and noted that in my sources.

Publishing

Publishing was something of which I had little knowledge. When I had the book sequence set, checked the facts and references, written stories and selected photographs, I began to look at publishing. I wanted the book to have a professional look with consistent formatting and fonts, and attractive graphics. With this in mind I decided to use a book designer. I was looking for someone who would do some light editing to catch the inevitable typos, help size and place the photos, make font suggestions, set margins correctly for printing, and give the book a professional look. If like most family history books, and it is a short run, a small

number of books, many publishers and printers are not interested. My book designer had used a printing company in Canada who did short runs and would also stitch the book rather than just glue the pages. There also are many other options for printing found online.

Not including the years of research time spent before I began the publishing journey, it took just over a year and a half to organize the book sequence, fill in research gaps, collect and scan photographs, write stories and work with the book designer before the book went to the printer. Book four is now underway and will be the story of my paternal grandmother's family.



The New Pupil: "DO I WAKE HIM UP OR MILK HIM WHERE HE IS?" (Punch, 1930)

Next issue theme suggestion:

FARMING AND RANCHING STORIES

IN 1800, FARMERS MADE UP 90 percent of the American population. Colonial farmers were typically able to produce everything they needed for their survival including food, clothing, house furnishings, and farm implements. Today, it is less than 2 percent. Most of us have had farming in our family history. Probably not if your family lived in Greenland or Iceland. Were your ancestors farmers when they emigrated, continuing that way of life here? Or like some of mine: factory workers who never became successful farmers. Women's roles on farms can be unusual. Many worked alongside the men in the fields, assisting harvest or calving and lambing seasons. I am sure we ALL have stories of farming and ranching. Please share them!

Gramps and His Vehicles

By Wendel Hans

MY GRANDFATHER, Joseph Randolph Newman “Gramps,” loved mechanical things. Born into a Blue Creek, Ohio, horse racing family in 1882, he became a railroad engineer and drove steam and diesel passenger trains between Salt Lake City, Utah, and Denver, Colorado.

He earned his engineer credentials driving 2-8-0 Consolidation locomotives. In November of 1908 he drove engine #1152 on a qualifying run between Thistle and Helper, Utah. Thistle was a railroad-built town on the Salt Lake City side of the 7470-foot-high Soldier Summit Mountain. The railroad built several facilities in Thistle to service and prepare trains for the change in grade and curvature of the line. The town of Helper is named for the extra engines historically required to help trains up the steep 4% grade.



1908. Denver and Rio Grande locomotive #1152

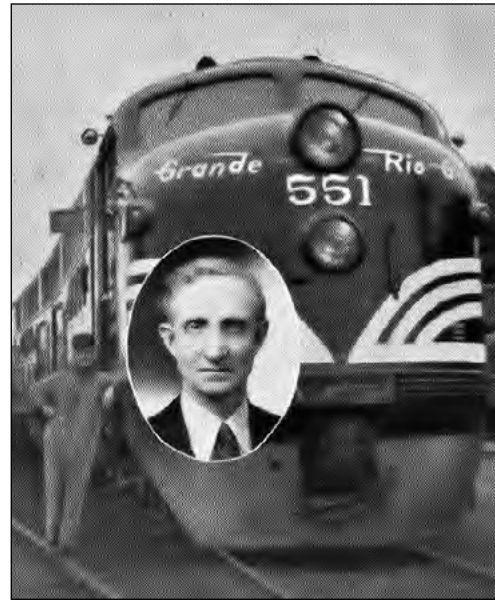


1933. My grandfather, the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad engineer, served in the Utah legislature. Source: *Deseret News*

In 1940, Gramps drove a 3604 locomotive, known as a “Malley.” These were the biggest and most powerful locomotives in the steam age. They could haul six passenger cars over Soldier Summit without the aid of helper engines.



1940. The “Malley”



1946. Locomotive #551

By 1946, as railroads switched from steam to diesel-electric locomotives. Gramps got first choice and was driving #551 on the passenger route from Salt Lake City to Denver through the new Moffat Tunnel route.

Gramps loved cars. From the family album kept by his daughter, Marjorie E. Newman Hans (my mother), I found numerous photos of Gramps and his cars.

Gramps wife, Estella, was only 28 when she and her year-old son, Douglas, and an unborn child passed away December 10, 1918, during the Spanish Flu pandemic. My mother, Marjorie, was raised by her mother’s sisters in Covington, Kentucky.

Gramps had Fords, Overlands*, and at least one Nash. He had moved up in locomotive size but he kept driving budget-size economy cars. He never needed a big show-off car. He had already driven the biggest, most powerful machines of the age on the Denver & Rio Grande railroad.

Jay, Gramps’ son, returned from the army after WWII, and was known to drink heavily. Eventually he “straightened out his act.” Jay became a fireman on

Denver & Rio Grande diesel locomotives, then an engineer in the age of Amtrak. Jay preferred Chrysler cars.

Gramps retired in 1951. He relocated to Tucson, Arizona. His wish was to be buried with the historic gunslingers at Boot Hill. His railroad nickname was “Shotgun Joe.” During his years with the railroad, he had carried a .410 shotgun



1912. Locomotive Engineer's Wife. Estelle Marie "Stella" Feltmann (1889-1918) married locomotive engineer and car owner Joseph Randolph Newman (1882-1963). The wedding was April 27 1915.



