



# Ancestors West

*A quarterly publication for the members of the*  
**SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY**  
*Fall 2023 Vol. 48, No.3*

## **Names and Traditions**

Mom's Identity Crisis

Family Tree Seed Planted

The Barlow Road

## **How To**

Everything You Need to Know About Marriage Records

Reasons for Writing

**And Lots More...**





## Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

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

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### Sahyun Genealogy Library

(SBCGS facility)

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Hours: Tuesday, Thursday

10:00 AM–4:00 PM

Sunday 1:00–4:00 PM

Third Saturday 1:00–4:00 PM (Except August)

**Membership:** Benefits include *Tree Tips* monthly newsletter and *Ancestors West* (quarterly publication).

**Active** (individual)–\$40; **Family** (2 same household)–\$60; **Friend**–\$50; **Donor**–\$75; **Patron**–\$150; **Life**–\$1000 (one-time donation)

**Meetings:** Regular monthly meetings are held on the third Saturday of each month except August. Meetings begin at 10:30 a.m. at the First Presbyterian Church, 21 E. Constance Ave. at State Street in Santa Barbara. At 9:30, special interest groups (SIGs) meet that include the following: Writers, JewishGen, DNA, German Ancestry Research, Genealogy and Technology, Italian Roots, French Canadian Genealogy, Civil War, New Member and Beginning Genealogy, and Scandinavian Roots.

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

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

*Ancestors West* is currently published quarterly in February, May, August, November. Articles of family history or of historical nature are welcomed and used as space permits (see inside back cover for submission details). As available, current and back issues are \$6.00 each plus postage. Library subscription to *Ancestors West* is \$20.00 per year. *Ancestors West* is indexed in the **PERiodical Source Index (PERSI)** published by the Allen County Public Library, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

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### **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.”



## FROM THE EDITOR

Kristin Ingalls  
antkap@cox.net

Dear Readers

**A**NOTHER ISSUE OF *Ancestors West* completed! We know you will enjoy reading all the contributions by our members.

Unlike stories about cars, weren't we surprised when we did NOT receive dozens of submissions about your farming families? Perhaps if we had requested stories about tractors...? Teresa Fanucci came to the rescue with her family's farming history. Hers was truly a tale of an immigrant succeeding in his new country.

Our very talented layout editor, Charmien Carrier combined two of our suggested themes into one story: birth stories (14 pounds!!), and naming traditions, dit, dit, dit.

Happily, we do have an interesting selection of tales for you to read. Some of our stories are about the themes of our last issue – love stories and cars. And LOTS more. We hope they entertain, enlighten and inspire you.

Those of us who never miss an episode of *Finding Your Roots*, with Henry Louis Gates, Jr., know his most frequently asked question is, "How does it feel to know that?" or variations, "What does it mean to you to know that?"

And isn't that really what keeps us all searching and researching our family histories? I do not ever remember finding an ancestor and not being moved by his or her life story. Sometimes it is something really banal, like a marriage; sometimes something really horrible, like a murder.

Watching *Finding Your Roots* in February I found I had another new cousin: Angela Davis. As surprised and delighted as I was, Angela looked completely gobsmacked to learn her 10th great-grandfather was none other than the very white Elder William Brewster, who arrived in this country in 1620 aboard the *Mayflower*. I accepted her as a cousin immediately; it appeared it might take her more time to accept me. A few weeks later, another woman of mixed ancestry, Tamera Mowry-Housley, was profoundly amazed when she discovered that she also descends from William Brewster. I have two new cousins!!

Personally, do not feel I am anything special having descended from someone who did something that is now considered remarkable or historic. The best part for me is that his life and times were so well documented. Visiting Plimoth Plantation, now the Plimoth Patuxet Museums, some years ago, the thing I remember most was not that my ancestor is now celebrated as a Pilgrim, but how bloody freezing cold it was in June, and how did those poor people live through those first years? Well, we know many did not. Truth be told, I would have been on the first ship returning home. One of the saddest things I learned about those folks is that Jonathan Brewster, the son of William, always wanted to return to England. Alas, he died before he could. Should Henry Louis Gates ask me how it feels to know that, I would have to reply, "It never stops breaking my heart."



Plimoth Patuxet is a complex of living history museums in Plymouth, Massachusetts founded in 1947, formerly Plimoth Plantation. Photo taken by Kristin Ingalls on her June 2008 trip. Temperature 42°, wind 30 mph.

Once our research turns up something startling, we then have to deal with the REAL story. There is no way to unlearn it or rewind the tape. Taking in a fact that is so outside our expectations can take time to accept and to weave into our family story. I wonder if the further removed in time the ancestor is, the easier it is to accept shocking stories and move on? Has it been so for you?



Replica of the *Mayflower* was sailed from England to Plimoth recently.

I know many of us have had “Graveyard Visiting Vacations.” A name in a book or on a piece of paper does not have the impact that standing at that person’s grave does for me. For you? When visiting the graves of our ancestors, which may lead us to discover facts about their lives, don’t we somehow fold those into our identity? Don’t they become part of us?

My first Graveyard Visit was kind of an accident. On an early research trip to Massachusetts, where many of my colonial ancestors settled, I purchased a large map of Andover and Salem with the homes of all the inhabitants in 1692. It had cute little houses on the map. The houses with black roofs were those involved in the witch scare, along with the name of the family. I was stunned to see many on the map were my ancestors. And guess what? they were the accused AND the accusers! Stay tuned for that saga. Needless to say, to the graveyards I went.

### Graveyard facts:

- A cemetery is land specifically designated as a burial ground.
- A graveyard usually refers to a burial ground within a church yard. The land is consecrated by the church, and in past times, suicides, the unbaptized, lunatics, and those who had been excommunicated were not interred within the church graveyard.
- The oldest gravesites, to date, have recently been uncovered in a cave system in South Africa. *Homo naledi*, an extinct early human, buried their dead and decorated the site over 200,000 years ago.
- It is legal to bury a casket in your own property, except in Indiana, California and Washington. But do be sure you check local zoning laws before you get your shovel out.

- While driving through Vermont and New Hampshire, I saw a number of tiny fenced parcels of land with gravestones. Family cemeteries were not uncommon in rural America throughout the 19th and 20th centuries. Located on family farms, they were usually dedicated to a single family and were largely unregulated. When family land is sold, access to the burial sites is sometimes lost. While some states have laws guaranteeing access to family graves, after a land is sold, many states do not.

As Halloween approaches, what better time to write about witches, graveyards and all things spooky? I’d wager than the majority of our members have taken Graveyard Vacations. What were you expecting to find? What did you find? Surprises, heartbreaks?

What is Halloween without a witch or two, or even a coven? This shameful part of our history has resulted hundreds of books trying to find out one simple question: WHY?

Did you have an ancestor or family member involved in one of the many witch scares throughout history? Or people who were persecuted for their beliefs? I am thinking of the Reformation, the Spanish Inquisition, the religious persecution resulting in the Huguenot and Walloon exodus to England and the Netherlands, the Quakers, those who followed Roger Williams to Rhode Island. The focus for these stories would be of those who came before our current World Wars.

I would love to read a story about someone’s relative who was a Loyalist in the Revolutionary War and had to scamper across the border to Canada, or swim to a Caribbean Island, or just go back to England. What happened to them when they left? Many ethnic groups suffered discrimination and hardship when they immigrated, yet remained and had successful lives.

As always, these are just suggestions to get you started. Get those files out and send your stories to me at [antkap@cox.net](mailto:antkap@cox.net). The deadline is **Halloween! October 31.**

# A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA

## The Great House Detective

By Betsy J. Green

## Rediscovering Rosemary Cottage

### 1821 Anacapa Street

**A** NUMBER OF HOMES and estates in the Santa Barbara area have names. Some are fairly well known, such as *Bellosguardo* or *Casa de la Guerra*. Other names are less familiar, but this month's house at 1821 Anacapa Street has a name that no one seemed to be aware of – including the present owner: *Rosemary Cottage*.

The Colonial Revival style home appears to have been built about 1916, since the house was listed for the first time in the 1917 city directory for Santa Barbara. Colonial Revival homes were popular from about 1880 to 1955. They generally have a center entrance that is accented with a gabled porch supported by round columns.

The first occupant was an older widow named Julie Matthews Hinsdale, whose daughter – Corinne Hinsdale Whitelaw – lived across the street. When Julie passed away in 1918, the local paper mentioned that her home was named *Rosemary Cottage*. Presumably, there were rosemary bushes in the yard. The only



Exterior of 1821 Anacapa Street.



Moran's landscape paintings adorning the walls.

references to the home's name date to 1918, so it's not surprising that the name has remained a mystery for more than 100 years. The home's owner was not aware of the home's name. That was the first discovery. The second discovery came later.

In 1919, the home's most distinguished resident moved in – the landscape artist Thomas Moran and his daughter Ruth. Moran's main home was in East Hampton, New York, and is a National Historic Landmark. Starting about 1916-1917, the 80-year-old Moran and his daughter began spending their winters in Santa Barbara. The first couple of years, they stayed at the Potter Hotel and other places. But about 1919, they bought the home at 1821 Anacapa Street and began spending every winter in *Rosemary Cottage*.

Moran's name is not especially well known today, but he was famous enough when he first arrived here in 1917, that the local paper devoted nine paragraphs to him in an article titled, "Noted Painter of Big Views Arrives; Thomas Moran is Famous for His Canvases of Western Outdoor Wonders." The article ended with a quote from him, "Santa Barbara is the most beautiful city, with its environs, I have seen in all California."

In 1871, Moran had been part of the team that surveyed the Yellowstone region. It's believed that his sketches were a large part of the reason that Yellowstone became the first national park in 1872. His nickname was "Yellowstone Moran."

In 1919, the Santa Barbara Public Library, which doubled as an art museum, exhibited one of his paintings.

The local paper wrote, “The painting is of the Shoshone Falls, Snake River, Idaho, and is considered by connoisseurs, one of the artist’s most important canvases ... The canvas is 6x12 feet, and was painted in 1900 ... The picture has been exhibited in several cities and is now going to the Grand Canyon.”

Some of Moran’s landscape paintings are in the Smithsonian Museum in Washington, D.C., and a couple are in the White House. During President Obama’s administration, Moran’s painting of Wyoming’s Teton Mountains hung in the Oval Office. Moran died in Santa Barbara in 1926 at age 90. He is buried in East Hampton.



One of Moran’s paintings hung in the Oval Office during President Obama’s administration. Courtesy of Pete Souza.



Courtesy of the East Hampton Library, Long Island Collection.



After his death, the house was sold and at least five families moved into and out of this house until 1965. In that year, Berry A. Watson and Mary Loretta Watson purchased the home – for about \$42,000. They raised their large family here, and today one of their sons is happily living in his childhood home. (He asked not to be identified.) His favorite part of the house? The front porch with its pillars and railing. He also has about a dozen copies of Moran’s landscape paintings adorning the walls.

A second discovery came as I was leaving the house. I glanced up and noticed a carved plaque above the door – it showed a few branches of rosemary! The present owner, upon learning that the home was *Rosemary Cottage*, says he is considering planting a rosemary bush, “to honor the past life of the house.”



Credit – Betsy J. Green

Please do not disturb the residents of 1821 Anacapa Street.

This article originally appeared in *The Santa Barbara Independent* on January 21, 2021.



**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](mailto:author@betsyjgreen.com).

# Images from the Farm— California's Central Valley

By Teresa Fanucchi

**M**Y FAMILY—the Fanucchi family—has been farming in the southern part of the San Joaquin Valley, also known as California's Central Valley, for five generations, beginning with my great-grandfather Giovanni Fanucchi, who immigrated to the U.S. from Italy in 1892, when he was 16. After some years working in Buttonwillow, California, for the Miller and Lux company, the largest producer of cattle in California at that time, Giovanni bought 80 acres of land in Bakersfield in 1922 and established his own farming operations. My grandfather Ray was seven years old when the family moved from Buttonwillow to that land in Bakersfield. Nearly 20 years later, he was given an acre of that land as a wedding gift when he married my grandmother Julia. My grandparents built their own house and raised their children there, continuing to farm, even beyond my great-grandfather's death in 1957.

Those original 80 acres are covered in houses today, but the family tradition of professional farming continues. My dad, Carl, was in the right place at the right time and began growing pistachios at the industry's inception in California, circa 1970. He's still at it over 50 years later, now joined by two of his sons, my brothers, Richard and Ron, and three grandsons, Andrew, Stephen and Dominic, who all work in pistachio orchard management.

These photos include images from the first three generations, and all but one are images from the aforementioned family farm in Bakersfield. Note the shift in farm machinery over time, from horse to gasoline powered.

The family lore is that my grandfather, Giovanni Fanucchi, who worked with horses for Miller and Lux, is the one seated on the raised bench above the animals. Stored at his side, and extending several yards up into the air, is the very long whip used to control the team. The name combine comes from the machine's ability

to combine all three stages of harvest: reaping, threshing, and winnowing. A crew of several workers would be needed to keep the operation going, as the just-harvested grain would be bagged by hand as the harvester moved through the field.



1920s, Bakersfield, California. Horse-powered hay mower.

My great-grandfather Giovanni, pictured here, grew alfalfa (hay) to sell and to feed to the draft horses he raised. While it's difficult to see in the photo, the mower had a sickle bar off to the right with scissoring teeth that cut about an 8-foot strip of hay. Note the iron wheels with cleats — a time before widespread use of rubber tires.



May 1923, Bakersfield, California. Ray Fanucchi, my grandfather, age eight, with Brownie the puppy. His brother Ralph, age 19-20, taking a break from cultivating corn, with the help of Kitty the mare, on the family's 80-acre farm.



1914, Buttonwillow, California (Central Valley). Horse/mule-powered combine grain harvester, the Miller and Lux company.





1926, Bakersfield, California. My grandfather Ray (right) with a friend, enjoying grapes from the Fanucchi farm.

I love this photo, which so beautifully depicts the simple delights of farm life, which, of course, is also full of hard work. My grandpa loved eating from his garden — a pleasure that was fostered early in his life. My dad says the variety the boys were eating surely would have been a white wine grape. My great-grandfather had a grape crusher that he and friends and family used to make their own wine. The crusher was passed down to my dad. My parents have had it displayed on their patio for years.



February 1944. Bakersfield, California.

My grandfather Ray with his first child, my dad Carl, on the farm's first tractor, a Case model CC from the 1930s. It had to be started with a hand crank (visible in this photo, resting flush against the side of the tractor in front of the engine). My dad says the tractor came from the manufacturer clad with iron wheels and cleats. He remembers those wheels stored on the old farm for years, until they were finally cut up into scrap. My dad also pointed out the unusual knobby tires on this tractor, a departure from the standard, chevron-patterned tractor tire. He thinks these tires were made for a different type of vehicle. Perhaps this repurposing was related to tire rationing during World War II. The tractor is hooked up to a disc harrow for winter preparation of the field.



Circa 1945, Bakersfield, California. Cotton harvest on the Fanucchi farm.

Cotton pickers are weighing their harvest. My father Carl as a young boy is in the foreground. My dad still has the scale pictured here. Workers would be paid by the pound. My mother, who picked cotton with her family as a young girl, recalled payments of 2-5 cents per pound! Each sack would be weighed, and the harvester was immediately paid in cash. The cotton was then dumped in a cotton trailer and the bag was returned to the picker who often then returned to the field to continue picking. I read various personal accounts, citing the wide range of picking 100-500 pounds of cotton a day, with an average of 200-300 pounds to be the norm.

