



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Winter 2024 Vol. 49, No. 4

**Celebrations
Festivals
Holidays**

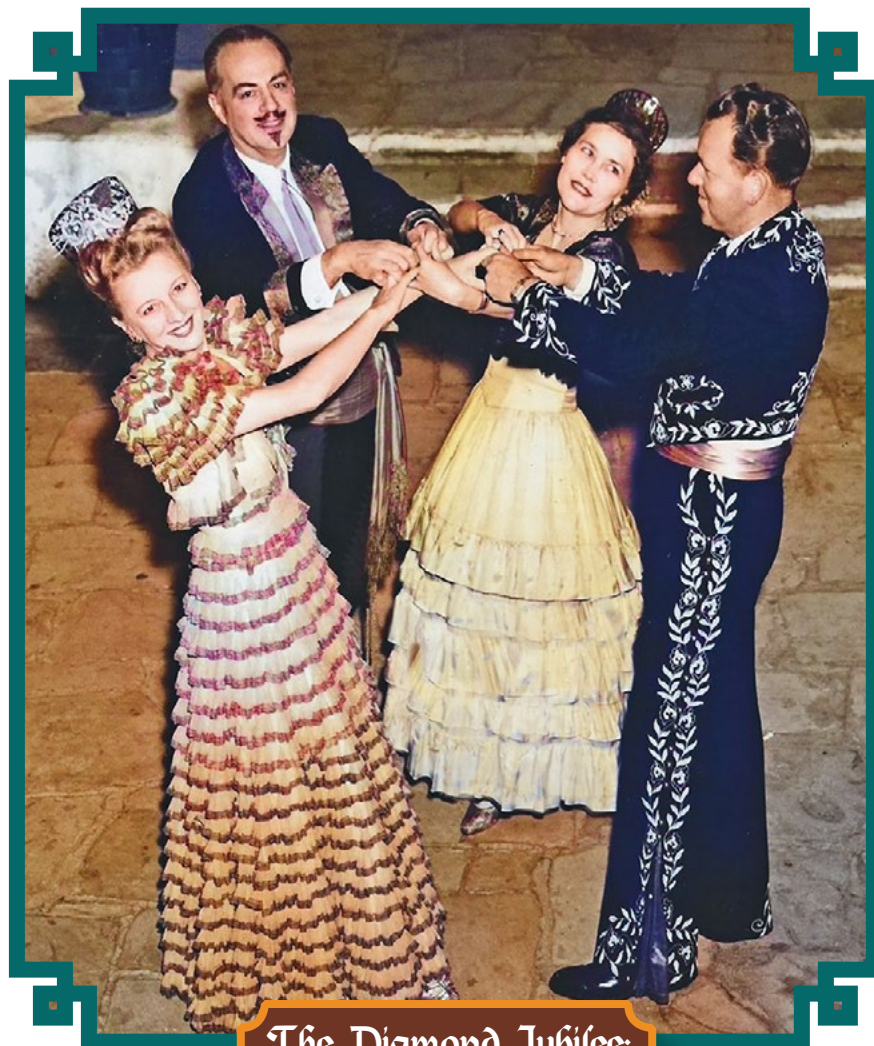
**News of the First
Santa Barbara Fiesta**

**San Francisco World's
Fair Opening**

**Keeping Swedish
Holiday Traditions Alive**

**Our Love of the
Great Outdoors**

Picnic in the Cemetery



**The Diamond Jubilee:
A Forgotten Festival**



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

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(SBCGS facility)

316 Castillo St., Santa Barbara 93101

Phone: (805) 884-9909

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

The Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society helps people, wherever they are from, discover, document, share, and preserve their family histories.

Vision Statement

We are a premier genealogical resource inspiring discovery of ancestral, cultural, and ethnic roots.

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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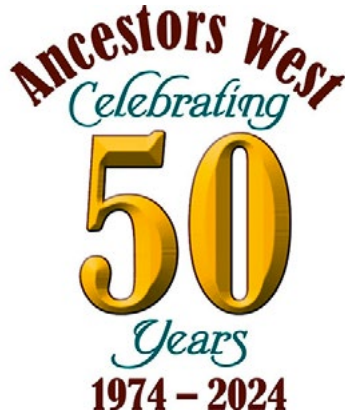
Land Acknowledgment Statement:

“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

Charmien Carrier
charmien2940@gmail.com



LOOKING BACK at the first issue of *Ancestors West*, published 50 years ago in December 1974, it is fascinating to see what our society had in mind for the publication's future. We have taken from that seed planted so long ago and added to it what we would like it to be today. We have expanded, grown, and become more inclusive. For instance, AW's editorial team noticed that in the inaugural issue, there is no mention that Indigenous peoples lived here long before the Spanish and Mexicans arrived. Following is an excerpt from that first issue.

"Ancestors West, along with its companion news bulletin, News Cues, is one of the "descendants" of a pioneer quarterly newsletter formerly published by the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society. Ancestors West is the presentation and contribution of and for the SBCGS in its commitment to preserve and advance genealogy research. It is dedicated to all who have come before, have remained, and have yet to come to Santa Barbara County. It is further dedicated and offered to those who do not live here but have family links and would like assistance researching the area.

As with any county in the United States, Santa Barbara has its lineage based upon the amalgamation of distinct cultures whose people have sought refuge or to establish new homes in a distant land. The predominant beginning of this blend of cultures in Santa Barbara was the influence of the early Hispanic settlers who came first from Spain and then Mexico. Later, they were joined by the Yankee adventurer, who was swayed, too, by the prevailing forces of his point in history.

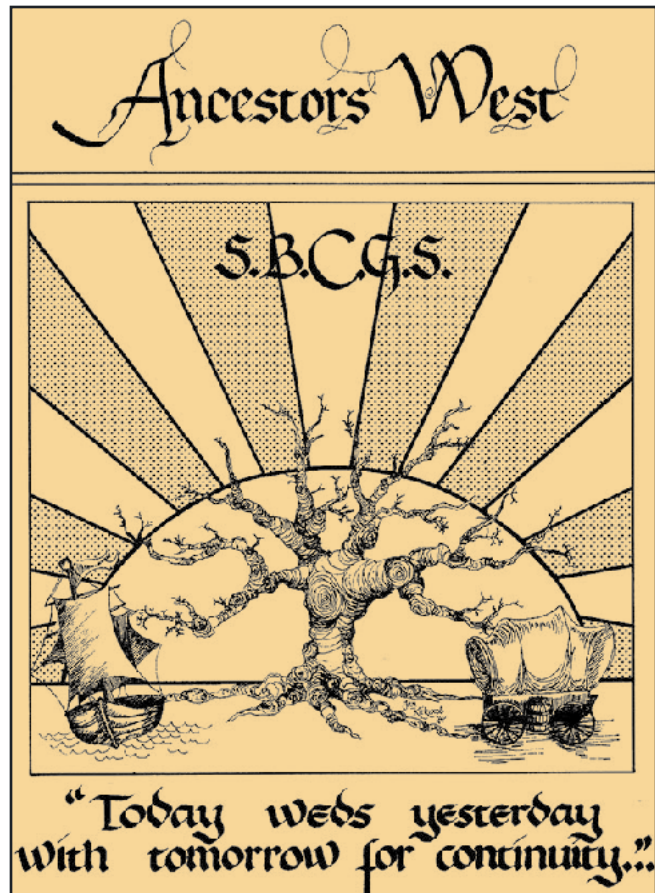
Where, then, and at what point in the time spectrum should a genealogical quarterly choose to focus its attention? Unlike a scholarly historical treatise, Ancestors West does not read as a history text that begins from the earliest point in time and develops a chronology of events that lead up to the present, for that present eventually becomes supplanted by the future and inevitably slips into the past. Instead, Ancestors West points to the changing period of settlement in Santa Barbara during the 1850s, a little before, a little after, back in time, and forward through to the present – whenever it exists in time."

This winter issue includes stories of celebrations and festivals from the centennials of "Old Spanish Days" Fiesta and the opening of the Lobero Theatre. Two stories are about celebrations in San Francisco: Mel Sahyun tells of the Diamond Jubilee in 1925, and Judy Sahn's story is about the World's Fair in 1915.

Family holidays are important to remember, as conveyed by Kathryn Richardson in her story, "Keeping Swedish Holiday Traditions Alive;" Kate Lima's story, "Our Love of the Great Outdoors;" and Brian Silsbury's story, "A Cockney Christmas 1945."

We have included additional stories along with the articles related to our suggested theme. The society held another great event at the Santa Barbara Cemetery, called Picnic in the Cemetery. Actors portrayed people buried there and shared their stories. The LDS church generously provided the venue for our post-event picnic. Cleaning up Potter's Field, a cemetery in Goleta, is an excellent story about volunteering: "Bringing in the Scouts – New Life for an Old Cemetery." A book review and sharing an heirloom round out the issue.

Last but not least, we offer four suggested themes for next year so that you can get a head start on writing your stories. We look forward to hearing from you! The themes and due dates are on page 32.



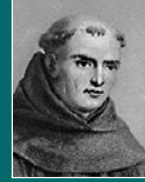
Cover of the first issue of *Ancestors West* designed by Jan Kirkwood, calligrapher.



Cabrillo



Portola



Serra



de Anza

IMPORTANT DATES OF HISPANIC TIMES A CHRONOLOGY

Excerpt from the First Issue of Ancestors West, December 1974

- 1542: Spanish explorer Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo was the first European visitor to sail along the coast of the Californias and through the Santa Barbara Channel. Along the Santa Barbara coast he sees two Chumash villages on either side of an arroyo and names the place "Dos Pueblos."
- 1543: Cabrillo died from gangrene and was buried on San Miguel Island.
- 1579: Sir Francis Drake sailed past Santa Barbara.
- 1602: Spanish explorer Sebastian Vizcaino named an island and the channel for Saint Barbara.
- 1769: Gaspar de Portola's overland expedition passed through Santa Barbara enroute to Monterey.
- 1772: Father Junipero Serra visited the Santa Barbara area for the first time.
- 1776: On their way to San Francisco, Captain Juan Bautista de Anza and 242 colonists passed through Santa Barbara.
- 1782: The last of California's four presidios, the Santa Barbara presidio, was founded on April 21st by Governor Neve. Lt. Jose Francisco Ortega was appointed the first comandante.
- 1783: Montecito was selected as the site for Mission Santa Barbara. Construction of the presidio continued under Lt. Jose Francisco Ortega.
- 1784: Lt. Felipe de Goycochea became the commandant of the Santa Barbara presidio after Lt. Jose Francisco Ortega was transferred to Monterey. The population was 193.
- 1786: The President of the California Missions, Father Fermín de Lasuén rejected Montecito as the site of the Santa Barbara Mission in October. A new site was selected and the Santa Barbara Mission was founded on December 4th, Saint Barbara's Feast Day. The first Chumash baptism at Mission Santa Barbara occurred on December 31st.
- 1787: The first log and brush buildings of the Santa Barbara Mission were erected. Mission La Purisima was founded on December 8th in what is now Lompoc by Father Lasuén.
- 1789: A new church of adobe replaced the wooden chapel at Mission Santa Barbara.
- 1793: Construction began on the third Mission church, using adobe as the primary building material. Captain George Vancouver of England, the first foreign visitor, spent a week in Santa Barbara in November.
- 1795: The first school in Santa Barbara opened at the presidio.
- 1797: The adobe Presidio chapel was completed and consecrated.
- 1798: Jose Francisco de Ortega died at the Ortega Rancho at Refugio.
- 1802: Five tannery vats were built at the Mission.
- 1804: Mission Santa Ines was founded by Father Esteban Tapis.
- 1806: The first reservoir was built near the Mission. It was later used by the first private water company and continued to be used by the City of Santa Barbara into the 1960s.
- 1807: The Moorish fountain and laundry vat at the Mission were completed and a dam was built in Mission Canyon (at today's Botanic Garden) with neophyte labor.
- 1812: "El ano de los temblores" - the year of the earthquakes. An earthquake on December 8th destroyed Mission San Juan Capistrano and damaged Mission San Gabriel. On December 21st another severe quake destroyed Mission La Purissima and damaged Missions Santa Inés, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura and San Fernando Rey.
- 1815: Captain Jose de la Guerra became the commandant of the Royal Presidio.
- 1816: Daniel Call, Santa Barbara, the first American settler, arrived.
- 1818: Captain Hippolyte de Bouchard, a Frenchman sailing for Argentina in their war against Spain, sacks Monterey, plunders the Ortega family's ranch at Refugio Canyon and threatens Santa Barbara but leaves it untouched.



de la Guerra



Dana



Alvarado



Fremont

1819: Lt. Narciso Fabrigat arrived with 45 cavalrymen from Mazatlán to bolster the presidio's forces.

1820: As a result of the 1812 earthquake damage, a new church was built for Mission Santa Barbara and dedicated on September 10th with Governor Pablo Sola in attendance. Though it only had one tower (the second added in 1833), the design is the one seen today.

1822: The Mexican flag now flies over Santa Barbara as Mexico has won its independence from Spain.

1823: Daniel A. Hill jumped ship and remained in Santa Barbara.

1824: Mission Indians revolted and fled across Tulare Lake in February.

1825: Daniel Hill built an adobe at 11 East Carrillo Street with the first wooden floor in Santa Barbara.

1826: The first "ayuntamiento" (town council) is organized in Santa Barbara.

1828: Jose de la Guerra completed his house facing the town square - De la Guerra Plaza.

1831: Lewis T. Burton, a hunter and fur trader from Tennessee settled here. He married into the Carrillo family and in 1850 became the first mayor of Santa Barbara.

1833: The Mexican Congress secularized the California Missions.

Rachel Holmes and Thomas O. Larkin were married on a ship anchored off Santa Barbara. Their daughter, Ysabela, the first American child born in California, was born in the Daniel Hill adobe and died six months later. (Larkin was the first U.S. Consul in California.)

1834: Santa Barbara was now a pueblo having officially changed from a military to a civil government.