1916. Joseph Randall Newman (center) with my grandmother, Estelle Feltmann Newman



May 1918. Grandfather Joseph, son Douglas and daughter Marjorie with the Overland. The boy to the right was probably a neighbor child admiring the automobile



1946. This Ford was wrecked by Gramps' son, Jay R. Newman (1923-1997)



1920. From the album, my mother, Marjorie, as a child at the steering wheel of the Overland; the notation describes the location as the Ohio river



1963. Gramps and his Nash

to defend his train and an ivory handled derringer to defend himself. Against his wishes, his family brought him back to Salt Lake City where he passed away on May 23, 1963.

Car collecting continues through the generations.



1965. Right to left: Marjorie E. Newman Hans, the only surviving child of J.R. Newman and Estelle Feltmann; Wendel J. Hans, Sr. (1915-1997); Wendel J. Hans Jr.; Elizabeth Jane "Janie" Hans; Lessel E. Hans. The old car is my (Wendel Hans, Jr.) 1958 "seafoam" green, Chevrolet Impala convertible.

**Editors Note:*

I was curious about what an Overland was and wanted to share what I found online....

The Overland Touring Car

Overland was one of the most successful early car companies. Founded in 1903 by the Detroit, Michigan, based Willys-Overland Motor Company, the Overland had by 1912 become the second best-selling American car behind Ford. It was more stylish, comfortable, and powerful than a Ford Model T, with a six inch longer wheelbase and 12 more horsepower. It also cost \$345 more.

Price: \$795. The average yearly wage in 1918: \$1,047 per year



1986. My mother's half-brother, Jay Newman, Amtrak engineer, displayed personalized license plates for years. "4TEN" recognized his father's choice of weapons, the .410 shotgun, to defend the passengers and the US Mail from highwaymen, Indians, and robbers who would attack trains in the early 1900s.

Wendel Hans was born at Portland, Oregon, in 1942. He graduated from USCB in 1965. After college he was employed at the Boeing Company in their 747 airplane manufacturing group. Later he started his own business as a self-employed automotive engineer. For the past 30 plus years, Wendel has written biographies, human interest stories, political commentary and technical articles for magazines and newspapers.

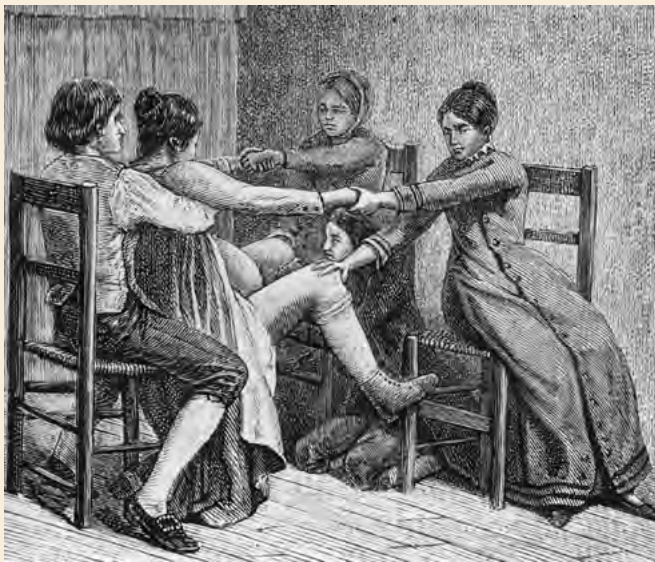


Image from the National Library of Medicine

Next issue theme suggestion: BIRTHING CUSTOMS AND BIRTH STORIES

MY MOM WAS BORN AT HOME with a midwife present. All her children were born in the hospital. In those days, it was not unusual for moms and babies to stay in the hospital for up to two weeks. My grandniece chose to have her children at home with the help of a midwife. Birth stories often include babies given up for adoption or babies given to another family member to raise. What stories have been passed down in your family?

Fred and the Model A's

By Fred Duerner

GUESS MY LOVE OF Model A's began when I was about seven years old and going into third grade in San Francisco. My mother and father were not that well off. My dad was a carpenter with a wife and five boys to support. He built many houses with his dad in San Francisco, where most of my family were born. One day, my mother's grandfather gave her his 1931 Model A Fordor sedan. [Editor's note: "Fordor" is what Henry Ford called four-door sedans.] I remember being driven to school and playing in the backseat with the tassel that hung from the shade on the back window. My younger brother (by two years) wanted to be dropped off a block away from school. I think he was ashamed of coming to school in such an old car. I enjoyed riding and being driven to school in that Model A. In later years, my brother ended up with a very "fancy" car, a Maserati, and I with more than one Model A.

I acquired my first car, a 1935 three-window Ford flat-head V-8 Coupe, before I could drive - at age 14. I also got my second car, a 1931 Model A Standard Coupe, before I got my driver's license. My mom drove it home with me in the passenger seat. I remember that first ride since I thought I was going to fall out onto the pavement below because of the angle of the doors and body, which tapered up from being narrower near the road to wider at the windshield height. That 1931 Model A became an old friend and trusted means of transportation when I finally got my driver's license. By the way, the afore-mentioned brother did fall out of a 1955 Jeep Wagoner, unhurt, while my mom was driving to his third-grade school.