I am proud to be part of a family with roots in humble, hard-working engagement with the

land.

*Teresa Fanucchi is a SBCGS member and has been working on her family history in fits and starts over the past 20 years. Highlights along the way: a trip to Salt Lake City to do research at the genealogy library with her mom; researching with a new-found cousin, Antonio, in the church archives of her ancestors' village, Tassignano in Lucca, Tuscany.*



# Mom's Identity Crisis

By Gloria Chaney Clements

IN 1975, MY MOTHER, Fern Amelia Anderson Chaney, applied for Social Security benefits, as she was then 63 years old. We were living in California at that time. Fern was born March 13, 1912, to Martin Anderson and Alice Fernelius Anderson, near Eveleth, Minnesota, in a small log cabin that Martin and his cousin, Olaus Vick, built in 1906. It is not known if there was a doctor or midwife or just a female neighbor or relative who may have assisted in this home birth.



This is the cabin where Fern was born in Alice Village, Minnesota.

Fern was employed in her late teens and early twenties before 1935, when Social Security first began. After the birth of her first son in 1935, Fern became a “stay-at-home” mom as was the norm in those days. So, she never got a Social Security number back then. Being eligible for Social Security under spousal Social Security benefits, Fern was able to file for benefits after age 62.

As Social Security requires a birth certificate, Fern had to apply to Minnesota Records to obtain one. You can imagine the surprise she had upon receiving the birth certificate to find that she is not Fern Anderson. She is “Baby” Anderson. Apparently, the birth was registered, but the parents had not yet decided on a name for their baby girl. Her name was never added to the birth record as this young couple, with their two-year old son, Irvin, and their infant daughter, moved hastily from Minnesota back to Martin’s father’s farm in Morrisonville, Wisconsin. Martin’s father, Olav “Ole” Anderson, was very ill and Martin’s help was needed on the Anderson farm. Martin’s father, Ole, passed away in December of 1912 when baby Fern was just an infant.

The birth certificate says that Baby Anderson was born in Alice Village, Minnesota. I have been unsuccessful in finding Alice Village on any maps. I did find that around 1902 or so, the city of Eveleth “annexed former unincorporated communities of Alice Mine Station (in the Alice location south of downtown) and Fayal Township.” My assumption is that this could be “Alice Village.” I don’t know what happened to the cabin. Maybe cousin Olaus became the new owner? Maybe it was sold.

Baby Fern Anderson’s father, Martin, had passed away in 1964, but fortunately her mother Alice was still alive in 1975. Alice was able to attest that Baby Anderson has been known as Fern Amelia Anderson and IS “Baby” Anderson. Alice passed away in 1979. If Alice had no longer been alive in 1975, it would have been difficult at best for Fern to be able to claim her identity, and Social Security benefits. Perhaps through school or church records (hopefully)?



Baby Fern Anderson

Olaus Vick was born in 1871, so there was little chance of him being around in 1975. Alice’s parents had died in 1940 and 1951. All but one of mother Alice’s four siblings were gone by 1975. Alice’s one surviving sibling, Maebelle, lived in Minnesota (age 90 then) and might have been the last possible relative to give attestation, if she had any recollection of that event.

Over two years after the first Social Security application was filed in early 1975, and piles of more government paperwork, “Baby Anderson” aka Fern Amelia Anderson Chaney, finally received her first Social Security check in June, 1977.

APPLICATION & AFFIDAVIT TO AMEND BIRTH CERTIFICATE

APPLICATION: (to be completed by the individual whose certificate is to be altered if he (she) is 21 years of age or older; if under 21 years of age by a parent, guardian, or legal representative.)

I request that the birth certificate of Fern Amelia Anderson who was born on March 13 1912 in Alice Village be altered to conform with the facts as given in Column II of the following affidavit.

Signature of Registrant \_\_\_\_\_ SAME individual named on certificate

AFFIDAVIT: (should be signed by the nearest lineal relative having knowledge of the facts of birth. If no lineal relative is available, the registrant if 21, may sign.)

being duly sworn, says on oath: That she is the X of the above named child, born on 3-13-12 in Alice Vil., St. Louis Co. That the record of birth of said child on file in the office of the State Registrar is incorrect and incomplete as follows:

Do not write in this column.		Please Complete this Column	
I. THE RECORD SHOWS:		II. THE FACTS AT BIRTH WERE:	
No given name Anderson	Name of child		
3-13-12	Date of birth		
Female	Sex of child		
Martin A. Anderson	Father's name		
Alice W. Fernelius	Mother's maiden name		

Affiant knows of his - her own knowledge that the facts entered in Column II above are true.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of July 19 75

Shirley Ann Peterson Notary Public, Missouri My Commission Expires December 19, 1978

Fern Amelia Anderson Chaney Signature of Affiant  
83112 Morrisonville St. Street Address  
Missouri City and State

DO NOT WRITE BELOW THIS LINE

Application to Amend Birth Certificate dated July 2, 1975. This document lists what the record showed at the time of birth and asks for the facts at birth.

Gloria has been a library volunteer with a regular TEAM of Mary Hall and Dorothy Oksner for 12 years on the 4th Sunday of each month (awesome). She helps with indexing Santa Barbara records when records are available. Gloria is currently writing stories/history on her paternal ancestors. She is interested in DNA and helping others find their “unknown” DNA families. DNA doesn’t lie.



# The Three Dollar Grudge

By Christine Klukkert

IN FEBRUARY OF 1913, Sophronia Horner Winston, 51, jumped to her death from her Philadelphia hospital room window. She had been a patient at the general treatment Jefferson Hospital for almost two weeks. Her family and friends were shocked and at a loss as to the reasons why. There was an intensive investigation by the police. Sophronia's brother told the coroner that Sophronia was "suffering from a nervous ailment due to overwork." However, her doctor in Raleigh, North Carolina, said that upon her leaving home for Philadelphia the first of February, "Her mind and intellectual faculties were then as clear and vigorous as any woman I ever saw." The final verdict of the inquest after testimony of physicians was "she came to her death while temporarily deranged." Sophronia was the wife of my great-granduncle, judge and author, Robert Watson Winston.



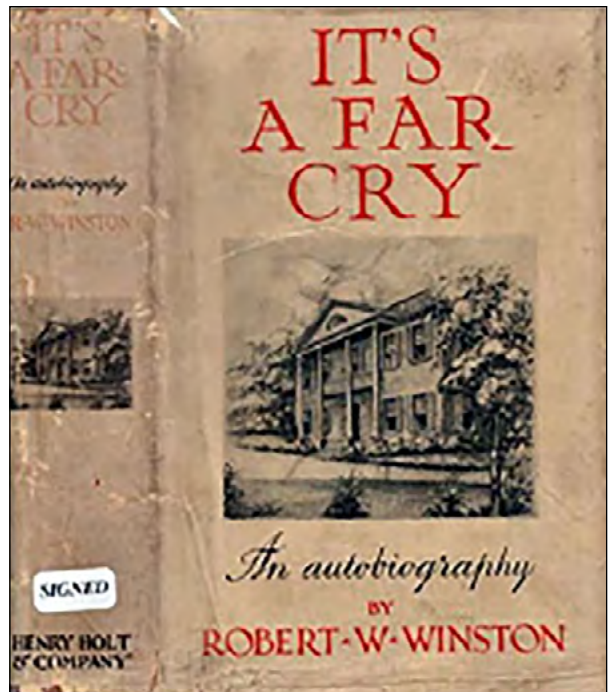
Sophronia Horner Winston

In 1937 Robert Winston published a semi-autobiographical book of his early North Carolina childhood during the Civil War through his later days as a respected attorney and judge. The title, *It's a Far Cry*, comes from a letter my grandfather, Robert Winston's older brother, Patrick Henry Winston Jr., wrote to Robert from his far-flung Yankee home in Spokane, Washington. Brother Patrick wistfully told of his longing for their shared Southern boyhood home and how it was "a far cry" from where he was then to their old plantation home in North Carolina.



Robert Watson Winston, ca. 1919. From the North Carolina Digital Collection.

While there are many references of my grandfather and other relatives throughout the book, there are very few mentions about Sophronia, who had died 24 years before the book was published. Robert married Sophronia, the daughter of a prominent school headmaster, in 1882, and she bore him four children starting in 1884. By all accounts their life together was well adjusted and compatible, if not happy. There was little more I could find on her life otherwise to suggest much stress. Robert did not mention her much in his later writings nor in the papers left behind and collected by the archives at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. Robert never remarried.



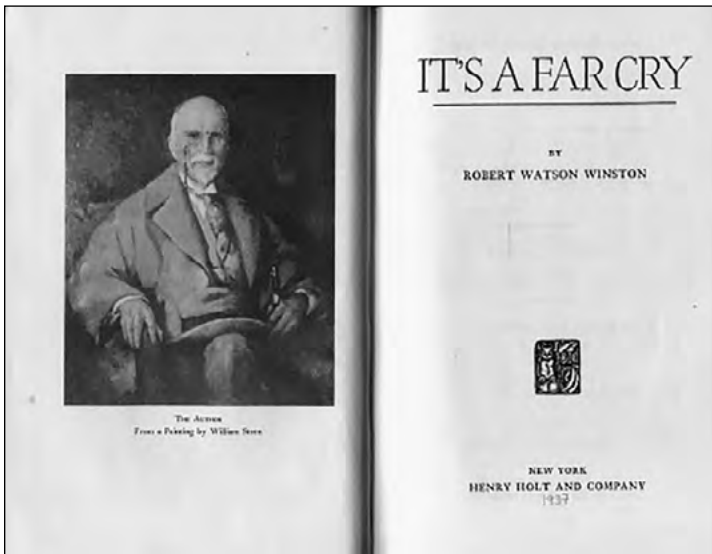
My grandmother, Maria Ellis Winston, Robert Winston's niece, wanted a copy of his book, *It's a Far Cry*. However, she had the expectation that her uncle should gift the book to her. Maria, then 61 years old, was living in a rental in Beverly Hills, California, while her youngest child, Frank, was finishing high school and preparing to enter UCLA as a pre-med student. At that time Maria was estranged from her husband, Sidney Norman, who was in Toronto, Canada, working as the Mining Editor for the *Globe and Mail*. Indeed, Maria and Sidney divorced the next year.

I learned of Maria's interest in the book, and that she was peeved that her uncle wanted payment, from a letter she wrote to her youngest son, my father, Winston, and his wife in October of 1960.

*"I was just reading the story written by my own Uncle, Robert W. Winston. I sent him a check for \$3.00 on May 17th, 1937 and asked for a copy of his book, [although] most of the contents were my own father's sayings." (underline emphasis is hers)*

Maria went on in the letter to write out the many quotes and several poems and letters written by her father that are included in Robert's book. The real kicker came on the back of the envelope the letter came in. Maria wrote this:

*P.S. . . .  
I sent a check and  
My Uncle cashed it.  
No wonder his wife  
Sophronia Horner jumped  
out of a 14 story hotel  
in New York!*



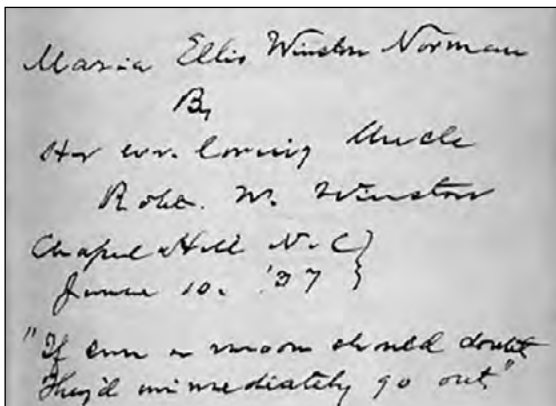
The real kicker was what was attached at the back inside cover of the book. Glued on one end so that it could be viewed front and back, was Maria's original canceled 1937 bank check to her uncle for three dollars. The check easily flips so that the back of it with Robert's signature and the bank seals are visible.



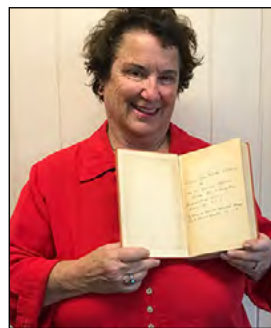
So, my fortuitous twist with the story came this past December, when I happened to check to see if there was a decently priced copy of *It's A Far Cry* for sale on Amazon. I was looking for an extra copy to have with me at a planned family reunion coming up in February. There was a new listing labeled "Collectible" and the description noted that this copy of the book was from a bookstore in Petaluma, California, very near where my grandmother lived for a time. The book seller said that on the inside cover the book was "inscribed and signed by the author to his niece, Maria." This had to be my very own grandmother's copy of *It's A Far Cry*, and I had to have it! So - three days and \$68 later (ironically, about the equivalent of what \$3 was to Maria back in 1937), I received the book. I eagerly opened the package, and indeed, there was my great-grand uncle's inscription to my grandmother: It reads:

*"Maria Ellis Winston Norman  
by Her ever-loving Uncle, Robert W. Winston  
Chapel Hill, N.C. June 1-, '37  
'If the Sun & Moon should doubt  
They'd immediately go out.'*

The last two lines are from William Blakes's poem, *Auguries of Innocence*. I am not sure why Robert chose this particular phrase for his transcription to Maria, as it is a reference to not overthink things, and instead to take action. Otherwise, the message is quite lovely and Robert even referred to himself as "her ever-loving Uncle."



That was one purchase my grandmother never got over her resentment about, and it revealed to me another deep insight into a family secret and a long-held bitterness. Three dollars and 86 years of bitterness.



Christine Ordway Klukkert, a member of the Board of Directors and the Sahyun Library Book Chair, is thrilled to share the story of her own book surprise! Chris has been doing genealogy in earnest since 1989, and since 2015 has expanded her research to include her newly-discovered biological family which she writes about in this story. Chris lives in

Buellton with her Swedish husband, Keith Nilsson, and close to her aging horse, having been an equestrian for three decades. These days she is often in the Sahyun Library among the books and looking for more information on her expanded family. Her goal is to write a book on each of her three family lines.

# The Barlow Road

By Cathy Jordan

**E**XPLORING BACK IN TIME on a family line for my sons (my ex-husband's family), I found one very fascinating individual and a mildly famous one too! One of the things I do is "Google" people as I begin my research. And WHOA! Jackpot! He has a very interesting story to tell, complete with murder, wagon trains, and eventually long-lasting fame in the area where he settled. He is the husband of my ex-husband's 4th grandaunt, Susannah Lee, and his name is Samuel Kimbrough Barlow.



Samuel K. Barlow

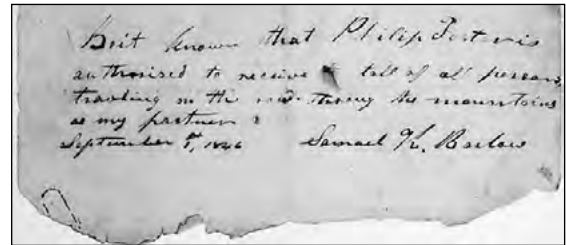
Sam, as I have come to call him, after spending so much time researching, was born on December 7, 1795, in Nicholas County, Kentucky, and was the son of William Henry Harrison Barlow (guess who he was named after!) and Sarah Kimbrough. In his youth in Kentucky, he learned the tailor's trade. Around 1818 he moved to Bloomington, Monroe County, Indiana, where on August 6, 1820, married Susannah Lee, and they started their family.