Rancho Nuestra Senora del Refugio was granted to the Ortega family by Governor José María Figueroa. It had been granted to them in 1795 during Spanish rule.

1835: California Governor José María Figueroa died and was buried at Mission Santa Barbara.

1836: Richard Henry Dana visited Santa Barbara aboard the *Pilgrim*, a hide and tallow ship. He wrote about Santa Barbara in his book, *Two Years Before the Mast*.

Alfred Robinson married Anita de la Guerra at Mission Santa Barbara.

Nicholas A. Den of Ireland arrived in Santa Barbara.

1837: The granting of the former Mission lands as ranchos in the Santa Barbara area begins in earnest. Governor Juan Bautista Alvarado granted:

Rancho Jesus Maria (42,184 acres) to Lucas and Antonio Olivera

Rancho Lompoc (42,085 acres) to Joaquin and José Carrillo

Rancho Punta de la Concepcion (24,992 acres) to Anastacio Carrillo

Rancho Suey (48,834 acres) to Ramona Carrillo Wilson.

1838: Governor Alvarado granted La Zaca Rancho (4,458 acres) to "Antonio," a Chumash man and Rancho Tepusquet (8,900 acres) to Tomas Oliveras.

1839: Rancho Los Alamos (48,803 acres) was granted by Governor Alvarado to José Antonio de la Guerra.

1840: The census estimated the Santa Barbara population to be about 900.

Father Francisco Garcia Diego y Moreno was appointed California's first bishop on April 27th.

Governor Alvarado granted:

Rancho Casmalia (8,841 acres) to Antonio Olivera

Rancho Guadalupe (32,408 acres) to Diego Olivera and Teodoro Arrellanes.

1841: Governor Alvarado granted Rancho Canada del Corral (8,875 acres) to José Dolores Ortega and Rancho Todos Santos y San Antonio (20,772 acres) to William E. P. Hartnell.

1842: Nicholas A. Den was granted Rancho Dos Pueblos (15,534 acres) by Governor Alvarado. William Foxen bought Rancho Tinaquaic from Victor Linares.

Sir George Simpson, a noted traveler, visited Santa Barbara.

1843: Bishop Garcia Diego established his residence at Mission Santa Barbara.

Nicholas Den married Daniel Hill's daughter, Rosa.

Governor Manuel Micheltoarena granted:

Rancho Cuyama No. 1 (22,193 acres) to José M. Rojo

Rancho Las Positas y Calera (3,282 acres) to Narcisco Fabrigot

Rancho Nojoqui (13,384 acres) to Raimundo Carrillo

Santa Rosa Island (62,696 acres) to Antonio and Carlos Carrillo.



Captain George Vancouver of England, the first foreign visitor, spent a week in Santa Barbara in November. Commemoration plaque at the Presidio.

1844: Governor Micheltorena granted:

Rancho Lomas de la Purificacion (13,341 acres) to Augustin Janssens.

Rancho Punta de la Laguna (26,648 acres) to Luis Arrellanes and Emilio Miguel Ortega.

Rancho Canada de Salsipuedes (6,656 acres) to Pedro Coredero.

1845: Mexican California's last official governor, Pio Pico, granted:

Rancho Corral de Quati (13,322 acres) to Agustin Davila.

Rancho La Laguna 48,703 acres to Octaviano Gutierrez

Rancho Los Prietos y Najalayegua (48,728 acres) to José Dominguez.

Rancho Mission Vieja de la Purisima (13,341 acres) to Joaquin Carrillo and José Antonio Carrillo.

Rancho San Carlos de Jonata (26,634 acres) to Joaquin Carrillo.

Rancho Santa Rita (13,316 acres) to Ramon Malo.

Rancho Santa Rosa (15,526 acres) to Francisco Cota.

Rancho Tequepis (8,919 acres) to Antonio Maria Villa (this is now Cachuma Lake).

1846: Bishop Garcia Diego died and was interred at the Mission.

Commodore Robert F. Stockton seized Santa Barbara for the U.S. in August.

In October, a small company of U.S. soldiers left in Santa Barbara escaped after being surrounded by native Californians led by General José Maria Flores.

After a tortuous climb and descent from the Santa Ynez mountains, Lt. Colonel John C. Fremont entered Santa Barbara unopposed on December 28, ending the Hispanic era.

Originally from the SB News Press,

Updated by Neal Graffy XNGH

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CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS

News of the First Santa Barbara Fiesta Events

Ventura Free Press

FOUNDED IN 1875 OLDEST ESTABLISHED NEWSPAPER IN VENTURA COUNTY

VENTURA, CALIFORNIA, TUESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1924

FOUR BIG DAYS MARK FIESTA PLANS

The program of the "Old Spanish Days" fiesta at Santa Barbara on which the curtain will be raised tomorrow morning has been announced by the fiesta committee and will be carried out without change. The program has been weeks in development and will make four days of entertainment which has been selected to please all classes in the city.

Wednesday, August 13

At 7 o'clock Wednesday morning the "Rosamond," an old Spanish galleon will arrive in Santa Barbara with Cabrillo and his crew aboard.

At 10 o'clock Cabrillo and his sailors will land on the beach in front of the reviewing stand and boxes on West boulevard. He will be met there by a tribe of primitive Indians and will march up State street to Sola where he will meet the historical pageant and parade and accompany this cavalcade back down State street, turning west on the boulevard and passing in review.

This parade will be headed by three groups of mounted musicians in uniform playing Spanish music on stringed instruments.

The tribe of primitive Indians will follow and Cabrillo and his attendants and sailors will come next in the line of march.

Father Serra, a group of monks and a few Spanish soldiers will be next in line and the Commandante of the Santa Barbara garrison and his staff and soldiers will follow.

The Spanish cavalcade will come next in line with carriages and Vaqueros as outriders. Mr. Dwight Murphy is in charge of the cavalcade and Edward Borein has the Vaqueros under his supervision. Ox carts and burro teams will add to the color of the pageant in parade.

The Ventura County group will follow in the line of march headed by Adolfo Camarillo of Camarillo. The following personnel make up Mr. Camarillo's committee: A. L. Hobson, T. J. Donovan and E. P. Foster of Ventura; Roger Edwards of Santa Paula, C. C. Perkins of Camarillo, Charles Donlon and Frederick Noble of Oxnard, F. W. Mathiessen of Triunfo, Thomas Clarke of Ojai, and John McNab.

At 2:30 the coronation of Senorita Madalynne Romero, as queen of the fiesta will take place in front of the boxes on West boulevard and the stunt committee has arranged a program of merriment following the coronation.

At 8:30 Wednesday night "The Beggar on Horseback" will be the attraction at the Lobero Theater; all picture theaters in the city have arranged special programs and the Arlington Hotel is staging a grand costume ball for those in costume. This ball is free to all holders of fiesta tickets. There will be street

Thursday, August 14

At 2:30 Thursday afternoon a grand rodeo and field meet will be held at Pershing Park and is free to all holders of fiesta tickets. Mr. Ferini of Casmalla is in charge of the rodeo and he will bring two carloads of stock to Santa Barbara tomorrow to enter in the rodeo program.

Thursday night at 9 o'clock the gayest carnival street dance of the fiesta will be held on West Carrillo street and informal dancing also will be held at the Arlington hotel and at Paseo De la Guerra.

Friday, August 15

At 10 o'clock Friday morning sports and beach events will be conducted at the waterfront. All entries in the contests, which include swimming and diving contests for both men and women should be made at fiesta headquarters in the city hall

before Thursday night. Prizes will be given in all events.

At 3:30 Friday afternoon Earle Ovington will present his flying circus, which is one of the big features of the fiesta program. It will consist of aerial contests and stunts of all descriptions and will find a climax in the fifty-mile airplane race between planes of equal power flying at low altitude.

Friday night at 8:30 there will be informal dancing at the Arlington hotel free to ticket holders and a street dance on West Carrillo street will be conducted. The usual feature shows will be given by all theaters in the city.

Saturday, August 16

At 12 o'clock Saturday noon the great carnival parade will move from the meeting place on East Sola and East Micheltorena streets and will pass down State street to the beach where it will pass in front of the boxes and reviewing stand. The parade will be made up of representations from all lodges, patriotic organizations, clubs and societies in the city, floats, calithumpians, and decorated cars, floats and trucks representing Santa Barbara places of business. Many firms in the city already have entered cars and floats in the parade.

At 2:30 Saturday afternoon the rodeo program in Pershing Park will be repeated by Mr. Ferini together with other attractions not offered in the Thursday rodeo.

At 8 o'clock Saturday night a parade combining the Saturday afternoon parade and the Wednesday morning pageant will pass down State street and pass in review at the West boulevard stands as an anti-climax to the fiesta. This parade will be lighted with flares and torches.

The anniversary grand ball will be held at Recreation Center at 9 o'clock Saturday night. Holders of tickets will be admitted free and only persons in costume can attend. The last performance of "The Beggar on Horseback" will be given at the Lobero Theater.

OLD SPANISH DAYS

The Santa Barbara Morning Press
July 31, 1924

Fiesta Posters Will be Placed In Cities From San Francisco To San Diego, Advertising Fete

Elaborate plans to broadcast news of "Old Spanish Days," Santa Barbara's first annual costume fiesta, in every community from San Diego to San Francisco, were completed yesterday by Chairman J. K. Porterfield and his committee of Don publicity men.

The advertising plans center about the official fiesta posters, printing of which was completed Monday by Howard B. Lind. The posters, designed and painted by Fred A. Pawla, proprietor of The Tavern, made their appearance yesterday in many local stores, but the majority will be distributed in outside communities.

Louis Coleman Hall will leave this morning with a bundle of posters to place to best advantage among Hollywood hotels and moving picture studios. Mr. Lind, J. William MacLennan and other members of the Dons, will leave a trail of posters from San Francisco south to San Diego.

Large placards advertising the fiesta, printed by the Southern Pacific company, made their appearance at the company offices here yesterday, and will be on display at ticket offices of the road in 20 other communities. The placards announce special rates to Santa Barbara during the celebration.

Concession men who plan to come here, with the permission of the committee, have undertaken to fly pennants advertising the fiesta on their machines, while travelling up and down the coast, it was stated by Mr. Porterfield. Arrangements also have been made to secure out-of-town publicity in a score or more of newspapers.

Byron Z. Terry, committeeman, attended a joint Rotary and Kiwanis club meeting at Santa Maria Tuesday, and explained the purpose of "Old Spanish Days." The club members voted to attend the gathering in a body, and promised to advertise it throughout their district.

Distribution of flowers on passing trains by a committee of Spanish señoritas will begin on August 1, according to Mr. Porterfield. Citizens have come forward with offers both of flowers and committee members, it was stated, so that the custom which was a most picturesque feature of the celebra-

tion five years ago may be repeated.

"We are not going to try to advertise Old Spanish Days throughout the world this year," Mr. Porterfield said, "because we haven't time—or funds. It will be far better to concentrate on the territory between San Francisco and San Diego for our advertising, and to do it right."

Poster for the first 1924 Fiesta painted by Fred A. Pawla



Fiesta parade photo from the John C. Woodward collection.



Fiesta performers
Photo from the Santa Barbara Historical Museum.

FIESTA AND THE LOBERO

THE NEW LOBERO THEATRE OPENED DURING SANTA BARBARA'S FIRST "OLD SPANISH DAYS" FIESTA, AUGUST 13-16, 1924

THE ANNOUNCEMENT IN 1924 by the Community Arts Association that it planned to open the newly built Lobero Theatre, a replacement for the former wooden one, on August 4th, with a play called "Beggar on Horseback," was met with some apprehension by the "Old Spanish Days" committee who feared that the timing was a bit "competitive" with the August 13 to 16, run of the city's first fiesta. Especially since it was also announced that the opening plans included a parade, aquatic and sports events, and, of course, a gala celebration at the theatre on opening night.

The play was to last until August 16th, coinciding with the closing date of the fiesta. However a compromise was reached after a somewhat "lively" discussion between both committees. The Community Arts Associ-

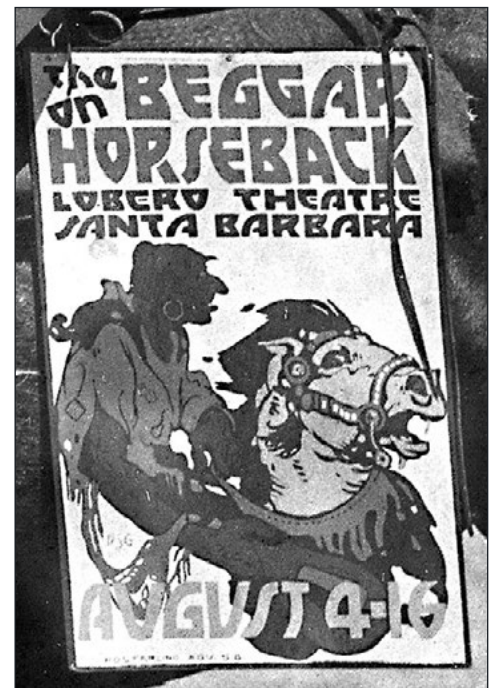
ation made "peace" by combining advertising for both events on the front and back of its program for "Beggar on Horseback," and the Fiesta committee agreed to combine of the features of a planned historical parade with both events.

This arrangement brought success to both the Lobero Theatre and Santa Barbara's first "Old Spanish Days."

The photo here shows the means used to advertise "Beggar on Horseback," the play that, without some cooperation, could have "horsed up," Santa Barbara's first "Old Spanish Days" fiesta.

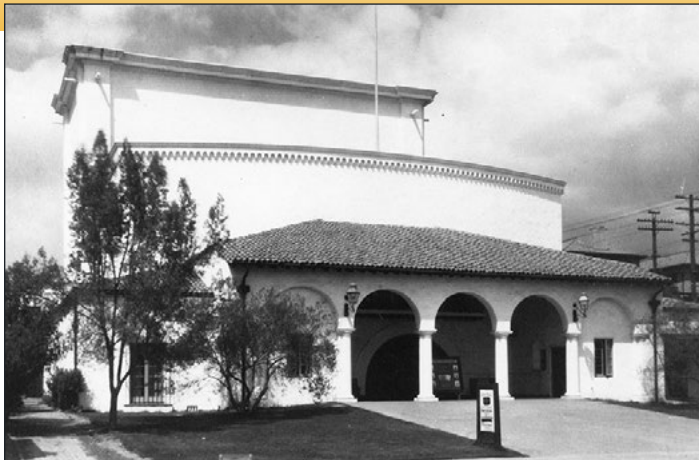
Written by Joel Conway, photographer, from his Historical Collection.