My first two cars cost \$50.00 each. I made the money to buy them by growing vegetables on the family farm in the Natomas area of Sacramento and selling them out of a tractor-pulled wagon. I had fun driving on dirt roads and farm fields. Once, the younger brother drove over a field berm and made my '35 go airborne. By the time I got to high school, I earned my money from Model A's. I searched the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas looking for other Model A's which I would fix up or take apart and sell to people who loved those otherwise-discard-



In one of our barns; foreground, 1928 Ford Model AR Firetruck; background, left to right; 1931 Coupe (police car), 1931 Phaeton, 1880 One-horse Doctor's Buggy.

ed "used cars." I did this before there were many shops, catalogues and outlets that sold replacement parts. Later, as a state lifeguard, I made enough money to buy some "fancy" cars.

Even though during my high school and college days I had a classic 1959 Impala convertible, a brand new 1964 Comet Caliente hardtop, and three or four other vehicles, I still enjoyed the Model A the best. My Maserati brother finally came around and helped me buy a rare 1926 Special Buick Landaulet sedan. Over the years I have owned quite a few Model A's and finally put together a 1931 Model A Deluxe six-wheel Roadster with a rumble seat. I put this sporty A together with parts stored in my dad's barn, having accumulated them over the years. I recall a high school date when, as I was driving a girl home from a night of bowling, the top blew off in a rainstorm. That quickly ended that undertaking. I remember driving the roadster by myself with no one beside me, no one in the rumble seat, with the top and windshield down. More enjoyable than any other car I owned.

Many years and adventures later, I met my wife, Cyndy, in Oxnard. Coincidentally, she had also had a 1931 Model A coupe in high school, thanks to encouragement from an older, hot-rodding brother. When we married in 1968, all I had to offer was a 1966 Volkswagen picked up in Europe, a college degree, a Saint Bernard, a bird of prey, and that 1931 Model A Roadster with the torn-up top. She had a sporty brand new 1967 Malibu hardtop. We sold the Model A for \$1,000 in 1968. Today it would probably be worth around \$30,000.

End of the story? No.



Picture in one of our garages; Model As left to right; 1931 four door Phaeton, 1929 Roadster Pickup with top down, 1928 Fordor sedan



Picture in the same garage, Model A's right to left; 1928 Fordor "blind-back" sedan; 1929 Roadster Pickup; 1931 four door Phaeton

With that \$1,000, Cyndy and I bought the first of many pieces of prime real estate. Our first purchase was a four-unit cottage complex across the street from the beach at Channel Islands Harbor. The purchase price was \$13,000, and we used the \$1,000 for the down payment. We fixed up those four units like I used to do with many dirty old Model A's. Together we built quite an extensive portfolio of and interest in many pieces of residential, agricultural and resort properties. Even now, some of our first residential tenants in those cottages, and early tenants in other of our apartments, beach and farm properties, are still friends of ours. These lifelong friends and their families have stayed in touch over the years.

Our interest in Model A's did not wane but took a backseat to raising two beautiful children, doing missionary work around the world, boating, flying, traveling and generally enjoying the rewards and opportunities of prosperity. After twenty-five years of not owning a Model A, I found a 1931 Model A Phaeton in Los Angeles while traveling to La Jolla to visit our kids. I bought it for Cyndy (yeah, sure!), but she did not quite appreciate the convertible top, lack of windows and all that wind. I could not blame her, based on my past experiences. I had to buy her another Model A which came from Missouri via Ojai, a 1928 Briggs Fordor Blind-back Sedan with, yes, the roll-up windows.

The third Model A Ford, I (excuse me, "we") acquired was almost identical to the first Model A that I had owned. It was a 1931 Coupe that had been used as a police car and, strangely enough, had an old Hollywood High School Parking Permit sticker still on the windshield. Cyndy graduated from Hollywood High about the same year that I had gotten my first Model A. The "new" one was the same color (black) but had a rumble seat that I had always wanted in my original Coupe.

Soon thereafter a fourth Model A, a 1929 Roadster Pickup, just "showed up" on the ranch with a top that goes down (and stays down most of the time). About

this time my wife wondered why we had four Model A's. I think the bug had struck me once again like in my teenage years. Finally, I also had to have a "newly found" 1928 Model AR Firetruck located in Tulsa, Oklahoma, that had belonged to Henry Ford on his 60,000-acre forest properties in the upper peninsula of Michigan. Of course, this classic was needed to "protect" our historic Glen Annie Ranch in Goleta and to provide rides for the kids, big and small.

Now as we approach our early 80's, we enjoy our five growing grandsons, ages eight to twenty-three. I suggested to Cyndy that we could gift a Model A to each one of them individually. When I found our sixth Model A, a 1931 Victoria that has a unique body style, I had to have it. I had always wanted one since my neighbor in Carmichael, California, had one sixty years ago. I told Cyndy that the firetruck did not count in the planned gift giving to the five boys.