He got himself in trouble with the law in 1826. According to the Grand Jury indictment, on October 16, 1826, Sam, "with a certain axe of the value of two dollars... in and upon the hinder and upper part of the right thigh of... George Matlock, then and there feloniously, willfully and unlawfully did strike, giving unto him...one mortal wound of the length of five inches and of the depth of four inches of which mortal wound, the said Matlock did languish and languishly (sic) did live [untill] on the twenty-fifth Oct...he, George Matlock of the mortal wound aforesaid, died."

George Matlock was, in fact, Sam's brother-in-law, and he had accused Sam of fathering a child with George's wife, due to the fact that the child and Sam had red hair, but George did not. Testimony showed that George had threatened his own wife with whipping or death. This was the first important case in Hendricks County, and the verdict was manslaughter. This conviction was later pardoned by the Governor on December 8, 1827, when evidence came to light that Sam struck George to stop him from harming his own wife and children. So, Sam paid \$300 and wiggled out of that difficulty.

At the end of the Black Hawk War in 1832, Sam and the family moved to Peoria, Fulton County, Illinois. His scrape with the law may have been some of the motivation for the move — who knows? He pioneered the area where Chicago now stands. In 1845, Sam, his wife, Susannah, and their 5 children (2 girls and 3 boys) started west across the plains on their next great adventure. They joined a wagon train that left Independence, Mis-

souri, and in early September arrived at the Methodist Mission at Wascopum, Oregon, now The Dalles, Wasco County, Oregon. The town was overrun with stalled immigrant families. Sam learned that they would need a raft for the trip down the Columbia River to the Hudson's Bay Company site, near what is now Vancouver, Washington. No rafts were available, and even if they were, the cost was too high for most immigrants to afford, so Sam, his sons, and William Rector decided to scout out and build a road around the south slope of Mt. Hood. Not an easy solution, but a successful one. Sam and his family made it to Oregon City, Oregon, on Christmas 1845.



Barlow Road Authorization-1846.

Sam immediately petitioned the Oregon Territory for a charter to build a road from "the dalls (sic) Mission to valey (sic) of Clackamus," and he was so authorized in January 1846. He formed a partnership with Philip Foster and together they hired men to build the road.

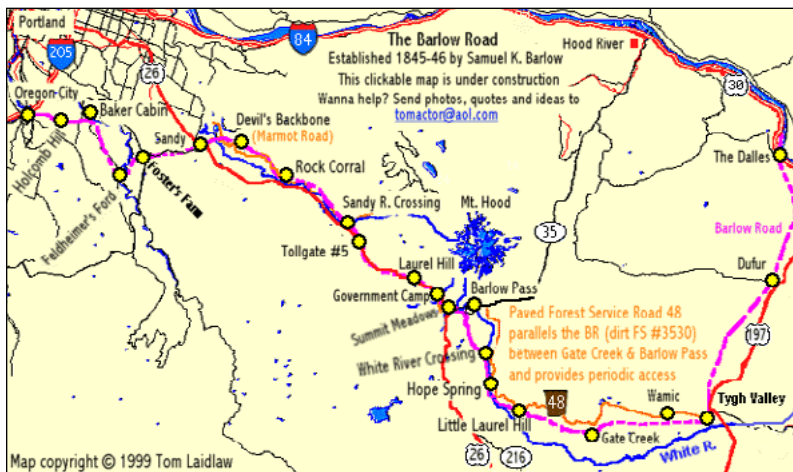


Barlow Road toll station.

It formally opened in 1846 as a toll road and became known as the Barlow Road. In the first year of operation, approximately 152 wagons, 1300 sheep, 1559 mules, horses, and cattle passed through the tollgates. Barlow's concession expired in 1848 and the partnership dissolved. The Road was turned over to the



Barlow Road sign today near Mt Hood.



territorial government. It functioned as a pathway for immigrants until about 1884. The Barlow Road was the first road to cross over the Cascade mountains. The raft trip was too dangerous and expensive for wagons, oxen, and the herds of livestock traveling west. The Barlow Road, although it was rough and steep, was passable by large wagon trains. 80 to 100 miles long, its construction significantly increased immigration to Oregon. The Barlow Road exists today in the form of part of a highway and part of a hiking trail. There are historic markers all along the way.



Susannah died in 1852 and Sam remarried. Sam died on July 15, 1867, and is buried in Barlow Pioneer Cemetery in Clackamas County, Oregon. It is said his road contributed more towards the prosperity of the Willamette Valley and the future State of Oregon than any other achievement prior to the building of railways in 1870. The discovery and research into this man was an unexpected surprise and it was fascinating to me. I can only hope that my sons feel the same.



*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!*

## FUN FACTS

- What is the oldest city street in America?**  
**Huguenot Street**, established in 1678, located in New Paltz, New York, is considered the the oldest continuously inhabited street in America.
- What city has the longest street in America?**  
 Colfax Avenue, in Colorado. At 26.5 miles long, it is the longest commercial street in the United States, stretching through **Aurora, Denver, Lakewood,** and **Golden**, but if you count the rest of it after it stops being a commercial district, Colfax Avenue clocks in at over 53 miles.
- What is the most common street name?**  
**Second Street**, followed by Third Street, with First Street coming in at third.

# Family Tree Seed Planted

By Charmien Carrier

INTEREST IN MY FAMILY TREE grew in 1978 when my son, Michael, was given the assignment to write a 20-page report about his family heritage. He was in the 6th grade at La Patera School and his teacher was Mrs. Cornish. He reached out to relatives and received information from my second cousin Peter Henning on my maternal German side and my Aunt Delphine Carrier Lubrecht on my paternal French side. On Michael's father's side he got information from his Swedish grandmother Bernice Anderson Deacon and Irish, English grandfather, Robert Deacon.

Aunt Delphine sent back six pages she had written about the Carrier family with important dates and details on each person, based on the family Bible and what she could remember. A story that stood out for me was about the birth of my granduncle Luke Roady Carrier.

## A difficult birth in Minnesota

Luke Roady Carrier was the last of six children born to my great-grandparents, Luc Carriere and Harriet Brothers. Quoting from Aunt Delphine:

*Luke R. was born about 1882 on the home place on the Old Government Road in the French Settlement three miles northeast of Rush City. He was delivered by Caesarean section, weighing in over 14 pounds. The doctor had walked to the farm from Rush City through snow and cold, as it was December 27th, to deliver this baby by dim light. Luke was fed a bowl of milk and soda crackers just a few hours after his birth.*



Luke and Harriet Carrier



Carrier family: L to R back; great-granduncle, Fred Carrier, Harriet, Wilfred (Bill), Sarah (Sadie), Luke R, and Elizabeth (Libby). Seated in front, parents Luke and Harriet Carrier.

Well, that's quite a story! According to records, Luke's actual birthdate is December 30, 1886. (Aunt Delphine was off on a couple of dates). Harriet was 38 years old at the time of his birth.

## French Canadian naming practices

My great-grandparents were French Canadian and originally had "dit" names: Luc Jamme dit Carriere and Harriet Brodeur dit LaVine. Luc Carriere, was born in Montreal 1840, married in Malone, New York 1868 and sometime after that dropped the "e" at the end of Carriere, becoming Luke Carrier. In Harriet's case, Brodeur became Brothers around 1850.

To explain this naming practice I found the following from the *Library and Archives Canada Blog*, the official blog of Library and Archives Canada (LAC), <https://the-discoverblog.com/2014/01/30/the-nicknames-and-dit-names-of-french-canadian-ancestors/>

## The nicknames and "dit names" of French-Canadian ancestors

IN FRANCE, nicknames were added to surnames to distinguish between families with similar names living in the same geographical area. When immigrants coming from France settled in New France, this custom continued. Some immigrants, mostly soldiers, already had an alias or a "dit name" when they arrived while others acquired a "dit name" after they settled in New France.

### How were "dit names" created?

"Dit names" were created by taking a person's family name, adding a nickname that described one of the individual's unique characteristics, and connecting the two with the word "dit," for example, Miville dit Deschênes.

These nicknames were based on the following:

- Physical characteristics (Le Fort, Le Roux);
- Moral characteristics (Le Bon, Le Sage);
- Trades (Le Boucher);

- Places of origin, including country, province, city, town, village (Le Picard, Le Normand);
- Places of residence (Du Val, Du Puis);
- First names of ancestors (Deblois dit Grégoire, Fasche dit Robert);
- Actions (Ladébauche, Ladéroute).

Until around the 1850s, both surnames and “dit names” were used in records. After that time, only one of the two names was used.

My original French immigrant, Pierre Jamme, had enlisted as a soldier in the “Troops Franches de la Marine” in the company de Cruzel and sailed to New France in

1687. Once there he talked of making a “career” in the military, thus he acquired the “dit name” Pierre Jamme “dit Carriere.”

My son Michael says that he is lucky to have a heritage report because it’s something many people don’t have—a story of their families. I too feel grateful to have been introduced to genealogy, now a lifelong hobby.

*Charmien has been a member of SBCGS since 2012, when she retired from UCSB. She is a volunteer in the library, is on the Membership Committee and designs and does the layout for Ancestors West.*



## Arthur Pember, “Amateur Vagabond” and my great-grandfather, Thomas Voegeli By Connie Burns

**A**RTHUR PEMBER (1835 – 1886), was a British sportsman, journalist, and author. He is notable for being the first president of the Football Association (aka soccer) in England, from 1863 to 1867, and for being a New York journalist just after the Civil War.

As a sportsman in the mid-1840s, Pember helped unify and codify the rules of football/soccer, which had previously been played on “an unmarked pitch of streams, ponds, roads, and cottages, with a primitive ball carried or kicked between two goals with many participants.” Several villages maintained a long-standing tradition of play; however, it was within the public schools that the rules became formalized.

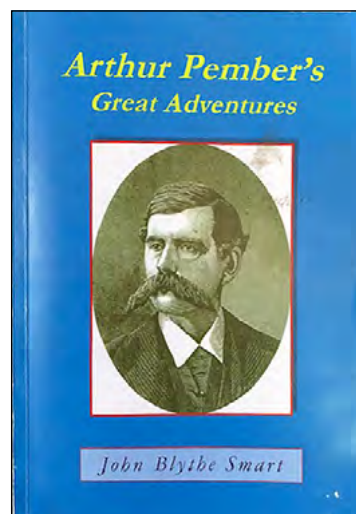
As a journalist in the United States, he was renowned for traveling undercover to ferret out the truth on a variety of interesting topics.

In the 1880s, having fallen on hard times due to heavy drinking, he settled for a time in LeMoure, Dakota Territory, with his two sons, where he became fast friends with my great-grandfather, Thomas Voegeli. Thomas had just lost his wife in the flu epidemic and was in LeMoure with his daughter, Ethel, my grandmother, visiting other Voegeli family members.

Upon Arthur Pember’s death in 1886, a gentleman’s lap desk was given by the Pember family to Thomas Voegeli to partly repay Pember’s debt to him. Along with the desk he was given some fine china and other semi-valuable artifacts.

The gentlemen’s portable laptop desk has the initials “AP” engraved on brass, and under the velvet covers inside there is room for storage of documents and papers. The inset holes are for the storage of ink and writing utensils. In those days, quill pens would have been dipped into bottles of India ink.

I found the biographical book, *Arthur Pember’s Great Adventures*, for sale on the internet and had it shipped from England. It’s not an exciting read, but



Gentleman’s portable laptop desk



it has interesting pictures of Arthur Pember along with commentaries on his life, his family, his life in England as part of the gentry, and his life as a journalist who traveled incognito in the underworld to get his stories.

Thomas Voegeli gave the desk to his granddaughter, my mother, Dorothy Riebeth Wilson, upon her graduation from high school in Minneapolis in 1926. The desk now resides in my living room where I see it every day.

Thomas Voegeli sent this letter, dated September 13, 1926, from Hollywood, California, to Dorothy in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where she lived. It was sent to her after the sale of his interest in the Rexall Drugstore chain in Minneapolis, and his move to Los Angeles, California.

I love the letter because it was so unusual for a 70-year-old man to encourage a young woman to pursue such a lofty career. Then he couldn't help but throw in the sweet grandpa stuff, too, of course.

*My dear Dorothy,*

*It will probably interest you to have a short history of this writing desk I am sending you by express, charges prepaid.*

*When we were in business in La Moure, North Dakota, there came to town an Englishman, a scion of the English nobility, a man by the name of Arthur Pember, a graduate of Oxford, England and other noted schools in England. He was the youngest son in the family and as such did not have an interest in the noble title of the family. His oldest brother bore the title and was Chief Justice of the Bench in England. Arthur married in the course of time, became a drinking man and depended for a living on the pension given him from the family estate. His wife died leaving him with 4 or 5 young boys and the family, tiring of his shiftless ways, sent him to the US with his boys, sending him a monthly pension which was always spent before it was due.*

*He came to New York during the early part of the Civil War, and through family influence got an important position on the editorial staff of the NY Times, then the most important daily published in the country. He was a very brilliant man and his editorials were noted for their wonderful insights into the affairs of this country during the civil war, the most historic rebellion in the life of the nations of the world. He finally drank so heavily that he lost his position and his people sent him to La Moure, buying a section of land for him and putting up buildings for him, hoping that he might settle down and become a farmer. But drink had too strong a hold and he paid no*

*attention to farming, spending his pension in advance of receiving it.*

*He finally became sick and died, leaving 4 boys, all "sissies," the oldest one being about 16-18.*

*Mr. Pember was a man of wonderful ability, a splendid companionship. He and I were warm friends, notwithstanding his faults. He owed me 200 or 300 dollars and his oldest boys did not have the ambition to save his books and personal things as mementos of father and mother.*

*They told me to take the books, mother's desk, dishes, silverware and anything I wanted to pay their father's debts, which I did, selling the books at our store [Voegeli Pharmacy - CB] and giving grandma the dishes and silverware. The desk I told him I would keep, hoping that someday they might want to redeem it as a memento of their mother, but I never, to this day, heard a word from them. Presume they went back to England and were taken care of by the family.*

*I have toted this box all over the country from La Moure to Minneapolis, then here [Los Angeles - CB] and have finally decided to give it to you as your graduation present, believing that you would really appreciate it.*

*It is of rosewood and the workmanship on it is very fine. I hope you will get much pleasure out of it.*

*By the time this reaches you, you will be diving into the secrets of architecture and interior decorating at university. I know you will get much pleasure out of this work. In California, many women are making a pronounced success of this work and I am sure you will apply yourself with diligence and will become master of the art. There is a wonderful field in store for anyone applying herself strenuously to this art, but the best can only be gotten out of it by cast aside most of the frivolous and gay phases of life as prevalent nowadays in University life.*

*Well, I guess I have lectured enough and will close, hoping that your new school life will be thrilled by the interest which you will take in this chosen work.*

*Lovingly, your  
Grandpa Voegeli*

*Connie Burns has been a member of the SBCCGS since 2008, and has served on many committees, including Outreach and Property, and has served as Volunteer Coordinator and President Elect, before moving to Orange County in 2020.*



# Kellam's Cars (1930 – 1963)

By Richard Closson

*This information is excerpted from the initial Kellam de Forest Presentation Series, April 14, 2023, sponsored by the Pearl Chase Society. The series offers free public presentations on the wide variety of Santa Barbara historic preservation interests of Kellam de Forest, including about the man, himself.*

IN JANUARY 2021, Kellam de Forest succumbed to sequelae from Covid-19, at age 94. He was born and raised in Santa Barbara, and part of a storied local family. His paternal grandfather was prominent in the American Aesthetic Movement of the late 19th century and an early business partner with Louis Comfort Tiffany. His parents were notable award-winning landscape architects, who played a prominent role in the public effort to bootstrap the revival of Santa Barbara after the 1925 earthquake.