Courtesy of John C. Woodward, Life Member, SBCGS.



1924 Poster designed by Eunice C. Machennan.
Photos from the collection of John C. Woodward,
Life Member, SBCGS

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION



THE LOBERO THEATER was founded in 1873. By the early 1920s, the old opera house was becoming dilapidated. It was rebuilt as a theater and designed in Spanish Colonial Revival style by architects George Washington Smith and Lulah Maria Riggs. The client was the Drama Branch of the Community Arts Association. The Lobero Theater opened in August 1924, when civic groups in Santa Barbara began to unify the town's architectural look around a Spanish Colonial style. It is registered as a California Historical Landmark.

Wikipedia. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lobero_Theatre




"The Beggar on Horseback," the Prince and the Princess

Photos and selected pages from "The Beggar on Horseback" program. Courtesy of John C. Woodward, Life Member, SBCGS.

"Beggar on Horseback"
Presented by
Community Arts Players

August
Fourth
to
Sixteenth



OPENS
THE LOBERO THEATRE
 SANTA BARBARA

Nineteen
Hundred
Twenty
Four

Old Spanish Days August 13-16 Inclusive

Old Spanish Days Fiesta, organized this year, is an attempt to establish as an annual event a few days of festivities in Santa Barbara in which all the people can participate. We hope everyone will enter into the spirit of the occasion and have an enjoyable four days.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Charles E. Pressley, <i>Chairman</i>	John N. Moore, <i>Miss Santa Barbara Contest</i>
Byron Z. Terry, <i>Vice Chairman</i>	Claude D. Fish, <i>Decorations</i>
T. D. Stevens, <i>Secretary</i>	Hamilton MacFadden, <i>Pageant Chairman</i>
Herbert Nunn, <i>Finance</i>	Jack Hayden, <i>Sports</i>
J. K. T. Porterfield, <i>Advertising</i>	Bob McCade, <i>Dance</i>
J. Wm. MacLennan, <i>Publicity</i>	Geo. D. Morrison, <i>Concessions</i>
Paul Whitney, <i>Publicity</i>	Jack Mathews, <i>Stunts</i>
R. O. Martinson, <i>Publicity</i>	W. B. V. Smith, <i>Golf</i>

COMMITTEEMEN: C. H. Johnson, Mr. Petras, Charles Shedd, S. W. Gerow, Victor M. Bernard, T. C. Harvey, Harry C. Smith, Wm. de Leon, Mrs. A. J. Veriello, Wm. Clarke Poulton, Arthur Cram, Sydney McFarland, Ralph Runkle, Mrs. Petras, Dr. H. J. Profant, Mrs. Edward Ruiz.

PRODUCTION STAFF

Director	Nina Moise
Assistant Director	Hamilton MacFadden
Technical Director	David Imboden
Costumes and Stage Decoration	Mrs. George Washington Smith
Properties	Frances Lincoln, Miriam French, Elizabeth E. Ryon
Stage Managers	David Imboden, Paul Whitney, H. A. Foster
Music	Grace Kaplun
Publicity	J. William MacLennan, Edward Sajous
Programs	S. M. Isley, George McConnell

Scenes constructed by T. H. Leavitt and Dr. Mungo Barr.
 Scenes painted by Homer F. Emens and Hazel Imboden.
 Red Curtains dyed by the St. Paul Dye Works.
 Costumes worn by Angelica Bryce made by Fishbach Gowns, Inc., New York.
 Posters designed by Dan Sayre-Groesbeck, Lulah Riggs and Eunice MacLennan.

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E. A. Gilbert, Jr.	

The Diamond Jubilee: A Forgotten Festival

By Melville R. V. Sahyun, Ph.D., sahyun@infionline.net

IN SANTA BARBARA, 1925 is remembered as the Year of the Earthquake. The significance of everything else pales in comparison. Yet other significant events did occur. Our new flagship festival, Old Spanish Days Fiesta, had to be canceled in only its second year. But, unknown to many, the dancers danced, and the parade continued — only not here in Santa Barbara.

Three hundred miles to the north, another celebration was occurring, which seems to be largely forgotten; the Diamond Jubilee of California Statehood was celebrated grandly in San Francisco. The San Francisco Mint struck a limited number of Diamond Jubilee half-dollars in conjunction with the celebration. Nowadays, if one looks for the Diamond Jubilee on the internet, one is likely to find only information on the current prices and availability of these collectibles. But as *OpenSFHistory.org* tells us, “San Francisco was not about to let a Diamond Jubilee go by without a party. So, party they did.”



San Francisco City Hall and El Arco Brillante: decorations for the Diamond Jubilee. (Photo from *OpenSFHistory.org*).

The celebration began Saturday, September 5, 1925, with an automobile parade and a Grand Ball held in the Civic Auditorium. The automotive theme continued Sunday with auto racing. Monday, Labor Day, September 7, was the day of the Grand Parade, or should we say the first Grand Parade, on Market Street. Tuesday featured a military parade, which included a contingent of Japanese soldiers (from Japan) and a bus-load of Civil War veterans. On Admission Day itself, September 9th, a second Grand Parade was held featuring United States Vice-President Charles G. Dawes. The theme of this parade was California history, with floats and marchers representing various eras of the state’s history. Was this parade the model for our *Desfile Historico*? *The San Francisco Chronicle* said 650,000 people lined

Market Street to watch and cheer. After the parade, celebrants dispersed among concerts, a fireworks show took place over Civic Center, and another grand ball. From then through Saturday, September 12th, sporting events and concerts held center stage. The celebration wrapped up Saturday evening with the “electrical parade,” an illuminated extravaganza, deemed the “crowning achievement” of the celebration (*OpenSFHistory.org*).

Santa Barbara was well-represented in the event that the *Santa Barbara Morning Press* termed the “Event of the Year,” thanks to our local contingent of the Native Sons of the Golden West, under the leadership of Harry C. Sweetser, which sponsored Santa Barbara’s participation. In the words of the anonymous *Morning Press* writer:

According to Harry C. Sweetser, chairman of the Santa Barbara Native Sons committee, Santa Barbara’s entry in the Diamond Jubilee celebration in San Francisco the week of September 9 will be one of the most unique of the entire celebration.

The old Fithian stagecoach, a Santa Barbara float, ox team and 22 horses belonging to Adolfo Camarillo of Ventura and Dwight Murphy of Santa Barbara, an old ox cart and team, and 20 Spanish dancers will make up this city’s contribution to the parade September 9, celebrating the 75th anniversary of the admission of California to the union.

The Wells Fargo Express Company will furnish six horses for the stagecoach, which is said to be the only original relic of its kind in Southern California. It belongs to Joel R. Fithian of Carpinteria, who recently refused a hefty sum.

The finest horses in two counties with silver mounted saddles will be ridden in the parade, according to Mr. Sweetser.

Twenty Santa Barbara Spanish dancers, trained by María de los Angeles Ruiz, will dance at the Grand Ball on the evening of September 8 [sic.] and at various times and places throughout the week. The Spanish dancers and their dances follow:

La Contra Danza [and] la Jota. Byron A. Abraham, Geraldine Valde, Maclovio A. Botello, Billy Myers, Jr., Frances H. Meyers, Diego Terres, Virginia Cota, José W. Harrison, Frances Bonn, Leo Lugo, Louise Dover, C. E. James, Estelle Myers, Bert Ruiz, Gertrude Ruiz, Frank Morley [Fletcher?], Teresa Janssens, Baltazar Beltrán, Carmen Mendoza.

Spanish Waltz. Byron A. Abraham, Geraldine Valde, Gertrude Ruiz, Bert Ruiz.

Manzanillo. Teresa Janssens.

La Madre del Cordero [and] Estudiantina. Geraldine Valde.
Lot [La] Jota Aragonesa Cavallero. Diego Terres, Virginia Cota.

Jaravenson [El Jarabe and El Son?]. Maclovio A. Botello, María de los Angeles Ruiz.

While in San Francisco, Mr. Sweetser was among the twenty honored to coin the new Jubilee half-dollars.

According to Teresa Newton-Terres, Diego’s granddaughter and Fiesta historian (*Project-TNT.com/Fiesta*),

many of these dancers would be part of the core group that created the Noches de Ronda, Fiesta Courthouse shows, which began in 1931 and continue to this day. But now, to see the same dances performed in 1925, one must attend Fiesta Friday night's Flor y Canto show at the Courthouse. At that time (1920s), *Flamenco*, which dominates current Fiesta shows, was not yet part of Fiesta. As for the equestrian contributions to the celebration, Don Adolfo's were no doubt the white Arabians, for which he was famous, the likes of which would be ridden, seven abreast in *El Desfile Historico*, sidesaddle by his daughters and nieces (and later his granddaughters and grandnieces). Dwight Murphy would have undoubtedly sent the palominos, for which he was equally well-renowned.

According to Geraldine Valde (my mother), the Santa Barbara contingent traveled to San Francisco by train. It lodged for the duration of the festivities at the then-new Hotel Whitcomb on Market Street. (The Whitcomb is now shuttered and in disrepair following five years of abuse while being used by the City as a homeless shelter). It was an exhilarating time for Geraldine, as it was her first significant trip without her parents; she was still talking about it 50 years later. She saved the newspaper clipping, from which I have quoted above, as a souvenir, and this rediscovered clipping brought the Diamond Jubilee back to my attention. Note that the newspaper article, as published, contains more than a few typos; I have indicated corrections for some of the more obvious ones.



Spanish Waltz figure, as danced at the Diamond Jubilee. Dancers (l. to r.) Teresa Janssens, Byron A. Abraham, Geraldine Valde, Leslie MacKinnon (who did not accompany the group to San Francisco). (*News-Press* photo).



Ox cart, similar to, if not the same one, sent to the San Francisco Diamond Jubilee parade, with dancers Byron A. Abraham (far left), María de los Angeles Ruiz (seated next to him), and Geraldine Valde (looking out of the carreta at the right). (Photo taken in 1934; collection of the author).



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

San Francisco World's Fair Opening Makes Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Newspaper

By Judy Sahn

DID YOU KNOW THE PANAMA PACIFIC International Exposition in San Francisco (February 20 to December 4, 1915) was constructed on 650 acres and attracted 19 million people worldwide? It celebrated the completion of the Panama Canal (1914) and the rebuilding of San Francisco after the devastating 1906 earthquake.

I learned of the exposition when I found an old family photo that piqued my interest and led me to research it. The photograph was taken in San Francisco in 1915. My grandmother, Mabel, labeled the back for her son, my father. She marked an X on the front where my Dad's great-grandfather (my great-great-grandfather), Emanuel, stood with his Church of the Brethren group. On the back, she wrote, "A group of Church of Brethren from Eastern Pennsylvania to the San Francisco Fair, X [marks] Great Grandpa Sahn (Emanuel Sahn), Rufus' [Sahn] Grandfather."

It surprised me that my 82-year-old, widowed great-great-grandfather had traveled from his small town of Manheim in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, to attend the World's Fair. Before I found the photograph, I did not know that he had been to California. He was an outgoing, well-respected man in his community, and he most likely enjoyed himself at the fair with his fellow church members.

Grandma Mabel Sahn labeled many family photos and saved postcards. When Emanuel's grandson, Rufus (Mabel's future husband), went to California in 1912, he sent Mabel postcards with a one-cent stamp canceled with the announcement of the fair that had been planned for many years.

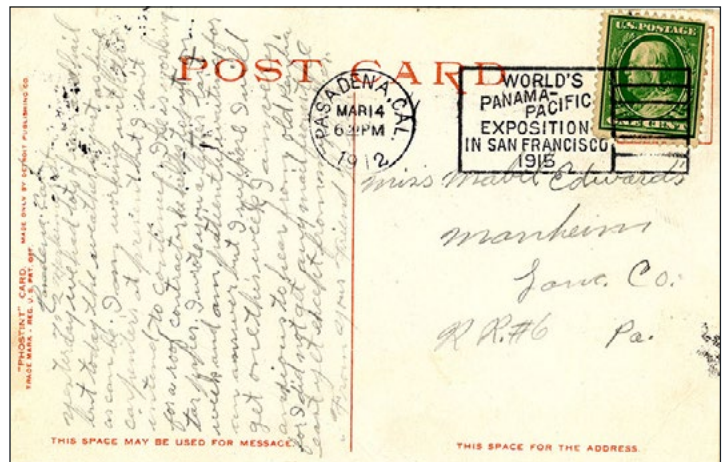
I wonder if Emanuel's grandson Rufus's visit to California in 1912 or *The Morning Journal*, a Lancaster newspaper's announcement of the fair's opening, sparked the church and Emanuel's interest in going "out west."



Church of Brethren Group from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania visiting the 1915 Exposition.