When the first boy gets married, we will have a drawing to see which Model A each boy will get as a wedding present, unless they choose to trade with one another. Even though an investment in real estate now-a-days requires a lot more money, especially in the Santa Barbara area, the value of each Model A might help them along with God's provision to do what Cyndy and I did with the help of an old Model A.



Our last Model A in front of Barbara Tellefson's Home in Santa Barbara, 1931 Victoria

Fred and Cyndy are long-time members of the Santa Barbara Chapter of the Model A Ford Club of America. They attend South Coast Church in Goleta and like Proverbs 10:22, Matthew 6:33, Mark 10:29.



Art of the Forest Rangers

By Teresa Newton-Terres



Arthur Streeter is second from left in the front row. Two men to Art's right, in white shirt, is Gifford Pinchot who was visiting the field from Washington D.C. at Yellowstone Timberland Forest Reserve in 1906. USDA Forest Service image, included in the book *THE FOREST SERVICE and THE GREATEST GOOD a Centennial History* by James G. Lewis, 2005. Also, image in *AMERICAN EXPERIENCE, BIG BURN 1910*, PBS film first aired September 7, 2022

Nanny went on to tell me how my grandfather, my Smoke Poppy, was a Forest Service Ranger and how he received this pin. "The whole northern part of the States was on fire," said Nanny. "The fire was so hot that trees were spontaneously combusting." Nanny glanced down and paused.

Nanny looked up into my eyes. "Smoke Poppy told a young lady and her party of two mining engineers not to go into the forest because of the state of the fire hazard. Did the group listen?" Nanny asked.

I said nothing.

"They didn't listen," Nanny said shaking her head. "Next thing everybody knew, the entire forest was on fire."

Overnight the forest combusted around Wallace,

Idaho. My grandfather understood the general direction and destination the mining group had intended to go, so he went in after them. He found them and led them out to safety.

"YOUR SMOKE POPPY was one of the first Forest Service rangers," my grandmother said of my grandfather, Arthur "Art" Streeter. I sat with my grandmother in her small room as she held out a delicate gold and sapphire pin.

Taking the pin, I traced a finger along the square edge of its head, around the inner circles, and to the center's pin-sized blue sapphire.

"Take care of this," said Grandmother Streeter, my Nanny. It wasn't a question, but a responsibility. My heart sank because years earlier she had entrusted to me another trinket and I had vandalized it. Nanny continued, "Art was an agile man." Her eyes lit up as she told me how my grandfather recounted the qualifications to join the Forest Service:

- Accept no real pay
- Have your own gun
- Have your own saddle
- Love the forest
- Be capable of living off the land

Apparently, Smoke Poppy and other men were hired by Gifford Pinchot because lumbermen were cutting through the landscape of the United States. Fearful of a timber famine, the idea of saving the forests led to the National Forest System and a federal forest agency Pinchot spearheaded. The first years were a series of challenges and a literal trial by fire during the Big Burn of 1910.

"It's a stick pin," Nanny said as I held the glimmering faceted sapphire up to the light.



Art Streeter, as a gun slinger on the right, holds a pistol to his friend as they pose for a Wild West photo shoot



Stick Pin Mrs. Eisner gave to Art Streeter for rescuing her from the BIG BURN, 1910

The men had few words, but Mrs. Eisner reported, "It was so hot with fire all around us. We couldn't find a way out. And the men gave up and stopped fighting the fire. I couldn't let them just lie down and die, so I picked up a board and started beating them. And they got back up!"

Nanny chuckled. "The fire or that woman would kill them," she said. "Mrs. Eisner wanted to give your Poppy something to thank him for risking his life. And all she had was this stick pin."



Edna E. Barger, age 14, four miles north of Wallace at Gem, Idaho

"What were you doing during the fire?" I asked.

"Praying," Nanny said.

"Did the fire burn your and Smoke Poppy's home?" I asked. We called him Smoke Poppy because we often found him smoking one of his pipes.

"Heavens no," Nanny said.

I said nothing as I twisted the clasp on and off the end of the pin.

Nanny told me she hadn't met Smoke Poppy yet. At the time of the Big Burn, the summer of

1910, he was almost twenty and she was only twelve. Nanny's family home was saved and Poppy's home was in the forest or a room near the mine he worked in Wallace, Idaho.

As a young man, my grandfather traveled from his birthplace in New York to Montana by train. He worked his way across the country as a "Candy Butcher," selling candy on the train for his passage.

"In Montana," Nanny said, "his grandfather had a silver mine."

"What about the forest service?" I asked.

Nanny smiled. "He worked as a forest ranger during summer months for no pay. The rest of the year, he ran a hoist that drew people up and down into the mines for an agreeable wage. Later, he moved to a mine closer to me," Nanny said, as she handed me an old piece of paper. The letterhead read, Federal Mining & Smelting Co in Wallace Idaho. "It's a letter of recommendation," said Nanny.



Edna E. Barger age 18, High School graduation.

"When we moved, this helped him get a job in California," said Nanny.

The letter was dated April 1919. And across one corner, a handwritten note added, "He returned, October 1919 to 1923." The letter also listed the jobs, equipment, and time frame in each position: hoist engineer, triple plunger pump, oiler, etc.

