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Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Spring 2025 Vol. 50, No. 1

The 1925 Santa Barbara Earthquake

Survival Stories

Survival Averted

A Volcano, a Midwife, and a Bigamist

The Legacy of Survival: My Ancestors and the Lachine Massacre

Surviving Carleton's Raid

Canine Madness

Hong Kong Under Siege 1941 to 1945

Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

www.sbgen.org *E-mail: info@sbgen.org*

Sahyun Genealogy Library

(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 **PER**iodical **S**ource **I**ndex **(PERSI)** published by the Allen County Public Library, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

inside this issue…

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

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST? Luckiest? Bravest? This issue features our members' accounts of their ancestors surviving hardships, being brave, and making it possible for their descendants to continue their lives.

A natural disaster

The 1925 Santa Barbara earthquake was a significant local natural disaster. Three personal accounts illuminate the experience of enduring the quake and its aftermath. To learn more about this event, visit the Sahyun Library exhibit "1925 Santa Barbara Earthquake: Stories and Lives Remembered." Various photos and narratives will celebrate this centennial occasion. The exhibit will be free to view from June 1 to August 16 during the Library's open hours.

Wars and conflicts have occurred throughout history.

Our members share their ancestors' experiences during the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, World War II, and conflicts involving Native Americans. Many of our ancestors endured these events; some survived, while others did not. My seventh great-grandmother survived captivity by the Iroquois following the 1689 Lachine Massacre, allowing our family lineage to continue. Kate Lima's great-great-grandmother, Rhoda Munsey, faced the hardships and sorrows of the Civil War. Carol Roth, elected as the first president of the newly established SBCGS in 1972, writes about Carleton's Raid during the Revolutionary War and how her ancestors fought bravely and resourcefully against the British. On the other hand, Kristin Ingalls' "dastardly" eighth great-grandfather, Pasco Chubb, was accused of treason and killed by Indians. As a young girl growing up in Hong Kong during World War II, Carrie Brown recounts her experience of being besieged by the Japanese.

Left to right: Ervin, Alvira (Vera), Wilbert, and Walter Rudenick, about 1918

Accidents and illnesses

Jim Wilson shares the story of his ancestors who survived a shipwreck. What about the events related to the rabies virus? Kathryn Field tells us that it posed a significant threat until Louis Pasteur developed the rabies vaccine in 1885. In 1918, my mother, Alvira, was the only one in her family of six who didn't contract the Spanish flu. At just five years old, she had to bake bread, walk a quarter of a mile through the snowy Minnesota weather, and seek help from the neighbors to milk the cows. What a brave young girl!

Books to read about survival

"A Volcano, a Midwife, and a Bigamist." What a great title! It's a review of the books available for sale in the Book Nook at the library, written by Kristin Ingalls, who would happily sell you a copy or two.

We also have a book review of Cathy Jordan's *Heartsick and Astonished*, a book about divorce during the Civil War. Thanks to Cathy, who donated the book to the library.

Thanks to all the authors for their contributions!

Surname Index

MORNING
SANTA CRUZ SENTINEL
ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES
DAILY EXCEPT MONDAY | SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA, TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1925. | EIGHT PAGES

SANTA BARBARA EARTHQUAKE IS DISASTROUS

TWELVE KILLED IN SANTA BARBARA

SANTA BARBARA, June 29 (AP).—Following is a list of the known dead in the earthquake:

Dr. James Angel of Santa Barbara,
Mrs. Charles E. Perkins, Burlington, Iowa,
Patrick Shea,
Bertram Hancock, believed to be of Los Angeles;
J. Mostiero,
Demetrius Saintor,
James Starbow,
William Matthews,
H. Hazzard.
Three unidentified, two of whom are Mexicans.

STATE STREET IS BADLY DAMAGED AS TOWN IS HIT IN EARLY MORNING HOURS

Terrific Quake Wrecks State Street In Southern Town and Does Immense Damage to Property.

SANTA BARBARA, June 29 (AP).—A SERIES OF EARTHQUAKES, DESCRIBED BY SURVIVORS AS ROCKING AND SWINGING THE BUSINESS CENTER OF SANTA BARBARA AS IF IT WERE ON A TURBULENT OCEAN, EARLY TODAY LEFT THE PRINCIPAL STRUCTURES OF THE CHANNEL CITY A MASS OF DEBRIS AND RUINS.

The loss of life was not large, due to the tremors having occurred at 6:44 o'clock in the morning, and also that the big mass of debris fell in the second earthquake, some fifteen minutes after the first tremor.

Estimates of the loss vary from three million dollars, a conservative figure, by the city manager, to $30,000,000, a figure quoted by the city engineer.

Indications are that twelve lives were lost, although this rests upon the recovery of several bodies asserted to be in the ruins.

Another heavy earthquake shock was felt at 5:36 p.m. and two more up to seven o'clock. No damage from this was reported, wrecking crews in partly undermined buildings standing clear for several minutes until the vibrations ceased.

Mrs. Charles E. Perkins, widow of the late railroad wizard and former president of the C. B. & Q., was declared to be held in the ruins of a section of the Arlington hotel. Manager A. L. Richmond said that he did not have the slightest hope that she escaped, and debris was being removed to uncover the body.

Manager Richmond also believes that Bert T. Hancock of Los Angeles was killed in his room, being above Mrs. Perkins and demolished.

State Street in Ruins

State street, the main thoroughfare, is a ghastly avenue of ruins, portions of its most stately buildings having tumbled down, and cornices, walls and fronts of particularly all principal structures shaken down.

New Water Supply

The earthquakes continued all through the day. They menaced the water supply by crashing out the dam of Sheffield reservoir, but a by-pass has been established to a main reservoir back in the hills and water provided for the city.

City Terror Stricken

The terror stricken 30,000 inhabitants in most cases settled down to an emergency existence by noon many of them living on the lawns.

"I have been through 50 earthquakes but I never felt one like this before," said Manager Richmond of the Arlington hotel. "It just took the hotel that we considered as strong as a fortress and shook it back and forth as if it were a rag."

"It was precisely as if one were at sea in a storm. One would not believe it were possible for a building to move with such force in so many directions and apparently so limply as did the Arlington hotel. The hotel is a total loss."

Other stories of the motion of the earthquake were similar.

A Twisting Motion

"The twisting of the earth was like a violent storm at sea," said Harry Afford, janitor at the Daily News. He was one of the comparatively few men in the downtown district when the earth began to shimmy.

"The first shock shook the Daily News building like a little ship in a big gale. It knocked several of us down. There was nothing to do. It was just a question of getting up and holding on. Then began the second shock. This was the one that did the damage. It just rocked back and forth, back and forth until the crushing and crumbling sounds showed that the building was being torn down."

Many Autos Demolished

In the main thoroughfare of State street there were many automobiles and trucks which had been parked at the curb and which were almost buried in the debris.

It was in one of these that William Matthews, a laborer, was killed.

San Marcos Destroyed

The finest building in town, the San Marcos, a big four story first class structure, built as an ell on a corner, had its whole corner and center thrown into debris.

Dr. James Angel, a dentist, was killed in this crash.

Priest Is Hero

Father Augustus, at the old Santa Barbara mission told a thrilling story of what he declared to be a miraculous delivery.

At the first tremor he went to the second story room where Father Engelbrecht, aged priest and author of the history of the mission was confined as an invalid.

Lifting the invalid priest to his back, Father Augustus proceeded to the stairway when a second shock came and he fell through a hole to the floor below, with the invalid priest on his back. Neither was injured.

Money Is Raised

The stricken inhabitants rallied quickly and late this afternoon at a meeting raised $10,500 for immediate work of clearing the debris.

City Manager Nunn announced that ten committees of architects were being formed to start a systematic survey of all downtown buildings, to determine the need of immediate work to eliminate menace of falling walls.

Later these committees will survey the residence district.

The 1925 Santa Barbara Earthquake

Memories by Laurie Bailard of Carpinteria

I STARTED WRITING about my life not because it might be of great interest in and of itself but because some of you might be curious about what it was like to grow up in Carpinteria a hundred years ago. I was born on October 12, 1921, at the Saint Francis Hospital in Santa Barbara. I was named after both grandfathers, Laurence Patrick Ryan and Lawrence Andrew Bailard. Lawrence Andrew Bailard was a pioneer family member who moved to Carpinteria in the 1860s. My other grandfather was a doctor from Galesburg, Illinois, who moved to Santa Barbara in 1915, where he practiced medicine specializing in eye, ear, nose, and throat care. He had an office in the San Marcos Building at the corner of State and Anapumu streets.

San Marcos Building, CVMH

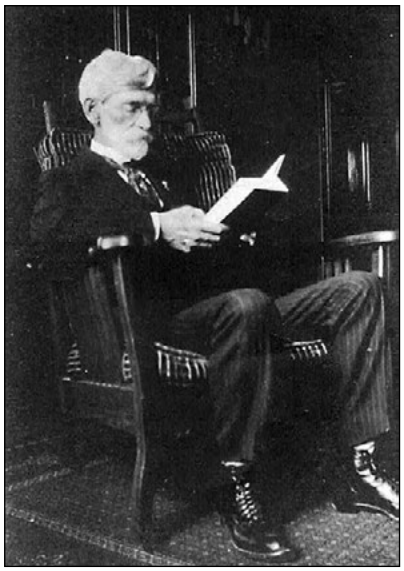
My memories start at about age 4. My sister, Margaret, and I played under the large pepper tree in the backyard of our little green house where my father had been born. We lived on the family ranch outside of Carpinteria near the Rincon. It was made of board and bat construction without a real foundation. We had a fireplace and a wood stove in the kitchen for cooking and heating. There was one bedroom and a sleeping porch where we all slept to take advantage of the fresh air, which was supposed to prevent tuberculosis, a scourge then.

Laurie Bailard, age 4

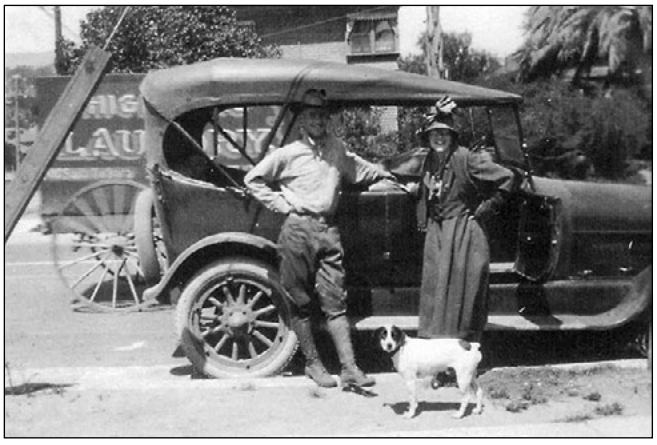
One early morning, I was awakened to some great shaking of the house, and the family ran outside into the backyard. Looking around, I could see the pepper tree and the surrounding oak trees were swaying so much that their lower branches would touch the ground on each side. When the shaking stopped, my mother ran inside to grab bathrobes, but the shaking started again, and she ran out. After the shaking subsided, my father and mother decided it would be good to drive to Santa Barbara in their Model T to check on my Ryan grandparents and see what damage might have occurred.

We drove to their house on 213 Micheltorena St, where my grandparents were okay but shaken up. They left me there and went down to the San Marcos building. It was severely damaged in the earthquake. Fortunately, it occurred before office hours, although one person who came to the building early was killed. My father told me later that he had helped pull some bodies out of the rubble. That is all I remember of the 1925 earthquake.

These memories were transcribed by his daughter, Mary Bailard Foley.



Dr. Laurence Ryan
(photo courtesy of Mary B. Foley)



Laurie Bailard's father, Neil. (Photo courtesy of Mary B. Foley)

Mary Bailard Foley is a member of the Bailard family, which came west by wagon train in the early 1850s and settled in Carpinteria Valley in 1868. The Bailards have mainly farmed over the years, but many have become professionals, such as engineers, teachers, and lawyers. Mary and her husband currently live and work on an avocado orchard in Carpinteria.

The 1925 Santa Barbara Earthquake

EXCERPTS FROM THE BOOK *Who Was Grandpa Doc? William J. Mellinger, 1886–1948 A Man Who Knew No Limits*, by Patricia Griffin Caird

Dr. William and Nellie Mellinger and their two young daughters, Margaret and Eleanor, arrived in Santa Barbara in January 1920.

On the morning of the quake:

(Italicized Words from the Memoir of Nellie Dye Mellinger)

The Mellingers were now comfortably ensconced in their two-story home at 1525 Laguna Street. Nellie wrote of waking up to "*a terrible grumbling and shaking*." As she was "*sort of thrown from the bed,*" she heard her little girls screaming "*the most terrifying sounds*." Her first thought was that the world was ending. Managing to stagger to the hall, she met her daughters. She quickly took the girls by the hand and guided them to the top of the stairs, where she noted, "*As we tried to descend the stairs, we were shaken worse than if we were riding a bucking bronco. It seemed the stairs would come down before we arrived on the first floor.*" William, dressed in blue-and-white striped overalls, rushed in through the front door. He had already turned off the gas and electricity and was holding two vases. Nellie exclaimed, "*Everything was falling from everywhere, piano skidding across the floor, the built-in box seats around the wall jerking off, mantle falling with entire fireplace, jelly, and jam falling off the pantry shelves, such a clutter.*"

The girls, dressed in their night clothes, and Nellie, covered in her bathrobe, stepped outside, where they heard terrible screaming. Immediately, someone ran to Dr. Mellinger for help. Mrs. Ida Gardner, at 1514 Laguna Street, was severely hurt; her chimney had fallen on her. Under the doctor's care, she was carried across the street and placed on a bed brought outside by the neighbor. Sirens could be heard as ambulances had been dispatched to scour the town for those in need, and soon, Mr. Gardner was transported to Cottage Hospital.