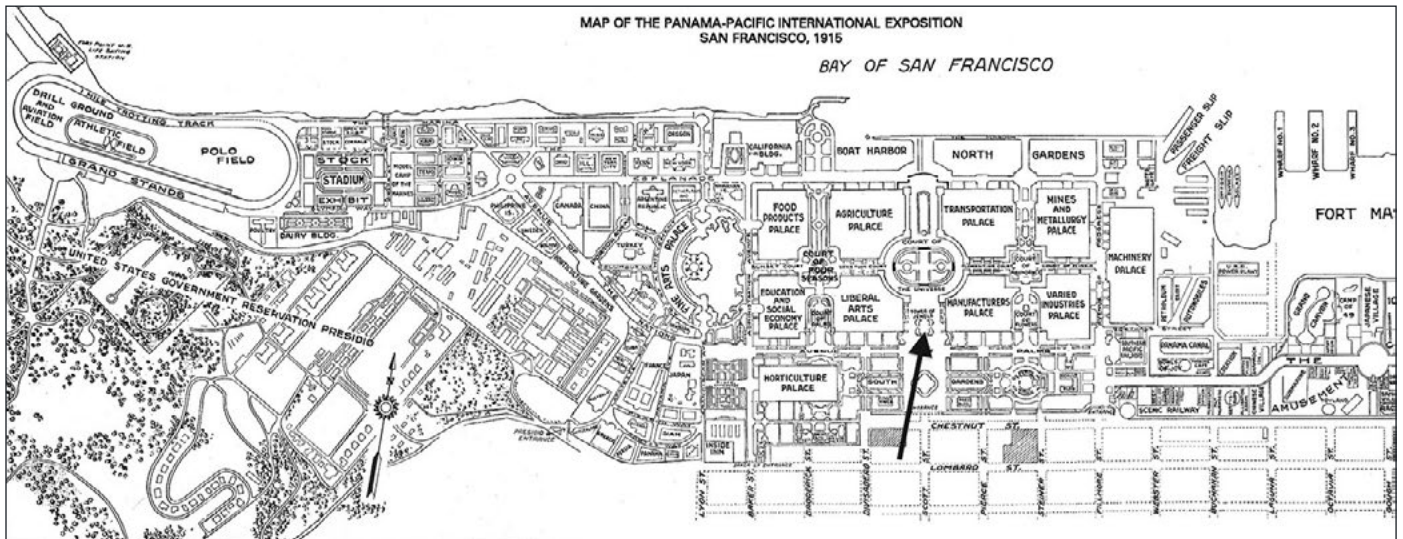


Emanuel Singer Sahn Manheim, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania 1833-1918 Baptism photo in 1894, 61 years.



1912 Postcard from Rufus Sahn in California to Mabel Edwards in Pennsylvania, note one-cent stamp cancellation advertising World's Panama Pacific Exposition San Francisco 1915.

After Rufus returned to Pennsylvania in 1913, he and Mabel married in 1916 and moved to Pasadena, California. His parents, Henry and Lizzie, followed soon after. Henry and Lizzie briefly moved back to Pennsylvania to tend to Emanuel Singer Sahn until he died in 1918. They returned to California permanently that same year.



Map of Panama-Pacific International Exposition from sanfranciscomemories.com

THE MORNING JOURNAL
LANCASTER, PA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1915.

PANAMA FAIR TO OPEN DOORS TO-DAY

PRESIDENT WILSON TO TOUCH BUTTON THAT OPENS FAIR SATURDAY NOON.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 12.—An electric spark of enormous potential, jumping across the continent, will open the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at noon to-morrow, Pacific coast time.

In the White House at Washington, the president will press a button and the aerials of the great government radio station at Arlington will snarl and splutter. The vibrations will be received an infinitesimal fraction of a second later by a commercial station on the shores of San Francisco Bay, where they will be relayed by wire to a receiving instrument on the exposition grounds.

Wheels Begin to Turn.

As soon as the signal is received, the wheels will begin to turn and the fountains to play; the gates will swing open and a procession of citizens, with the mayor at their head, will march on to the grounds.

At the same time, President Charles C. Moore, of the Exposition company, will inform President Wilson by word of mouth, over a telephone line already set up and waiting, that the wireless flash has been received and the Exposition is open. In return President Wilson will send his greetings and good wishes. Thus, the two latest modes of long distance communication will be employed to vivify the fair. Ceremonies of dedication and acceptance as brief as it is possible to make them will follow.

Exposition Complete.

After the outbreak of the European war, there sprang up a rumor that the Exposition would not open. As a matter of fact, the Exposition stands to-day 100 per cent. complete, free of debt and with 41 foreign nations participating, of which 29 have built pavilions of their own. England, Germany, Austria and Russia, among the belligerents, are not officially represented, although various of their commercial organizations have seen to it that they should not be wholly left out of mind. France, Italy and Japan are officially represented, as are 41 states and territories under the flag of the United States. Canada and Australia, under the British flag, both have buildings.

Structurally speaking, that part of the Exposition built out of its own funds and wholly under the control of its own directors was finished six months ago.

The grounds lie on the water-front, adjoining the United States military reservation known as the Presidio, facing San Francisco Bay with the Golden Gate visible to the west.

The site and plan of the Exposition have made it the most compact ever built. It occupies 435 acres, of which 19 have been devoted to horticultural display. Liberal use of palms, shrubbery, vines and trees has been made to relieve and diversify the long facades of the exhibit palaces. At the far ends of the grounds are the athletic field and race track; at the near end lies the zone, in which are grouped the amusement concessions.

Conceived to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal, the idea of the exposition had its inception in 1904. The great fire of 1906, in which San Francisco practically was destroyed, only delayed plans for its embodiment. The authorization of the state Legislature, together with an appropriation of \$5,000,000 was obtained and, in April, 1910, \$4,683,000 was raised by private subscription in two hours. President Taft signed the Exposition act October 4, 1911.

Exhibits on display probably will bring the total of capital temporarily tied up within the grounds to \$500,000,000 or more.

In the field of sports, the nation will be represented as widely as in any other of its interests.

Yachting cups have been given by President Wilson, King George, of England, Emperor William, of Germany, and Sir Thomas Lipton. There are to be important golf and polo matches. There is to be a motor boat race from New York to San Francisco through the Panama Canal. A cross-continent aeroplane race is under consideration. The Vanderbilt cup and Grand Prix automobile races are to be run on the Exposition track February 22 and February 27.

The Morning Journal, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Saturday, February 12, 1915, p.12. www.newspapers.com,



Paperweight Souvenir of Emanuel Singer Sahn

The Tower of Jewels, the tallest building at the fair, was a central building at the main Scott Street entrance. It was covered with 102,000 colored cut glass "jewels" made in Bohemia. It shimmered with the sunlight and sparkled when lit up at night. New jewels were sold as souvenirs, and after the fair, the actual jewels on the tower were removed and sold.

sanfranciscomemories.com/ppie/TowerOfJewels

Eastern Pennsylvania Church of Brethren Photo and 1912 postcards from Mabel Emily Edwards Sahn Collection

When doing genealogy, Judy Sahn enjoys researching, preserving, sharing, and archiving her family collection of personal items and ephemera. She is a volunteer librarian at the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society's Sahyun Library and a Life Member of the Society.



A Cockney Christmas—1945

By Brian Silsbury

Cockney: A person born within earshot of the bells of St. Mary le Bow, a church in the East End of London.

BORN IN LONDON IN 1937, my unplanned entry into this world insured I lived with my unmarried mother, a mother disgraced and ostracized by her parents, as well as her brother and deserted by my father, the man she loved. She struggled to be a mum and earn enough for our existence.

When Britain declared war on Germany in 1939, Mum was bereft. She knew she could no longer survive in London and made the heartbreaking decision to move away and put me up for adoption.

In desperation, she approached and persuaded my father's parents to adopt me legally. The alternative was unthinkable: to place me in Dr. Barnardo's Orphanage. I was two years old when the County Court authorized my adoption by my paternal grandparents. Years later, Gran reminded me of how I cried for my mum and how she had to gently and firmly break the news. "Your mum had gone away forever."



Brian Silsbury, five years.

Born in the East End of London, Gran was in her 70s and was worn out after bearing and

raising six children. Although poor, she was fiercely proud of her Cockney heritage.

The seemingly endless years of the war ensured we had little food and little money, but Gran and I celebrated Christmas each year. Everything changed in May 1945. Hostilities ceased in Europe, and it was time to rejoice. Knowing her children were safe and homeward bound, Gran decided to throw a real Cockney Christmas party.

Aunts, uncles, and cousins, many strangers to me, arrived at our Isle of Wight home on Christmas Eve. In readiness for the festivities, Gran battled to make sleeping arrangements and eventually found a place for everybody; I would share Gran's bed.

I was thrilled with the vibrancy at home and had rarely experienced such happiness. Some of our relations were happy, some were somber, but they all understood that the war was over. Everyone was thankful that German bombs and Doodlebug rockets would never again fall from the sky.

By 10 pm, I fell into an exhausted sleep on the sofa. Later, Cousin George,



Gran (Ada) Silsbury standing center back row, born Woolwich London 1872.

ened banister rails. As my eyes adjusted to the light, a pretty girl in her early twenties wearing a woman's army uniform looked directly at me through the partly-opened door. Focusing, she gave me a wonderful, warm smile. Oh my, I was eight years old, and I'd fallen in love!

"Hello Brian, I am Cousin Peggy. George and I are getting ready for Christmas Day."

I could see she had the same face as George and looked like him as her expression changed.

Now serious, the dimple in each cheek had disappeared.

"What are you doing up at this hour? It is nearly midnight, and you should be fast asleep?"

Disappointed, I turned to go.

"Don't leave Brian, come here!" she said gently.

She opened the living room door wide so I could see in. I was astonished. Cousin George, kneeling by a beautiful Christmas tree, was decorating it with tinsel and ornaments. The room was dressed with branches of holly, ivy, sprigs of mistletoe, and hand-made colored paper chains. Christmas presents, wrapped in brown paper and tied with string, nestled beneath the tree. I was thrilled because the only Christmas tree I had ever seen was an illustration in a book of fairy stories.

"No touching or trying to feel what's in the presents, Brian." Still smiling, Peggy took me back to bed and tucked me in.

"Brian, bring the rest of the breakfast things into the kitchen," Gran called early the following day.

"Do I have to? Peggy is handing out the Christmas presents."



Uncle George Silsbury



Grandad (George) Silsbury born in Wroxall, Isle of Wight, 1875.

"Yes, she'll wait for you. The quicker it's done, the quicker you can join in." I rushed to clear the breakfast dishes and nearly dropped a tray of crockery!

"Brian, come and get your presents," Peggy insisted.

Banging down the tray, I ran into the living room. Peggy, George, and the rest of the family were sitting around, laughing and opening their gifts.

Peggy passed me a pillowcase full of toys, books, and clothing, some new, some second-hand, but everything excited me. I grabbed one of the presents and struggled with the string. A shiny red racing car appeared as I excitedly tore off the brown wrapping paper.

Even with wartime rationing, Auntie Rose had brought a plucked goose from her father's farm. Crying, she cut and diced onions, mixed them with sage and bread crumbs, and stuffed the bird. Meanwhile, Gran peeled and sliced a mound of vegetables, occasionally checking the Christmas pudding, which had been bubbling on the gas cooker for hours.

By midday, Gran, annoyed and frustrated with the men lounging around smoking and drinking, yelled at them. "Why don't you men bugger off to the pub and take Brian with you." Glancing at Rose, she added, "We can cook dinner peacefully. Be back by two o'clock."

The men strolled ahead and arrived at the pub after a 15-minute walk. With my short legs, I needed to run to keep up.

"Can I come in, Uncle Alf?"

"No, kids are not allowed! Sit on the curb and wait till we're ready to leave."

The waiting seemed endless, and my bum got cold. I cheered up when Uncle Fred appeared with a glass of lemonade and a large arrowroot biscuit. Looking down, he grinned, "Here you are, Brian. Don't tell your Gran I gave you the biscuit, or she'll have my hide!" "Thank you, Uncle Fred." On the way home, everyone was singing, smoking, and joking; everyone was tipsy but me!

When we sat down for Christmas dinner, the whole family was happy; it was dusk before we cleared the table and washed the dishes. Gran hung up the wet tea towels and went to bed to sleep off the Guinness. The rest of the family grabbed chairs or fell asleep on the living room floor. The air was thick with smoke from the fireplace from cigarettes, and the smell of stale beer added to the festive atmosphere.

Late afternoon, Gran was the first to awaken. She walked slowly down the stairs, brewed a big pot of tea, and retrieved a Christmas cake from the larder.

"Anyone for tea and Christmas cake," she called.

"Yes, please, Gran," I replied all too quickly.

"You wait," she said irritably because I was the first to answer.

"Would anyone else like a piece?"

Someone groaned as Cousin Peggy spoke up for the

others, "No thanks, Gran, I can't eat another thing. I am still full from the huge dinner."

An hour later, everyone was rested. Bottles of Milk Stout and Guinness soon lubricated the vocal cords.

Gran's face, flushed from the Guinness and the heat of the roaring fire, started to sing an old London Music Hall song, and we all joined in,

"My old man said, 'Follow the van and don't dilly-dally on the way.'"

Sitting on the floor by the fire, enjoying the intimacy of family life, I was soon transported back to the early days of the war when Gran and I were alone singing the same music hall songs to cheer ourselves up. I watched Gran gingerly steady herself for a final fling. Gripping the table, she wobbled then launched into:

"Oh, knees up, Mother Brown,

Knees up Mother Brown,

Under the table, you must go.

E Aye, E aye, Oh.

If I catch you bending, I'll saw your legs right off..."

Dancing in the center of the room, she was in full flow.

Pulling up her skirt gave her legs room to move. We all cheered as she lifted her knees higher and higher. I blushed as her skirt moved and showed her plump legs and dusky pink bloomers! We cheered again as she collapsed into an armchair, cheerfully grinning at us. The party was in full swing as I curled up on the sofa and let the happiness soak in. Auntie Rose leaned over me. "Come on, Brian, it's time for bed."

"I'm not tired. Can't I stay up a little longer?"

"No, you've got a job to keep your eyes open. Clean your teeth, and don't forget you are sleeping with Gran tonight."

It seemed the middle of the night when I felt Gran slide into bed behind me. She groaned and made a funny sound in her throat as her warm breath bathed my back. Drifting off to sleep, my last thoughts were of how lucky I was to have a wonderful family and how much I loved my Cockney Gran.



Alf Silsbury (left) born in Shanklin, 1916, Fred Silsbury born in Wroxall, 1908. Two of Gran and Grandad Silsbury's sons.

Brian Silsbury was born in 1937 in London, UK. At the outbreak of hostilities between Britain and Germany, he was adopted and moved to the Isle of Wight, a small island due south of mainland Britain where this vignette took place.