"Where did you meet Smoke Poppy?" I imagined her being

rescued from a forest fire.

"Two years after the great fire, we lost my father in a mining accident," said Nanny. "That's when I placed my father's image in the locket I gave you."

My heart sank lower with her mention of the locket. I listened in silent shame. Nanny had given me her heart-shaped locket with a tiny picture of her father in it. Later, I removed her father's picture so that I could replace it with my father's and in the process, I lost Nanny's only image of her father.

"My mother ran a soup kitchen to support the family. Poppy came in a lot and liked talking with my mother," began Nanny. "One day he told her, 'I'm going to marry your daughter.'"

"Edna's engaged," Mother told him. "And she must finish high school first."

Nanny placed beside me a green suede journal, a log book, and a bracelet shaped like a snake with red eyes.

"Engagement gifts," she said.

I said nothing because I wanted Nanny to keep her things.

"From Frank Cooper," Nanny said continuing. "Art made me laugh so that soon I had eyes for no other. Later, Frank went to Hollywood and changed his name to Gary Cooper," said Nanny.

Nanny continued to tell me how once she finished high school, she, Edna E. Barger, married Arthur R. Streeter, my Smoke Poppy. Later, through my research, I discovered they were married in Wallace, Idaho, on June 7, 1916. The following year a son was born. Four years later a daughter followed. Then, with Poppy's letter of recommendation in hand, the young family headed west. My grandfather secured a job at Avon Oil Refinery in Contra Costa County, California, where he



Green leather travel log and red-eyed snake bracelet from Frank "Gary" Cooper, her betrothed until Art won her heart



Art Streeter heading into the high country.

stayed until he retired. While they lived in the refinery housing a third child, my mother, was born to them in 1928.

The fire of 1910 was known by several names: the Big Burn, the Big Blowup, the Great Fire of 1910, because it engulfed Montana, Idaho, eastern Washington, and southeast British Columbia. Author Timothy Egan wrote:

On the afternoon of August 20, 1910, a battering ram of wind moved through the drought-stricken national forest...whipping the hundreds of small blazes burning across the forest floor into a roaring inferno. Forest rangers had assembled nearly ten thousand men...to fight the fire. But no living person had seen anything like those flames, and neither the rangers nor anyone else knew how to subdue them.... Equally dramatic is the larger story...of outsized president Teddy Roosevelt and his chief forester, Gifford Pinchot. Pioneering the notion of conservation, Roosevelt

Application for the U.S. Forest Recreation Residence Program, July 29, 1933.

and Pinchot did nothing less than create the idea of public land as our national treasure, owned by and preserved for every citizen."

Eventually, Poppy and Nanny returned to the Stanislaus National Forest in California. He applied for the National Forest Recreational Residence program and promised to invest \$500 in clearing land and building a cabin.

Later my mother, Marian, added threads to the tapestry of Nanny's story. "Our bank had a run on it and we lost all our savings. But we scrounged up the minimum \$100 so that the application could go forward. And within the year we built our cabin." She added that when my Poppy, Art Streeter, retired he held the highest position that someone without a degree could have. Able to out-calculate the engineers, when he retired, his job was divided three ways. Because of his work ethic no one could take on all his work.

In retirement, Art and Edna Streeter spent summers in the forest and winters in the desert, where they took their 16-foot trailer. Smoke Poppy panned for gold, (which he collected but never sold) while Nanny collected rocks.

In recent years, I have grown in my understanding of the devastation of the great fire and especially the town of Wallace, Idaho. Now I realize how close my grandparents were to the epicenter of the big burn's inferno.

The U.S. Forest Service created the Recreation Residence Program as a unique "Cabin in the Woods" pro-

Letter of recommendation



Arthur and Edna Streeter the year of their 44th wedding anniversary, 1960

gram established by Congress in 1915 to facilitate family recreation experiences on our national forests. A cabin and its improvements are the personal property of the owner who pays an annual fee for the use of the national forest land the cabin sits on. Renewable special-use permits are issued for twenty years and come with restrictions and obligations for the use of the land. Currently, there are nearly 14,000 cabins in the program in 114 national forests in 24 states, plus Puerto Rico. (Source: National Forest Homeowners Association, <https://www.nationalforesthomeowners.org>)

July 29, 2023, marks the 90th anniversary of Arthur and Edna's original application for a National Forest Use Permit. Because of that, the Streeter family continues to enjoy the recreational residence they built, still an historical 400 square feet.

Many years have passed since Nanny entrusted me with the blue sapphire pin and the story of the mining group that would have died by fire if not for one of the nation's first forest rangers who rescued them from the Big Burn of 1910. Art and Edna's three children divided Smoke Poppy's gold. My mother made jewelry for each member of her family from hers. I still treasure mine. Although I haven't been able to replace the only photo of my Nanny's father into her heart locket, perhaps with this story I'm preserving a snapshot of his legacy.



Image of locket now author's.