Later, walking about their property, William and Nellie found that their entire brick fireplace and chimney had cascaded to the ground. In horror, Nell recalled how Mrs. Gardner had been injured, and she was so grateful that her husband had not been near the side of their house when the shaking had taken place. Unfortunately, a falling brick had hit their dog, and sure that William had hurt him, the dog took a long time to forgive his master. Stepping back into the house, the family realized it was uninhabitable.

The Mellinger home, 1525 Laguna Street

An Earthquake Story by Margaret Mellinger Griffin

Margaret often told the story of a woman having her morning bath on the second floor of her home when the rumbling and shaking started. She did not have time to do anything other than hang on, and she did as she and the bathtub dropped right through the floor, landing in the room below. True or not, it made for a picturesque story.

Earthquake Cleanup Opportunities from the Diary of Theodore Mellinger, Younger Brother of Dr. William J. Mellinger

Two days after the earthquake, Theodore and his wife Hala arrived in Santa Barbara from Arvin, California, to help William, probably hoping to find work. His diaries tell of his days:

Working for contractor Andy Johnson, he labored from 8:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., earning $5.00 daily. "*Sunday, July 19, a fair and warm" day…We put footing under two chimneys and jacked up a corner of the house. Got $9."*

"*… finished bolting house. Nailed boards upstairs. Pulled partitions in an inch. I cleaned mortar and plaster out of the first house, piled lumber and cleaned all around, cleaned up the roof of over five shops for the roofers, loaded junk, and helped the plumber under the floor – some dirty job. I finished wheeling out the brick and junk from the entrance. Carried finishing lumber and door frames up all day."*

"*No money for books or milk. All the cash we have is 15 cents. William loaned us $25. William makes from $1000 - $2000 a month. Eye, ear, nose, and throat."*

Dr. William J. Mellinger

City Council Earthquake Responsibilities

William served on the Santa Barbara City Council from 1924 to mid-1927. Thus, he was in the trenches of Council decisions after the earthquake.

- July 3, 1925 – City Council received the "Report of Engineering Committee on the Santa Barbara Earthquake.

Excerpts from the "Report of Engineering Committee on the Santa Barbara Earthquake"

- Our inspection during the period from July 1 to July 3, 1925, inclusive, has covered the following:

• Number of premises inspected	411
• Destroyed or to be demolished:	
• Buildings	60
• Shacks	14
• Requiring further inspection before condemnation	11
• Unsafe until repaired	72
• Safe "as is"	64
• Repairs needed but safe for immediate use	82
• Damaged, to be open for use when repaired	102
• Safe for use when chimneys are inspected	6
• Locked up, not inspected	10
Total	411

According to the detailed report, the total damage to business buildings and semipublic structures is estimated at $5,000,000, to schools at $700,000, and county buildings at $530,000, for a total of $6,230,000. This does not include damages to residences.

- July 6, 1925 – City Council agenda items included "Permits for Erection of Buildings" with the caveat "the Manager be instructed that no permits for the erection of a permanent business building within the City limits of Santa Barbara be granted till further orders and that no permit for the erection of any permanent building in the fire zone be issued until further orders."
- July 16, 1925 – City Council approved "Emergency Payrolls, Emergency Ordinance Repair Demolition, Etc., of Buildings, and parts of Buildings to be Taken Down."

https://pubs.geoscienceworld.org/ssa/bssa/article-abstract/15/4/302/114831/
Report-of-Engineering:Committee-on-the-Santa ? redirectedFrom=PDF
Bulletin of the Seismological Society of America (1925) 15 (4); 302-304

After a short teaching career and 26 years of sales for her family's wholesale nursery, Patricia Caird became the archiver of her maternal grandparents' rich family history records. She soon discovered there was a story to tell, and this was the perfect opportunity to fulfill her dream of writing a book. Initially meant for her family, it morphed into something much bigger. She can honestly say this has been one of the best experiences of her life. She lives in Santa Barbara, California.

The 1925 Santa Barbara Earthquake

The earthquake and its aftermath…

By Janet Lunt

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW, Dorothy Keyser Lunt, came to Santa Barbara from Bakersfield to enroll in the Santa Barbara State Teachers' College summer session on the Riviera. She arrived shortly before the big earthquake of June 29, 1925. She and another student rented rooms from a lady, who was a chiropractor, near the campus.

She used to like to tell her family about her experiences during the earthquake and its aftermath. The following is a copy of some notes she made about her reminiscences. Since they were handwritten on the backs of old invoices from Harold Lunt's carpentry shop, which closed in the mid-1940s, they are probably the most vivid memories remaining many years after the event.

My chum and I had come from Bakersfield to attend the summer session of Santa Barbara State Teachers' College. It was exciting for two young girls living away from home for the first time. We had just completed the first hectic days and were settling down to the routine of students. We were pretty comfortable in our tiny apartment.

I was up first that morning and was reaching for the electric iron when suddenly, I seemed to stagger, and the iron crashed past my hand to the floor. I was in a daze, for I stupidly picked it up and put it on the shelf only to have it slide off again. Then, it all began to register. The room was shaking violently—so much so that I lost my balance and was on my hands and knees on the floor. The noise was terrific, a combination of roaring, rattling, and a sound that could have been nails screeching as they were loosened at points of strain.

Even though I had always feared earthquakes, having heard too many horrible details about the San Francisco earthquake when I was a small girl, I felt no terror, only bewilderment, as though the violence of the experience was too much to comprehend. It seemed ages, but it was finally possible to walk again. We made our way to the stairs and found them entirely blocked by a rather large and elderly nun slowly descending.

We were at last out on the street. Then, we were conscious of the significant damage. The old courthouse was half demolished as though wreckers had been working on it for days. The trapped prisoners

The corner of State and Anapamu with the remains of the San Marcos building and debris littering State Street.

The 1925 Santa Barbara Earthquake

were screaming desperately. We sat on the curb at the corner of Santa Barbara and Anapamu and put on our shoes and stockings. Suddenly, another convulsive shudder made the street appear to be rolling like ocean swells. In the distance, the Granada building swayed like a Lombardy poplar on a windy day.

The people milling about exhibited a variety of reactions. One little Irish lady, with an Indian blanket covering her nightgown and clutching a toothbrush, wandered about in a daze. Some were saying the Rosary, and the moving lips of many people may have indicated whispered prayers. Others chattered away, telling their individual experiences to anyone who would listen.

The Arlington Hotel, the morning after the earthquake, June 29, 1925, corner of Sola and State.

My friend and I walked to the corner of State and Anapamu and were appalled at the wreckage of the San Marcos building and the debris littering State Street. We then walked through residential areas and saw several older two-story houses half-off their foundations.

By night, martial law had been declared. Another tenant brought out her mattress, and we three slept under a sheltering fig tree. All night, we could feel the ground quivering beneath us. We had heard rumors that there would be a tidal wave and were frightened when we heard screaming after a heavy after-shock, and we had visions of a wall of water approaching. In the morning, word was passed about the Red Cross distributing food at the De La Guerra Plaza and that as some were perishable, we should accept them. We joined the lines and were given a loaf of bread, a quart of milk, and a can of corned beef. Later, when we were sightseeing, we were amused when we saw a sign directing the public to "Piggly-Wiggly all over the alley." In the back of the store, merchandise was piled, and they were doing a brisk business.

The next day, our classes resumed. Many were held in the Quad as the aftershocks were frequent, and the students were more comfortable out of doors.

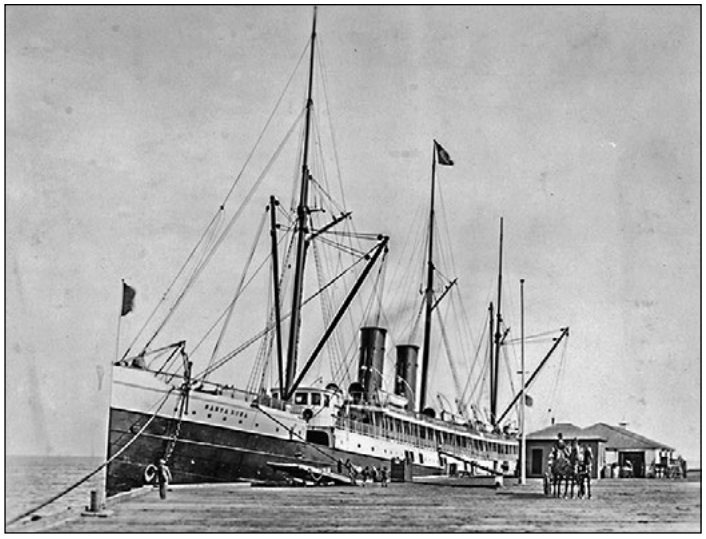
Until the gas and electricity services were restored, their meals were prepared in the backyard campsite for Dorothy (far right) and her housemates. Note the camp stove and pots in the lower left hand corner.

Dorothy Keyser (center) and her land-lady (left) and roommate (right) sheltered under a tree in the back yard of the house that night.

I was born and raised in Glendale, California. My husband , William Lunt, was a Santa Barbara native, and we met while attending UCSB. My interest in family history was sparked by a visit to Logan Co., Ohio, that included visiting a family farm and graveyards. This in turn roused Bill's interest in his parents' family trees. We eventually joined SBCGS when we were able to devote more time to research after we both retired.

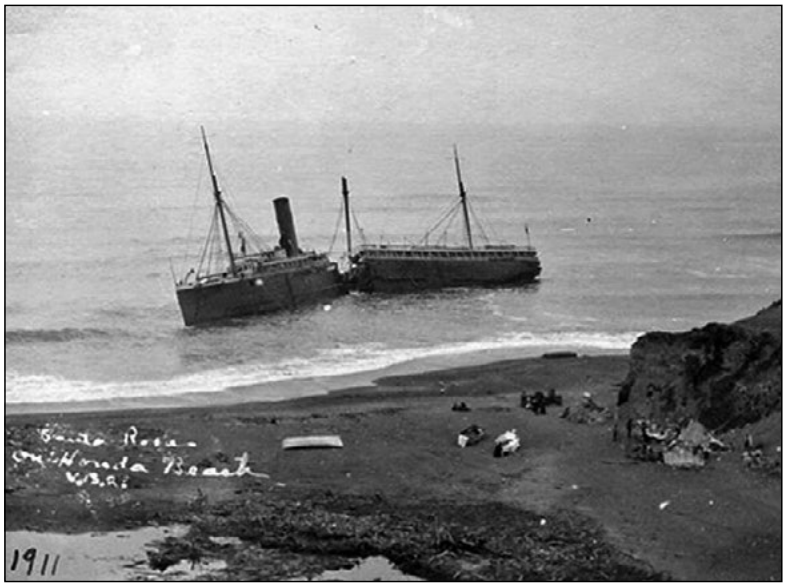
Survival Averted

By Jim Wilson



IN EARLY JULY 1911, my grandparents, Roswell Henry and Florence Wilson, booked a round-trip passage from San Pedro to San Francisco and back on the steamship *Santa Rosa*. They were to meet Roswell's brother, Leonard, and his wife, Lille, who were crossing the country by train and to accompany them on their return to Los Angeles.

Built in 1884 by the Delaware Iron Ship Building and Engine Works in Chester, Pennsylvania, the *Santa Rosa* was 345 feet long, displacing 2400 tons, and capable of 16 knots (18 mph). She could accommodate 176 passengers in first class plus 75 more in steerage. She was part of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company fleet.The Santa Rosa's regular run, which she had made more than a thousand times, was between San Francisco and San Diego, with stops in Port Harford (Avila), Santa Cruz Island, Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and Redondo.



Roswell found that Leonard and Lille already had train tickets to Los Angeles, so he traded their steamer tickets for train tickets to accompany them on the remainder of their trip. The *Santa Rosa* departed San Francisco on July 6, 1911, ahead of the train. She carried 200 passengers and 78 tons of cargo bound for San Diego.

At 3:00 am, July 7, 1911, the *Santa Rosa* ran aground. When the train with the Wilson party aboard reached Honda Creek, just north of Point Arguello, the *Santa Rosa* was stuck on Saddle Rock and broken in two!

The light of a railroad maintenance crew on the cliffs had been mistaken in the heavy fog for the Point Arguello Lighthouse. The ship turned southeast, intending to head into the Santa Barbara channel. However, the lighthouse and the channel were still several miles ahead.

While contemporary accounts speculated that from five to twenty had died, with lurid accounts of passengers being dashed to death on the rocks, only four crew members were lost. All 200 passengers and the remainder of the crew were safely rescued.

By hairsbreadth, the Wilsons averted the need to survive a shipwreck.

THIS IS SATURDAY, July 8, last day for joining the Book-lovers' Contest, last day for getting pictures and coupons. Act today!

THE CALL

THE WEATHER

VOLUME CX.—NO. 38. SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1911. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TWENTY DIE IN SANTA ROSA WRECK

N. E. A. NEAR A CHANGE

Young Element Seeks Control

WILL CAUCUS TO PLAN A CAMPAIGN

Insurgents Want More Money for Education and Less for "Administration Oil"

Secretary Shepard Slated for Retirement and Dr. Butler Will Drop Out

Women Leaders of Education Bodies Meet First Time

PUPILS ACCUSE SUPERINTENDENT OF DEAF SCHOOL

Regime of Douglas Keith Is Investigated by Governor Johnson

Board of Directors Also Come In for Scathing by the Witnesses

BOAT CAPSIZES LEAVING STEAMER

Terrified Passengers Fight for Their Lives

RAGING SEA SMASHES VESSEL IN TWO

Victims Carried From Crumbling Ship in Breeches Buoys to the Bleak Shore Only 100 Yards Away

MANY JUMP INTO OCEAN IN A PAROXYSM OF FEAR

Are Dashed to Death Against Countless Rocks That Are Hidden Beneath Waves at Arguello

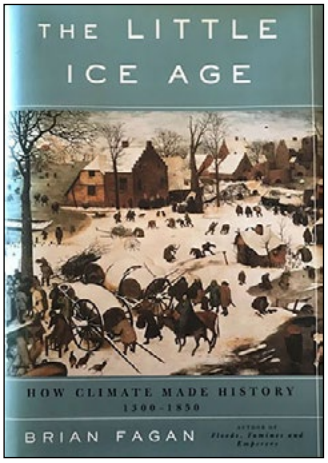
Jim Wilson has been compiling his family history since 1991, and has been a SBCGS member since 2005. He has served as a Director-at-Large, Financial Officer, and Chair of the Investment Committee.