Kellam attended Roosevelt Elementary School, then transferred to the Crane School in Montecito. From there he went to the Thacher School in Ojai before attending Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut. He returned to his hometown after a four-decade absence in 1992 and – over the next almost three decades – became an icon in local historic preservation.

For his work in historic preservation, Kellam was awarded the Cultural Landscape Foundation's "Stewardship Excellence" Award (2003), the Library of American Landscape History's "Preservation Hero" Award (2009), the Santa Barbara Trust for Historic Preservation's "Pearl Chase Award" (2010), *The Santa Barbara Independent's* "Local Hero" Award (2012), the City of Santa Barbara's "Saint Barbara Award" (2013), and Santa Barbara Beautiful's "Jacaranda Award" (2016).



Kellam as most of us knew him. Photo by Paul Wellman for the 2012 "Local Hero" Award from the *Santa Barbara Independent*.

In addition to his love for landscape design and Santa Barbara's revival architecture, Kellam also had a well-established relationship with automobiles, which is often forgotten among his other qualities. Here is the seldom-told account and history of that affection.

At the age of three, Kellam was introduced to his first favorite motor vehicle. His father, Lockwood III (1896-1949, who went by Lockwood, Jr.), bought a 1930 Ford model A and modified it to be an open-air delivery vehicle for plant materials.



1931 Holiday card with Kellam standing on the tail.

Father Lockwood was a prominent landscape architect in post-earthquake Santa Barbara. He and Kellam's mother were part of the Community Arts Association's Plans and Planting Committee, a group best known by the leadership of Pearl Chase and Bernhard Hoffmann and the effort to bootstrap Santa Barbara into the Spanish Colonial Revival style we enjoy today.

Originally fitted with stock upholstery, the Model A's seat covers quickly wore out from the commercial use. Typical replacements would face a similar short life. The solution was uniquely "de Forest." Kellam's grandfather, Lockwood II (1850-1932, who went by Lockwood, Sr.), was an internationally travelled artist and interior designer. The elder Lockwood donated several collected buffalo hides to reupholster Lockwood Jr.'s modified Ford. The neighborhood children admired the exotic look and nicknamed the vehicle, "The Buffalo."

"The Buffalo" still lives in Santa Barbara and now is fitted with a small V-8 engine, but retains the unique upholstery.

1937 image of 10-year-old Kellam standing in "The Buffalo" with 1-year-old Lockwood IV, "Lockie," in stroller.





Kellam at Pearl Chase Society's 2005 Historic Homes Tour standing next to "The Buffalo."

Kellam graduated from Thacher School in 1944 and was accepted to Yale University. After a few months in New Haven, Connecticut, he enlisted in the Army, following the lead of his father, already in the Army-Air Corps Camouflage Division (appropriate for a landscape architect). World War II ended with V-J Day, on September 2, 1945, and Kellam was honorably discharged in 1946. He returned to Santa Barbara and to an unfinished chassis project he was proud to work on until he returned to Yale.



1946 image of open chassis with Kellam at the wheel.

While a senior at Yale, Kellam came home for the 1948 Christmas holiday and sent his own greeting cards to friends and family, showing him in his latest vehicle in front of the Old Mission. The printed sentiment says, "Bringing You A Merry Christmas, And A Happy New Year - Kellam"



1948 Christmas card of Kellam in his custom car in front of the Old Mission.

Kellam met the woman of his life in 1951 while he was working as the front desk clerk at the San Ysidro Ranch. He married Miss Margaret MacCormick in July 1952 in the garden of her Framingham, Massachusetts, family home. Their honeymoon was a cross-country driving trip to Los Angeles to follow a business idea of Kellam's. First stop was Detroit, where they did what 1950s automobile customers often did - they picked up their new car right at the plant. It was a 1953 Ford Crestline "Sunliner" convertible with 3-speed transmission and overdrive.



1953 Ford Crestline "Sunliner," like Kellam and Peggy's honeymoon car, but not that car.

In a 1955 photo, we can see Kellam's competing loves; his new baby, Ann, and that 1953 Ford convertible.



1955 photo of Kellam, Ann, and Ford.

By that time, though, Kellam's business had gotten increasingly successful and was moved from the living room to the Paramount Studios lot. He and Peggy each needed a vehicle for work, so Kellam bought a 1953 Nash Metropolitan. Later word from his three children was that, "Nobody - nobody! - drove the Metropolitan except father."



1953 Nash Metropolitan with proud Kellam smiling out the window.

The conversion of Kellam from automotive hobbyist to family man was completed by a 1963 Ford Falcon station wagon with bench seats, the stock roof rack, and a crank-back window that lowered before dropping the tailgate. Before Soccer Dads drove SUVs, they drove station wagons.



1963 Ford Falcon station wagon and Kellam on a family vacation.

Kellam and Peggy returned to Santa Barbara in 1992, having raised three children and having created a groundbreaking Hollywood company the *New York Times* declared in 1984 to be “the largest Hollywood research firm operating today.”

Kellam’s idea, refined during their 1952 honeymoon with wind in their hair, established “script clearance” as an essential component of every Hollywood production to this day. His company, de Forest Research, was involved with over 250 different television series and more than 500 feature-length motion pictures. Many of those are now archived in the Charles Young Research Library at UCLA. He remains best known locally for his devotion to historic preservation and little known for his automotive affections.

*Rick Closson is a retired Clinical Pharmacist with a growing interest in genealogy, i.e., excluding his own family. He has written extensively about the 1927 remodel of Santa Barbara’s Franceschi House, which includes 85 medallions of then-important people, places, and events. Many remain well known today, but others are obscure: a genealogist’s vexing delight!*



## Fun Names *By Kristin Ingalls*

WHILE DOING MY early colonial genealogy, I came across such fun names:

Puritans often bestowed “grace names” as a way of encouraging children to strive for moral goodness. The most common of these were Faith, Hope, and Charity. My Brewster ancestor had Patience, Love, Fear, Wrestring. Among those *Mayflower* passengers were Remember Allerton, Resolved White, Peregrine White (Peregrine is a boy’s name of Latin origin meaning “traveler, pilgrim.”) Other Puritan names found in early colonial times were Repentance, Experience, Praise-God, Good-luck. My 10th great-grandfather, who came to Massachusetts in 1630, had the dubious name of Bigod Eggleston.

I still howl with laughter when I read the Dutch names I came across when researching colonial New Netherlands. If any are your relatives, I apologize. Some are my relatives too. See if you can keep a straight face while reading through this list: Lubbert Gysbertsen Van Blarcom, Teuntje Jeurians Slaghboom, Maycke Hendridksdr van de Burchgraeff, Belitjegen Jacobse Van Vlechtenstyn, Dwertje Cornelis Botjagers, Brandt Arentse Van Slichtenhorst, Wolphert Gerretse van Couwenhoven, Thijs Volcken Mossel, Barent Peelen van Nieuwkerk. For some reason, I cannot even see this name without laughing until I cry: Wouter van Twiller. The images of him that come to mind...I must stop!

# Two Brothers and Two Brides

By Judy Sahn



L to R Mabel Sahn, Rufus Sahn, Henry G. Sahn, Lizzie Sahn, Isaac Sahn holding son Leslie Sahn, Clara Mae Sahn circa 1924 Pasadena, California.

**M**Y PATERNAL GRANDPA, Rufus Gibbel Sahn, (1890-1955), was a resourceful, ambitious, and engaging man. He drew favorable attention and interest, and he took initiative and ownership in all that he set out to do and accomplish. His nickname was Dupe, a Pennsylvania Dutch name for “handsome” and “charming.” Rufus and his two brothers, Rolandus and Isaac, were schooled in a one-room school house where their mother was active in the classroom and their father served as treasurer on the school board. The family worked hard on their 100-acre farm, growing and harvesting crops and raising farm animals. They lived at 1601 Locust Lane, in an area known as White Oak, in Penn Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. The area was beautiful, mostly flat, with a gently rolling open countryside. It continues to remain the same today.

Rufus’s grandparents, Emanuel and Annie Sahn, married in 1858. They started the farm and built the farmhouse where his father, Henry Sahn, was born and where Rufus and his siblings were born. Emanuel and Annie retired from farming in 1887. Rufus’s parents, Henry and Lizzie Sahn, took over the farm shortly after they were married in 1885. Twenty-five years later, in 1910, Henry and Lizzie decided to retire and the farm was sold.

In 1912, Rufus was 22 years old. He was courting his local sweetheart, Mabel Emily Edwards, who lived close by at Mt. Hope, Penn Township, Pennsylvania. He had his sights set on marrying her. His younger brother, Isaac Shelly Sahn, was 20. The brothers had been working and saving money in order to head west to California and seek out jobs there. Rufus wanted to find a nice home for Mabel. After their marriage in Pennsylvania, they would begin a new life in California.

The brothers boarded the train in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on February 26, 1912, and arrived on March 2, 1912, at their destination, Pasadena, California. His parents, Henry and Lizzie Sahn, and their older brother Rolandus and his wife Elsie Sahn followed shortly after.

The young men quickly found temporary work in Pasadena, Isaac doing roofing work and Rufus doing carpentry for a contractor. This news was communicated via postcards mailed back home to Mabel Edwards. Rufus wrote to her daily on the train trip and frequently once in California. Knowing that the postcards would be read at the small rural route post office and the information shared around their small community, Rufus’ “romantic” postcards had only Mabel’s address and his initials on the reverse side. The one from May 28, 1912, had a one-cent stamp with the cancellation advertising the upcoming World’s Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco in 1915.



Rufus’s father, Henry Gibbel Sahn, also had been sensitive to the post office spreading news from correspondence about his then-pending marriage to his sweetheart, Lizzie Masterson Shelly, over 25 years before. On

August 18, 1885, Henry wrote a letter to Bishop Henry E. Light, of the German Baptist Church, asking him to perform the marriage ceremony. Henry wrote to Bishop Light:

Dear Sir:

Only a few lines, which are to inform you that my lady & myself have decided to take up the matrimonial state in the near future, consequently I would like to know if you would perform the marriage ceremony on Tues., Sept. 29? if you can officiate, please be at the Keystone House in Lancaster at 9 a.m. if you please, do not “Give me Away” in regard to this, also please do not mail your letter in mountville as some of my young friends are postmasters along this route and they are a little suspicious.

I remain Truly Yours



Marriage certificate September 29, 1885, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



Rufus Sahn, Pasadena Transfer and Storage Co. 65 S. Broadway 1912.



Pasadena Transfer and Storage (Rufus 3rd from left), 1912.



Marriage photo of Henry and Lizzie.

After temporary work in Pasadena, Rufus's brother, Isaac Shelly Sahn, began working for the Pacific Coast Railway as a mail clerk. He delivered mail to the Whitcher Fancy Grocery and Staple Goods Store in Los Olivos, Santa Barbara County, California, where he found love. The Whitcher's daughter, Clara Mae, worked there as Postmaster and was in charge of the public library housed in their store. Clara

would eventually become Isaac's bride. But first he was transferred to Hazen, Nevada, for several years where he worked as a railway mail clerk. They wrote postcards and letters back and forth until Isaac contracted typhoid and returned to Los Olivos to recuperate.

Rufus resided in Pasadena for one year. He drove a team of horses for Pasadena Storage and Transfer at 65 S. Broadway near the famous Green Hotel.



Rufus Sahn 1912 Pasadena Herr's Express.

Rufus also drove a team of Percheron horses delivering hay and grain for Herr's Express located at 35 S. Broadway. The proprietor was F. S. Herr. The business is listed in the 1912 Pasadena City Directory as a transfer business that delivered hay and grain. The historic name of Broadway Street was later renamed Arroyo Parkway. Neither building or business exists today. They were located a block below Colorado Boulevard near the corner of one-way Green Street. The Green Hotel buildings remain.

While Isaac remained out west working as a railway mail clerk, Rufus returned to Pennsylvania in 1913, where he married his sweetheart, Mabel Emily Edwards, on May 2, 1916, at Hope Church in Mt. Hope, Pennsylvania. His brother Isaac married Clara Mae Whitcher at her home at 2380 Hollister Street in Los Olivos on April 22, 1916. The two couples honeymooned together in San Francisco, California, as described in a Manheim, Pennsylvania newspaper article, "Gone to California." Isaac took a photograph of Rufus, Mabel and Clara Mae at the Golden Gate Park, dated May 20, 1916.



Wedding photo of Isaac Shelly Sahn and Clara Mae Whitcher Los Olivos, California 1916.

**Gone to California**  
 Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Sahn left on Monday for San Francisco, Cal., where they will visit the former's brother, Isaac Sahn, and his bride of several weeks ago. After a short visit Mr. and Mrs. Sahn will go to Pasadena, Cal., where they will go to housekeeping in their newly furnished home. Pasadena will be their future home.



Honeymoon photo Rufus G. Sahn, Mabel E. Sahn, Clara Mae Sahn, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, California taken by Isaac Sahn May 20, 1916.

Rufus and Isaac's retired parents returned from Pennsylvania in 1918 to live permanently in Pasadena, California, to be near their sons and to enjoy the mild weather. In 1920, after WWI, Mabel's brothers, Percy C. Edwards, 24 years old, and Jay Henry, 21 years old, drove all the way from Manheim, Pennsylvania, to Pasadena, California, in Percy's Model T Ford.

Enjoying life in Pasadena, California, Henry and Lizzie purchased a brand new 1925 Hudson "Super Six" with an all-aluminum body. They relished touring to see the sights in California, frequently with visiting friends and family.



1920 photo of Percy C. Edwards and Model T Ford 1914-1916.

The brothers were settling into being married and living in a new state. Around 1917, Isaac began leasing land where he and his brother-in-law, Charlie Whitcher, grazed cattle on 5,000 acres in Los Olivos in Santa Barbara County, California. The land is now the home of Midland School at 5100 Figueroa Mountain Road. Rufus and Mabel Sahn, her brother Charlie Edwards and his wife, Naoma, and their mutual friends the Kreiters would load up their 1917 and 1921 Ford Model T autos with camping gear. From Pasadena they made their way up the coast to Carpinteria where they camped overnight. The next day they continued on up to Isaac and Clara's place and set up camp.



Henry and Lizzie in front of their 1925 Super Six Hudson at their home at 151 N. Hudson Ave. Pasadena, California.



Rufus Sahn standing, Charlie Edwards & daughter Betty Jean, Naoma Edwards, Mary & Lloyd Kreiter.