Image of the Streeter cabin, cir 1934

Curiously, my research revealed that the day Art and Edna celebrated their 44th wedding anniversary was the day that my father was lost at sea in a Cold War secret mission, June 7, 1960. With today's perspective, I have a growing respect and honor for our national forests and especially its Cabin in the Woods program. And when we sing "Smokey the Bear," my heart soars to understand the larger story that Smokey the Bear served a need when created in 1944 so that Forest Service rangers were free to fight another battle: WWII. Now we understand that 87% of wildfires are caused by humans and why both Smoke Poppy and Smokey the Bear say, "Only you can prevent forest fires!"

Sources:

- * "The Big Burn: 1910, The American Experience" PBS film (60 min) <https://www.pbs.org/wgbh/americanexperience/films/burn/>
- * National Forest Homeowners Association, <https://www.nationalforesthomeowners.org>
- * *The Forest Service and The Greatest Good*, by James G. Lewis
- * *The Big Burn: Teddy Roosevelt and the Fire that Saved America* by Timothy Egan
- * The author and Streeter Family archives

Teres Newton-Terres, PMP® is an author, advocate and Project Professional. Lately, Teresa is best known as the author of a hot aerospace cold case story, Mystery of the Marie: My Childhood Tragedy that Surfaced a Cold War Secret, the story of her father's disappearance in 1960. Raised on the West Coast, educated in the Midwest, she served students at the University of California at Santa Barbara for ten years before she fell in love with an officer and a gentleman from Little Rock, Arkansas. At that time, her love affair serving projects and project teams began, too. Thus, Teresa's memoir began as a simple treasure hunt project. Teresa feels most alive when she is by the ocean, in the mountains, within view of a river, putting for par, and with her family and grandchildren in Arkansas, California, Florida, Hawaii, Missouri, Ireland, London and Spain connecting a legacy that matters.



Love of History—A Pair of Preservationists

Tom Modungo and Robin Hill Cederlof



As shared with Kristin Ingalls

DID YOU KNOW that Tom Modugno, one of our society members, owns the Santa Cruz Market next to the Sahyun Library? Tom is a man of many talents. In addition to supplying the neighborhood with food, he plays in a rock band called *The*

Nombres and has a passion for history.

If you search online for anything related to Goleta history, you will find Tom's website – *goletahistory.com*. He has been posting interesting and informative articles about Goleta's past since 2014.

Tom was born in the depths of the San Fernando Valley, but fortunately, his parents moved to Goleta in 1963, when he was just a few months old. Tom spent his youth running wild and free through the eucalyptus forests of Ellwood, and the hills, creeks, and beaches of the Gaviota Coast. Gradually, he learned about and started to appreciate these history-rich areas.

As he grew up, Tom was astounded to discover that many longtime locals knew very little about Goleta's interesting past, other than what Walker Tompkins had written in his books.

Goleta History Appears Online

Tom had a popular website, *goletasurfing.com*, and local surfers had given him historic photos of the area. (Editor's note: You MUST visit this website. The photography is stunning.)

Tom started writing about Goleta history on his surfing website, and then created *goletahistory.com*. This website was an instant hit with locals who enjoyed his short, heavily illustrated stories. Tom learned more as he worked on the site, and enthusiastic viewers sent him photos and ideas for future stories, fueling his historic fire. Almost ten years later, Tom still has a long list of future stories in mind.



Goletahistory.com provides a range of important and engaging information about key historical sites and events in the Goleta region. Tom's articles have encouraged residents and visitors to explore and preserve the remaining landmarks, buildings, and historic stories of the community.

In 2015, Tom started a petition to save the Barnsdall Rio Grande filling station at Ellwood. The petition gathered 3,000 signatures and was presented to the Goleta City Council. Tom is also a charter member of a group trying to save the two original hangars at the Santa Barbara airport. Both these efforts are ongoing, and there are many other places and things that Tom continues to defend against the enemy of history known as "Progress."

In November 2022, Tom posted an article, "Saviors of Goleta History." The article begins, "Our local history stays alive through the efforts of individuals and occasionally socially conscious corporations. Certain people can see past the five minutes directly in front of them and realize the value of preserving our past for future generations."

A Farmhouse Rich With History

Next, Tom wrote an article about the work of Robin Hill Cederlof, one of these "Saviors," who is also a member of our society. The article detailed Robin's efforts to purchase and restore the Main-Begg Farmhouse at 5001 Hollister Avenue near Goleta. I have known Robin and her family for 25 years or more through our volunteer work at Stow House. Robin and I met recently to discuss her progress with the farmhouse restoration.

Robin is a 5th generation Goletan. Her family's Goleta history goes back to her 3rd great-grandfather, George Washington Hill (1823-1896). George was born



The Main-Begg Farmhouse, Goleta Valley, 1911

in Virginia and later farmed in Iowa. He heard about land in California, sailed around Cape Horn, and on July 4, 1874, offloaded his belongings in what was then called Goleta Bay, now Goleta Slough. He purchased land from Daniel Hill's (no relation) widow, Rafaella. George, his wife Rhoda, and their children settled down and he began farming lima beans – Goleta's first crop.