A Volcano, a Midwife, and a Bigamist

By Kristin Ingalls

WATCHING PROGRAMS about evolution, I marvel at the odds of ME being alive. What number of genetic changes, cogitations, and goofs had to happen to evolve a single-celled organism into a very young old person living in Santa Barbara today? My grandkids would say an infinity of infinities! I think it is just a miracle. Isn't every generation, from the beginning of time until today, a story of survival?

One of the most interesting and rewarding parts of genealogy research is examining people in the context of history. We are fortunate to have gifted authors who do just that. So, rather than writing a story about my family, I would like to share stories based on historical events that bring to life how and what people survived throughout history.



Local author, professor, and writer Brian Fagan has a series of books on the profound effects of weather on world history. One was *The Little Ice Age*, which lasted from 1300 to 1850. To quote Dr. Fagan's writing, "Humanity has been at the mercy of climate change for its entire existence… Our ancestors adapted to the universal but irregular global warming since the end of the Ice Age with dazzling opportunism. They developed strategies for surviving harsh drought cycles, decades of heavy rainfall, or unaccustomed cold; adopted agriculture and stock-raising, revolutionizing human life; and founded the world's first preindustrial civilizations in Egypt, Mesopotamia, and the Americas. The price of sudden climate change, famine, disease, and suffering was often high."

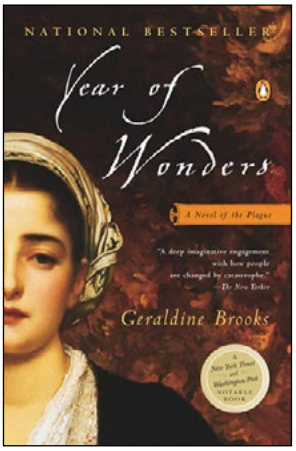
Famine, Disease, and Suffering

Just for fun, let's start with **DISEASE**.

The Great Pestilence or Black Death, that horrific disease we now know as the Bubonic Plague, swept through Asia and Europe with astonishing regularity between 1300 – 1700, with a catastrophic loss of lives and a near-total disruption of society. Given the period and record-keeping of those times, we may never know how many died of the plague, but estimates are as high as 200 million people.

What did some people do when an outbreak happened? Many fled to other towns and cities, unknowingly (or knowingly but not caringly) taking the disease with them, thus hastening its spread.

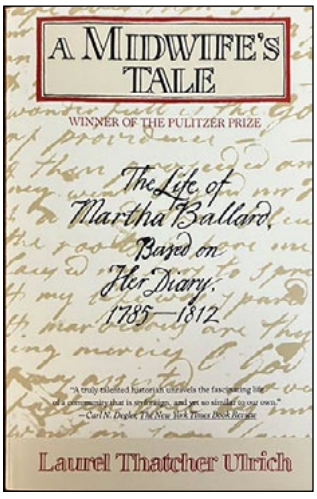
However, one village in Northern England, Eyam, closed its borders once the plague was present, not allowing anyone in or out to prevent the spread of the disease. Geraldine Brooks's *Year of Wonders: A Novel of the Plague* gives a moving account of those events. I highly recommend it.



When the Plague arrived in Eyam in 1665 via a flea-infested piece of linen, about 800 people, primarily farmers, lived in the village. Over the next 14 months, 260 Eyam villagers died, and entire families vanished. The two village ministers set up a quarantine line, warning others not to enter while allowing neighboring villagers to bring them supplies as needed. The dead were hurriedly buried, and church services were held outside. Miraculously, many residents survived.

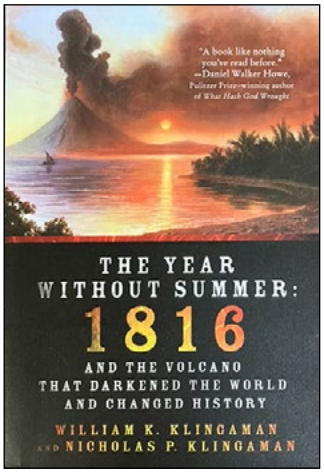
The lessons learned from those brave souls have impacted the medical understanding of treating communicable diseases, including the importance of quarantine and isolation during our recent COVID-19 pandemic. One question has always loomed: Why did some people not get the plague or get it and recover? The Eyam descendants of survivors, some still living in the area, were tested and found to have a mutant gene, Delta 32, protecting them against the plague. Twenty years ago, it was discovered that the same mutant gene is present in a small number of today's population, giving them protection against HIV.

Everyone I know who reads this book loves it—Geraldine Brooks's *Year of Wonders: A Novel of the Plague*—I think you will, too. Another disaster, right on the heels of this plague epidemic, was the Great Fire of London in 1666. The fire burned much of London, including those pesky fleas that spread the plague. It did not stop the plague, but it did slow it down.



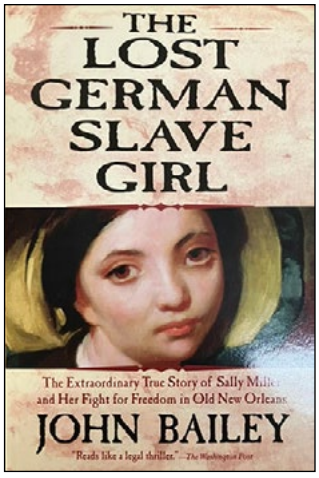
The story of Martha Ballard, a midwife living in Maine in the 18th Century, is set across the pond from plague-infested Europe. Her Pulitzer Prize-winning book, *A Midwife's Tale: The Life of Martha Ballard, Based on Her Diary, 1785-1812*, author Laurel Thatcher Ulrich, recounts Martha's extraordinary life as a midwife and medical practitioner. Ballard recorded the weather, her home life, midwifery (she birthed nearly a thousand babies), general medical cases, and (some juicy) incidents in her village. This was during a time when community members depended upon each other. It is more than just a story about the disease but that of a woman who sacrificed so much to help others in need. Martha Ballard's life of service to those suffering is sometimes harsh but uplifting. It is a story of inspiration, bravery, and the urge to be helpful to others.

On to one of the most common ravages caused by weather: **FAMINE**



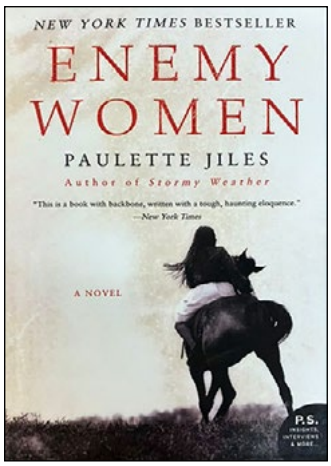
1816 was known as *The Year Without a Summer*. April 1815 saw one of the most violent volcanic eruptions in history, Mount Tambora in Indonesia. The eruption could be heard 1,600 miles away, and by the following year, dense dust clouds had entered the atmosphere, disrupting the weather systems, especially in the northern hemisphere. The effects lasted over four years and caused exceptional rainstorms, flooding, crop failures, famine, disease, and mass migrations.

A book, *The Lost German Slave Girl,* by John Bailey, relates the true story of the Muller family, who, in 1816, along with other village families, left their home in the Rhine Valley to join the hoards trying to get to America – the land where no one went hungry. After devastating setbacks, including being cheated out of their passage money on a ship that would never sail, the family finally resorted to indenturing themselves for passage to New Orleans. Misfortune followed misfortune, and it was not until 1843, over a quarter of a century later, that a friend of the Muller family recognized that a slave girl was the daughter of the Muller family, Salome Muller. A legal battle lasted years until 1850. You must read the book to find out the ending of this unbelievable survival story.

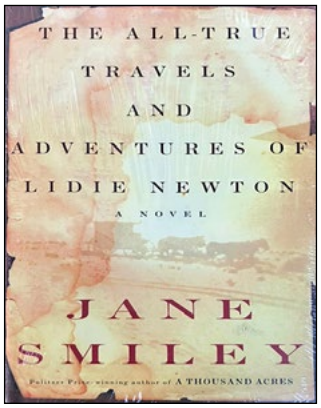


The weather may be beyond our control. In large part, catastrophic illness may also be. Arguably, war might not be beyond our control, which brings us to **SUFFERING**, the collateral damage of war on those not actively involved. Centered on women's experiences during the Civil War in the United States, I recommend two very different books.

The first is *Enemy Women* by Paulette Jiles, and the second is Jane Smiley's *The All-True Travels and Adventures of Lidie Newton*. Both are stories about women's fight to survive before, during, and after the Civil War. Beautifully crafted, they transport readers to another time and place and are heartbreaking, poignant, and uplifting.



Each chapter of *Enemy Women* begins with quotes of actual events taken from Civil War journals. From those, the author crafts the story about what happened to so many women during and after the war, introducing us to a side of war we rarely hear about. Lidie Newton's life begins somewhat benignly until events happen to her. What must it have been like to see the world you know fall apart? It became a world with no humanity, no legal protection, and nowhere safe to go. The disintegration of civilized society is a theme strongly underlying each book. And the task remained to reconstruct a society.



Fast forward 50 years and a thousand miles to Wyoming and the actual, first-person account of the life of Elinore Pruitt Stewart, recounted in *Letters of a Woman Homesteader*. Having answered a newspaper ad for a rancher needing a housekeeper, the young widow Stewart and her two-year-old daughter move to Wyoming, where she eventually married Mr. Stewart and homesteaded her piece of land. Her story tells of finding a new life, new friends, hardships, heartbreak, and triumphs; it is a story told repeatedly by those brave souls who went into uncharted land and helped settle our country. FUN FACT: She wasn't a widow after all. She still had a husband (who also later remarried). This is what I like to refer to as a "Frontier divorce." Move far enough away from your spouse and call yourself a widow—who's to know?

I am so amazed and grateful to all my struggling little amoebas and to whatever came next, to those whose lives intersected with theirs and who may have helped them and inspired them to keep struggling. Yup, it's a miracle!

All of the books mentioned are available for sale at the library in the Book Nook.

I've loved being a member and a volunteer of the Society for 25 years - a quarter of a century. Wow, time flies when you are having fun with all your favorite people, doing your favorite things: schmoozing, doing research, and hanging out at the library!

The Legacy of Survival:
My Ancestors and the Lachine Massacre

By Charmien Carrier

ON THE FATEFUL NIGHT of August 5, 1689, the small settlement of Lachine, nestled at the upper end of Montreal Island, became the stage for an unimaginable tragedy. A violent hailstorm shrouded the night, concealing the approach of 1,500 Iroquois warriors across Lake St. Louis. The unsuspecting French inhabitants of Lachine, numbering only 375, were roused from their sleep to face a merciless attack that would leave their village in flames and their lives forever altered. My 8th great-grandparents, Pierre Barbary dit Grandmaison and Marie-Anne Lebrun,[1] were captured and killed. The story of their daughter, my 7th great-grandmother, Marie-Madeleine Barbary, is one of survival and resilience that echoes through the generations.

A Soldier's Journey: Pierre Barbary dit Grandmaison

Pierre Barbary dit Grandmaison,[2] my 8th great-grandfather, was born in 1646 in Thiviers, France. At nineteen, he embarked on a military career with the Carignan-Salières Regiment, part of King Louis XIV's effort to protect the fledgling colony of New France from Iroquois aggression. He sailed from La Rochelle, France, aboard the ship *La Paix*,[3] arriving in Tadoussac, Canada, on August 8, 1665, and later in Québec on August 20.

On February 24, 1668, at age 22, Pierre married Marie-Anne Lebrun,[4] a Fille du Roi, or "Daughter of the King," in Montreal. She was one of about 768 women sent by the French crown between 1663 and 1673 to help populate New France by marrying and starting families. Most of these women were single, and many were orphans. The King paid for their transportation and gave them a dowry of fifty livres for their marriage. Marie-Anne, born on December 3, 1643, immigrated from Dieppe, Normandy, France on September 25, 1667 aboard the *Saint-Louis*. She established a family in the New World with Pierre, only to see it devastated by the events in 1689.

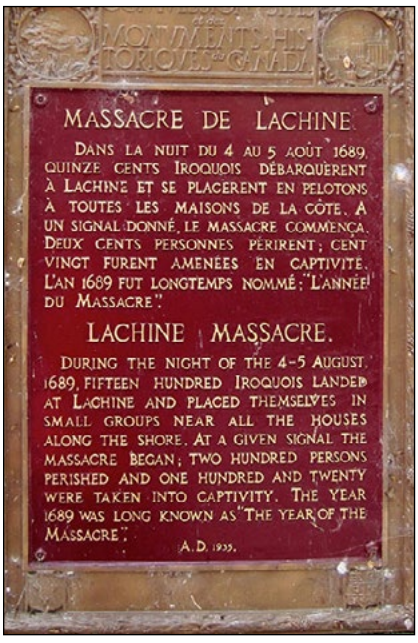
The Family Torn Apart

The massacre left the Barbary family shattered. At the time, Pierre Barbary, 43, and his wife Marie-Anne Lebrun, 45, had had ten children, though only five were alive when the attack occurred. The fates of these children illustrate the devastation wrought by the Iroquois raid:

Madeleine Barbary, 20 years old, the wife of André Danis, disappeared from the historical record after the massacre.

Marie-Madeleine Barbary, 16 years old, was home alone while her soldier husband of five months, Pierre Jamme dit Carrière, was away on duty, leaving her to endure the horrors of the slaughter of people and livestock. She was taken and held captive for just over a decade until her release at age 27 on August 4, 1701. Eventually, she would have nine children with her husband.