Echo Mountain photo on Funicular Incline Line in 1921 Below conductor on left visiting Mabel from Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania are her brother Charlie Edwards, Mabel Edwards Sahn, mother Abbie Ann Edwards, below Abbie, Mabel's father Thomas Edwards and below Thomas Mabel's younger brother Sydney Edwards.



Packed up and ready to head home with Isaac Sahn holding son Les Sahn, Lloyd Kreiter, Rufus Sahn, Charlie Edwards, Mary Kreiter, Naoma Edwards & daughter Betty, Mabel Sahn and Crimora Whitcher, Clara's mother.

The two brothers and their spouses spent many good times together on the 20,000-acre *Los Librillos, La Laguna Rancho*, now home to Sedgwick Preserve, as well as the former Michael Jackson ranch and Midland Boarding School. They had fun adventures on horseback and formed a familial bond. Clara and Mabel became good friends. The box canyon near the home Isaac built in 1919 is named Sahn Canyon.

In 1946, Rufus and Mabel's sons, Thomas and Bob Sahn, had an evening candlelight double wedding ceremony at All Saints Episcopal Church in Pasadena, California. The two brides were best friends. Thomas and Betty Sahn are my parents.

Form 2821 C. S.  
3-17-70,000-3

**EMPLOYEE'S WATCH INSPECTION CARD CERTIFICATE.**

This is to certify that the watch of R. S. Sahn  
employed as Conductor on the North Division,  
Movement No. 1987576E Make Elgin Trade Mark or Grade B.W.R.  
Size 16 No. 19 Hg. 19 Stem Wd. 19 Old or New Single or  
Key Wind O. F. Movement Double Roller  
Coming under Time Service Rules for first time, No Yes or No Cased in O. F.  
Fendant at 12 or 3 12, has been inspected by me; is up to the standard of  
excellence required by this Company, and is performing as per record on back of this certificate,  
was last cleaned or repaired (Date) July 1918  
By whom Saunders Work done None  
(Signed) J. Herbert Hall Co. Local Watch Inspector.

This certificate issued Apr. 8 1919  
EMPLOYEE MUST PRESERVE THIS CARD, and turn it in to Local Watch  
Inspector at next regular Quarterly Inspection period and obtain new card. Do  
not soil or deface comparison records.



Wedding photo November 16, 1946  
Bob Sahn 19, Zoe Sahn 17, Betty Sahn 18, Thomas Sahn 21,  
Flower Girl at All Saints Episcopal Church, Pasadena, California.





Isaac and Clara Sahn's son, Howard and bride Ruth, on wedding day Oct. 23, 1955, Los Olivos, California.



Judy Sahn was born in California, the middle child of Betty and Tom Sahn. Together they have published several genealogy books, have traveled to places of origins of their ancestors and have enhanced their family genealogy stories by researching at local archives, history and genealogy societies in the U.S. and Europe. Judy is retired from teaching horticulture and farming in Santa Barbara County. Her current goals are focused on researching, sharing, preserving and archiving her family collection. She is currently writing a story about her paternal grand uncle's history in Los Olivos, California, and trying to solve a brick wall on her paternal grandmother's Edwards line from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania who may have been from Wales or England. Since 2003 she has been researching at the Sahyun Library. She is a volunteer librarian, volunteers for society events and participates in maintaining and enhancing the beautiful Sahyun Library gardens. Judy is a Life Member of the Society. (Photos are colorized for digital SBCGS Website version)

## The Model A Proposal – A Love Story

By Dr. Larry Basham

THE HANDSOME YOUNG college student's eyes opened with a start. He had been awake most of the night, nervously thinking about his plan for the weekend, and had finally dozed off. Now the early morning sunlight was streaking through his bedroom window. He quickly arose, being quiet so as not to awaken his roommate, shaved, and dressed in the carefully chosen clothes he had laid out the night before. There was just time for a quick cup of coffee and toast before brushing his teeth and going out the door to his newly-polished 1930 Model A Ford. He had checked the tires and filled the gas tank the day before. He did not want any breakdowns on this Labor Day! If his hopes were realized, every minute counted, as this was going to be a long day. It was September 3rd, a beautiful day in Santa Barbara, California, with cloudless blue skies. He drove from the boarding house on Gillespie Street where he shared a bedroom with his best friend, down Chapala Street towards the beach, turning south onto the Coast Highway.

Garlyn Basham, my father, had grown up in the central California oilfields of Taft, west of Bakersfield, California. He had graduated from Taft High School in 1932, and Taft Junior College in 1934, where he had been student body president. On weekends there was music and dancing at a club in Taft which he frequented. On one occasion during the summer of '32 he met a former high school classmate, Mildred Tarwater. They hadn't dated in high school and after graduation Mildred was working at the Taft Hippodrome Theater to save money to attend Woodbury College in Burbank, California. Mildred and Garlyn hit it off and often dated on weekends when



Garlyn and Mildred with the Model A Ford they eloped in. Photo on Anapamu Street in 1934.

he was able to come into Taft from the oil lease company, which had a bunkhouse for its employees. Over the next two years their relationship became more serious.

Mildred attended Woodbury College in 1933-34, graduating with a certificate in secretarial work. She returned to Taft and was employed as the secretary to the manager of the State Bank of Taft.

During the summer of 1934, Garlyn worked in the oilfields of western Kern County. It was hot, physically demanding work, but he was glad to have a job during the Depression and needed the money for tuition and living expenses. Garlyn moved to Santa Barbara to attend Santa Barbara State Teachers College on the Riviera to begin his junior year of college. He knew he wouldn't be able to see as much of Mildred as before. He was worried she would meet someone else in his absence and that their romance would end.

As the Model A bounced along the old highway through Carpinteria, Garlyn turned off on to a back road, taking a shortcut to Ojai. It was a bumpy twisting road through citrus orchards. The sweet scent of lemon and orange blossoms mixed with the cool coastal air but went unnoticed by Garlyn as he rehearsed what he was going to say to Mildred when he picked her up in Taft. They had exchanged letters during the week and planned on Garlyn bringing Mildred to Santa Barbara for the day and driving her back to Taft that evening. However, as the weekend drew near, Garlyn had another idea. He had fallen in love with this cute petite brunette and didn't want to lose her! They hadn't talked about marriage at all, although he told her once that he couldn't get married until he finished college. And, he wasn't sure how she felt towards him.

Past Ojai he drove up the narrow winding two-lane road known locally as the Ventacopa Highway which ran from Ventura to Maricopa. It ran through the mountains to Cuyama and then down Grocer Grade to Maricopa and the surrounding oilfields. Taft was only a few miles ahead. Now the distinct odor of oil mixed with sulfur filled the air, an odor Garlyn had grown up with, but barely noticed that day. Once in Taft he stopped at a service station to fill up again. His hands were sweaty as he nervously rethought his plan and considered forgetting it, but now he was parked in front of Mildred's apartment. She had been anticipating his arrival at 10 a.m. and met him at the door. Walking to his car, he opened the door for her, then went around and slid into the driver's seat.

They drove a short distance and stopped at the Peacock Dairy Malt Shop on Kern Street for a cold drink before leaving town. They talked about their plans for the day and Garlyn recalled how they had met and dated and how strong his feelings were for her. She said that she felt the same way and looked forward to the weekends he would be able to come to Taft. Once back in the Model A, with a lump in his throat, Garlyn asked Mildred to marry him. He quickly told her his plan to elope to Tijuana and get married that very day. He said they would have to keep the marriage a secret while he finished college and got his teaching degree because, during the Depression, only one spouse could have a job. He would get a job in Santa Barbara and Mildred would stay in Taft and work while he finished college. He finally paused to give Mildred the time to reply. It sounded less than ideal to Mildred, but she was in love with Garlyn and without hesitation said, "Yes." After a hug and kiss, he started the Model A engine, and put it in gear. They were off on the adventure of a lifetime together!



Mildred and Garlyn in 1937.

## Epilogue:

Several months later, Mildred moved to Santa Barbara to be closer to Garlyn. She found work at the Bank of America on State Street while living with roommates. Garlyn graduated from Santa Barbara State Teachers College in 1936 and received a Master's Degree in English from the University of Southern California (USC) in 1937.

Garlyn and Mildred moved back to Taft. Garlyn took a job at Taft High School as an English and Speech teacher. Only then did they announce to their friends and families that they were married. They had kept their marriage a secret even from their closest friends!

In 1940, their first son, Roger, was born. Garlyn enlisted in the Naval Reserve in 1943 and served in the South Pacific as a communications officer on two aircraft carriers on the staff of Admiral John McCain, Sr. He returned to teaching in 1946 and a year later I was born. Garlyn took summer courses in school administration and was named Director of Taft Junior College in 1950 and later its President. He would serve as President and Superintendent of Taft College until his retirement in 1975.

In 1955 Mildred became a real estate agent, and in 1958 earned her real estate broker's license. She owned her successful real estate business until she retired in 1974 and was very involved in community affairs, serving as president of two women's clubs.

They moved to Santa Barbara in 1975 where they had wonderful memories and lifelong friends. They celebrated their 68th wedding anniversary in 2002. Mildred passed away in 2003 at the age of 89, and Garlyn passed in 2005 at 92 years. They requested that their ashes be mixed together. Who could have guessed that September day in 1934 with a weekend elopement to Tijuana would last forever?



Mildred and Garlyn on their 50th Anniversary, Sept. 3, 1984.

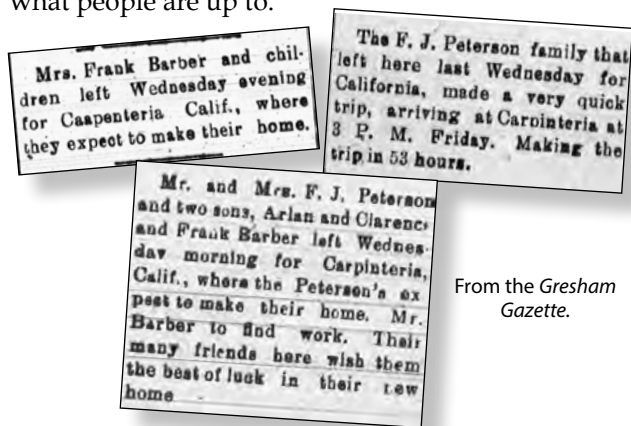


*Dr. Larry Basham joined SBCGS in 2022 and is currently the Outreach Speaker Coordinator. He began his dental practice in Santa Barbara in 1974 and retired in 2015. He has been married to his wife, Julie, for 52 years and they have five children and five grandchildren. Since his retirement, he has served on staff and is currently Director of the Santa Barbara LDS FamilySearch Center. He is a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, an independent member of Evalogue. Life Professional Writers Network and is currently helping people save their family stories through his business, ForeverYoursLifeStories.com.*

# Nebraska to California in a Model A

By Jean Foster

**M**Y DAD'S FAMILY made the move from Gresham, York County, Nebraska, to Carpinteria, California, in August 1939. I was on this trip, but since I was only nine months old, I am writing this from the stories my parents and other family members told me. I also found some articles in the *Gresham Gazette*. Local newspaper social columns are a great way to find out what people are up to.



From the *Gresham Gazette*.

The story of the Barber family moving from Nebraska starts in 1936. It was still depression times and work was hard to find. My dad, Norman (Bud) Barber, was in the Civilian Conservation Corp, stationed at Hebron, Nebraska, from 1935 to 1937. The money he made helped with the family finances. In 1936, Dad's brother, Johnny Barber, and sister Florence and her husband Ernie Wullbrandt, left Gresham, Nebraska, and came to Carpinteria, California, where a couple of Ernie's cousins were living. They found work in the lemon industry in Carpinteria.

Johnny's girlfriend, Edna Peterson, later followed him to California, and they were married May 29, 1937, at the Emanuel Lutheran Church in Santa Barbara. Edna's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Peterson, and my grandmother, Etta Thams Barber, came west for the wedding.

After their return to Gresham, the Petersons decided to move to Carpinteria. My grandmother urged my grandfather, Frank E. Barber, to go with them, as there was work for a carpenter in Carpinteria. According to articles in the *Gresham Gazette*, they left on October 13, 1937, and made the trip in 53 hours, arriving at 3 p.m. on Friday, October 15, 1937. Grandpa found work with a local contractor and found a house to rent, so he asked Grandma to sell what she didn't want and to move the family to Carpinteria.

So finally, on August 16, 1939, they packed all the family's belongings into a truck Grandma had purchased and headed for Carpinteria. Dad's brothers, Gene and Fritz, drove the truck with Grandma riding with them. I rode with my dad, mom and dad's sisters, Phyllis and Marilyn, in his Model A. I believe it was a 1931 two-door model with only a small seat in the back. From the photos of the car I don't believe there was very much room.

Aunt Phyllis said it seemed like a long trip and was hard for my mom, Eunice Holloway Barber, whose family was still living in Aurora, Nebraska. They stayed at night in cabins, the motels of the 1930s — no Holiday Inns. Aunt Phyllis also talked about hanging diapers out of the window of the Model A to dry them. They had some mechanical problems with the car, but Dad's auto mechanic skills kept the car running.

At the California inspection station they had no problem getting through, as the first bag the inspector looked in was the diaper bag. His comment was, "You can go." Mom was concerned when they got lost in the Los Angeles area and was glad when they finally found the right road and made it to Carpinteria.

I am not sure how long the trip took, but it was quite an adventure for my family, as they had never traveled far from their homes in Gresham and Aurora, Nebraska. Aunt Phyllis is the last of the children still living. She turned 100 on February 27, 2023. The Barber family made the move to Carpinteria, and were able to find work, build homes and raise families. I am the oldest of the 17 grandkids and still live in Carpinteria in the house my parents built in 1954.



Norman Barber 1939, Carpinteria, California - Nebraska plates still on Model A.

The photo of my dad, Norman "Bud" Barber, was taken in front of our first rental house, shortly after we arrived in Carpinteria. The Model A still has a Nebraska license plate.

That trip ended in a good place to live and raise their families.



The Barber Family, July 1941.

*I started searching my family history in 1978, before the computer age, and have been actively searching for my ancestors since. I joined the SBC Genealogy Society in 1985, but had to stop some of my activities in 1997, and joined again in 2013. I have been doing the Beginning Genealogy SIG with Norma Johnson and coaching for society members. I am retired from a 35-year banking career and now spend my time with my family history research and crocheting. I have two daughters and nine grandchildren and will be a great-grandmother in August. ~Jean Foster*



## A Woman in a Logging Camp By Cathy Jordan

**M**Y EX-MOTHER-IN-LAW was also a genealogist, and I was gifted with six boxes of her family paperwork when she passed! Since it was my sons' family, I was motivated to sort through all six boxes looking for gems. There were piles of duplicate copies of censuses and other records which needed sorted through first. Luckily, among the flotsam and jetsam of her years of research (the old-fashioned way before computers and online databases), were true gems. Two of these were the 1895 and 1898 handwritten journals of my sons' great-great-grandmother, Blanche Prell Briggs, kept when she lived with her husband James ("Jimmie") in a logging camp near Starkey, Union County, Oregon.