Years later, various hardware and software projects moved him from the UK to South Africa and finally Santa Barbara.

Once retired, Brian joined a local writing group and began writing his memoirs.



Keeping Swedish Holiday Traditions Alive

By Kathryn Richardson

THE HOLIDAY TRADITIONS that my father instilled in me stemmed from his father's family, who emigrated to America from Sweden. Karl August Jonsson was my great-grandfather, born in 1849 in Shrivaregarde Krakshult, Sweden. When he was 23, he married Karolina Kristina Olofsson, who was 22. They had nine children from 1873 to 1896. When their oldest daughter was 23, they had their last daughter in 1896, and all were born in Sweden. Four girls and five boys. The records showed that all lived relatively long lives and that eight out of the nine were married. I am unsure about the youngest's marital status.

The oldest son, Johan, the second child born, was the first of five siblings who journeyed across the Atlantic in 1897 at 23. Settling in Davenport, Iowa, he married and had three girls supporting his family as a pattern maker. He returned to Sweden once in 1928 just for a visit. He passed away in Iowa.

Jonas was the second oldest son, and he emigrated to the States in 1900 at age 20. He first went to Iowa, where Johan was residing. When Jonas returned to Sweden in 1912 and returned to the States, he was joined by his brother Peter, and they landed in Chicago. He, too, was a pattern maker by profession. He married and had one son. Jonas passed away in Illinois.

The third oldest daughter and fourth born was Hilda, who left Sweden in 1903 at age 25 for her journey across the Atlantic, which at the time was by ship and would take five to seven days, and she did this without any relatives accompanying her. She arrived in New York and boarded the train to Chicago, Illinois, where one of her brothers met her and continued the journey to Iowa. She married, became a housewife, and had three children. Hilda eventually passed away in Rhode Island.

Karl, the third oldest son and sixth child, came to America in 1906. He worked in Davenport, Iowa, Rhode Island, and Chicago. He married and had two sons. During WWI, he worked in a shipyard. They moved to Oregon, Arizona, and California. Eventually, they moved to Fontana, California, where he had many acres of land, started a chicken ranch, and planted lots of fruit trees. Karl passed away in California.

Peter, the fourth oldest son and seventh child, emigrated in 1912. He served in the Swedish Army and was serving in France. He was the only child to have served in the military. Jonas was home in Sweden for a visit, and they both returned to the States, moving to Chicago. He followed in his brother's footsteps and became a pattern maker. He married and had one son (my father). After moving to New York, they returned to Chicago. He never returned to Sweden. He eventually relocated to Florida, where he passed.

At one point, Johan, Jonas, and Peter lived close to each other in Chicago. In that city, they continued the family traditions of the holidays. The five siblings who were in the States would come together many times for



social and religious life at a Lutheran Church in Chicago. The five families tried to keep Swedish traditions alive and make their memories. A Swedish tradition they continued was eating Christmas dinner on Christmas Eve. They kept in touch the best they could. The last reunion was in 1955 at Peter's house in Chicago. That was the last time all five American siblings were physically together. The five passed away in five different states as they spread out nationwide. The four siblings that remained in Sweden never visited their siblings in America.

My family holiday gatherings were not as large as my father's when he was young since he was an only child, and his mother passed when he was 15. He started college, served in WWII, went back to finish college, married, and moved to Minnesota, eventually moving to California. However, with the move to California, we could visit his uncle Karl in Fontana before his passing at age 90, but the rest of his aunts and uncles had spread all over the states by this time. My parents were descendants of relatives who left Sweden hoping for a better life. Our family of six would have Thanks-



Peter, Felix, Jonas, Hilda, and Johan Carlson.



Dala horse, known in Sweden as Dalahast.

giving and Christmas as a solo family with holiday decorations of Swedish traditions, including the Dala horse, known in Sweden as Dalahast, which embodies a shared history of man and beast in the Scandinavian landscape. Our tree ornaments were the type you would find adorning Swedish Christmas trees. As my siblings and I grew, our mother would make boxes and divvy up her ornaments for each of us. To this day, my ornaments are not the typical ornaments one would see on “designer” California Christmas trees. Our trees resemble the traditional Swedish tree. As it was with the siblings who left Sweden, it was the tradition to take a group photo after every holiday meal. As the current family keeper of the genealogy and family photos, I cherish these precious memories as now only three of us are left.



Kathryn Richardson has been a member of the Santa Barbara Genealogy Society since 2015, when she relocated to Santa Barbara after living in Orange County for over 25 years and participating in local genealogy groups. After using DNA to find her husband’s grandfather, she became focused on writing a book and is learning the art of writing and how to tell a story vividly. Both sets

of her parents’ relatives came from Sweden and kept their family traditions alive for generations, a tradition she happily continues with her immediate family.

Family Heirloom



Bohemian Glass Vase

Brown clear glass coated in cranberry crystal overlay.
“cranberry overlay clear, cut to clear.”
First Quarter of the 20th Century. (1900-1925).
\$300.00 (2015 estimate)

This is the description that has been in the vase. It belonged to my maternal grandmother and was always on a table or in a hutch in her home. It is now in my living room hutch.

Marsha Martin

Our Love of the Great Outdoors

By Kate Lima

OUR FAMILY CELEBRATES birthdays, Thanksgiving, 4th of July, and Christmas. When the call came from *Ancestors West* for stories about family celebrations, I couldn't think much beyond that. What did our family do to celebrate? What about our parents? Grandparents? I tried to think outside the box: what does our family traditionally do, now and in decades long past? I immediately thought of our family camping trips. With just one or two exceptions, I have gone camping at least once yearly. I've camped with my children, grandchild, friends, and earlier with my parents and siblings. I wondered where that tradition came from, and I didn't have to dig too deep to discover that enjoying the great outdoors is a very old family tradition.

My love of camping started when I was younger than five. My family - two parents and four daughters, camped throughout the 1960s and 1970s. We'd raise our yellow Coleman tent, usually in Yosemite or Sequoia National Parks. We sisters had free reign of the area; if we saw some bear droppings, we'd start tracking, getting lost more than a few times. We had an "I can't find you!" call, which we utilized whenever we couldn't find each other:

"Hi-lo eenie meenie kai kai um cha cha ee wah wah"

To which we'd hear the response from far away:

"Hep-da-minicka-ohnicka-zonika-boomp-dee-alley-yooohoo!"

I can't imagine that indigenous people used this long refrain to call one another, but as children, we believed it and felt a keen connection to the people and the land. I can still envision one sister or another, far-off, thumb-nail high on a large rock. She'd be cupping her hands around her mouth while yelling the words, and I'd yell the refrain.

Mom taught us this old calling phrase. She also taught us old campfire songs as we watched the fire spark and crackle. While we roasted marshmallows, we learned the usual, like "My



Mom, Kate, Nance, Sal, Boo



Kate in Tree 1960s



Darling Clementine" and "Down in the Valley." But as the evenings wore on, we learned more rascally ones, such as "Frankie and Johnny were Lovers" and "There was a Desperado from the Wild and Woolly West." Ooh, scandalous! They became our go-to songs while we drove along the Interstate in our green Ford station wagon.

Mom's the one who instilled our love of camping, which stemmed from her own wonderful camping trips. She spent most summers at Camp Sweyolakan in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. She started as a young camper and became a counselor while a teen. She regaled us with stories of making Indian clothing with her two best friends, Adele and Sally. She remembered canoeing across the lake to the boys' camp when she was older.

She also spent summers with her parents at an old miner "resort" from the 1800s, Burgdorf, where she swam with her sister in the hot springs, rode an old horse, and poked around creeks and meadows for at least a month at a time.

Mom's mother, my grammy, "camped" as well. In the late 1890s and early 1900s, old west towns worked to refine their rowdy, raucous reputations, and Lewiston, Idaho, was the same. Instead of camping in a tent, Grammy spent summers with her parents and grandparents at Lake Waha, where they had a vacation cabin. It wasn't precisely camping per se, but she spent time outdoors. Her father and grandfather hunted, bringing home something for dinner, which they cooked outdoors. Grammy loved going out with her Aunt Ellen and mother Serena in a canoe, lazily spending her days fishing for trout.

Grammy's parents, Serena Poe and Charles Shaff, came from the West's wilds: Serena was born in Texas in 1863 and spent many days camping as a means of travel. She and her parents traveled from Texas to California, Oregon, and Idaho. Charles was born in Placerville, California in 1855, then moved with his family to Oregon. He traveled to Iowa for school in the rough and tumble way, which involved camping by an open fire.



1937, my mom with fish.



Postcard of Lake Waha.



Camping the hard way – 1880s.



Newell Convers Wyeth, "Seeking the New Home")



Burgdorf, Idaho



My Grammy showing her grandson how to fish.

He finally arrived in Idaho in 1883, where he met Serena.

Each of Serena's parents, Mom, Dad, and step-dad, came west with their families, spending more time "camping" than all other ancestors. The reason? Each of them came west in a prairie schooner. Serena's father, my great-great-grandfather William Turpin, was 23 when he traveled the Oregon Trail in 1847. Her mother, great-great-grandmother Fannie Kline, was 12 when she went with her family in 1853. Serena's stepfather, James Poe, was 15 when he traveled, and he also traveled in 1853. All of these ancestors spent months camping along the trail; I imagine they grew to love the sound of birds and bugs, the smell of sage and wild grasses, and the beauty of rivers and mountains. They indeed passed along that passion.

Being in the great outdoors became a part of their identity. Perhaps that became incorporated into their DNA-gene expression - because that trait has been passed down to us. Our family has visited one lovely place for generations: Burgdorf, Idaho. Burgdorf is a natural hot spring and has been a place of respite since it was first discovered in the late 1860s. Miners from nearby Warren mines passed through here on their way to civilization, and my step-great-great grandfather James Poe was among them. He had high-tailed it up to Warren as soon as gold was discovered in 1862; he'd become a lawyer and was instrumental in serving the mining community (he searched for gold also). I imagine James stopping by the

hot springs to soak in the healing, lithium-laced waters.

Years later, in 1930, Grammy spent her honeymoon there. She and her husband, Ike Carter, had a cabin called "Carter Cabin," and they went there every year. They took my mother there throughout the '30s, and then Grammy took her in the '40s after Ike died. Continuing the family tradition, Mom took us kids in the 1960s. We also played in the hot springs pool. We held onto a large log, slimy with green stuff, and we'd try to stand up on it. We'd also straddle it and try to knock each other off. Next, I took my kids in the 1990s, and in 2022, I took my grandson; my two sisters came with their children as well. Most of the cabins now are crumbling, their walls sliding into the soft grass. We soaked in the waters (the log is now gone, considered a safety risk) and hiked among the pine trees. There's nothing finer than pine in Burgdorf - the smell mixes with lilac, grass, and dirt.

Mom suffered from dementia for the last few years of her life. One thing that sparked her soul was when we sang campfire songs together. I had a playlist of some of our favorites; she'd look to the sky when she heard "Oh, Shenandoah," pulling those soulful, mournful lyrics from someplace deep within. She'd tap her fingers in time to "Oh, where have you been, Billy boy, Billy boy." She seemed

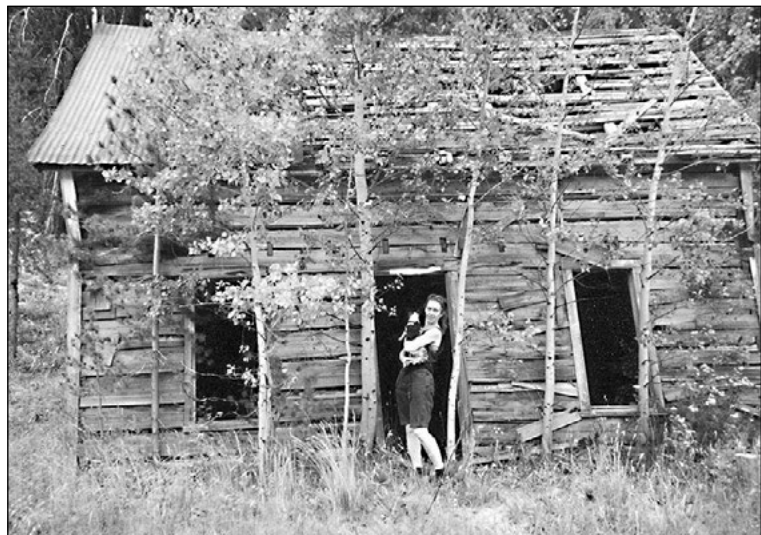
transported back to those long-ago times, surrounded by mountains, rivers, and family. It's a place she, as well as her parents and grandparents, held dear.



My mom, her dad and sister, 1938.



My family, Burgdorf, 1963.



My sister in Burgdorf, 1999.

We sisters also hold that place dear. Thinking of our camping days reminds us of our love of the mountains and each other. Those trips solidified and deepened our love for each other. Thank goodness for those traditions. They connect us to our family through shared memories and link us to our ancestors from long ago. Now, we pass them on to our children and grandchildren.



Family at Burgdorf, 2022



Grandson, 2017



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

Picnic in the Cemetery Event

October 26, 2024



THIS DAY BORE WITNESS to a stunning event on the grounds of the Santa Barbara Cemetery. About 55 people showed up; they walked among the headstones - and lived to tell the tale. Did they come to the cemetery to be frightened? Or did they want to hear some historical stories? Whatever the reason, people milled about, chatting, and eagerly awaiting for the tour to begin.

The Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society's "Picnic at the Cemetery" began mid-morning at the cemetery. People arrived early, excited to spend some time outdoors and at a graveyard. Genealogists and history buffs get that excited whenever they see old gravestones, and people were undoubtedly abuzz. We couldn't have asked for a better day. The sky was blue with just the slightest bit of lingering fog.