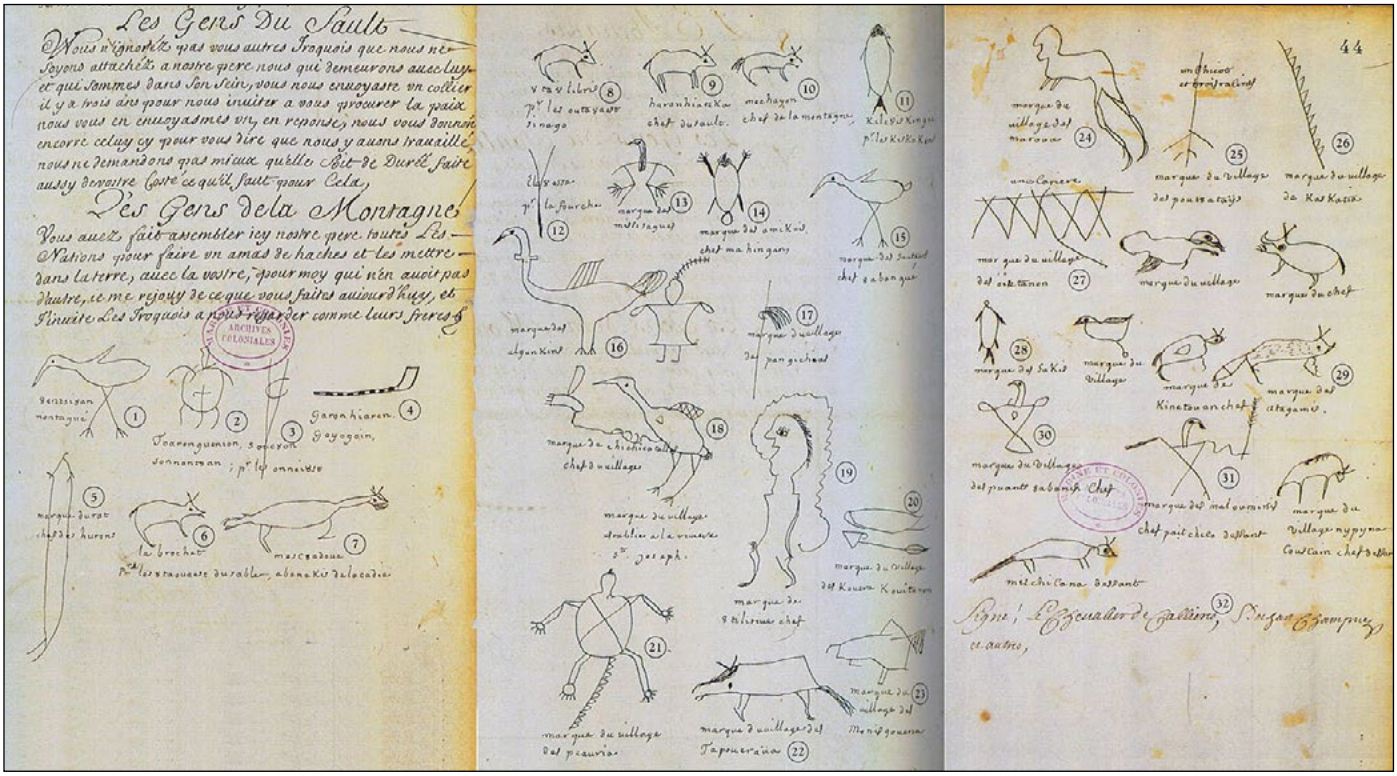
Pierre Barbary, 12 years old, endured captivity until approximately 1701. He later married Marie-Françoise Paré and had eleven children, leaving a legacy of descendants.



Commemorative Plaque in Lachine.

Françoise Barbary, eight years old, remained with the Iroquois, her ultimate fate unknown.

Marguerite Barbary, a two-month-old infant, also remained with the Iroquois, vanishing from the family's history.



The Great Peace Treaty of 1701
Signed in Montreal on August 4, 1701 in the presence of Governor Calliere and 1,000 Native Americans from over thirty tribes, including the Iroquois.
A significant event in the history of New France, it marked the end of more than a century of hostilities.
Above are some of the signatures of the tribal chiefs.

The Long Road to Freedom: The Great Peace of Montreal, August 1701

On August 4, 1701, the French signed a peace agreement with the Five Nations Haudenosaunee (Iroquois), marking the end of nearly a century of hostilities characterized by atrocities on both sides. Marie-Madeleine endured captivity among the Iroquois for eleven years, a time filled with hardship and adjustments. After her release in 1701, she reunited with her husband, Pierre Jamme dit Carrière, and together they rebuilt their lives, ensuring that their descendants would carry their story forward. Her younger brother Pierre, also freed, played a role in continuing the family lineage, while the ultimate fates of Françoise and Marguerite remain a somber mystery.

Questions remain. What was it like to be held captive, and how were the captives treated? Unfortunately, no record or diary tells the story of my ancestors. However, other accounts discuss the experiences of the captives, such as the following example.

> *"From the outset, young women captives, like children captives, had the advantage of being prime candidates for adoption. They faced the rigors of the adoption process, but since they were not a threat to Iroquois warriors, they were rarely tortured or maimed. Since they were not a threat to their new kinfolk, women further avoided a stringent test of their loyalty to the clan. The psychological effect of the Iroquois capture, adoption, and assimilation procedures was formidable, but in the end, the decision to assimilate or not lay with the captive."*[5]

A Testament to Resilience

The story of the Lachine Massacre is not just one of loss but also of perseverance. Despite the tragedy my ancestors endured, their legacy lives on through their descendants. Marie-Madeleine Barbary and her family's resilience serve as a poignant reminder of the strength needed to rebuild and thrive after adversity.

Endnotes

1. PRDH Program of Research in Demographic History, *https://www.prdh-igd.com/en/home*, Sahyun Library Database.

2. *Dictionnaire Généalogique des Familles Canadiennes, Volume 1, 17th Century, A to Z,* Tanguay, L'Abbé, pg. 24, Call Number: 971.4 V2 TAN v. 1

3. *https://mount-royal.ca/heritage/getperson.php?personID=I22621&tree=godbout*

4. *King's Daughters and Founding Mothers: The Filles du Roi, 1663-1673 v. 2* , pg. 355 Peter Gagne. Call Number: 971.4 D2 GAG v. 2

5. *Captive Women Among the Iroquois,* 2001, W. Scott Ebhardt, College of William & Mary, *https://scholarworks.wm.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=5313&context=etd*

In 2012, I became interested in genealogy after taking Adult education classes with Jan Cloud, Louise Matz, and Cari Thomas. I volunteer in the library, serve on the membership committee, chair the French-Canadian special interest group, and edit Ancestors West. *I'm researching my ancestors' surnames: Carrier, Strehlau, Rudenick, and Henning.*

Hardship and Survival in the West

By Kate Lima

I HAVE A VISION. A charismatic preacher rides through hills and valleys, spreading the new Methodist religion. In one home, he meets a woman who is as pious as she is beautiful. They fall in love, get married, and live happily ever after.

It's a lovely vision. And it's almost all true. My great-great-grandmother, Rhoda Munsey, is that lovely young lady, and John Weems, the minister, came to her home to preach.[1] They did get married and start a family, but "happily ever after" isn't something people can count on, especially in the early 19th century. Rhoda's story is one of heartbreak and survival. She embodied God's grace, even during the nation's most desperate times. Her fortitude and ability to soldier on are why I often think of her. She defines love, faith, and the gritty American spirit.

Rhoda Munsey

Rhoda married the Reverend John Weems in 1837. He had two young children from a previous marriage, and soon they had three of their own. John's brother Jones and other Weemses had moved to Newton County in southwest Missouri. This community held religious services in Jones' home with the help of a circuit rider.[2] John and Rhoda dreamed of joining them and creating a new church.

In 1843, they packed their belongings into a prairie schooner and left their home in Greene County, Tennessee. John and Rhoda headed up the Cumberland Gap with like-minded friends and family. The trek was demanding; the gap was a long, thin trail winding uphill and down through the heavily wooded Appalachian Mountains. They made it to Burkesville in Kentucky, about three weeks into their journey when John got sick. Despite Rhoda's careful ministrations and much prayer, John died.

Heartbroken, Rhoda had to watch as men laid John's body in the ground. She could have chosen to go back and live with her parents in relative comfort. She could continue, but the journey would not be easy. Though people were there to help, she would oversee her wagon. She had two children aged 12 and 13 and three children under 3. Adding to her burden, she was pregnant. She wanted to carry out the dream she and John shared, which was still vivid in her mind; she chose to continue west. She had to say goodbye to her husband and finish the arduous journey. She survived not just the death of her husband but the remaining weeks en route to Newton County. She arrived safely, and with the money she and John had saved, Rhoda claimed a valuable tract of land on Indian Creek.

A new church was built, and she was one of the most active members. She became so involved in creating a good, happy, religious life for people in the community

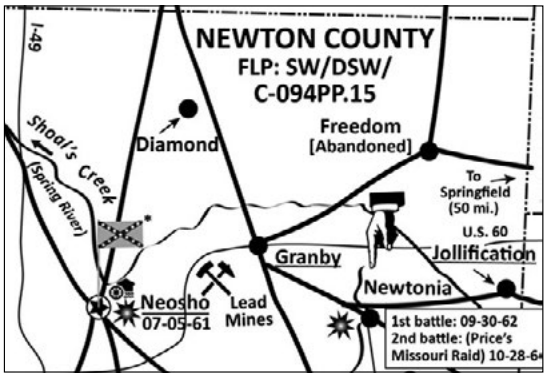
Methodist Preacher by Paula Blasius Mchugh

that she became known to one and all as "Aunt Rhoda." In 1845, after two years of carving out a purposeful life, she married Ezekiel "Zeke" Carter. Zeke had five children, ages 4 to 16. And so, at 30 years of age, Rhoda became a mother to 11 children. From multiple accounts, Rhoda loved her stepchildren as deeply as her own, including the five additional children she soon had with Zeke. All told, Rhoda raised 16 children; 15 lived to adulthood. With their large farm, strong faith, and close community, Rhoda enjoyed a life most pioneers yearned for.

Is this another story of "happily ever after?" Zeke and Rhoda prospered in the years following their marriage. They had a mill on their property and a large home; in 1860, their real estate was valued at $4,000. Zeke was a deacon in the church, and Rhoda schooled the children. During this time, however, a great schism was growing. Newton County was on the border of Kansas, and the fight between abolitionists and southerners was growing loud and mean. Kansas was to come into statehood by the vote of the people,[3] which brought a rush of Southerners and abolitionists to the border counties. Intense fighting filled the countryside. Ambushing, harassing, gunfights, and guerilla warfare brought bloody destruction to the area. The Carters saw all of this from their front porch. They, too, were harassed and lived in constant fear. By 1861, hell was raining down, hard and heavy.

The Towns of Newtonia, Neosho and Granby

Rhoda and Zeke lived a stone's throw from both Newtonia and Neosho. The neighboring town of



Granby had a lead mine, which both sides used for ammunition. This meant that men from both sides occupied the area. It was common for residents to see a Federal army walk through their farm in the morning and rebel forces in the afternoon. When the Civil War broke out in April 1861, Newton County was already bursting with men filled with rage and hatred, and the area exploded with fighting. The first battle, the Neosho Affair, was in July of 1861 and was a Confederate victory. The next two battles within the county's borders were Union victories. These battles left Newtonia deserted and destroyed. The town nearest their home, Neosho, almost completely burned. Skirmishes over the mines in Granby also left that town devastated.

Bushwhackers and Jayhawks

Neither the Carters nor the Weems ever owned slaves, but they were devoted to the Southern cause. Rhoda's son, James Carter, was killed in May of 1861, just before the first major battle. Three other sons served the Confederate army and survived. Another son, my great-grandfather Isaac, joined when he was 15, and Rhoda must have been sent into a tailspin. A year later, he was captured and spent the next 1 ½ years in prison.

The Civil War brought much hardship and sorrow to Rhoda and her family, as it did to many. The Carters lost their home and property when the Federals forced Southern sympathizers to leave. Rhoda and her children took refuge in northern Arkansas, where they lived in desperate hunger and extreme poverty for much of the war.

During this troubled time, most people lost sight of their humanity. Hatred, fear, hurt, and hunger turned people against one another; kindness towards their fellow man was eclipsed by hatred and suspicion. One soldier wrote, "The fire of hatred has become part of my life and will only be cooled when my blood dies."[4] God's grace lay deep inside people but buried beneath layers of war wounds. After years of hell and devastation, Rhoda must have been hard-pressed to find hope. But she had an indomitable spirit.

Could she possibly return to an idyllic life? I was rooting for her. However, while in the depths of this terrible war, Rhoda faced another tragedy. In April 1864, Zeke tried to reach his family in Arkansas. He had been working for the Confederate Army in some capacity (no enlistment record has been found). The enemy was all around, and Zeke attempted to cross a swollen river without being seen. He never made it to the other side.

One might say that the Civil War destroyed Rhoda's life. It took a lot from her: her son, husband, and home. It thrust her into a terrifying life of fear, starvation, and abject poverty. But her life was not destroyed. Like a phoenix, she rose from the ashes. Aunt Rhoda lived another 35 years, finding the silver lining around every dark cloud. She would have said that she was enveloped by God's love.

In her twilight years, she suffered debilitating illnesses that kept her from leaving the house. Still, "Aunt" Rhoda read her Bible daily, and people visited regularly. She was well-loved by everyone. Her obituary says she had "many friends and not an enemy." She rose above the pain and, with the grace of God, lived 28 days beyond her 85th birthday. She raised 15 successful and loving children and embraced dozens of grandchildren.

Rhoda's obituary also describes her as a woman of "invincible fortitude" and "great Christian character." Looking at her life, I know that she spent most of her years under the hard frontier conditions of her time. Despite unimaginable hardships, she saw the dream she and John shared—the dream to bring religion to Missouri—come to fruition. In 2006, the Wanda Methodist Church celebrated 169 years since Jones Weems started the church. This lovely article, "Church to Celebrate 169 years,"[2] describes Rhoda as the backbone of the community.