Robin's family on both sides has always been active in community activities in Santa Barbara and Goleta. When she was just eight years old, a neighbor in his early teens, Charlie Begg, needed a kidney transplant. The community rallied to raise money to send him to a specialist in Denver, and Robin wanted to help. Her mother, Rose Ann, suggested she saddle up their two horses and give pony rides for 25 cents. Robin did, and raised \$25 – quite a lot of money in those days. Her financial contribution paid off, and Charlie Begg lived until 2018.



Robert and Jane Main, 1921



Robin and Poco 1962

Like many of us, Robin loved old homes and things of the past, even when she was a child. "There is something warm and comforting about old things," says Robin. She always loved horses and all things cowboy. Growing up in the 1960s, Robin saw many Goleta homes and ranches bulldozed to make way for shopping centers and tract homes. That happened with her family's ranch too. Robin's parents, their friends and neighbors worked to save what they could. Her family was among the founding members of the Goleta Valley Historical Society, which has saved and restored the Stow House, the Sexton House, the Goleta Depot, and other sites.

Robin moved to Utah "for a spell," and learned a valuable lesson from older historians: We contribute to history every day, so be a part of it and contribute everywhere you go. With that in mind, her preservation focus shifted to the natural environment – saving open space for the entire community to enjoy.

Robin returned to Goleta in 1999 and became deeply involved with the Goleta Valley Historical Society. She worked together with other dedicated volunteers, became friends with local historians, and her dedication to preservation grew. Recently, Robin worked with the Begg family to save their old family home and its rich history. Yes, that is the same family of Charlie Begg.



Photos of David A. Begg and Carrie Main Begg as young adults
Carrie was the daughter of Robert and Jane Main
David was the son of Peter J. and Jessie Begg. David and Carrie wed in 1911

Her preservation efforts were a resounding success. Robin reached out to some of Goleta's finest historians, including Fermina Murray and Ronald Nye. With help from like-minded professionals in the nonprofit sector, they created the not-for-profit Main-Begg Farmhouse. They acquired ownership of the property in 2019, and in 2020, it was designated a Santa Barbara County Historic Landmark.

I was fortunate to visit the Main-Begg Farmhouse while Robin and her crew were in the planning stages, and I have watched the progress whenever I drive by. The house is now more visible, the gardens are taking shape, but there is more work to be done.

Robin is optimistic that the spirit in our community will continue to keep our local history alive and well. Nodding to the importance of modernization, she knows the importance of preserving the history of our bygone eras for ourselves and for future generations.

You can learn about the history of the house at Tom's website: goletahistory.com.

Visit www.main-beggfarmhouse.org for more information or to arrange a tour. Volunteers are always welcome, and donations are greatly appreciated.

Dad's Adventures in a Model A Ford

By Lou Dartanner

A FEW YEARS AGO, I gathered my family history records together to write the life stories of my parents. One of the items I located on a top closet shelf was my father's (Louis "Louie" Dartanner) old photo album. It contained some pictures of him with a couple of men posing at various scenic spots. The recent SBCGS monthly meeting featuring the Model A Club brought that album to mind, and I wondered whether there might be a Model A involved in my father's photos.

Indeed, there was! I found a series of 17 photos of young men traveling in rural areas. On some photos my father had written notes: "Amarillo Tex 1933," "Great Falls Yellowstone," "Top of Mt Capulin," and "Buffalo Bill Mu[seum]." I put them in geographical order and found they told the story of a travel adventure from Beaumont, Texas, to Great Falls, Montana. My father had written his name and two other names on some of the photos: Allen and Fred, who happened to be car salesmen in Beaumont, Texas, according to the 1930 census.

I thought it would be fun to "join" this expedition by researching these historic sites to get an idea of what these young men in their mid-20s experienced while traveling and camping in their Model A Ford. Since they all lived in Beaumont, Texas, I began the expedition there.

In the late 1800s, Beaumont was an important lumber and rice-milling town. On January 10, 1901, men exploring for oil struck the Lucas Gusher on Spindletop Hill, which exploded with such intensity that nine days later the oil column was still gushing around 100,000 barrels a day. In a matter of days, the petroleum industry was born in Beaumont. My dad's first job was with an oil company.

The travelers probably passed through Houston, approximately a two-hour drive from Beaumont, and continued to Austin, 245 miles from Beaumont. Somewhere along the way, they stopped for supper, shown in the photo my dad labeled "1st cook out." The area around Austin, the state capital, is known as the "Texas Hill Country" of central and south Texas.

From Austin, they likely took Route 20 to San Angelo, driving across the Llano Uplift noted for its wildflowers and Texas live oak trees. On their way to San Angelo, the beautiful scenery called for a lunch break.

San Angelo became a central transportation hub with the construction of railroad lines in 1888. The trio might have visited the historic Santa Fe Train Depot. In the 1900s vast amounts of oil were found in the area, and the city became a regional hub of the oil and gas industry. From San Angelo the travelers would have



1st cook out in Texas

headed north on Highway 9 to Amarillo, their last stop in Texas. The town was first named "Oneida" but soon changed to Amarillo, which means "yellow" in Spanish, for the color of the soil on the nearby banks of Amarillo Creek and the abundant yellow wildflowers. The 1930s brought drought and the Dust Bowl to Amarillo.