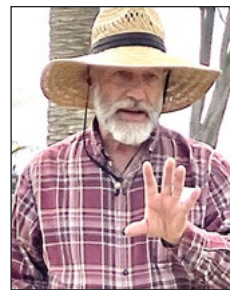
People gathered into groups and walked through the cemetery. Most walked quietly, meandering between headstones, reading about war veterans and seeing the sad little infant graves. For the tour, the group gathered at seven different grave sites. At each, the leaders spoke incantations to wake the dead;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

Afterward, the crowd made its way to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on Santa Barbara Street. The beautiful outdoor space held many tables. The boxed lunches were from Country Catering in Goleta, a well-known sandwich shop, and people seemed to enjoy the fare. Conversation centered around the cemetery event and moved to include other topics, showing a deep enjoyment of being together. It was a wonderful venue, a wonderful event, and a wonderful time.

Thanks to the Outreach Committee, and others, for planning the event: Cherie Bonazzola, Mary Hancock, Kate Lima, Patti Ottoboni, Yolanda Perez, and Chair Holly Snyder.

Cherie, a busy committee member, writes: "Since I had listened to all the talks before, I enjoyed watching the faces of people in my group. Some would nod to remember historical events or places they had heard about or been to when they were children. One gentleman was at UCSB with Wilbur [Tate] and told him he had watched him play for the Gauchos. It was a great day."

Special acknowledgments go to David Petry, author of "The Last Best Place," his book about the Santa



David Petry

Barbara Cemetery, for helping to facilitate the event at the Santa Barbara Cemetery and providing a quick history of the cemetery at the event, Randy and the Santa Barbara Cemetery Association, Oscar Gutierrez on hand as videographer (video will be on our website soon!), and Dr. Larry Basham for helping to facilitate our lunch site at The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (at no cost to us!), and Terry Marks and Larry for opening up FamilySearch Center of Santa Barbara for our guests.

Special acknowledgments also go to Robin McCarthy and Rosa Avolio for their help with registration and website assistance; to Bob and Wade Lima for their help with picking up and bringing chairs to the cemetery; to Karen Ramsdell, Rosa Avolio, and Cherie Bonazzola for checking in guests; to our group leaders: Irene Macias, Kathryn Field, Judy Sahm, Zak, and Laura Treat Liebhaber, Marie Sue Parsons, Kate Lima, and Cherie Bonazzola; and last but not least, to our actors who wrote their scripts and freely gave their time and dedicated efforts to help make this event successful.

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





Lillian Bailey Brown Beale Child (1866–1951)

I AM LILLIAN CHILD. I am buried here with my third husband, Jack Child.

Yes, the Child's estate was named after our home. The Santa Barbara Zoo is now on the property that used to be the Child's estate.

I was born Lillian Bailey on Jan. 15, 1866, in New England on the east coast. I lived in Staten Island and often attended parties in New York City.

1891, when I was 25 years old, I married D. Wheeler Brown. He was part of one of the country's oldest and largest private banks.

It was called the Brown Bros. and Hurricane Co.

We were married for 12 years. We separated in 1903, and I visited a friend in Santa Barbara.

At that time, I met John Edward Beale. He was a retired tea and coffee merchant who had never married. My divorce was finalized in 1906, and John and I married days after it was final. I was 35 years old at

the time, and John was 68. We split our time between New York City and Santa Barbara. John had a house that he called Vegamar. Vegamar means "star of the sea." It was on Cabrillo Boulevard above the bird refuge.

After our European honeymoon, we returned in Nov 1906. I became a society lady, and we held many lavish parties for our friends. We had hosted the Vanderbilts and Carnegies.



Lillian Bailey, Photo credit: Gledhill Library, Santa Barbara Historical Museum

By 1913, John was 76 and in poor health. We closed Vegamar and moved to Ojai. John died on July 21, 1914. John's nieces and nephew contested the will. Three trials were held between 1915-16. The estate was worth 1.5 million.

I won the trials but became a recluse due to the publicity. I traveled back to New York City.

At age 55, I married John Howard Child. He was called Jack. He was an importer of goods. We honeymooned in Europe and returned in Aug of 1921 to the U.S. We split our time between Santa Barbara and New York City. Many parties were held at Vegamar, now called the Child's Estate.

Jack died in New York City in 1931.

I returned to live in Santa Barbara year-round. I was never blessed with any children.

Behind my house, railroad tracks ran. Vagrants, or as you might call them, homeless, camped between the tracks and the back of the estate. There were many homeless due to the depression.

In 1935, I saw a policeman trying to evict the vagrants from the tracks. I went over and said,

"These men are not criminals. I want them to camp as long as they like."

These vagrants had their area in a corner of my property. They built dwellings out of whatever they found. They had rules they had to follow. I visited them often. There were about 30-40 of these vagrants.

People would remark on my kindness. I would say, "We are all good friends. There is nothing kind about it. I never think of it as kind."

I also helped my Japanese-American staff when they were sent to internment camps. I would drive to the camp and bring money and food for them. I lost friends due to the anti-Japanese sentiment in town. When my staff returned, they had nothing. I bought homes for them.

In 1944, I offered my entire 16 acres to the University of California with several stipulations. The University did not accept the property.

In 1947, I left my estate to the Santa Barbara Foundation for the use of the community.

I was 75 years old when I died in Aug 1951. The vagrants remaining on the property were allowed to live on the estate after my death.

In 1953, the property was granted to the City of Santa Barbara for a park and to promote education, culture, or recreational use.

The fire department burned the dilapidated mansion in 1959. In 1963, work began on the future Santa Barbara Zoo. The zoo was opened in Aug. 1963.



Helen Wong is a Santa Barbara native. She has been lucky enough to live in Santa Barbara her whole life. Her parents came from China. Her father owned the U.S. market on the corner of Haley and Quarantino Streets. Her mother was a homemaker and raised five kids. Helen worked as a public health and home health nurse.

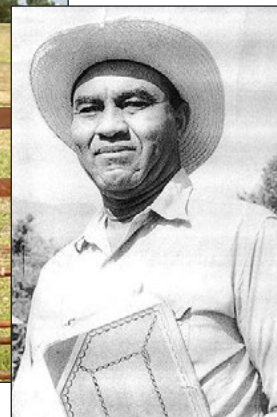
Mr. Otto Artie Hopkins (1896–1976)

GOOD AFTERNOON. My name is Mr. Otto Artie Hopkins. I was born in the year 1896; This was the year of "white supremacy," Jim Crow laws, and Plessy vs. Ferguson. These laws legalized segregation and white supremacy throughout the U.S.A. This was also during the period of "mob rule," the bombing of our Black Wall Street. The bombing of Black Wall Street was the first time in American history that airplanes were used to drop bombs on United States Citizens (Negro citizens). The legal lynching of Colored folks, Asians, Native Americans, Mexican-Americans, Jews, both men, women, and children. Please read the story of my dear friend, Mrs. Laura Nelson. Laura, along with her children (a 12-year-old mentally handicapped boy and a baby just five months old), were lynched and hung. Country singer Woody Guthrie wrote a song about Mrs. Nelson's murder, entitled "Don't Kill My Son and Don't Kill My Baby." Mr. Guthrie states in his music that "three bodies" hung under the North Canadian River bridge in Oklahoma. I have always been a strong supporter of the late great Frederick Douglass. I even gave my daughter the name "Earline Frederick Douglas Hopkins."

Yes, it's true; I exceeded all expectations despite all the pain, heartaches, and institutional racism. I have always been a big believer in educational literacy and property ownership. As I always mentioned, "If you can read and write, you're on your way to freedom and independence." I'm proud of all my businesses, including the financially successful Cotton Club of Santa Barbara. The Cotton Club was the first integrated business establishment along the central coast. After the closing due to our Santa Barbara Mayor E.O. Henson's drunkenness and rude behavior resulted in a fistfight, the Cotton Club was forced to close its doors after 10 years of service. Soon after, I decided to open the "Brown Derby" restaurant on Santa Barbara's east side. In addition, I was the original owner of the Desert Inn Night Club in Las Vegas, Nevada, and Cotton Club II, which was located directly across from Hoover Dam along the Colorado River (1931-1936).

Since people of color (and Jews) were prohibited from staying overnight in Santa Barbara, I decided to create the "Anacapa Rooming House." This was one of the only places in Santa Barbara County where Colored Americans, Jews, and people of color were allowed to lodge and spend the night. If you happen to be of the Jewish faith, you were practically in the same boat as us colored folks. Jews, Blacks, Asians, Mexican-Americans, and Native Americans were forced to reside on Santa Barbara's east side of town. I also owned one of Santa Barbara's first recycling and personal trash pickups (including in Montecito). Years later, due to my illness, I sold my recycling business in 1954 to MarBorg Trash and Recycling of Santa Barbara (MarBorg is currently in business today). In 1924, I purchased my 400-acre ranch in the Rincon Santa Barbara area along Casitas Pass Road. This particular land purchase made me the largest minority land owner within California. My grandchildren still own some of the ranch land today.

The ranch was also a very successful business endeavor. I raised hogs by the thousands on my Casitas Pass ranch. I would sterilize the trash from my Montecito recycling business and feed the sterilized food to the hogs. In addition, I raised turkeys, squabs, and cattle and planted thousands of fruit and walnut trees on my ranch land. Although the Hop-



kins family lived and resided in the city of Santa Barbara, just below the Santa Barbara Rivera (directly below the KKK cross on the top of Gutierrez Street), the restrictive housing covenant in Santa Barbara kept our family from moving to the city of Montecito (This included Blacks, Jews, Native Americans and Asians). I kept my housing dream alive and constructed and built five lovely homes on my ranch land.

Lastly and most significantly, even though I was an extremely successful businessman, the love of my family and service to others was most important to me. I frequently stated, "Always lend a helping hand to others and never hit a man when he's down on his luck." My wife and I, Mrs. Emma Hopkins, were also the founding members of the Second Baptist Church of Santa Barbara and founding members of the George Washington Carver Scholarship Club of Santa Barbara. What initially brought us here to Santa Barbara was its beauty. It was the prettiest place that I had ever seen. Thank you for your time today, and I hope to see everyone at the Cotton Club tonight. The first two drinks are on the house. See you this evening, and God bless always!

Wilbur H. Tate graduated from Atlanta University in Georgia, where he earned his M.A. in Political Science. He also graduated from U.C. Santa Barbara with a B.A. in Liberal Studies, after which Wilbur followed his childhood dream of becoming a professional athlete. He worked in California politics, then switched gears to become the Assistant Dean of Humanities and Social Sciences at Cal State Fullerton. He has now retired from academia.





Mary and Ethel Richardson (1846–1896, 1879–1896)

HELLO, GOOD sirs and madams. I am Mrs. Henry Richardson, and this is my daughter, Miss Ethel Richardson. We abide over the knoll on Cold Springs Road just north of the Montecito Country Club. If you look carefully enough, nearly a century and a quarter will fade away, and you will see the beautiful home my dear husband, Henry Ralston Richardson, built for our family when we moved here from Wisconsin in 1890. Henry found his fortune in railroads and had come to Santa Barbara a few years back to build the railroad. When Henry brought us here, I knew of all the places we had lived, even our birth home of Coaticook, Quebec, beautiful Montecito would be our last...and so it was.

Some believed our home to be rather ostentatious, but to Ethel and me, there was no more perfect place on earth. I longed for one more carriage ride on Cold Spring Road, the first site of our home with lawns that seemed to stretch limitlessly in every direction. Our gardens were the envy of every woman in town. Oh, how delighted I was to walk in the gardens in the early morning. Dearest Ethel, you would often join me on those walks....

Oh yes, mamma, those are some of my most precious memories walking silently with you among the flowers... listening to the bird songs. Sometimes, I would retire to those benches Papa ordered from Boston... close my eyes... and imagine the words of Lord Byron:

*There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the least but nature more.*

Although I was thrilled for our next adventure, I often mourned the thought of those walks with you... breathing in the ocean air...

Ethel, I should explain this to our visitors since I know you are too humble in spirit to testify about the reason for our next adventure. My dearest Ethel recently graduated from Santa Barbara High School with the highest of honors in the class of 1895. She has been invited to continue her education at Berkeley University. We intend to live there together as Ethel completes her education. My dearest Ethel is so bright in both her schooling and social life. If she isn't studying, she is about town with her young companions, sometimes late into the evening. I do not think a soul in this town does not adore my sweet Ethel.



Ethel Richardson, Photo credit: Gledhill Library, Santa Barbara Historical Museum

*Oh, mamma, you always go on.
Standing here reminds me of our last visit to the cemetery prior... to... our last evening...*

The evening commenced beautifully with a carriage ride at dusk; we stopped at the bluffs to observe the sunset.

Yes! I do remember!

There were still some errant fireworks in the distance. I will never forget that crimson sunset; we stayed until the last color of it slipped into the night sky and then returned home silent in the pure beauty of it... We are reminiscing about our times with Poppa and how he would have enjoyed the adventure before us.

Yes, we did not think this would be our last moment together. I am still haunted by what you endured and wish only I had endured such a savagery. If only I had not screamed, perhaps he would have finished his brutal act and left you to live your life fully....

There was nothing you could have done, for he was steadfast in the demise of us both. I will never forget your screams as I was dressing for bed. I was reading my favorite Lord Byron and had slipped between reality and the dream state; his words always inspired me. I heard what I had assumed was a firework, and THEN... Your scream... one I had never heard... ever

I sprang to my threshold and saw only a violent shadow above you. To my horror, you insisted I run! And so... I did... With nothing on but my undergarments, I ran with all my might.

I felt a sharp pain in my arm as I ran through the hall and flew out the front door and down the drive.

The ground pierced my bare feet, but I could not stop... I could hear the heavy steps of that shadow behind me... they were becoming more distinct... quicker... heavier... and THEN... I felt a sharp blow and a pain that took all strength from me... I fell to the ground... That shadow pulled my head back and....

Oh, my dearest Ethel!

Please do not be troubled, mamma; we now abide together in our eternal paradise....

Sometimes, we walk our favorite haunts through the oaks, eucalyptus, and the shores. You in the lovely gown Poppa gave you just before he passed and reciting....

There are four questions of value in life...

What is sacred?

Of what is the spirit made?

What is worth living for, and what is worth dying for?

The answer to each is the same.

Only love.