Did Rhoda get her "happy ever after?" Life isn't a fairy tale—we all know that. Maybe it's all about perspective. Although she suffered many misfortunes, she also enjoyed much happiness and chose to look on the bright side. Rhoda Munsey Weems Carter was a true pioneer.

Endnotes

1. A circuit rider was a minister who went by horseback to the homes and villages in remote places that did not have a church. The relatively new Methodist religion utilized many riders.
2. Higdon, Todd G. "Church to Celebrate 169 years." *The Neosho Daily News*, August 18, 2006, p. 3+.
3. In 1854, the Kansas-Nebraska Act allowed the settlers to decide whether the territory would become a free state or a slave state. It repealed the Missouri Compromise Act and deepened the rift between North and South.
4. "The Civil War Battle in Newtonia" (Written and produced by Paul Wannenmacher), PBS, aired 2/24/2011.

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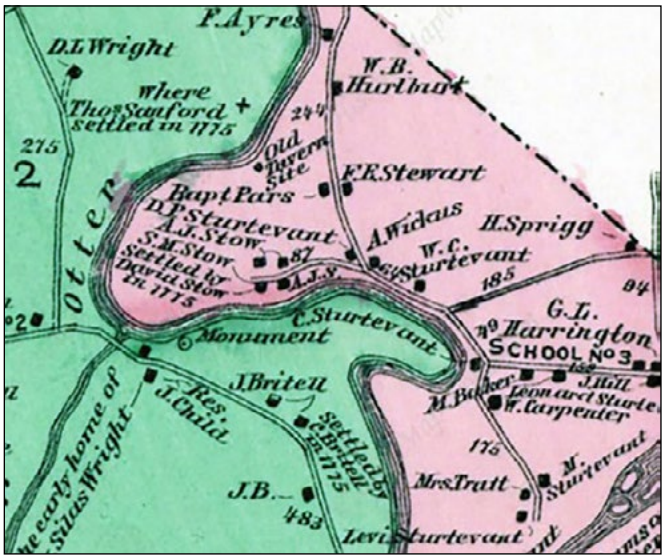
Kate Lima is our current Membership Director and volunteers on the Outreach Committee and at the Sahyun Library. She enjoys genealogy, walking her dog, raising her grandson, and writing.

Surviving Carleton's Raid

By Carol Roth, with Kate Lima

ALMOST 250 YEARS AGO, our nation fought for freedom. The American Revolution holds countless stories of survival, from the men who enlisted and fought valiantly to the women who struggled to keep their children fed and their farms from ruin. Bravery, resilience, and fortitude coursed through the veins of our early ancestors. The story of my ancestors in Vermont remains in the history books of that state and has been handed down through the generations of our family. These people survived a British raid, capture, cold, and starvation.



Map of Weybridge, late 18th Century.

The Scene

My fourth great-grandfather, Thomas Sanford, traveled to the unsettled territory west of the Connecticut River in Vermont. In 1774, he was noted in record books: he, his wife, and two young children traveled from Connecticut to this vast wilderness.

Thomas Sanford and others settled in Weybridge, a new settlement near Lake Champlain. This lake was a major thoroughfare between the British in Canada and New England. In 1778, the people in this town and the surrounding areas got word of a possible attack by the British and left for Pittsford, a well-protected area with two forts. Four families, dubbed "stubborn" by their neighbors, stayed on homesteads in Weybridge; Thomas's family was one of them. By then, they had added another child to their family, Ira, my third great-grandfather.

In October 1778, snow covered the land, but the lake was not yet frozen. Many American troops had left the area for the winter; the forts along the lake had minimal protection. The only Continental Army units remaining were Whitcomb's Rangers at Rutland, Vermont, on the west side of the lake and Seth Warner's Green Mountain Boys at Fort Edward on the east.

This is when the British came. Led by Major Christopher Carleton, they traveled in boats from the Richelieu River south to Lake Champlain, with the goal of capturing New England; Carleton was to destroy the

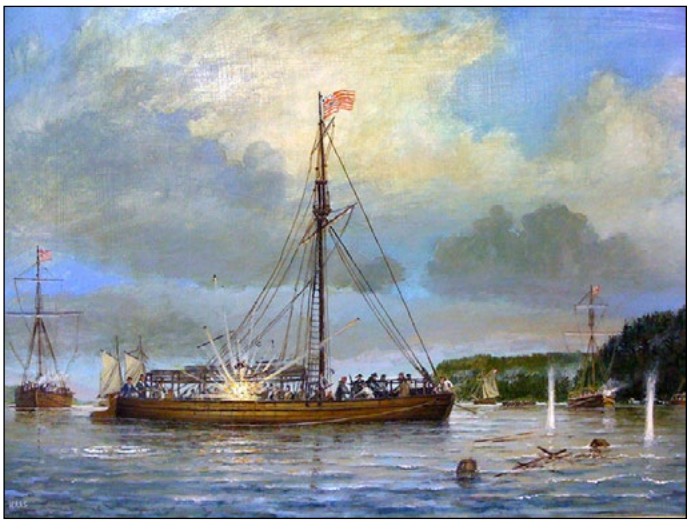
Map of Lake Champlain and Richelieu, where the British sailed down.

forts along the lake and then move into towns, burning buildings and supplies that might aid the Patriots.

The British moved into the lake, en route to the forts. Some strategically-placed Patriots, Thomas Sanford included, were "fishing" along the lake. As they thought, the British approached them, clapped them in irons, and proceeded to pull intelligence from them. These men all told the same story: that the forts were fully manned and ready for their attack. Had it not been for these brave souls and this incorrect intelligence, the destruction of the forts might have happened. It may have even meant an early victory for Britain.

Thomas's Story

Thomas and a few others told their families they were going to the mill at Crown Point, but they went only as far as the lake. They acted as scouts after they'd heard that the British might be on their way. Within days, they encountered a fleet of two ships, two gunboats, and many bateaux (smaller boats). Major Carleton led the expedition; his troops consisted of British soldiers,



British boats on Lake Champlain, 1776

Loyalists from the King's Royal Regiment of New York, Hessian Jägers, and about 100 Indian allies for a total force of 454 men plus sailors on the ships.

The Brits sailed south on Lake Champlain, encountering men "fishing" from the banks of the lake, and stopped to ask them questions. These clever settlers convinced the invaders that everyone throughout the region knew they were coming and that Rutland and other forts were thoroughly prepared with large forces of soldiers. Were they part of the patriot cause, sent to the shores to spread this misinformation? Thomas Sanford was one such scout; he and the others had put fear into the minds of their assailants, and Carleton decided not to attack the forts. Thomas was taken prisoner; Canadian records report that he was captured on October 25, indicating he was the first Vermonter encountered by Carleton's Raiders and the first to be taken prisoner. By mid-November, 39 men from throughout Vermont had been captured.

Thomas and others endured the harsh conditions of life as prisoners; he was clapped in irons on board a ship and then moved to a separate prisoner's ship in Quebec City, which was cold, damp, and miserable. He then moved to various holding cells. A letter survived, written by Thomas to his wife, but was never delivered. (It's now in the British section in the Library and Archives of Canada.) He wrote that he had tried to escape twice but was unsuccessful each time and was now in a small prison room, closely watched. The first attempt had the Vermonters tunneling underneath the prison walls; in the second, they'd tried to run off on stolen horses.

The conditions were more brutal than imagined, with freezing temperatures, filth, and small food rations. In 1780, 1½ years after his capture, he attempted to escape again. This time, he was successful. He stole a small boat and traveled along the river; then, with the stealth of a panther, he made his way through Maine and New Hampshire and finally to his home. Thomas was the first of the 39 prisoners to return home. One had died in prison, and those that remained were part of a prisoner exchange in 1782.

The Family's Story

In October 1778, after hearing Thomas's and other scouts' stories about patriot troops waiting for the British, Carleton chose not to attack forts further south. He did, however, still command that all structures be destroyed; any provisions they had would be confiscated and that they would burn whatever they couldn't carry. By the end of their rampage, the raiders had attacked towns in northern New York and Vermont, destroying 2 mills, 47 houses, 48 barns, 28 stacks of wheat, and 75 stacks of hay. Over 80 head of cattle were captured and brought back to Quebec.

The families did not know Thomas and the other men had been taken prisoner; they'd had no word from them. Then, on November 8, 1778, two weeks after Thomas's capture, the British soldiers marched to the Sanford homestead and the homes of the other three remaining families. So many soldiers invaded the town that the home-front patriots could do nothing. The party – Brits, Tories, and Indians – took all the food, blankets, and anything else they could carry. They burned the houses, the barns, and any remaining supplies that the opposing army might be able to use. Fortunately, Major Carleton commanded his army not to kill the women and children. They took the men and older boys as prisoners and started the long walk back to Canada.

Women and children banded together, hiding in a root cellar on the Sanford property with nothing to eat but potatoes and turnips. They remained scared, cold, and starving for ten days. When help finally arrived, the families were taken to Pittsford, a town with armed soldiers and protection.

Robert's Story

Robert, Thomas's son,who at ten years old was considered a "man"and thus old enough to be taken captive. He had been at home when the attack happened; he, two men, and two other boys in their teens were taken prisoner. On the trek, Robert struggled with thick snow and harsh weather. His legs weren't as long, and the men were trudging quickly. The soldiers stopped along the way to burn any house or barn in their path, and they took more prisoners. At one point, Robert tripped over a rock and fell, injuring his leg. The soldiers decided he was too little to keep up. They must have also decided he was of too little aid in the patriot cause because they left him alone on the trail. Robert turned homeward; he used a stick as a crutch and followed their trodden path. After much pain and suffering and many long hours, possibly days, he made it back. There, he witnessed the smoldering remains of his home. He found his family in the cellar, and I imagine the reunion was passionately heartfelt.

Robert didn't stay with the family long; he wanted to seek help. He was now the oldest "man" in their party and soon set out, injured leg and all. Local lore says he was without shoes this entire time, both when taken prisoner and when he went for help. He found patriot soldiers, and he was the one who brought them back to the cellar. He then helped with the removal of the families to Pittsford.

Throughout the years, in the telling and retelling his story, Robert became a folk hero to the town of Weybridge. In 1991, schoolchildren wrote a poem about him titled "The Ballad of Robert Sanford, 1778." In part, it reads:

I remember November
Seventeen seventy-eight,
When Carleton's Raiders
Came down Otter Creek.
They burnt houses and captured
Three boys and four men.
Left girls, women, and children
In desolation.

On the way to Montreal,
When I took a serious fall,
They left me in the forest,
They took my dad and all.
I walked back to Weybridge
To find in the root cellar
My baby brother Ira,
My sister and my mother.

They were living on potatoes,
For help, I did seek,
Barefooted, I followed the icy
Banks of Otter Creek.
I walked south fifteen miles or more
'Til soldiers, I did see.
I brought them back to Weybridge
To help my family and me.

Afterward

Five years later, in 1783, these four families returned home, and other families soon followed. At the same time, the remaining 37 prisoners in Canada returned through a prisoner exchange. Their houses had been destroyed, and they had no provisions or livestock. They started the hard work of rebuilding.

These families lived on and prospered in their newly-built cabins. Despite extreme conditions, fear of death, imprisonment, and starvation, they survived. Their stories need to be remembered and honored. They continue to live on in those of us who read them and pass them on to future generations.

In 1857, some of their descendants, including Ira Sanford, my third great-grandfather, erected a handsome 8-foot marble monument over the site of the cellar. The following inscription is engraved on three sides of the monument, which now stands alone in a field about 75 yards from the road near Otter Creek:

> "Weybridge was chartered by New Hampshire in 1761, settled in 1775 by Thomas Sandford [sic], David Stow, Justus Sturdevant, and Claudius Britell. November 8, 1778, a party of British, Tories, and Indians destroyed their house and effects and carried T. Sanford and son Robert, D. Stow and son Clark, C. Britell and son Claudius, and J. Sturdevant prisoners to Quebec. Their wives and children, after occupying a cellar at this place for ten days, were taken to Pittsford by our troops. D. Stow died in prison on December 31, 1778. T. Sandford [sic] escaped, and the others were discharged in 1782. Erected in 1856 by David Milo, Jason and Miller Stow, John and Orange Britell, John Sturdevant, Ira Sanford, and others."

Author Carol Roth next to the monument, October 2014

Monument in Weybridge, above the site of the root cellar where the families hid.

The monument is quite a distance from the road. The town still keeps the grass mowed in honor of and reverence for what happened here almost 250 years ago.

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Responding to a newspaper ad, 27 people with a desire to trace their family history held a meeting and elected me as President. That little gathering, held in 1972, blossomed into what is now Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society.

My husband and I have tromped through graveyards and visited archives all over the US. The genealogy searches have given us adventures and memories that last a lifetime.

The Dastardly Deeds of Pasco Chubb

By Kristin Ingalls

NEARLY TEN YEARS AGO, I gave a short presentation about my ancestor, Pasco Chubb, at our December meeting. This is the whole sad story.

As a brand-new genealogist in the fall of 2003, I went to Andover, Massachusetts, to research my early American ancestors, taking my large ancestral chart. The librarian at the Historic Society announced to everyone present that I was related to the Abbotts, Chandlers, Holts, Osgoods (all well-known colonial families who still have descendants in the area). They seemed so pleased, and without knowing why, I beamed with pride. "Oh," she added in a stricken tone, "... and Pasco Chubb." Their looks of admiration faded. I had no idea who Pasco was, but by the looks on their faces, I knew it couldn't be good. It wasn't. But we genealogists must plod on. Genealogy is like marriage:.. for better or worse. And, he is, after all, my 8th great-grandfather.