1922 JC Briggs homestead at Starkey Oregon.



1896 Blanche Prell Briggs on Bird with Rover at homestead in Starkey.

James and Blanche were married on May 4, 1895, in Union County, Oregon, when he was 21 and she was 15. By August of that year they were living in the logging camp, along with James' brother William and his wife Susan, as well as his father, Charles Carpenter Briggs ("CC"), and his wife Frances. The journals are details about activities, responsibilities and hardships. From her spelling and sentence structure, it seems that Blanche was never educated past the 4th grade. Despite the journals being difficult to understand they were worth the effort. There are 18 pages, 8 1/2 x 5 1/2, for this journal. I am including some excerpts:

*Sep 9, 1895*

*Monday, Baking 10 pies one batch of cookies first day trucking to ship for meat delivered by Patent Will went to Starkey 16 men for supper...*

*[Sep 10, 1895]*

*Mrs. Briggs she was drawing sugar before the Brake of the day and she spilted a small quality [quantity] on the floor. To [two] men for supper came in late. Wed. 11 this morning we*

Logging Camp  
 Aug 20, 1895  
 Sep 9<sup>th</sup> 95  
 Monday Baking 10 pies one batch  
 of cookeys first day logging trucking  
 to sheep farm delivered by  
 Patent. Will went to starkey  
 16 men for supper.  
 Tuesday 10<sup>th</sup> the music this morning  
 was songs by the cookeys, rained 9 AM  
 all after noon 17 men for dinner  
 the men didnt work this afters noon  
 they are all so soft to night they  
 are all drinking Mrs Briggs is want  
 leave to bake to manager  
 I also baked cake and light bread  
 to day Billie he was in the cook house  
 and fixed a horse collar to day  
 Jennies big mare got its shoulder

cut with the harness.  
 Mrs Briggs she was doaving & sewing  
 before the break of day and she spilled  
 a small quantity on the flour  
 The men for supper came in late  
 Weds 11<sup>th</sup> this morning we washed Susan  
 moped the floor 17 men for Dinner  
 The first thing after dinner I baked  
 a cake & 8 small agraint of  
 Starkey's The cookeys had a jolly time  
 this afters noon we made taffie and  
 we hit to much hard and flour.  
 in our taffie frogg Sherry sanday  
 came in and gave the cooke a  
 grate atord and made the old cook mad  
 at least he thought she was  
 Sep 12<sup>th</sup> Thursday Sanday Boys hit  
 not work. Baked dinner pie  
 for the crew

To make the night for 15 each to measure  
 for Dinner a Sunday  
 The woodrat carried Mr and Mrs Briggs  
 pin up to the sky light  
 I also had a grate surced for my  
 hair pins and all so found them in the  
 dried apple box oh that rat is  
 Saturd 14<sup>th</sup> Jennies he went down to  
 the vallie to get some vegetables for the camp  
 he got home about half past 9 o'clock  
 Last night we captured a wood rat  
 I baked 16 loaf of light bread to town  
 and a dose of cookeys and bakey 12 pies  
 Mrs Briggs sanded the flour  
 and she all so strained her knee joint  
 Billie went down to town to see a boat  
 selling some his hogs and did not  
 get back to Sunday 15<sup>th</sup> Potos came in  
 and raped out the door and woke me up

washed Susan moped [mopped] the floor 17 men for Dinner.  
 The first thing after dinner I Baked a cake....

[Sep 13, 1895]

The woodrat carried Mr. and Mrs. Briggs pin up to the sky light. I also had a grate [great] surced [?] for my hair pins and all so found them in the dried apple box oh that rat is...

Sep 14 [1895]

Jimmie he went down to the vallie to get some vegetables for the camp he got home about half past 9 o'clock last night we captured a wood rat I baked 16 loaf of light bread to town and a dose of cookeys and bakey [baked] 12 pies. Mrs. Briggs swepted the flour [floor] and she all so strained her knee joint...

In 1898 they appear to be in her husband's logging camp, and she is keeping another journal. However, some entries talk about her in the third person even though the handwriting looks the same to me. That is a mystery to be resolved in the future perhaps. This journal is the same overall size but only has 10 pages. More excerpts:

Starkey

Oct 22, 1898

J.C. Briggs logging on L. Goforth ranch

On Saturday Oct 8 we moved to our log cabin on the Goforth ranch to put in the timber for GKL Co which the farm contained...

Sat. Oct 22, 1898

Seven men for breakfast. Jim went to LaGrand [La Grande, OR] a horseback..

Baked six loaves of bread and baked two cakes, ironed four pieces. Ed B found two eggs and Blanchie [her?] put the cuffs on Elam [Blanche and James' son] dress made yeast and Jim got Blanche a new dress and Elam a pair of shoes and stockings and I [who?] saved a dollar...

Sunday 23 [Oct 1898]

Jim went to Boumonts after oats, got Sullivan team, Edd B. came home, Laura and I went to Willhelm and got three rolls of butter and some home by the old place. Baked six loaves of bread, seven men for supper. Willhelm sent over two pigs... Baked 8 loaves [loaves] of bread.

Tuesday 25 [Oct 1898] washed. B[aked] 7 loaves [loaves] of bread. Howard Donn was here. Made yeast

Wednesday 26 [Oct] 1898 stoped [stopped] trucking went to skidding. Mrs. Wilkson came here.

These journals provide my sons with an insight into what it was like for a very young and newly-married woman in the late 1890s to play a responsible role in helping to run a logging camp in the rough Oregon country. This was in the days of horse-driven transportation. Nothing was fast - not restocking supplies or anything else. Communication was limited to word of

mouth. It was a tough beginning, but Blanche raised three children and lived to be 72. The discovery of the journals was a wonderful surprise among the six boxes. They provided me a window into the life of a woman I never met or knew but grew to admire for her fortitude.

You never know what you will find!

Starkey Oct. 22, 1898  
 J.C. Briggs logging on  
 L. Goforth ranch  
 On Saturday Oct 8 we moved to  
 our log cabin on the Goforth ranch  
 to put in the timber for GKL  
 Co which the farm contained  
 Sat. Oct 22, 1898  
 Seven men for breakfast.  
 Jim went to LaGrand a horseback  
 Ed B. came up with the tunches  
 about noon  
 Ed B. went to Perry received  
 a quarter of beef of L.  
 Baked six loaves of bread and baked two  
 cakes. ironed four pieces  
 Ed B. found two eggs and Blanchie  
 put the cuffs on Elam dress made  
 yeast and Jim got Blanche a  
 new dress and Elam a pair of shoes and  
 stockings and I [who?] saved a dollar...

# Everything You Need to Know About Marriage Records

By Elizabeth Swanay O'Neal

**W**HETHER OUR ANCESTORS had a simple courthouse marriage, or a beautiful wedding filled with family and friends, the records of that life-changing day can be a valuable resource for family historians.

In this article, we will explore the various types of marriage records that may have been created during an ancestor's lifetime and the crucial information these records provide.

## What are Marriage Records and Why Do They Matter?

Originally created to provide an official record of marriages for legal, religious, and social purposes, the practice of keeping marriage records dates to ancient times. Marriages were often arranged for political or economic reasons, and the state or religious authorities needed to keep track of who was married to whom. In the United States, the first marriage records were kept by local churches and were primarily used to verify the legitimacy of children and to establish inheritance rights.

Today, marriage records are an important resource to help family historians identify their ancestors and confirm family relationships. The wealth of information you may find in a marriage record includes:

- Full names of the bride and groom
- Their birth dates and/or age at the time of marriage
- Their birth location and/or current residence
- Their occupations
- Their religious affiliation
- Evidence of a previous marriage
- The date and location of the marriage
- Name of the person who performed the ceremony
- Names of the parents of the bride and groom
- Parents' birth dates and places
- Names of witnesses to the marriage (possible additions to their FAN Club)

A marriage record can be a crucial piece of evidence revealing a married woman's maiden name. In fact, depending on the location and time period, a woman's maiden name may not be found on any other document created during her lifetime. For this reason, you will want to thoroughly research all types of marriage records that may have existed at the time of your female ancestor's marriage.

It is also important to try to obtain a copy of the original marriage record instead of relying on information provided in an index. Original records may have

additional details that were not included in the index, or the indexed record may contain transcription errors. If the original document is no longer extant, be sure to make a note of that in your records.

## Banns of Marriage

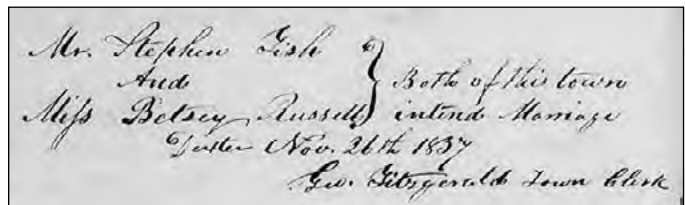
The banns of marriage, or marriage banns, are the public announcement or proclamation of an intended marriage. The word "banns" comes from "Bannen," which is Saxon for "to proclaim by the sound of a trumpet."

Banns were a requirement of the Church of England and the early Catholic Church, and were usually announced at a church service a few weeks prior to the marriage date. The purpose was to give an opportunity for "legitimate objections" to the marriage, making the priest free to perform the ceremony.

Banns were a common requirement during the American colonial era:

Plymouth Colony's first marriage regulation (1636) required the banns to be read to the congregation three times, or if no congregation was in the area, publicly posted for a fifteen-day period. Quakers were allowed to announce banns in their meetinghouses. Noncompliance with the banns procedure carried a serious fine in the 17th century, which could be imposed upon the groom or minister. The proclaiming of the banns of marriage was also a requirement in the Dutch colony of New Netherland.

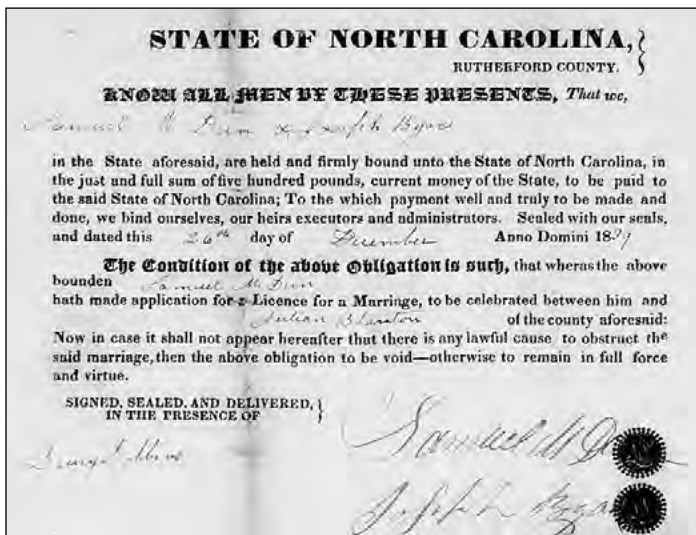
In 1983, the Roman Catholic Church removed the requirement for banns and left it to individual national bishops' conferences to decide whether to continue this practice. However, in many Catholic countries, the banns are still published.



Marriage intention from "Town and vital records [Dexter, Maine] 1816-1898," *FamilySearch*.

## Intentions

Marriage intentions were similar to banns but were filed with the town or county clerk instead of the church. Intentions typically included the names and residence locations of the bride and groom, as well as the date the intention was filed. While usually not read aloud, intentions were posted in public places in order to give others the opportunity to object to the proposed marriage.



"Marriage bonds (Rutherford County, North Carolina), 1779-1868," FamilySearch.

## Marriage Bonds

A bond is "a sum of money, pledge of credit, insurance guaranty, or other thing of value deposited, usually with a court, as assurance that someone will faithfully perform certain duties or meet obligations..." A marriage bond is essentially the same: a financial pledge of security that one intends to marry.

The purpose of a marriage bond was to ensure that there was no legal or moral reason to prevent a marriage from taking place. Typically, the money did not actually change hands, though it could be called for "if the marriage did not fulfill the requirements." Bonds were not required by all states or colonies but were common in the southern United States; in some states, a bond was required before a marriage license could be issued.

Marriage bonds reveal the names of the bride and groom, the name(s) of the bondsman, witnesses, and the date of the bond. The bondsman could be related to the bride or groom (possibly a parent, brother, or uncle), so you will want to investigate the relationship between the bride and/or groom and the bondsmen.

## Marriage Licenses and Applications

A marriage license is issued by the local civil jurisdiction (e.g., the county) in which a couple intends to marry. It is basically a document giving permission for a couple to marry.

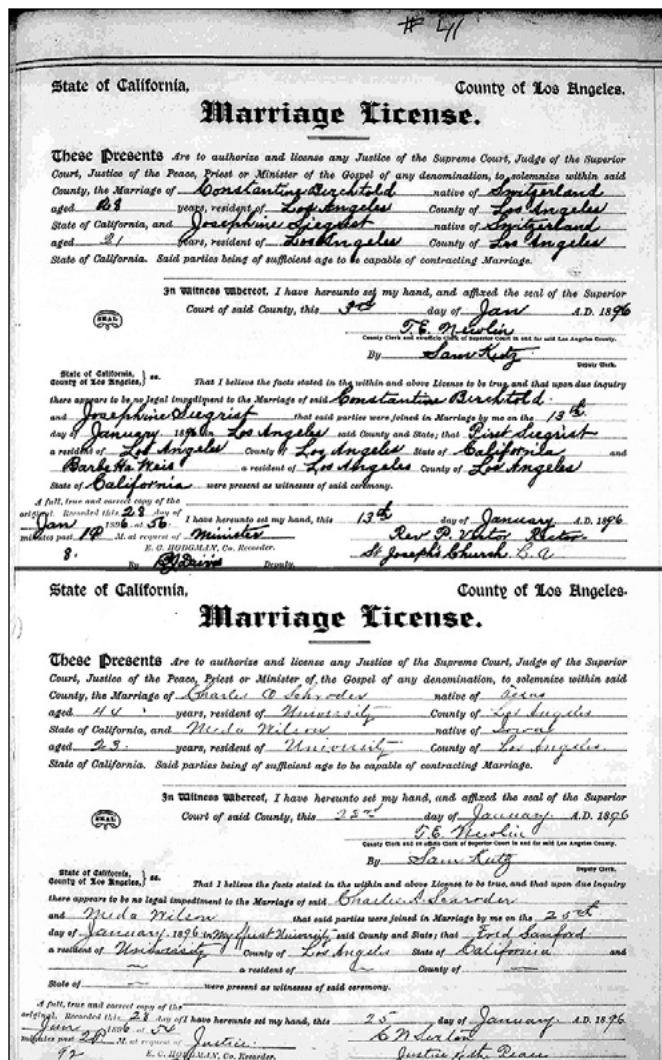
In some areas, a license was required before the marriage could be performed: "By statute in some jurisdictions, it [a marriage license] is made an essential prerequisite to the lawful solemnization of the marriage."

Marriage applications are the modern equivalent of a marriage license, and they often contain more detailed information than a license. Like a marriage license, an application is a document completed by the bride and groom requesting permission to marry from the local civil jurisdiction.

The approved license (or application) was then presented to the person performing the marriage. A nota-

tion of the marriage "solemnization" was often recorded on the back of the license by the person performing the marriage ceremony. The document was then returned to the town or county where it was issued.

Marriage licenses and applications can be a wealth genealogical value because they contain the names of the bride and groom, and often their ages and residence locations, as well. Later records may also provide the couple's birth dates and locations, occupations, race, and names and birth locations of their parents.