Heather McDaniel McDevitt has been an enthusiastic SBCGS member since 2021, serving on the board and various committees. Professionally, she is an archaeologist who works in the culture resource management sector.

Chloe Wallace is a cosmetology student at the Santa Barbara Community College cosmetology school and enjoyed acting in middle school with the Santa Barbara Show-stoppers and in high school with the Dos Pueblos theater program.





**Charles (Karl) Johan Valde
(1874–1928)**



JEG HETER KARL JOHAN. Jeg kommer fra nær av Aalesund in Norge. But I suppose you don't speak Norwegian now. I'm named for a famous king, you know, the Swedish king who guaranteed Norway's freedom from Danish rule and the right to be governed under their constitution. That was in 1816, almost 60 years before I was born. If we were in Norway, you would call me "Kalli," the common nickname for Karl Johan.

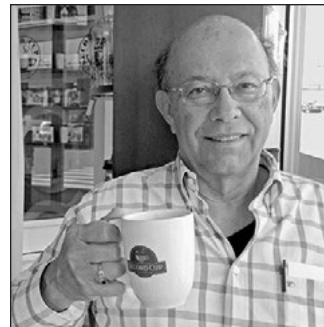
Let me tell you an interesting story about how I came here. I grew up on a farm with my parents, grandmother, two sisters, and a brother. I was the youngest. My parents were going to have another child, but my mother died in childbirth; I was only two. My grandmother died the same week! My father had a hard time with it for the next few years; he married again. He and his new wife, Ingeborg, gave me a little brother, Ole Martin, and a little sister; they named her Petrine after my mother. You may know her granddaughter, Irene; she has been a member of your Society.

There was a law in Norway at that time that if a man was widowed and married again and had children with his second wife, he couldn't leave his property to any of the first family. I understand that was to keep the farms from being divided and becoming too small to support a family, as happened in Sweden. Anyway, all of the first family's children emigrated to Canada; there was nothing left for them in Norway. My sister Maria had just married, so she and her husband went first – to Manitoba. Her husband Ole got a job with the railroad and said there were many opportunities there, so Lena, Peder, and I followed. That was 1891; I was only 17. When we got to Canada, we changed our names, me to Charles and Peder to Pete; we thought we would fit in better. Pete and I got jobs on the Canadian Pacific railroad, too, but I wouldn't

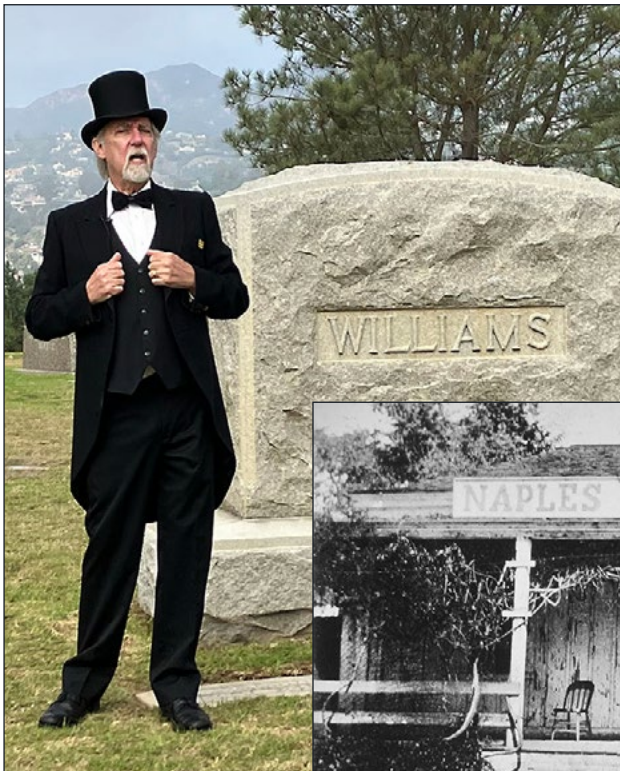
say I liked it in Manitoba; it was too cold, and much of my work was outdoors. So, I went west and started working for Standard Oil in Tacoma. Pete stayed and did very well.

Ole and Maria felt the same way I did; in 1901, the Southern Pacific railroad was completed from San Francisco to Santa Barbara, and there were many new jobs on the SP, especially for experienced railroad men. Ole got one, and he and Maria moved to Santa Barbara. I took a trip south to visit them in their new home once. While in Santa Barbara, I met a young lady, Geraldine Dowell, daughter of Deputy Sheriff Dick Dowell. (He's right over there). It was love at first sight; Geraldine and I eloped to Reno and married there; that new Southern Pacific line was very useful for us! We settled in Tacoma, where I had my job, but Geraldine didn't like Tacoma very much. The principal industry at the time was paper-making, and paper mills didn't smell very good. But she stayed there for a few years with me. We had a daughter, also Geraldine; she's right here. She later married a biochemist named Melville Sahyun; he built the building that is now your Society's Library. (I always had trouble pronouncing his name).

As it turned out, my brother-in-law Ole said he could get me a job on the Southern Pacific, so in 1906, I could bring my Geraldines back to their beloved Santa Barbara. It was a good job; I became a maintenance-of-way supervisor and reported directly to the Roadmaster, who lived in that little yellow house on Castillo Street; I think you know it – it belongs to your Society, too. As I advanced in my career, I got assigned to the Goleta section and had an office in the station there, you know, the building they moved over to the Stowe property – I don't know why; there are no tracks there. We had bought a house on Bath Street; it was very convenient. The Goleta station was on Kellogg Avenue then, just a block from the bus on Hollister, and the bus came into town on de la Vina Street, just a block from our house, so I didn't need a car. (Pete was the first in the family to have a car; he got one back in 1910!). One evening after work, I was hurrying to catch the bus, running across Hollister Avenue; the bus was coming, but so was a car, and the sun was right in the driver's eyes. I guess he couldn't see me, so now I'm here.



MEL SAHYUN is a native of Santa Barbara. He and his wife Irene are Life Members of SBCGS. Professionally, he's a (retired) physical chemist and avocationally a photographer with a strong interest in history. And yes, he speaks Norwegian.



**John Harrison Williams
(1840–1895)**

DEAR FRIENDS, I am grateful you have visited me today and allowed me to stand before you and tell you of a grand opportunity.

For those who do not know me, my name is John H. Williams. The year 1840 witnessed my birth in a small town in Ohio. My father was a farmer, and as I grew, there was no doubt I would follow in his furrows. But life had other plans for me, and not long after I reached my majority, I moved to St. Louis and entered the lumber trade. Providence has undoubtedly smiled on me in that endeavor, for I started at the bottom as a commissions agent and retired long ago as President of the Southern Lumber Company.

This circumstance has allowed my wife Alice and me to travel not only to this great land of ours but also to the nations of Europe.

But not all men are as fortunate as I have been – to have the time and capital – to undertake a three-month or longer excursion, and for those of you who do have the means, I ask you this...Why subject your family to the perils of the Atlantic Crossing with storms and seasickness and, upon landing, risk European diseases, gypsy thieves, and scoundrels of every type masquerading as guides and advisors.

For everything you need, everything you seek is right before you - California is America's Italy – the climate, the fresh, pure mountain and sea air, the fertile soil capable of growing any crop, and waters that rival – no surpass the famed spas of Europe.

In the spring of 1887, Alice and I boarded the coastal steamer bound for San Francisco. We were not more than an hour past Santa Barbara when I felt I was in a dream. Off to port, I was sure I saw the Isle of Capri - looking now to starboard was the coast and towering above Mt. Vesuvius with a puff of smoke lazily rising above it. I could have sworn I was gazing upon Naples. I rubbed my eyes, looked again, and

realized I had been looking at San Miguel Island and a simple peak along the coastal range with a cloud floating above it. Yet the scene before me still proclaimed "Naples."

Upon arrival in San Francisco, I immediately set out to make this vision a reality.

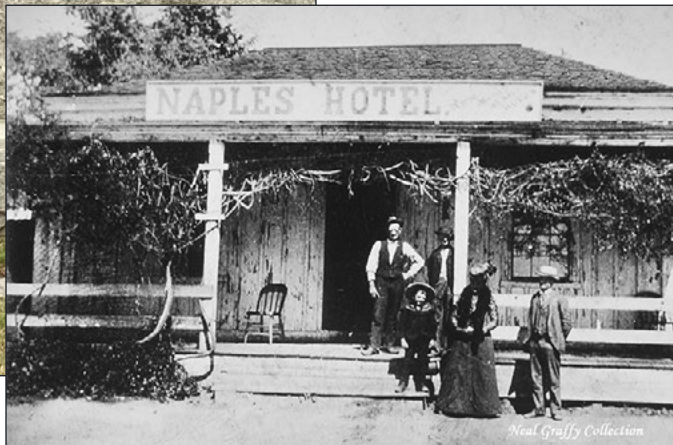
The Naples Improvement Company is not a dream. We have purchased 872 acres of the historic Rancho Dos Pueblos and created Naples – The City by the Sea. This Exquisite Summer and Winter Resort is laid out over 256 blocks, with four blocks set aside for constructing the magnificent Crescent Beach Hotel. We are well capitalized at \$300,000, and the Southern Pacific Railroad will soon lay tracks through the heart of our city. So, what is left, you may ask...opportunity, my friends...opportunity for you, your family, your descendants.

An entire city block of 3.8 acres is \$1,000. A lot at 125 x 150 feet large enough to construct your vacation cottage is only \$125. And you only need to put ½ down - \$62.50 and pay the balance off at \$10 a month.

Sales are brisk – many buy entire blocks, sell half the lots, and pay for the land and their future cottage with the realized profit.

You heard many times, "See Naples and Die." We invite you instead to "See Naples...and Live."

Well...I was so enthralled to have guests and potential customers I completely overlooked my current situation...I'm deceased – which has not been as easy as it sounds. My eternal rest was interrupted three times until I was finally moved here.



Neal Graffy, XNGH, is a Santa Barbara historian, researcher, writer, and public speaker. He appeared in numerous documentaries, TV shows, and on the radio and entertained thousands with over 30 talks on Santa Barbara's history. This is his third performance for the Santa Barbara Genealogical Society's "Picnic in the Cemetery."

Julia Frances Williams (1826-1911)

I WAS BORN IN CANADA in 1826, but my family soon moved to Maine, which is where I call home. When I was 22, I married a young man from a good family, and we settled down and had our first child. I thought that my life would be comfortable and ordinary as a wife and mother, and I spent my years in Maine.

But the Lord sometimes moves in mysterious ways, does he not? My life soon became anything but ordinary. But I believe the Lord does not give you challenges you cannot overcome.

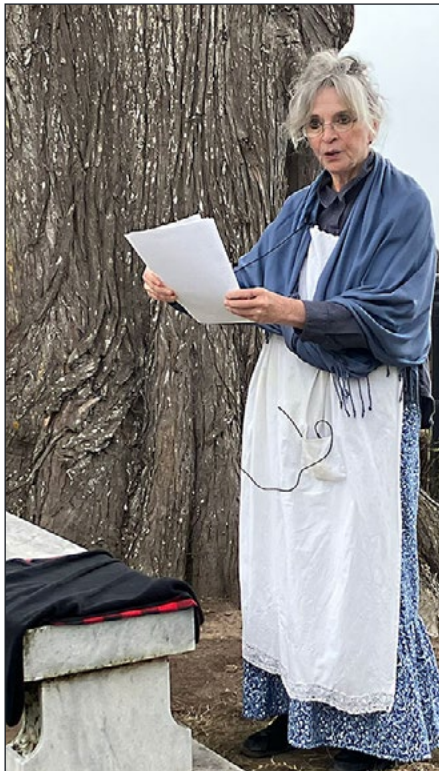
Soon after our daughter was born, my husband caught "gold fever." He left, and we hoped that he would soon return a wealthy man. But this was not to be.

My husband did not want to admit defeat and return home as a failure, so he stayed in San Francisco. After several years, I decided to take our daughter and move to the West.

It was not an easy decision, and it was not an easy journey. First, my little daughter and I got on a ship and traveled far south to Panama. There were only primitive roads there. I hired a guide who supplied me with a burro, which I rode.

After a couple of weeks, we arrived on the coast and boarded another boat bound for San Francisco. It was another long boat trip. I somehow managed to find my husband in the wild and boisterous city. After a couple of years, it became apparent that there would be better places to raise our growing family.

My husband wrote to his politician brother-in-law in Maine to ask for help finding a government position. At



this point, I was pregnant with my third child, and my husband was appointed the keeper of a lighthouse that was to be built in a little town called Santa Barbara.

We moved into the lighthouse, and my husband began tending to the light on the top of the building. Again, I expected a comfortable life tending to my growing family.

But as the years passed, my husband was unhappy with his lighthouse duties. He found consolation in alcohol, and our lives fell apart. I became the lighthouse keeper to support our six children. I tried again to adjust to the unforeseen turn my life had taken.

I would go up the stairs in the early evening and light the lamps. I loved to watch the beams flash out over the waters. It was beautiful how bright it would be on a stormy night.

Then, at midnight, I always went up again to see that all was well. It was then that I loved best to stand and watch the sea. When it was calm and peaceful under the light of the moon or just the stars, the silence and majesty of it were inspiring.

In the morning, I went up to extinguish the light and clean the soot from the lenses. And so, the years went by. I mostly stayed in the lighthouse, except to go to Veronica Springs for water and church on Sundays. I did sometimes entertain visitors, as part of my lighthouse keeper duties. Several journalists interviewed me for their newspapers. I enjoyed talking to them.

For 40 years, I climbed up to the light every night until my accident in 1905. I was taken to the hospital and learned that I had broken my hip. I am not able to walk anymore, and I live at the hospital now. But I still enjoy talking to people about my former career, which I call "light housekeeping."

NOTE: Julia died in 1911 after spending her last five years in the hospital. Her actual words were, "Light housekeeping."



Julia Frances Curry Williams in front of the Santa Barbara Lighthouse.