I could find no record of Pasco Chubb before he married Hannah Faulkner in May 1689 in Andover, Massachusetts. Hannah's parents were Edmund Faulkner, who came to this country from England by 1645, and Dorothy Robinson, a widow. They were married in Andover in 1647/8. They had four children: Mary, Francis, John and Hannah.

Hannah Faulkner and Pasco Chubb had at least two children, Hannah, Jr., born in 1690, and perhaps Pasco, Jr., born in 1685, who also lived in Andover, Massachusetts.

The Dastardly Deeds of Pasco Chubb

There are a number of posts available online that give an account of Pasco Chubb; none are quite in agreement or entirely correct. I decided instead to rely upon contemporary accounts, those written at the time events happened. Not being particularly fond of grisly military scenes, I shall just give the bare bones of the events.

Captain Pasco Chubb, then 38, was the commanding officer of Fort William Henry, important because it guarded the Permaquid River and protected the English in the area from attacks by the French and local Abenaski Indians. In 1696, unhappy with how they were being treated, about a dozen Abenaki went to parlay with Captain Chubb under a flag of truce. While in council, Chubb, having previously made a plot, supplied the Indians with strong liquor and ordered their massacre. The English soldiers fell upon the unsuspecting victims and slew several, two chiefs among them. Subsequently, a force of French and Indians attacked the fort and threatened death to the captain if he did not surrender. In terror, Chubb gave up the fort, stipulating only for his personal safety.

A Dastardly Deed, Indeed!

Not surprisingly, Pasco hightailed his cowardly backside back home, where he was promptly charged with treason, cashiered, and thrown into the Boston jail. Cashiering is really a dishonorable discharge due to a serious offense, which results in the loss of rank and reputation. The cowardly Pasco petitioned the court to release him, whining on about being poor and begged to be delivered from his confinement "to take some care of his poore family for their subsistence in this hard & deare winter season." He was released and returned to Andover.

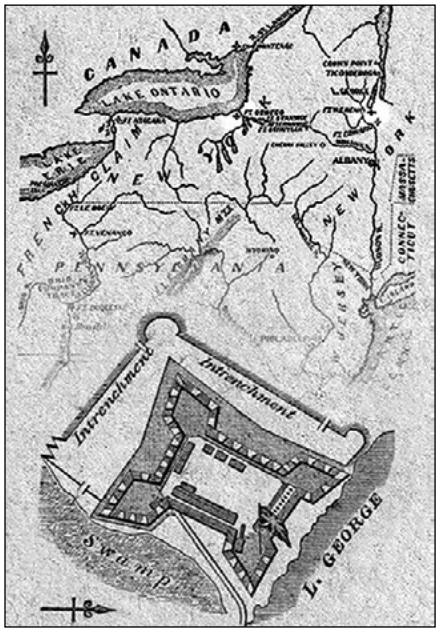


Image from Wikimedia commons

In February 1697/98, "there came some 30 Indians to Andover, as if their errand had been for vengeance upon Chubb whom (with his wife) they now massacred there." Several others in Andover were also slain that day; others were carried away, and property was damaged.

I cannot say that I have much sympathy for Pasco. For his wife, though, how heartbreaking. She could have had nothing to do with the actions of her husband and yet suffered a dreadful end to her life. Pasco seems to have been an unprincipled man and had previously been presented to the court for offenses. It is hard to understand, especially by our present-day ideas of love, romance and marriage, why she would marry such a person. I have often wondered about these long-ago marriages and what motivated them.

Several present-day accounts say that Pasco, his wife, and children or child were killed by the Indians but are not borne out by records of the time. These children would have been about seven and two at the time of these events.

Records do show that one daughter, Hannah Chubb, survived and married my kinsman, John Abbott. Her brother, Pasco Jr., of whom little can be found, may have lived, for there is someone of that name living in Beverly, Massachusetts, who married Comfort King or Comfort Briggs in 1726 in Dighton, Massachusetts. The couple named their daughter Hannah, which could be a namesake for Pasco, Jr.'s sister or mother, or... just because it was a popular name.

There are accounts that Hannah was taken in and raised by her Faulkner relatives. In 1700, Pasco Chubb's will was proved in Andover, Massachusetts. The main party involved was a John Abbott. Some assume this John was the same person Hannah later married; however, in 1700, Hannah's future husband would have only been 19, so it is likely it was another John Abbott. There were lots of Abbots living in the area then.

Where were the young children of this couple when all this killing was going on? Did the Indians spare them? If they had been killed, of course, I would not be here, nor would all the other descendants of Hannah Chubb Abbott. And you would have an empty page instead of this story.

An interesting aside: these tragic events occurred in 1697/8. Just six years earlier, several of these families, the Faulkners, Danes, Abbotts, and most of the town, were involved in the Salem witch scare of 1692. It was not a safe place to live in those days!

Hong Kong Under Siege

World War II 1941 to 1945

By Carrie Brown

I WAS FOUR YEARS OLD when Britain surrendered Hong Kong to Japan. Now a woman approaching eighty-six, I remember the time vividly. The date was December 25, 1941.

To Americans, World War II began with the attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941 (the Day of Infamy). To Europeans, it started in 1939 when German troops invaded Poland. To the Chinese, the war began in 1931 when a century of Japanese aggression culminated in the seizure of Manchuria in northeast China, and a puppet state was created with a weak young man on the throne (Pu-yi, the Last Emperor). The Nationalist Chinese government retreated and retreated to the interior.

I trace the Japanese expansion on an atlas of Asia. It was a military marvel: within a few years of taking Manchuria, Japan went to Peking, then Nanking, where it set up another puppet government. On behalf of that government, Japan took Canton. Onward to Hong Kong. With lightning speed, the Japanese army invaded the Philippines, Indonesia, Singapore, Burma, and Vietnam. Its eastern prong pierced Pearl Harbor and swept up dozens of islands in the Pacific Ocean. I can run my fingers over these places on the atlas. By 1942, all that was left was Australia to complete the encirclement of Japan's imperial dominion, known as the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. It was proclaimed as Japan's holy war to free all these places from colonial rule by the West.

Hong Kong, this colonial outpost of Britain, was a strategic link in the circle. Barely a hundred years prior, Britain had seized it with two wars waged to poison China with opium. Physically, it was just some tiny islands at the edge of China's Pearl River Delta. Granite rock hillocks formed by a violent volcanic eruption made an excellent harbor and foundation for subsequent high-rises, but they were practically barren. For the people living on the main island, Victoria Hill, and the tip of the peninsula it faces across the harbor, Kowloon and the New Territories, everything had to be brought in: food, fuel, construction material, and even water. In 1941, the population was one and a half million. The military occupation by Japan lasted three years and eight months and reduced it to 600,000.

I learn much of this from books. Being a four-year-old, I was then blissfully oblivious to world affairs. But even I, a child, knew hunger and fear. When I look at archival photographs now, they trigger memories, and pieces of vague recollections fall into place. Stories of all shapes were passed around among relatives. Some are denied, some embroidered, and some are confirmed by bits of evidence. I might discover a scarf here, a letter there, perhaps a rusty wok or broken baskets. A pattern takes shape. In those years when Britain lost the grip of its crown colony, the organic whole that was my extended family died a slow death.

Former family home at 123 Caine Road, Mid-Level, Hong Kong. Circa 1931

Here is a picture of the house that Grandfather Chu built for his family. I was born in this house in 1938, a much-desired daughter preceded by three brothers. The architecture of Victoria Hill, where my family lived, was then an in-your-face display of racial segregation. Whites had houses in the exclusive "Peak" area surrounded by lawns and gardens. The mass of Chinese laborers and small merchants lived in shabby houses in the malaria-ridden lowlands. Wealthy merchants, barred from the Peak, constructed massive, functional townhouses on three streets carved from the granite slopes on the Mid-Level. Here, Grandfather and five friends took up a block on Caine Road. Wasting no precious land for lawns and setbacks, the houses fronted the street plainly because the owners knew the truly wealthy do not display their wealth. Our house, the third in the row, was four stories, each floor sectioned into multiple apartments front and back, replete with high ceilings, glazed tiles and teak planks, but not indoors toilets. Here, Grandfather put two concubines on the top floor and the families of two married sons on the third floor. Moreover, three of his daughters swore they could not live with their in-laws and blithely came home with their husbands and children. There was a communal reception hall and a spacious room for the family altar. Grandfather had plans to expand an annex building and turn a back alley into a street; the Chu family would last for many generations and become an endowed lineage. It was indeed the picture of an ideal Chinese kinship. Grandfather was living like a village gentry in urban Hong Kong, but instead of spreading auxiliary houses in a rural compound, he simply stacked them up vertically.

Though he had been dead four years before I came along, Grandfather Chu loomed large in my life—a constant, staring down from behind the portrait glass in the reception hall. He had a bony face with a straggly moustache above the collar of a simple gown. He wore the wise look of a scholar and was far less ostentatiously attired than the prosperous merchant that he was. Grandfather Chu was supposed to be quite rich. Besides large land holdings in China, he owned a peanut oil factory in Hong Kong and a tobacco company in Singapore. Grandfather was rich enough to have a principal wife and five concubines; none of these grandmothers had her portrait on the wall. In the name of respecting Chinese customs, Britain permitted polygamy (long declared illegal in China) until 1971. By the time I was born, Grandfather and three of his spouses had died, all from cancer. My father, his eldest son, was taken out of college. To him fell the responsibility of looking after the big family—the remaining three mothers, three brothers, and eight sisters.

Grandfather Chu (Chu Pik-tung 朱璧東 (1871 – 1935)

By the Spring of 1941, news came that the Japanese army was on the move, marching south from Canton to Kowloon, a distance of only a hundred miles. Relatives in Pearl River delta villages came in waves, and our house bustled with new arrivals. Exhausted, sitting among their suitcases and bundles of clothes, they wept and wailed about the chaos in Canton, the banditry and lawlessness, and the horrors of the invading Japanese soldiers.

Uncle Ping, the husband of Father's sixth sister, assured them that Hong Kong was safe, that the British would put up an effective defense, and that massacres such as that in Nanking would never happen in this international city. Uncle Ping worked in the colonial administrative office, so he was the authority on all things foreign. Father declared that relatives and kin should stay together, and our house was open to them, even their friends and in-laws of in-laws. Mother took charge and allocated rooms and corners with drapes, screens, cots, or blankets spread on the floor. She sent servants to scrounge the stores for food to stockpile: sacks of rice, barrels of preserved cabbage, dried fish, and meat. A huge wok with a high wooden dome cover was bought because a lot of rice had to be ready in one sitting. All these relatives and guests were to eat together. The Chu family would provide the rice; it was a matter of honor.

The Japanese army took Kowloon and arrayed canons to lob bombs across the harbor at Victoria Hill. Our house, perched halfway up the hill, was conspicuous. Sure enough, the annex building that housed the communal kitchen was knocked down. Our servants moved into the main house, and homeless people surged into the back alley, loud with their stench and hollers.

The British army surrendered on December 25, 1941 (Black Christmas). The army was supposed to defend the island for 90 days; it gave up in 18. Japanese troops marched in. I have an old photograph showing the Japanese riding horses down Queen's Road and some Chinese lining up to wave little flags to welcome them. I am sure my family was not among these.

Some 10,000 soldiers (Brits, Canadians, Indians) were paraded in the streets and thrown into prison camps in Kowloon. Expats, administrators, civilians, engineers, and merchants, the "Peakites," were rounded up and interned. So were Chinese who had worked in the British administration, Uncle Ping among them. Recently, PBS made a TV series called "My Grandparents' War," with an episode that shows Japanese abuse at Camp Stanley. I weep as I scrutinize for a face that might be Uncle Ping's. No, not there. He survived the internment. In 1945, when the Allies carpet-bombed Tokyo, the camps were downsized to conserve resources, and Uncle Ping was released. He and Aunt #6 took the first boat out of Hong Kong. Some people say it carried critical military material bound for Tokyo. It was bombed by an American fighter and sank not far from where the sparkling Hong Kong airport is today.

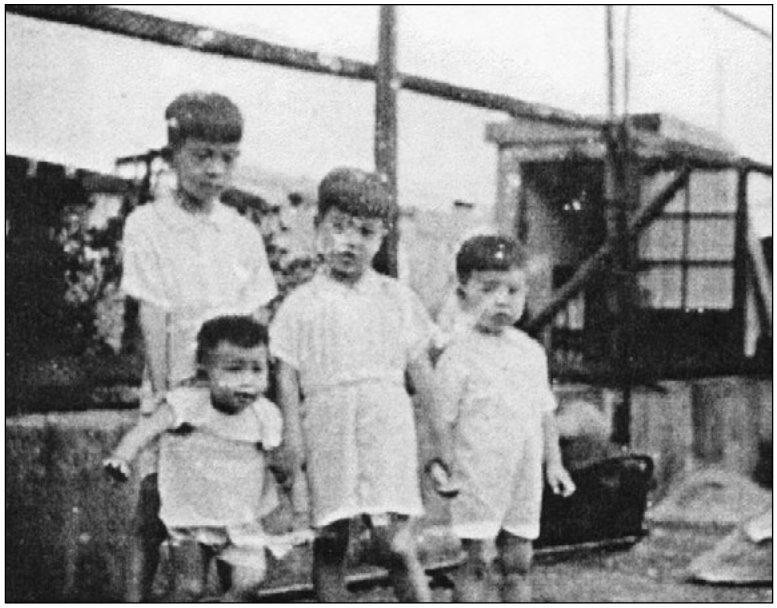
Black Christmas of 1941 was followed by weeks of lawlessness. Japanese soldiers, militia, and Triad tong boys roamed the streets. It was rumored that the Japanese especially enjoyed Chinese upper-class women. At any knock on the door, our young aunts hid behind the stoves and doused their faces with mud. Then wealth spoke; the gentry made a deal with the tong boys and the militia, and the Mid-Level streets were declared safe. I do not know what happened at the Peak. The Japanese administration said their soldiers were civil and generous to the white women, but a post-war report says that 10,000 Chinese women were raped in Kowloon alone. It seemed like ages before any kind of order was established.