Marriage license from "California, County Marriages, 1850-1952," FamilySearch.

## Marriage Certificates

A marriage certificate is a printed – and often beautifully illustrated – document signifying that a marriage ceremony has been completed. The document is typically filled in by the person performing the marriage and presented to the newly married couple.

These lovely souvenirs of marriage may be in the possession of family members and are often handed down with other family documents. The clerk of the court where the marriage was performed may also have a copy. You might even find them in military pension files since the soldier's widow would have had to provide proof of marriage in order to receive benefits.

While not as rich in genealogical information as marriage applications, a marriage certificate should provide, at minimum, the names of the bride and groom, date and location of the marriage, the name of the officiant, and the names of the witnesses.

## Marriage Registers and Returns

The book listing the marriage licenses issued by a civil jurisdiction (e.g., the county) is called a marriage register. In England, this book is called a marriage-office book.

Marriage registers typically include the names of the bride and groom, their ages, residence locations, and the issue date and location of the marriage license.

a separate piece of paper and attached to the marriage register, license, or bond.

Consent papers are likely to reveal the name of the bride's or groom's parent (typically the father). If consent was given by a guardian, you will need to research that person further to determine the relationship.

## Confidential Marriages

Most marriage records are considered public records, which means they can be accessed by members of the public for free or for a fee. However, there is one type of marriage record that is not public: a Confidential Marriage.

The State of California offers a "Confidential License and Certificate of Marriage" to persons 18 years of

age and older who were living together as spouses at the time of application. No witnesses are required to be at the ceremony, and no witnesses sign the marriage license.

This marriage license is a confidential record and is registered at the clerk's office in the county where it was purchased; copies of confidential marriage records are not available from the state vital records office. Without a court order, a copy of confidential marriage record can only be requested by the married couple and will not be issued to surviving family members or for genealogical research.

## Conclusion

Marriage records are an essential resource for genealogical research by

providing valuable information about family relationships. Whether you are an experienced genealogist or just beginning to explore your family history, marriage records offer a treasure trove of information just waiting to be discovered.

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A marriage return from "Iowa, U.S., Marriage Records, 1880-1945," Ancestry.

There is often a number in the register corresponding to a number on the license that was issued. Register entries may also include the race of the bride and groom, their parents' names and birth locations, and evidence of a previous marriage.

Marriage returns may also be found in a column of the marriage register book. The marriage return is a notation by the minister — or another person who performed the ceremony — stating where, and on which date, the couple was married. The return may have been completed by the minister or transcribed by the clerk from information completed on the marriage license.

## Consent Papers

If the bride or groom was underage at the time of marriage, the consent of a parent or guardian would have been required for the couple to marry. This consent may have been given verbally, written on the marriage license or bond, or it may have been written on



# The Courtship and Marriage of Harriett Elizabeth Young and Harry Valentine Dobson 1908-1913

By S.A. Mendenhall

**W**ERE MY RESERVED grandparents romantic? I wish I had asked them. I wish I had asked about their courtship and marriage.



Bride and groom, Harriett Young and Harry Dobson.  
From the Dobson Family Album.

My grandmother Harriett Young's family lived in rural San Joaquin County, California.<sup>1</sup> My grandfather, Harry Dobson, lived in the town of Lodi, a farming area in San Joaquin County. In the spring of 1908, the Dobson family sold their farm and moved from Lodi to 138 E. Maple Street in Stockton, California. The following year they made their last move, to the home where they would live the rest of their lives, 1406 East Washington Street, Stockton.<sup>2</sup>

I cannot be sure whether my grandparents met at any of the schools in San Joaquin County. I have not yet found any school records. Since their parents belonged to different religious denominations, I do not think the two families met at church.

There were a number of activities around the city and county that young people gathered to enjoy. Circuses arrived by train every year: *Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show*, *Norris & Rowe's Circus*, *Ringling Brothers' Circus*. Dancing including ballroom, ragtime, and Turkey Trot were popular. Sports and athletics were big attractions. The city of Stockton had a YMCA, an Athletic Club, boxing matches, and two baseball teams. A new skating rink opened in 1906. Other amusements included mineral spas, band concerts, and buggy rides.<sup>3</sup>

According to the 1910 census, Harry V. Dobson was a "hired man, gasoline engineer" in the Humbug Mining District, in Yavapai, Arizona. He was single, white, 19 years old, and lived in a boarding house, one of 14 men, including Chinese and Italians. The house was a rented

home and was operated by a mining engineer, William V. DeCamp, in the Prescott National Forest, in Arizona.<sup>4</sup>

That same year, Harriet "Hallie" Young's family was still farming in O'Neal Township, San Joaquin County. Harriett E., age 19, was not attending school or working; she lived at home with her parents, E.G. and Emma Young, and her younger sister, Ida.<sup>5</sup>

Harry and Harriett's path crossed at some point. The Young's moved into Stockton before 1912. Their new home was located at 245 W. Magnolia Street. The 1912 election year was the first year that California women were eligible to vote.<sup>6</sup> Harriett registered to vote for the first time, giving her occupation as a teacher.<sup>7</sup>

Harry was working at the dry docks in San Francisco, California, when he enlisted in the U.S. Coast Guard on September 24, 1912.<sup>8</sup> The couple continued their friendship by writing to each other.

Hallie made a postcard with her photo and a hand-drawn illustration on the front.<sup>9</sup> Hal bought picture postcards that he mailed to show her the places his ship landed.<sup>10</sup>



Hal's ship, *Ventura St. S.* sailed across the Pacific. Seaman Harry worked at least three months as the ship's electrician. He worked on board as they sailed from San Francisco to the Bay of Pago Pago, Samoa, in 1912, then to Sidney, New South Wales, Australia, Honolulu, Hawaii, and back to San Francisco, by January 3, 1913. This is where Harry was "Discharged 3 January 1913 from the Merchant Marine, Coast Guard, Capt. Of Port."<sup>11</sup>



Hallie's wedding dress.

There is no information about when, how, and where Hal proposed to his sweetheart. What is known is that Hallie and her mother, Emma Cidney (Hare) Young, started making Harriett's wedding dress. Together they created an Edwardian-style, cream-colored silk dress with high neckline of delicate lace. More lace was draped over the shoulders and down the bodice front, with insets on the chest to the neck, and sleeves, with pleats on one side of the skirt, and a cummerbund.<sup>12</sup>

Emma used her own sewing machine, a 1911 White Electric Sewing Machine. When just a young teen, I inherited that sewing machine and learned to sew on it. When my mother, Alice (Dobson) Mendenhall, first showed me Grandma's wedding dress in 1964, she told me it was made from my great-grandmother's wedding dress from before 1890.

My grandparents applied for a marriage license and signed the "Affidavit for Marriage." The groom-to-be, a "23-year-old man, Harry Valentine Dobson, born in Colorado, was employed as an Electrician." He listed "parents' names, Oscar Bonaparte Dobson and Cora



Dobson family at home, before wedding: Oscar, Clemmie, Cora, Paul and Hal.

Alta Gibson, natives of Illinois." The bride stated her name, "Harriett Elizabeth Young, age 22, born in Ohio, a teacher, and the daughter of Everett Grant Young and Emma Cidney Hare, natives of Ohio." The couple were "single, white, residents of Stockton, California." The county clerk issued marriage license "No. 26046, August 16th, 1913." Reverend Stephens certified their marriage certificate and requested it be filed on August 18, 1913.<sup>13</sup>

They received "Wedding Chimes," a commemorative booklet, in which was hand-written "a lovely ceremony." The booklet named the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, and the officiant as Reverend John Stephens, who conducted the service. Hal and Hallie's mothers were their witnesses. Cora's and Emma's signatures were under the Pastor's.<sup>14</sup>

Commemorative booklet.



The church location was found in a 1905 San Francisco City Directory.

Grace Methodist Episcopal church, cor[ner] 21st and Capp sts., Rev. John Stephens, D.D. pastor—Sermon 11 a.m., ... (evening services) At 7:45 p.m., Sunday school at 12:30 p.m. ... This is a people's church. Seats free. Take Mission or Valencia cars to 21st.<sup>15</sup>

Reviewing several city directories, [Rev.] John Stephens appeared listed in San Francisco from March 1911. Then, I researched the church address, and learned that it is no longer standing; there are just apartments on the corners.

There were published notices of the marriage in two newspapers. The first marriage announcement was in the *San Francisco Call*, "Young, Dobson, in this city Aug. 16, 1913."<sup>16</sup> Secondly, the *San Francisco Chronicle* on August 17, 1913, "Licenses Issued. Harry V. Dobson, 23, and Harriet E. Young, 22, both of Stockton."<sup>17</sup>

Mr. and Mrs. E.G. Young arranged to have printed Wedding Announcements on heavy cream card stock and mailed them to family and friends.<sup>18</sup>



Wedding Announcement

Shortly after their marriage, my grandparents left for their honeymoon to Monterey, California. The couple spent as much as a week there, seeing the sights before visiting Del Monte and Pacific Grove.<sup>19</sup>



Monterey, Del Monte and Pacific Grove postcard.

When they returned home, they went about setting up their household. "The 1914 San Joaquin County, Voter Register" for Stockton listed them. "[no.] 109, Dobson, Harry Valentine, electrician, [and no.] 110, Dobson, Mrs. Harriett Elizabeth, housewife, residence 1222 E Poplar, (both) Progressive party, Fourth Precinct, Fourth Ward."<sup>20</sup>

Harry and Harriett Dobson had a good solid marriage. Together my grandparents worked and shared responsibilities, raised two children, and saw them graduate from college. They were fortunate to have 50 productive joyful years together.

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*Sam was educated at the Santa Barbara schools, eventually earning an MA. Sam is married, a mother, a grandmother, and enjoys researching for posterity.*



# Noah, Maria, and the Gold Fields of California

By Debbie Gray

**I** WAS ON THE HUNT. My quarry: the gravesites of my 3rd great-grandparents, Moses and Mary Ann Ware Kesterson Cadwell. Location: the extinct town of Walkersville, somewhere in Shelby County, Missouri. Yes, somewhere, but where exactly? No address or map was provided for the Cadwell Cemetery on *findagrave.com*.

My husband, Glenn, and I had been on the road now for over three months, traveling across country in our Airstream. We had attempted to travel through Missouri in the spring of 2019, but tornadoes and flooding forced us to ditch our plans and return home. Now, finally in the summer of 2022, we crossed west over the Mississippi River into the land of my Cadwell ancestors. My plans were to visit the gravesites of my 2nd and 3rd great-grandparents.

Finding my 2nd great-grandparents' burial sites in the Bacon Chapel Cemetery located in Shelby County had been a piece of cake. Directions and GPS coordinates were on *findagrave.com*. A short tromp through the small cemetery brought me face to face with the headstones of Noah Hampton Cadwell, my 2nd great-grandfather, and Sarah F. Hinton Cadwell, my 2nd great-grandmother, Noah's wife number two. Wife number one? Well, that's where this story is heading, but for now, back to Moses, Mary Ann, and the Cadwell Cemetery.

Gravestone photos accompanied the memorials of my 3rd great-grandparents, and without directions and only a vague hint of where to begin my search, I decided to take a shot and send a message to the woman who posted the photos several years previously. To my great fortune, Laura Thrasher not only responded promptly to my message, she lived close by the cemetery, and she was willing to take me to the Cadwell Cemetery. And, Laura and I discovered we are half-third cousins, both descending from Noah Hampton Cadwell.

Unfortunately, getting to the Cadwell Cemetery was unfeasible. The problem was not that it was on private land, as people have the right of access to visit abandoned family or private burial ground when surrounded by private property in the state of Missouri. Rough terrain, a herd of cattle with the possibility of a contrary bull or protective mama cow, and a lack of an appropriate vehicle prevented us from progressing towards our desired destination. So, what do you do when you find yourself in a disappointing situation? You go out to lunch! And that is exactly what Laura, her husband, Mike, and I did.

In getting to know each other, Laura shared that she and her sister, Marilyn Wilcox Bauer, had written several family histories, and they were currently wrapping



Maria I.

up, none-other-than: *The Descendants of John Cadwell and Mary Keys of Moore County, North Carolina.*

How do these things happen! Serendipity, correct alignment of the stars, the blessings of the universe? I'm just so grateful that meeting Laura did indeed happen.

My new-to-me cousin proceeded to tell me the tale of Noah and his first wife, Maria Morrison, Laura's 2nd great-grandmother, the subject of this story.

Noah Hampton Cadwell, second child and oldest son of Moses and Mary Ann Cadwell, married Maria Isabel Morrison in Pike County, Illinois, on September 3, 1848, an eventful year in United States history with the ending of the Mexican-American War and the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in California.

Noah and Maria's first daughter, Lydia Ann, was born on July 3, 1849, and their second daughter, Martha Ann, was born September 13, 1851. Along with the news of Noah's growing family, the folks of Pike County received reports of the vast quantities of gold to be had for the taking in the Sacramento Valley of California, as well as suitable land upon which to live. A few of Maria's family members, along with Noah, began to get an itch, which developed into a full-on fever: a desire for land and gold.

Maria's sister, Margaret Morrison, was married to a man by the name of Thomas Black. In 1849, Thomas left Pike County, Illinois, and crossed the plains to California in search for a place to relocate his family out West.

Maria's brother, Hugh Morrison, and John Chapman, her sister Mary Ann's husband, were both prospecting in El Dorado County, California, in 1850, according to the U.S. Census of that year.

Meanwhile, Thomas Black returned to his family, convinced that moving to California would be a good choice. On April 10, 1852, Thomas Black, Margaret, and their six children, ages 3 to 13, joined a caravan of about



Hugh H. Morrison

40 wagons. Another of Maria's brothers, Major Morrison, joined them. Unfortunately, along the route Major contracted typhoid fever and arrived in California quite ill. The shelter that had been quickly built for him as a place to recuperate caught fire, and although Major was able to crawl out in time, he died from exposure.

According to Pike County court records, Maria's husband, Noah Cadwell, left for California in April of 1852, planning to be gone for about two years. He was most likely on the same caravan as Major Morrison and Thomas Black's family. Maria was left behind with their two young daughters. It is not clear if Hugh Morrison and John Chapman had returned from El Dorado County by this time. Their wives, Cynthia Chapman Morrison and Mary Ann Morrison Chapman, each had two children as well, all under the age of four.

More than likely, Noah was not warmly welcomed by Maria upon his return in March of 1854, and seeing Maria for the first time in two years, Noah's heart was not filled with the fondness that such an absence might produce. Maria was found to be in an advanced stage of pregnancy.

*Handwritten text from Cadwell Divorce Decree page 1 of 2. The text is a legal document detailing the divorce proceedings between Noah Cadwell and Maria. It mentions the date of the hearing as September term 1854 and describes the court's findings regarding the marriage and the children.*

Cadwell Divorce Decree page 1 of 2.

*Handwritten text from Cadwell Divorce Decree page 2 of 2. The text continues the legal proceedings, mentioning the court's order regarding custody and the children. It is signed by J. P. Mackay.*

Cadwell Divorce Decree Page 2 of 2.

Apparently, John Chapman had returned to Pike County some time before Noah. Maria and her sister's husband, John Chapman, both acknowledged that John was the father of Maria's unborn child. The amorous John Chapman had been a busy man; his wife, Mary Ann, had given birth to a daughter, Sonora, on January 14, 1854.