Betsy J. Green is a Santa Barbara historian, author, and columnist. She has written 10+ local history books, including the biography of Julia Frances Williams for Wikipedia. She also writes the *Great House Detective* column for the *Santa Barbara Independent*. This is her third appearance in Picnic in the Cemetery.

Crimora Coiner Whitcher (1861–1941)

GREETINGS! THANK YOU FOR JOINING US on this glorious day. You may think you are spending time with Crimora Coiner Whitcher - but could it be my identical twin Florence Coiner Rice? We hail from Los Alamos and Los Olivos, via Virginia. Word has it that a reunion of the Coiner family in Augusta, Virginia, in 1892 was attended by 850 horses and buggies. Quite a sight to behold!! I'm given the name of the town Crimora, Virginia, and I am downright proud of it even though it's a bit unusual, and folks tend to stumble on it and misspell it.

We came from Virginia due to the Civil War devastation through Panama, arriving in San Francisco, California. We finally settled in Los Alamos. My father was the honorable Judge Daniel Coiner. Today, there is a street named Coiner Street for our family in downtown Los Alamos. Together, we were ten sisters and two brothers. We sisters gathered faithfully in Santa Barbara at the Upham Hotel for lunch each year to swap stories and celebrate.

I met a handsome farrier, Frank Whitcher of the Whitcher and Pearce Blacksmith shop. Although he did not fit the bill my esteemed father had in mind for his daughter (for goodness sake, Florence married into the Rice family who held acres and acres of god-given earth), we courted properly with calling cards and all. Ballard Township was our first home. Los Olivos looked promising, and Frank purchased several acres suitable for farming. We built a modest house and grew our family: Charles, Maynard, Charlotte, and Clara. Two boys and two girls. Frank continued blacksmith work at his shop where Jedlicka's saddlery now stands, and I managed the Whitcher General Store and Fancy Goods, which also served as a post office and library. Together with my daughters, we kept busy serving as postmistresses, librarians, and grocery store clerks.

Frank left us suddenly in 1910. What a shocking and trying time. His health had been poor for over a year, and his mental state diminished; he took his own life and left us to figure out ours.

Well, those were hard years. Clara helped me run the Whitcher General Store and kept the post office and library running. Clara met Isaac Sahn at the post office, a handsome relief mail clerk delivering mail via the narrow-gauge rail that stopped at Los Olivos. They fell in love and married in 1916. Clara and Isaac had two sons, Leslie and Howard. Isaac and Clara's brother Charlie entered the cattle business, leasing land from the La Laguna Land Co. on Midland School. The cattle business thrived, and they made many improvements to the property, putting in a dam and reservoir and building the main house, milking barn, and chapel. These dwellings stand today and serve the staff and students of Midland School. We enjoyed family campouts and picnics with Isaac's brother, Rufus Sahn, and his wife, Mabel, our Pasadena relatives. We are proud to know a canyon named Sahn Canyon runs from the middle of campus to the Figueroa Mountain behind.

Well, we weren't done with hard times, no sirree. The drought came, and the boys decided to end the cattle enterprise. It didn't exactly end, though. With one bull and a guernsey cow, they returned to town to the homestead, and we all began what would become the Los Olivos Dairy. At its heyday, we nurtured (130) cows. The dairy cows were all registered Guernseys with names like Opal, Petunia, Tulip,



Iris, and Buttercup. We knew everyone. Clara made daily runs to Mattei's Tavern to supply their cook, Gin, with fresh milk, eggs, and butter. During the war, the dairy provided milk to Camp Cook. Leslie Sahn went to war flying planes over in the Pacific theater while Howard ran the dairy with Isaac, Clara, and me. He operated the dairy continuously up to 1964. The dairy barn and silo still stand today.

I saw the world change from my birth in 1861 to when I went to meet the good Lord and reunite with my Frank again in 1941. We went from outdoor plumbing, kerosene lamps, and horse-drawn carriages to indoor plumbing, electricity, automobiles, and even airplanes in eighty years! Oh, what a world of change! I'm at rest now, overlooking this fine ocean alongside my beloved Frank.



Catherine Garley resides in Los Olivos with her husband, Michael, across the street from the original family dairy farm. Two adult children, Samantha and Wyatt, comprise their family, along with three dogs and an ancient horse (MC Hammer, age 31). Hobbies are hiking, swimming, gardening, water coloring, travel, and, most recently, genealogy.

Bringing in the Scouts – New Life for an Old Cemetery

By Kate Lima

EARLY THIS YEAR, a few of our members wanted to clean up the old Santa Barbara County Hospital Cemetery, known as a “Potter’s Field” in the last century. Our society has been cleaning this small plot of land for decades. Michel Nellis and Emily Aastad organized the first cleanup. For many years thereafter, a group of people would meet at the cemetery to pull weeds and sweep away leaves. They prevented the growth of new trees in space and polished headstones.

As our members grew older or moved away, the work of the cemetery’s upkeep fell to the wayside. Michel and Rosa Avolio discussed cleaning it again this year, but the site was too overgrown. The weeds and grasses were hip high in places. Trees grew inside the enclosure, and branches of trees outside the cemetery grew over it. Dead branches and lots of leaves had fallen inside. Cleaning the cemetery was too much work for a group of senior citizens.

Rosa had an idea. Why not ask Scouting America for help? Within days of contacting them, she was approached by Eagle Scout candidate, Tyler Frischknecht. He was looking for a large project to organize for his Eagle Scout badge. Cleaning the old cemetery would fit the bill.

In July, Rosa brought a proposal to the SBCGS Board for the Boy Scouts, under Tyler’s leadership, to clean up the cemetery. The Board unanimously approved the endeavor. At the July General Meeting, Tyler presented his proposal for removing dead and unwanted vegetation, laying ground cover fabric to be covered with gravel and installing a plaque with a QR code linked to the Society’s webpage about the cemetery. Rosa passed the hat, and in less than 20 minutes, people donated enough to fund his project fully.

July 27, Day 1 of Clean Up.

Enthusiasm ran high. Twenty-three Scouts from Troop 37 helped with the work, as did several parents. Weeds were high, but the scouts’ energy was higher.



Scouting America’s Troop 37

By the end of the day, they had cleared out the entire space. The group was tired and ready to head home.

August 3, Day 2 of Clean Up.

Within a week, Tyler organized a truckload of gravel to be brought to the site along with weed cloth, that will keep weeds from cropping up again. The Scouts worked their magic again. By mid-afternoon, the cemetery looked clean and well-loved.



At September's SBCGS General Meeting, Tyler presented a slideshow of the work he and his troop performed. What a fantastic project! Tyler and his troop did more than just a labor-intensive cleanup (which they definitely did!). They also brought a feeling of respect and care to the cemetery.

Thank you to Tyler and Troop 37!

More information about this cemetery can be found on our website: <https://sbgen.org/santa-barbara-county-hospital-cemetery/>



Before



After

REMOVE POTTER'S FIELD BODIES TO SITE AT GOLETA

County Wipes Out Last Trace of Occupancy of Land Recently Sold

An old and long forgotten pauper's graveyard in the county hospital grounds, recently bought by George Knapp, has been removed by the board

For some time county men have been working on the task of exhuming the bodies for re-interment in a far corner of the new county farm at Goleta. There, one great grave has been dug, twenty-five by twenty-two feet, and the small boxes arranged in rows resting solidly against each other.

Over each box the little brown headstone that had marked the former grave has been erected. When this is completed there will be headstones in rows, about two feet apart, covering the huge grave.

The county agreed to remove the cemetery after Mr. Knapp raised objection to it. It is stated that no indigent had been buried in the old potter's field for sixteen years.

News article from Wed, March 28, 1917, Page 3
(Cemetery moved in 1917)

The *Santa Barbara Daily News* and the *Independent*
Santa Barbara, California.

Santa Barbara County Hospital Cemetery aka "Potters Field"

This small cemetery holds 100 people, 95 male and 5 female aged 0 (stillborn) to 102. Burials occurred between 1892 and 1904 at its original site, the County Hospital grounds on South Salinas Street in Santa Barbara.

It moved locations twice, and in 1917 the stones and remains were moved to this spot where it lay untended and forgotten. For a time the county leased the land to the S.B. Sportsmen's Club, and the headstones were damaged by stray bullets.



Since 1996, the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society has kept extensive records, and maintained this cemetery's enclosure.

To learn more, scan this QR Code:



In 2024, Scouting Troop 37 of Santa Barbara conducted an extensive clean-up and introduced new materials to protect the cemetery, and installed signage to recognize those interred here.

Or visit:

<https://sbgen.org/santa-barbara-county-hospital-cemetery/>

Finding Ancestors Who Abandoned America

By Susan Montague Lundt

BOOK REVIEW: *Abandoning America: Life-Stories from Early New England*,¹

By Susan Hardman Moore

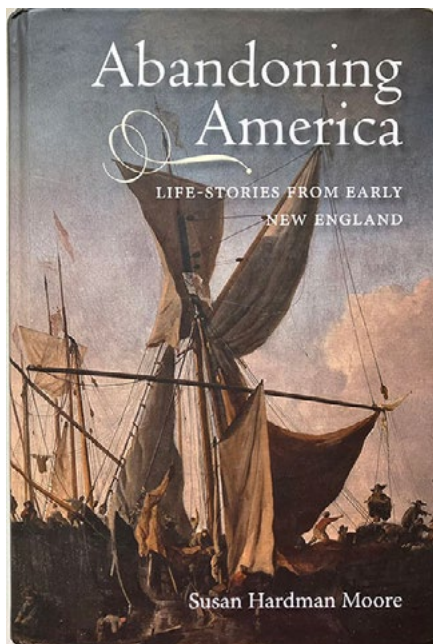
WHILE RESEARCHING my extensive colonial ancestry, I encountered this book in *The Great Migration Directory: Immigrants to New England, 1620-1640* by Robert Charles Anderson. The research for *Abandoning America* began with the author's doctoral thesis, *Return Migration from New England to England, 1640-1660*, at the University of Kent at Canterbury in 1986. She collected the stories of 600 immigrants who left New England to return to England and provided a brief introduction that explores their reasons for immigrating to and then abandoning America.

As a descendant of those immigrants who stayed in America, I had never considered this topic. Still, based on her research, she estimates that approximately one in six immigrants abandoned America. This is consistent with an estimate made by another author, David Cressy, in his book *Coming Over: Migration and Communication Between England and New England in the Seventeenth Century*.³ Ms. Moore provides hard evidence about Harvard graduates and ministers; one in three ministers returned to England, and almost one in two Harvard graduates left. This attrition prompted Massachusetts to pass a minimum wage law for ministers and educated persons to try to retain them, but the wages were still far lower than in those in England.

Her book presents the life stories in three sections. The first are the settlers who left between 1640 and 1660; the second are the settlers who left earlier; and the third are those who left but returned before 1660. I know three ancestors who came to New England and then returned to England. In the first group, I have Nathaniel Turner, who arrived in New England in 1630 and, in January 1645/6, went on a mission to establish trade with England and was lost at sea. Robert Feake, a mentally ill goldsmith and merchant, emigrated to New England in 1630 with the Winthrop Fleet and, for no known reason, left after 1647 and returned to England, is in the third group. Not included in this book is

William Bunnell, my poor, indigent ancestor who was sent back to England by the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1646 (without his wife and children) and returned to New Haven where his wife and children had gone to live and were sent back to England again by New Haven in 1654 after the death of his wife.

I found the book interesting and informative about the conditions in early colonial America that contributed to people's decisions about staying or leaving. My next step is to see if my immigrant dead ends are in the book.



ENDNOTES

1. Moore, Susan Hardman. *Abandoning America: Life-Stories from Early New England*. The Boydell Press, Woodbridge, Suffolk, UK, 2013. SBCGS Call Number: 974 D3 M00 2013
2. Robert Charles Anderson. *The Great Migration Directory: Immigrants to New England, 1620-1640*. Boston, MA, New England Historic Genealogical Society, 2015. SBCGS Call Number: 974 W2 AND
"Covering individuals not included in previous Great Migration compendia, this complete survey lists the names of all known to have come to New England during the Great Migration period, 1620-1640. Each entry provides the name of the head of household, English or European origin (if known), date of migration, principal residences in New England, and the best available sources of information for the subject" – publisher's description.
3. Cressy, David. *Coming Over: Migration and Communication between England and New England in the seventeenth century*, Cambridge University Press, 1987



Susan Lundt has been a genealogical society member since she moved to Santa Barbara in 2014. She has been working on her genealogy since 1980, when a tour of the Family History Library in Salt Lake City triggered her obsession. She has self-published one book on her Montague ancestry and is currently focusing on the stories of her immigrant ancestors, most of whom arrived in the 1600s in America. Susan is a retired software engineer who worked in the aerospace industry.

Announcing Ancestors West Themes for 2025

Due February 1, 2025
Survival Stories



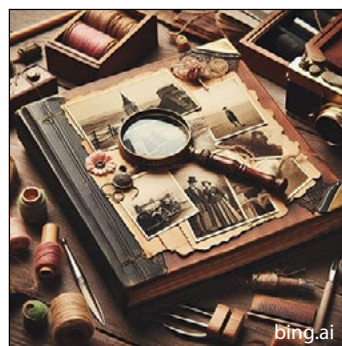
Due May 1, 2025
Remarkable Achievements



Due August 1, 2025
Ancestors Schooling and Education



Due October 15, 2025
Family Legends and Mysteries



Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated May 2024

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

Manuscripts

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

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

Images

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

Author information

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

Deadlines

Submissions with images are due the **1st of the month** in **February, May, and August, and October 15** for the November Issue. Address submissions to Charmien Carrier, charmien2940@gmail.com

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2024 Honorees



A WONDERFUL EVENT!

OUR HONORS LUNCHEON took place on Saturday, November 2, 2024. We honored three long-time, hardworking volunteers: Robin McCarthy, Karen Ramsdell, and Chris Klukkert. Gathering at The Club and Guesthouse at UCSB we ate delicious food, in an intimate setting with beautiful views of the University's lagoon and expansive lawn. Over 80 people attended, and conversations and good vibes filled the space.