So began the years of living under hostile occupation. I remember shivering cold winter nights and sweltering summer heat, shuttered windows, and lean mice. And always a certain degree of hunger. Not excruciating hunger, it was only the throbbing hard lump where my intestines and stomach knotted together. No, nobody in the family died from starvation, unlike the corpses one found on the streets, dark and stripped of clothing.

Hong Kong was put under military law. A military colonial administration took shape and issued its currency. Chinese were recruited to work for the Japanese police force, the feared Kempeitai. Traitors, the grown-ups said. A little order is better than none, another said. Yet more directed their wrath at the Allies. Hong Kong was now a Japanese colony, and the Allied forces, primarily American, attacked with carpet bombing, napalm, and fires. Neighborhoods, high or low, were leveled in what seemed like some sort of equalization.

The food supply that Mother had stockpiled dwindled. The cook rinsed out the storage barrels and hung up the iron wok—no more communal meals. An undercurrent of squeezing for space moved up and down the internal staircase where we children used to play games of hide and seek.

We faced food rationing and lined up at distribution centers. Each adult was issued a quota of a cup of rice per day. Perhaps a little sugar and oil per week and a



Author and her three brothers on house roof at 123 Caine Road, Hong Kong. Circa 1940

small amount of firewood. No meat or vegetables and fruit, dried or fresh. That cup of rice was gold. Invariably, a large amount of sand was mixed in and had to be picked out. Sitting on a high threshold, I cradled a large flat tray carefully, grain by grain, pushing the sand to one side, husked rice to the other, bran and husk to the edge. And don't tip the tray as you stand up. I had a small pile of usable rice to show for my efforts. That amount made two small bowls of rice cooked the regular way. But if cooked with ten cups of water, you get ten bowls of congee. It was the same amount of starch, but it went round the table and was sucked into more mouths.

During these war years, there were also flashes of happiness. We grew sweet potato on the roof and fertilized it with our weak urine. There were two hens in a cage, and we could cradle the small eggs and take them to our grandmothers. One day, the cook came home with two bananas and brought them to Grandmother Ma-ma. I watched her eat them, then the peels were chopped up and cooked with fermented beans. Each kid got a spoonful of the condiment to go with the bowl of congee. That was an event.

When food and fuel continued to dwindle, the governor imposed deportation. Soldiers must have priority to resources, he said. One aunt and one unmarried uncle left us. They ended up living off the land in a rural area north of Canton, refugees in their own country.

We who remained were to receive intense "Japanisation." I learned to cower and bow to the soldiers, to say arigato no matter what, and to wave little paper flags. These little slavish behaviors crept up on me. A radio station started to operate, and we hummed songs about cherry blossoms and the beauties of Shanghai. It was then that a Japanese official, Tanaka-san, befriended us. Arigato gozaimasu.

Tanaka-san was an inspector of schools. Coming from Taiwan, he could speak some Chinese hesitantly. He could not have been rich or influential. I remember tugging at his jacket and finding it threadbare. We were introduced by one of Mother's former classmates who worked for the radio station when Tanaka-san happened to need some posters. They were to urge schools to come forward, have their curricula approved, and reopen. Mother was a good calligrapher and helped. After that, Tanaka-san visited often, always alone, bringing delicious mochi balls dyed a pretty green, bestowing favors, slipping me candies. There was no Mrs. Tanaka. He had a son, he said, age twenty, stationed in the Pacific, but he didn't know where.

There was another shortage, one that was seldom mentioned in the family. Opium. Grandfather had been a heavy user and had left behind a sizeable quantity of the stuff locked in the safe. The war was a desperate time for Fourth Grandmother and First Aunt. Their supply cut off by the military blockade, they moaned and groaned and tried to scrape bits of spent opium from their pipes and lamps. They had their eyes on the stored cache, and the opportunity came when the rubble of the bombed-out annex building had to be cleared. They asked the laborers to force open the safe, and the elderly women had a satisfying session. Father was furious when he found out because he feared cancer might strike again and had meant to save the opium for such an emergency. A child like me was not supposed to know the secret that cancer ran the family. Years later, cancer did strike again, and one grandmother and two aunts succumbed to it. But there was no opium to relieve them of their pain.

There was another cancer-related story. Marie and Pierre Curie had discovered that the radioactivity of radium could kill malignant cells, and their scientific findings soon became a fairy tale of miracles. Grandfather Chu somehow procured a vial of radium gas. The story, told with relish, goes that even Queen Mary Hospital, the premier facility in Hong Kong, came to borrow our vial. Such is the evidence that Grandfather Chu was rich and generous to the hospital of which he was a trustee. I used to beg Mother to open the safe so I could look at the family jewelry. There it was, a stick of radium wrapped in tin foil, glowing eerily green in the dark recess of the safe.

Other events were grim. The grown-ups started whispering about what happened to whom. They speculated that so-and-so was snitching to the Japanese about so-and-so for a reward. Then Father was rounded up and was accused of stockpiling peanut meal. He suspected the snitcher was Mother's younger brother and barred him from entering our house. Worse, for the longest time, he would heap accusations on her whenever they quarreled. Those were harsh words to me, listening through thin walls, expecting an imminent divorce. He never talked about his time in prison. I have since learned that waterboarding was a common practice, and being hung upside down was nicknamed a flying lesson. Mother sold a quantity of jewelry and bought his freedom. Father declared that we had to leave. Done. He was done with his duty to guard the house, the shops, or the livelihood of those in our home.

To neighboring Macau we went. At that time, it was a Portuguese colony. Under a treaty with Germany, Italy, and Japan, Portugal remained neutral during World War II, and Macau was off-limits to fighting. The Casablanca of the Orient was everybody's haven.

Tanaka-san helped us get exit permits. With them, we took the ferry for the four-hour crossing in relative comfort and were permitted to carry some suitcases. We got through the dockside safely. Arigato, arigato. The children clutched the lining of their clothes, where Mother had sewn diamonds and strips of gold chains.

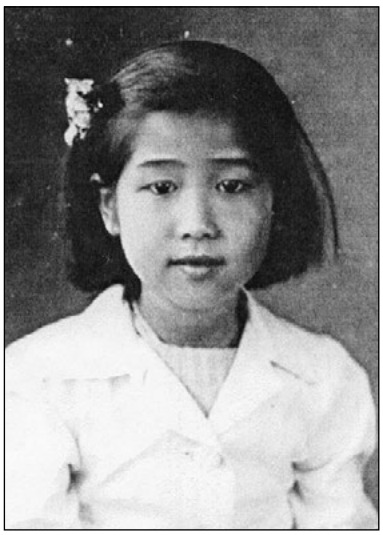
Tanaka-san came to the dock to see us off. As the boat pulled away, he walked briskly to the end of the pier, his back slightly hunched, his eyeglasses gleaming when he lifted his face toward us.

"Quick, quick, wave good-bye," Mother urged me.

Father said, "He is going home soon, isn't he? Not Taiwan, but his village in..." Just then, the boat hooted three times and backed out to the harbor.

That was the last I saw of Tanaka-san.

Those Macau days were quite fun. We got by selling cigarettes, and we could buy as much rice as we wanted. I attended a Chinese school where I learned patriotic songs and traded head lice with classmates. I learned simple Chinese characters: 人之初, 性本善 (all men are kind). That did not match what I experienced in occupied Hong Kong. I put the conflicting thoughts into separate compartments in my brain.

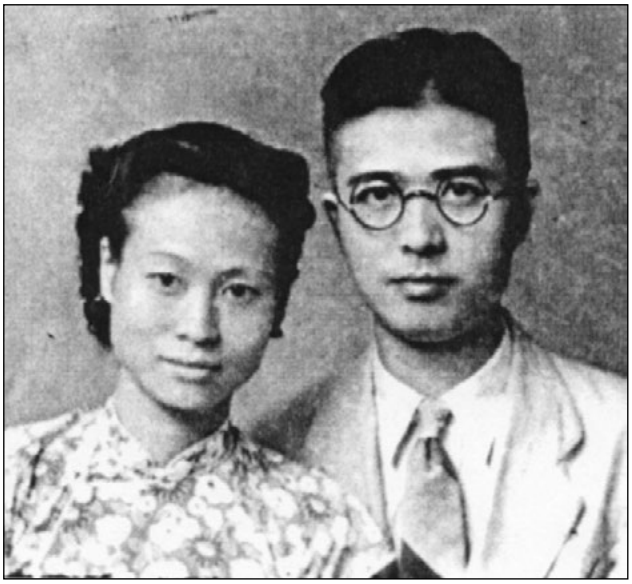


Author Carrie Brown (neé Chu Ka-wai 朱嘉瑋 1938 - present) at age 7, circa 1945.

Father was often angry, seemingly with everybody. He quarreled with his brothers when they speculated about the future of Hong Kong. The Brits were not to be trusted, nor Chiang Kai-shek and his cronies. They wanted to sell the businesses, take their shares, and split. Australia, Canada, and America looked better.

What about the big house? Later, the Brits reclaimed Hong Kong, and Father moved back into the house. Families of uncles and aunts came and went. The house was a way-station for them as they emigrated to Australia and Canada. It felt quite empty. A year before I, too, left for America, Father sold the house to a developer. Many years later, on a re-visit, I found that a stack of flats had risen in its place, twelve floors of them, with eight units on each floor, allowing 250 square feet per unit. I did not take the elevator up to inspect them. Why should I whine about the squeezed arrangement when, like cooking congee, a precious space could be shared by more people?

It was in Macau that we heard the news of the first atomic bomb. There was great rejoicing. "Serves them right," people said. Loudspeakers blared forth Chinese anthems, and firecrackers went off to drive out the demons. A few days later, pictures of the aftermath appeared in the newspaper. Hiroshima? Nagasaki? They sounded vaguely familiar. Only then did I think of Tanaka-san. As I write this essay, I feel I owe him an apology. How? Why?



Author's Parents: Chu Siu-cheung 朱兆祥 (1912 – 1981), Yeung She-ngo 楊瑞娥 (1912 – 1985)

August 14, 1945. News of Japanese surrender came. Extra, extra, the newspaper boys hollered in the streets. It was noon time, and Mother was giving me lunch. "Eat," she said, "pay attention," and pushed another spoonful into my mouth. The rice was soft and fragrant with bits of dried fish. To this day, I cannot tell if the salty taste came from the fish or Mother's tears.

Recently, I visited the mausoleum where the family had bought three cubicles to hold the ashes of Grandfather Chu, three of his wives, and my parents. All were victims of cancer. The cubicles are stacked together vertically, in strict seniority order, not unlike the apartments in the old house. I lit incense—three sticks: one for Heaven, one for the Earth, and one for the people therein.

World War II ended over seventy years ago. Writing this essay, I realize I still have not come to terms with my anger and sadness. Out on the balcony of the mausoleum, I viewed Victoria Harbor. Carved by a volcanic eruption, it was as busy as ever with boats. What to make of the future of Hong Kong? Or its past? It was but a page in the dark history of World War II. Somewhere, in some hell or heaven, there must be a ledger book to note the fifty million dead, of all races, all nations, named and unnamed.

References

Chu Family Genealogy (privately compiled 1980)

The Fall of Hong Kong by Philip Snow (Yale University Press, 2003)

City of Victoria by Hong Kong Museum of History, 1994

PBS *My Grandparents' War*

Under Siege by C. B. Chu. In *Talking River Review*, Issue 27/28, 2008.

New member, Carrie Brown, neé Chu Ka-wai, was born and raised in Hong Kong. She came to the United States for graduate school and settled in Santa Barbara. In the current strange and uncertain times of wars and racial barriers, she believes in the universality and resilience of humans. Her hobby is translating her mother's recipes.

BOOK REVIEW:

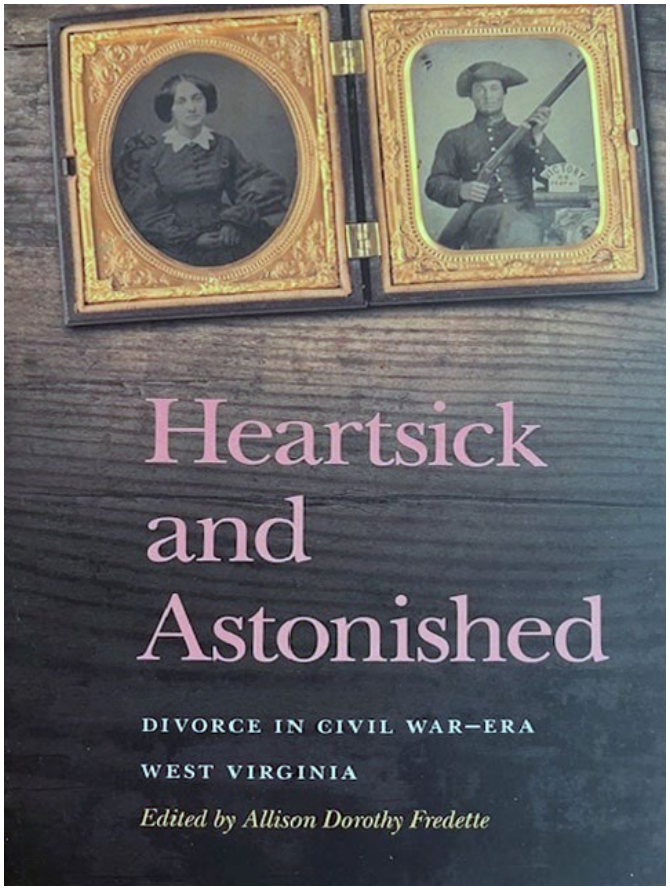
Heartsick and Astonished,
Divorce in Civil War-era West Virginia *Edited by Allison Dorothy Fredette*

By Cathy Jordan

FOR THOSE OF YOU who do not know, I have a great-grandfather, a Civil War veteran who was of German descent and served in the Union Army for the entire length of the war. He and his unit were out of Wheeling, Virginia, at the beginning of the war and West Virginia at the end. I am endlessly curious about his life, environment, the people around him, and what shaped him into the man he was. I have set up my eBay account to look daily for "Civil War West Virginia." Interesting things have popped up, but this book was one of the highlights.