Leaving Texas, the trio drove through most of New Mexico, pausing to take a photo at the huge symmetrical cinder cone of an extinct volcano, Mt. Capulin, now a national monument. The mountain rises out of the grasslands to over 8,000 feet and a paved, spiral road leads to the vistas at the top. The volcano is between



Lunch break

55,000 to 62,000 years old. The travelers continued through New Mexico, passing through the Ratón Pass at the border of New Mexico and Colorado. The pass is 7,834 feet high and crosses a line of volcanic mesas, used by both vehicles and the railroad. It is a historically significant landmark on the Santa Fe Trail.

They motored north into Colorado towards the front range of the Rocky Mountains and reached Pikes Peak (14,115 feet). Explorer Zebulon Pike called it the "Highest Peak" in 1806. Later it was called "Pike's Highest Peak," and eventually shortened to Pikes Peak in 1890. In the Colorado Gold Rush of 1859, "Pikes Peak or Bust" was the pioneers' slogan. A postcard found with the photos of the trip reads: "WORLD'S MOST SPECTACULAR AUTO HIGHWAY. A trip up marvelous scenic splendor. The world at your feet. A splendid example of modern engineering."



Great Falls, Allen and Louie

The travelers drove north through Colorado, continuing until they were midway into Wyoming where they visited Hell's Half Acre, a large scarp located west of Casper, Wyoming. The area is characterized by deep ravines, caves, rock formations, alkali and bogs. It has been known as The Devil's Kitchen, The Pits of Hades, and The Baby Grand Canyon. An advertising campaign for Casper ordered thousands of postcards with the name "Devil's Kitchen" on them, but they arrived with "Hell's Half Acre," so Hell it is!

Next, the trio drove their Model A northwest to Sheridan, Wyoming. William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody visited the area in 1894. He and his son-in-law rode to the top of the nearby Bighorn Mountain and were impressed with the spectacular view of the region, rich in resources – except water. The Shoshone River, originally called "Stinking Water" by the Crow, did have the potential for settlement.

In 1895, George Beck, Cody's Wild West show partner and five others formed the Shoshone Land & Irrigation Company and laid out the site for the town of Cody, about 50 miles from the east entrance to Yellowstone and the nation's first national forest (Shoshone). Cody is known for entertainment attractions, a museum, and the Buffalo Bill Center of the West.

Great Falls, Montana was the final stop in this adventure before the trio headed home. There are five waterfalls on the Missouri River at the site of the city of Great Falls. Three of the falls now have hydroelectric dams. The area was part of the Louisiana Purchase in 1803. The



Old Ironsides, March 12th 1932, Lou and Fred



city is at the southern reach of the Laurentide Ice Sheet. These were the last photos taken.

While sorting through the photos in my father's album, I found some that were labeled "Old Ironsides," "March 12th 1932," and "Lou & Fred." The men are bundled up in their greatcoats, posing on various parts of the ship. A motor trip through the Western U.S. was one thing, but to travel to Boston, Massachusetts, was another. I went back to my computer to do more research. I found the ship, *Old Ironsides*, was recommissioned in 1931. Thereafter, it sailed from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on a 90-port tour, stopping at cities along the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts. According to the USS Constitution Museum, the ship was in Beaumont, Texas, from March 8 - 12, 1932. The high temperature for that date was 40 degrees. No trip to Boston required! Weather and ship delivered to Beaumont!



It was quite a challenge to research my father's genealogy, especially when he changed his surname some time in the 1930s. So many brick walls, rabbit holes, and dead ends! But with the help of SBCGS members and facilities, I broke through a few years ago when I found that he was born Louis Partanna. I'll never know why, but through DNA I have found some cousins on the paternal side (common great-grandfather) and we are doing further research on our trees together. I enjoy combining my two favorite hobbies – research and writing – to chronicle my family's stories.

Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated October 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

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Why I Donated to *Ancestors West* By Cathy Jordan

SINCE I JOINED THE SOCIETY in 2009, I have always been captivated and absorbed by the stories I have read in *Ancestors West*. I have discovered possible cousins and learned about other cultures, other immigrant journeys, and others' experiences through reading this publication. I was so motivated that I have served as one of the editorial staff under both editors, Debbie Kaska and Kristin Ingalls.

I began to share stories of my family as time went on. Because it is a beautifully designed and printed publication, I was able to proudly send it to family members in other states, some of whom would never access to it if it were only online. Truthfully, in the beginning, I wrote these stories as much for my own family than anyone else, to document my memories and what I have discovered in my research.

When I was Vice President for Membership from 2014-2018, I met many new people and learned what was important to them and why they wanted to join. They reinforced that a printed *Ancestors West* was a very important benefit of membership.

As printing costs and mailing costs increase, I decided the best way for me to assure that our beautiful, fascinating, educational and unique publication continues to be available in print was to continue to support it financially as much as I am able.

If you feel as I do about the importance of a printed copy of *Ancestors West*, I encourage you to donate whatever amount suits your budget, and become an *Ancestors West* Sponsor. Please note on the donation that it is for "*Ancestors West*." It is only through the support of our members that we have such a wonderful publication, full of information and family stories. It is also only through the support of our members that we can continue to have a beautiful printed copy available.