Noah filed for divorce, charging Maria with adultery. He was granted the divorce and given custody of Lydia and Martha.

Noah did not stop there. A suit was filed against John H. Chapman for trespass, and Noah was awarded \$1200, a sizeable sum of money back then, worth about \$43,000 in purchase power today. Evidently Chapman had not struck it rich in the gold fields and was forced to sell his farm and personal property at the courthouse door in Pittsfield, Illinois. Ironically, the highest bidder was none other than Noah H. Cadwell.

With the remnants of my lunch in front of me, totally engrossed in Laura's tale of our

NO. 1		FI. FA. NO.	
PIKE CIRCUIT COURT, ILL.			
Noah H. Cadwell		vs. IN	
John Chapman			
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63 70		Cost.	
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Issued,	Oct 24	18 54	
Return day,	Nov 21	18 56	
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Advertising,		25	
miles travel,			
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Certificate of purchase,		50	
Returning,		10	
Interest,			
Total Amount,	\$		
Sheriff Pike Co. Ill.			
Filed, Jan 12		A. D. 1856	
J. A. Henry Clerk.			

Noah Cadwell vs John Chapman Damage and Fees - Apr 9, 2023 - 8-21 AM.

2nd great-grandfather, I asked her how she had discovered such an amazing story. Laura and her daughter had made themselves cozy in the basement of the Pike County Courthouse in Pittsfield, Illinois. There they found the court documents, never since opened, still wrapped in the original file coverings of 1854.

Noah went on to marry my 2nd great-grandmother, Sarah F. Hinton, around 1857, and the two of them crossed the Great Mississippi River and moved to Shelby County, Missouri. There they became the parents of twelve children, their tenth child being my great-grandfather, Richard Robin Cadwell.

What became of Maria, John Chapman, and their child?

Maria gave birth to a daughter, Virginia. Virginia assumed Cadwell as her maiden name and used it throughout her life. Maria married twice following her divorce, raised eleven children, and eventually made her home in Idaho, where she died on April 29, 1915.

The harrowing adventure of John H. Chapman, his wife, Mary Ann Morrison (Maria's sister), and their three young children is relayed in Mary Ann's obituary shared in her memorial on [findagrave.com](https://www.findagrave.com).

*Mary Ann Morrison was born in Morgan [C]ounty, Illinois, August 10, 1828. She was married to John H. Chapman in Pike [C]ounty, Illinois in 1845. In 1854 they, with their three little daughters, started for Oregon, coming by way of the Isthmus of Panama; crossing the Isthmus by mule pack train, then taking passage on the ship Southerner, they started on the last part of their journey. A storm coming on, their ship was driven ashore and wrecked near Flattery [R]eefs, but all succeeded in reaching the shore, and in saving large supplies of food. They established a camp while some of the men made their way to Olympia, where they induced the officers of a ship to attempt the rescue of those left in camp. The fog was so dense the ship could not locate the camp, and after waiting several days, returned to Olympia, giving up rescues by that means. The party left the camp and started for Portland, traveling on foot, horseback and Indian canoe to Portland then by boat to Salem, where they arrived in February, 1855, having lost most of their belongings in the shipwreck...*  
Oregon Statesman, Dec. 31, 1920, 8:5-7



Glenn and I made our way home, and shortly afterwards I received a package from cousin Laura, a copy of *The Descendants of John Cadwell and Mary Keys of Moore County, North Carolina* by Marilyn Wilcox Bauer and Laura Wilcox Thrasher © 2022. What a genealogical treasure to receive, filled with four generations of descendants plus interesting background stories, anecdotes, sidenotes, and photos. Laura and I continue to correspond, and recently I received copies of the original court records that she and her daughter uncovered in Pike County, and gratefully, Laura's and Marilyn's transcriptions of those documents. Little did I know that taking a chance on contacting a *Find A Grave* photographer would lead to a new cousin, a fellow genealogist, a friend, and the tale of Noah, Maria, and the Gold Fields of California.

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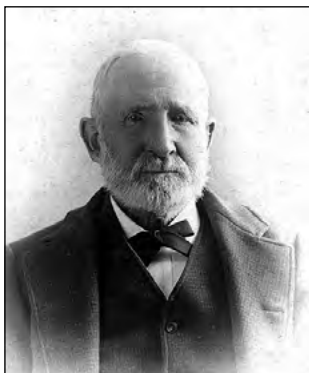


*Deborah Moyer Gray spends her time researching family history, sewing, running a local HAM radio net two mornings a week, and taking photos for [findagrave.com](https://www.findagrave.com). When the restlessness becomes too much, she and her husband, Glenn, travel throughout the United States in their Airstream, Amelia, along with their German shepherd, Viana. Deborah graduated from Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo, and is a retired middle school math teacher.*

# To the Seventh Generation

Melville R. V. Sahyun, Ph.D.  
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THE PHRASE, "...to the seventh generation" is associated with the Iroquois principle that, "...in every deliberation we must consider the impact of our decisions on the next seven generations." (Sometimes erroneously attributed to Chief Seattle; see website of the 7th Generation Foundation, <https://7genfoundation.org>). I doubt that this ancient wisdom was in the mind of my 2nd great-grandmother, Ann Hoddell Penry. On her second emigration to the United States, she brought along a few trappings of her English lifestyle, including a set of six Limoges soup plates. But, as I consumed my penne *rigate* with *merguez* the other evening accompanied by a nice Spanish *monastrell*, I realized that her decision to bring these artifacts to Santa Barbara did indeed have an impact on seven generations.



Henry Penry, ca. 1894



Ann Hoddell Penry

Ann and her husband, Henry, had come to the United States from Wales once before, to Ohio in the 1840s. Henry was a real estate developer and when his opportunities were exhausted in Ohio it so happened that Ann inherited a family farm in Herefordshire, a county in the West Midlands of England, which borders Wales. The family returned to the U.K., where Henry proceeded to liquidate Ann's assets. Once again, in 1868, they set out for the New World. Their goal this time was San Francisco, but onboard the ship from Panama, Henry heard talk in the saloon about the drought that had plagued Central California in the 1860s, leading to "cheap land" there. Those were the only two words a real estate developer needed to hear, so he had the family put off in Santa Barbara. Henry acquired ten acres of land in Santa Barbara, comprising the two blocks between Islay (spelled *Yslay* back in the day) and Mission Streets and Chapala and de la Vina Streets. They built a home at the corner of Pedregosa and de la Vina Steets, using bricks that had arrived in Santa Barbara as jettisoned shipboard ballast. My mother, Geraldine V. Sahyun, and I have previously described the history of

this house, which still stands. (*Ancestors West*, vol. 43, 2018) Thus, the soup plates arrived and took up residence in Santa Barbara.

In an interesting sidelight to this history, Henry fenced in his property. A decade later the city decided to extend Mission Street to the west, and found that Henry's fence encroached 20 feet into the right-of-way for Mission Street. Henry, a very stubborn man, refused to vacate, so a city crew, under the command of the town marshal, tore down the fence and began to grade the right-of-way. Henry sued and lost the case in Superior Court. Being a stubborn Welshman, Henry took the case to the California Supreme Court, where Henry won (*Penry v. Richards*, 52 Cal. 496). The city was ordered to restore Henry's property and fence and divert Mission Street around his land. So now when you exit the 101 freeway and head east on Mission Street, at de la Vina you have to jog 20 feet to the north to continue; that's to go around Henry's fence.

Henry passed away in 1895. His final words, preserved in family memory, were, "I have lived a successful life; I have never had to do a useful day's work."

Returning to the soup plates, they bear the china mark "CHF" which identifies them as products of the Haviland factory in Limoges, France. The mark was used from the 1860s through the 1890s. (T. Hurley, <https://www.lovetoknow.com/home/antiques-collectibles/antique-limoges-china-dinnerware>). Given this range, the plates were most likely new when Ann brought them to Santa Barbara.

The plates continued in family use until my grandmother decided that soup got cold too fast in soup plates, and converted the family to more modern and practical soup bowls. However, when my wife, Irene, saw them in the china cupboard, she immediately recognized them in their more modern incarnation, namely as pasta bowls. In this new application the Limoges soup plates returned to service. Our grandson and granddaughter, Leif and Cedar Sahyun, recently dined from this china at our house. So, the soup-plates-become-pasta-bowls have survived trans-Atlantic crossing by sailing ship, fires and earthquakes, and many moves, and with our grandchildren eating off them, have served, "...to the seventh generation."

The author wishes to thank his cousin, Jane Allingham, for the portrait of Ann Hoddell Penry.



Haviland-Limoges soup plate, ca. 1868.



Melville R. V. "Mel" Sahyun grew up in Santa Barbara, where family history was an essential part of the family culture. His Ph.D. is in physical chemistry from UCLA. He was instrumental in the family's process of donating the Sahyun Library property to SBCGS, and is a Life Member of the Society.

# The Kindness of Strangers – Edith Finds Her Way Home

By Bob Bason

E-MAIL TO BOB BASON, 20 July, 2023

Robert,



While in an antiques shop in Greencastle, PA, I picked up a photo of Edith M. Benchoff Martin (1884-1958) taken in 1903. I bought the picture with the intent of reuniting it with her family. According to your Bason Family Tree, you're her family. If you'd like the photo—free, tell me where to snail-mail it and it's yours. I hope to hear back from you soon.

Andy Gappa

P.S. There is no studio or location on the photo but seeing that I found it about 14 miles from Hagerstown, MD, and the age of the woman matches the era of the photo and Edith's age in 1903, I'd say she's your Edith M. Benchoff Martin.

E-MAIL REPLY TO ANDY GAPPA FROM BOB BASON, 20 July 2023

Dear Andy:

WOW - that is exciting for me. She is indeed the Edith M. Benchoff in my family tree. THANK YOU, THANK YOU.

My snail-mail address is Bob Bason, 155 Canon View Road, Santa Barbara, CA. 93108. I would be more than happy to reimburse you for your costs.

This is the second time I have had someone "rehome" a family photo for me. It's a great gift!!

Best wishes - and thank you!  
Bob Bason



*Bob Bason is a past president of the Society and, before that, was the "man behind the curtain" for the capital campaign for the new library and complete remodel. Before retiring in 2006, Bob had been an assistant chancellor at UCSB and Vice President of Planned Parenthood in New York City. Bob's interest in genealogy goes back to 1985 when his daughter asked him for the name of his grandfather and he didn't know. He determined he was going to do something about that. Now his public on-line Ancestry.com site has almost 25,000 "relatives" with over 6,000 on-line pictures of them. He is well-known to members for his stories about his "Benshoof" relatives. Bob and his wife, Carol, have lived in Santa Barbara for 52 years. They have two grown daughters and four grandchildren.*



## Ancestors West Sponsorship 2022–23

**W**e wish to thank the following very generous members of the Santa Barbara County Genealogy Society for their contributions, which greatly help to defray the publication costs of **Ancestors West!**

**Carol Andreasen, Cherie Bonazzola, Joy Chamberlain,  
Cathy Jordan, Chris Klukkert, Julie Moore, and Sharon Summer**

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# Overcoming the Reasons for Not Writing about your Ancestors

By Sharon Summer

## Why we don't write

Writing can be hard. It takes concentrated effort, it's easy to put off, and we find many reasons to delay. Yet many of us who love family history and genealogy really do want to write about it. We do want to write about our ancestors, our family history, to pass on to others. So why don't we? And what can we do about that?

I interviewed a number of would-be genealogy writers to see what keeps them from writing. Here are some of their reasons:

- I'm not a good enough writer.
- It's percolating now. I'll get to it soon.
- I don't have enough information yet.
- I don't know how to start.
- I have so much research that I don't know where to start.
- Maybe my research will turn out to be about the wrong person.
- Nobody is interested in my family's history anyway.
- I'm too tired by the time I want to write.
- I have no time. I am too busy.
- I wonder whether anybody will actually want to read this stuff.

Do we really think we want to sit down to do something hard, time consuming, and which takes so much effort? Not likely! It's easier to lounge, watch TV or videos, poke around on the internet, or even find other things that need doing. It's almost certain that we won't write when the kinds of thoughts on this list dominate our thinking. And I am not immune to those thoughts either.

## Why to write

What will it be like when, instead, you think about the satisfaction that will come when you have completed a piece of writing? What would it be like if you discovered that you could even enjoy doing much of the work of writing? Perhaps the answers to these questions will come when you begin, no matter how clumsy it may feel for you at first. That was certainly the case for me. I felt as if I didn't know what I was doing, that what I was writing would never amount to anything worthwhile, or be worth publishing. But once I started writing, and had completed a piece, I experienced the surprise of a real sense of accomplishment at what I had created. I experienced further satisfaction when I submitted a piece of my writing and it was published in the journal, *Ancestors West*! Never had I ever dreamed of being a published author! But what

fun it has been. Others have had a similar experience. Perhaps you could be one of them too!

Of course, writing requires editing. But every go-through makes your piece that much better. After the polishing you are ready to share.



## Good reasons to write:

- Finding satisfaction in your accomplishment.
- Creative momentum which comes with having finished a piece.
- Developing your skill as a writer.
- Watching your writing get better as you go.
- Contributing to others who can learn from reading your article.
- Preservation of your family's genealogy.
- Relatives learning about their own family's stories.
- Friends and others enjoying reading your writing.
- Offering your information for other researchers to use.
- Creating your legacy.
- Honoring your ancestors by telling their story.

## Getting your writing started!

An excellent way to get going is to write a story about some particularly vivid memory! Choose one ancestor or one significant event and write about that. Set aside any thoughts about doing it right. The important thing is to begin.

If you feel overwhelmed with the task, consider this: When cleaning out a cupboard we might clean out one shelf at a time to make the project seem doable. This is like writing about one family member at a time. One person at a time makes the task less intimidating. So, pick one ancestor that you might enjoy writing about or one memorable event to describe. Then just begin to write; do a "brain dump" simply to get it all on the page. You'll have plenty of time later to make changes and edit.

## Two ideas

One way of writing is to include how and where you found your information as you researched your person or event. Tell your reader how that led to further hunting to find out more. *Ancestors West* is fond of publishing articles that show how you learned about your topic, together with the story of your distant ancestor. That way others can learn about how to do genealogy. Include images with your writing to illustrate what it is you are writing about. Embellish your story with social history.

A publication may not have room for all the images you may have. My solution is to also make a “family copy” which includes anything I think relevant. That might be additional photos, maps, gravestones, and images from the internet that shows examples of things

mentioned in the writing. I might add a few screen shots of city directories, a census page, or an immigrant ship. Such writings make great gifts for your family. Slip your pages into an attractive folder and voilà, holiday presents for all.

All this gets to be fun! Start your momentum now. Happy writing!



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

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# Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated October 2022

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

## Manuscripts

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

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

## Images

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

## Author information

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

## Deadlines

Submissions with images are due the **1st of the month in February, May, and August, and October 15** for the November Issue. Address submissions to Kristin Ingalls, [antkap@cox.net](mailto:antkap@cox.net)

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Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Tarrytown, New York, 2001, taken by your editor, Kristin Ingalls

### **POSSIBLE THEMES FOR THE WINTER ISSUE**

Discoveries made on Graveyard Trips. Witches in the family. Folks who just did not fit in. Or any other story you want to share with our readers.