I knew or thought I did that he was not divorced, but the idea that divorces could provide insight into families had not occurred to me. I ordered it right away and began reading it cover to cover. The editor researched it very well. She features the transcribed detailed documents of 27 divorces in pre-war, during the war, and post-Civil War Wheeling, West Virginia. Wheeling is situated in the panhandle and is closer to Pennsylvania than you may realize. Many marriages began in Pennsylvania, which did not require records to be kept during this time.

The transcribed documents contain statements from the complainants and witnesses, names, details, and juicy stuff. It is indexed so you can try to find your ancestors. Marriage documents are transcribed if they were part of the divorce filings. Not all the actions went to completion, but each case provides a snapshot of what the people in the area were experiencing, from adultery to cruelty to abandonment. Even though my relatives were not among those in this book, I can certainly recommend it to those researching this general area. Furthermore, I urge you to pay attention to divorce documentation as a source of fertile information. I happily donated this to our library and hope it aids even one person in getting a clearer picture of life in the times in the area.



Born and raised in Santa Barbara, Cathy Jordan returned in 1981 after nearly 14 years in Eugene, Oregon, to raise two sons and care for her parents. Cathy retired in 2008 from the Santa Barbara County Sheriff's Department, where she had a career in computer programming and support, to dive deeply into genealogy following her visit to the 2009 Open House during Family History Month. She has been a member of SBCGS since 2009 and has served on the Board of Directors as Membership Chair. In her family research, she explores the names Feely, Walsh, Mallery, Pratt, Bayha, Eckhardt, Mitchell, Lemmon, Matthews, McDuffie, Bayne, Wilhite, Farmer, Wood, Shelton, Allen, Griffin, and others. Cathy is the past president of the Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War, 1861-1865.

Canine Madness

By Kathryn Field

A dog with rabies and a detail of its skull. Line engraving Wellcome V0010532

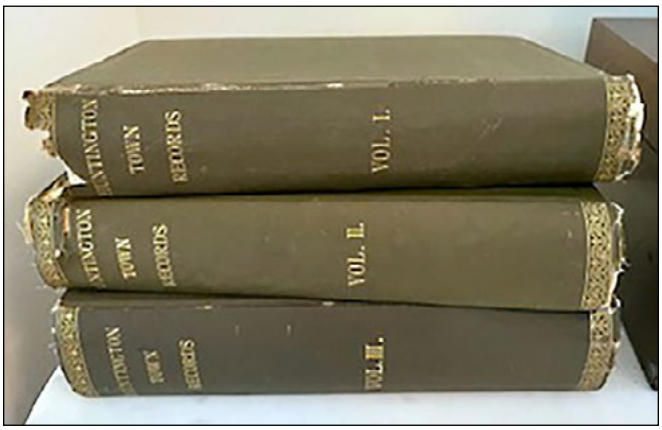
WHAT IF THE SURVIVAL of your family meant killing the family pet? In the 19th century, domesticated dogs roamed towns freely. They became aggressive when infected with rabies (usually through bat bites). Rabies was incurable and always led to death in humans; it is often fatal even now.

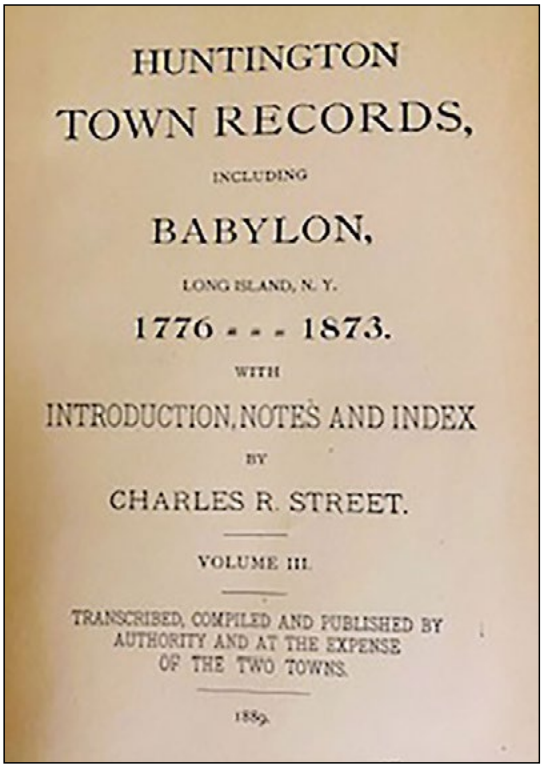
As a result, Americans were ordered to kill their dogs to prevent the spread of rabies.

This grim reality is documented in the *Huntington (New York) Town Records*. A resolution passed on February 1, 1832, reading "…the alarming circumstances of Rabid Dogs running at large…overspreading their baneful Poison to the great danger of the Inhabitants…" required that "every person owning a dog either kill or secure him safely until the last Tuesday in March." About four years later, Huntington passed *A Resolution Concerning Mad Dogs* because two men and "a number of Cattle, Sheep and Hogs" had been bitten. "The danger from this Canine madness has become truly alarming… as it's probable that the loss of life, the most shocking imaginable…will be the inevitable consequence." Two years later, three persons were bitten, and the town trustees again ordered euthanasia or close confinement of dogs for two months.

It wasn't until 1885 that Louis Pasteur developed the rabies vaccine, addressing what was then called "hydrophobia." In 1947, the mass vaccination of dogs began. While bats still carry the rabies virus, the threat posed by dogs is low, and our survival is rarely threatened.

This history is preserved in three volumes of the *1653-1873 Huntington Town Records*, published at taxpayer expense in 1887. The fragile reference books were purchased from the Sahyun Library Book Nook in 2024.




HUNTINGTON
TOWN RECORDS,
INCLUDING
BABYLON,
LONG ISLAND, N. Y.
1776 - - - 1873.
WITH
INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND INDEX
BY
CHARLES R. STREET.
VOLUME III.
TRANSCRIBED, COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY
AUTHORITY AND AT THE EXPENSE
OF THE TWO TOWNS.
1889.

Kathryn Field has been fleshing out her family tree since inheriting boxes of old family photos and daguerreotypes 12 years ago. Sometimes she ventures back to the time before photography.

SBCGS Remembers 2024

Suzi Calderon Bellman

July 6, 1960–November 18, 2024

With deep sorrow, we announce the passing of Suzi Calderon Bellman, 64, on Nov. 18, 2024. She was born on July 6, 1960.

Suzi was preceded in death by her beloved husband, Rocky Bellman, and her devoted parents, Jack and Dee Calderon.

She is survived by her siblings Martha (Mike) Vieira, Mary (Steve) Carbajal, Ann (James) Schroeder, Betty (Ray) Ramos, John, Joe, Chuck, and Daniel (Kelli), along with numerous nieces and nephews.

Suzi was a passionate traveler, especially drawn to the history of Santa Barbara, where she was a dedicated docent at the Presidio. She loved sharing her extensive knowledge of the area's rich heritage and was always eager to explore the beauty of the California coastline.

Her adventurous spirit and enthusiasm for learning were contagious, leaving a lasting impact on all who knew her.

Suzi was a beloved part of the Waypoint Church community. Attending service was the highlight of her week.

Suzi's kindness, generosity, and vibrant personality will be deeply missed by all who knew her.

Sylvia Byers

December 3, 1937–October 25, 2024

Sylvia-Ann Olga (Bunter) Byers, 86, was called to her heavenly home on Friday, October 25, 2024, while peacefully resting at her care facility in Vista, California. A devout Christian, Sylvia lived a fulfilling life marked by service and kindness. Five years before she passed from sarcoma, we lost her sharp intellect and detailed memory to dementia following a stroke.

Sylvia was born in 1937 in Burbank, California, to immigrant parents Josef and Olga (née Jeske) Bunter. In 1961, she became the first in her family to graduate from college, earning a degree in Elementary Education from UC Santa Barbara. The following year, she married LeRoy Raymond (Ray) Byers, and they had four children in five years. Sylvia devoted herself to raising them with great care and intention, making motherhood a central focus of her life.

Sylvia also held various jobs while prioritizing time with her children. For much of their marriage, she managed the books for her husband's general contracting business. While raising her own kids, she fostered 13 children over the years. Later in life, Sylvia worked part-time as a bookkeeper in the accounting department of the UC Santa Barbara bookstore for 15 years.

For 66 years, Sylvia was a dedicated, active member of Emanuel Lutheran Church; this church was her second home. Genealogy was Sylvia's favorite hobby. She took great joy in researching her ancestors and their stories, not only for the challenge but also to honor her ancestors as individuals.

Known for her strong work ethic, attention to detail, and organizational skills, Sylvia was always willing to take the initiative to help others and improve situations that crossed her path. She sincerely believed in God and conscientiously tried to do the right thing. Sylvia's trademark was serving others with diligence and kindness, and she left a lasting impact on those around her. She was surrounded by a wonderful group of friends and felt so blessed to have them in her life.

Her four children survive Sylvia: Raymond (Paige Griffin) Byers of Columbia Falls, Montana; Alice (Robert) Laufer of Lompoc, California; Heidi (Matt) Busch of Oceanside, California; and Eric Byers of Chula Vista, California; as well as eight grandchildren: Ashley Byers Benefield, Lana and Faline Byers, Valerie and Sevin Laufer, and Margaret Sylvia, Jack, and Katherine Busch. She also leaves behind one great-granddaughter, Emerson Benefield, and her sister, Rose Marie (Dennis) Jones, of Goleta, California.

She was predeceased by her husband of 47 years, LeRoy Raymond Byers; her sisters, Beverly (née Bunter) Osness and Suzanne (née Bunter) Andrews; and her infant grandson, Griffin Byers.

Judith Lyman Cardinal

1936 – 2024

SBCGS Remembers 2024

Norma Ann Eggli

March 20, 1958 – November 15, 2024

Norma Ann Kruth Eggli was born in Ukiah, California, on March 20, 1958, to Alfred and Annette Kruth (Lofgren). She left this world for a better place on November 15, 2024. She was always strongly committed to her Christian faith, and now she is at home with her Savior, Jesus Christ.

From her earliest days, Norma exhibited a talent for teaching, becoming a tutor during her high school years. After high school, Norma attended Mendocino College in Ukiah and then enrolled at Westmont College in Santa Barbara, where she graduated with a Bachelor's in Math and Science. In the summer of 1981, she married Paul Eggli of Santa Barbara and enrolled at Biola University, where she earned a teaching credential in secondary education. Beginning in 1983, their quiver began to be filled with the arrival of Benjamin, Peter, Ruth, and Hannah.

In 1995, Norma homeschooled her children through high school and was actively involved in the Santa Barbara Homesteaders. She was an excellent wife and mother, caring for her family and the many "bonus" kids God placed in her life.

In 1992, she began teaching at Santa Barbara City College Continuing Education. She taught a myriad of computer and technology subjects, but her favorite to teach was genealogy. She also supported the work of the college significantly behind the scenes. Her contribution was remembered by the college president, noting that "beyond the classroom, Norma's contributions to SBCC were equally remarkable… she played an essential role in shaping curriculum and fostering student success."

In the early 2000s, Norma got bit hard by the genealogy bug. Norma's crowning achievement was proving two lines of lineage on her mother's side back to the pilgrims who arrived on the *Mayflower,* thus earning her membership in the Mayflower Society. She remained an active Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society member for many years.

Norma was also active in church her entire life. She was always engaged in ministry, and her duties included cleaning the facilities, teaching Sunday School, singing in the choir, serving as an Awana leader, and serving on the oversight committee. For many years, she was the church Hospitality Coordinator, coordinating meals, hosting receptions, and supplying table linens and decorations for weddings and other social gatherings.

Norma maintained close bonds with her parents, siblings, children, and families. She cherished being a grandmother and enjoyed hosting family gatherings. She is survived by her husband, Paul Eggli; four children, Benjamin and Chelsea Eggli, Peter and Michelle Eggli, Ruth Eggli Calzada and Juan Carlos Calzada, and Hannah Eggli; four grandchildren; and her four siblings, Maurice Kruth, Raymond Kruth, Warren Kruth, and Andrea MacMillan. She will be greatly missed.

Gayle Moss Rosenberg

May 13, 1939–September 5, 2024

Gayle Moss Rosenberg, an accomplished journalist, loving wife, mother, and grandmother, passed away peacefully on September 5, 2024, at the age of 85. A member of the Santa Barbara community for 30 years, Gayle was laid to rest at Santa Barbara Cemetery in an intimate graveside service attended by her husband of 60 years and her children and grandchildren.

Born May 13, 1939, in Chicago to Roslyn and Ben Moss, Gayle was an only child who moved with her parents to Los Angeles in 1946 at age seven. Ben was a men's clothing salesman, and Roslyn was a Broadway department store restaurant cashier. Both were active in local charitable organizations, including the Hergott Heart Fund and the City of Hope. Roslyn, a talented professional dancer early in her career and once performed at Radio City Music Hall, occasionally recruited Gayle to do dance performances with her at local charity events.

Gayle attended Fairfax High School in Los Angeles, where she first developed a passion for journalism as Editor-in-Chief of the *Colonial Gazette*. She went to the University of Southern California, where she majored in journalism and graduated in 1960 as a Phi Beta Kappa honor society member. At USC, she was Chief Justice of the Women's Judicial Council and a member of the Associated Women Students cabinet, the national Mortar Board senior women's honor society, and Theta Sigma Phi, a national journalistic sorority.

SBCGS Remembers 2024

Gayle then embarked on a 45-year career as a journalist and magazine editor. Initially based in Los Angeles, she had jobs at the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Associated Press*, but she relocated to New York in 1963 to become a reporter for *LIFE Magazine*. At *LIFE*, Gayle worked in the Entertainment and News Departments, covering everything from Broadway openings to society parties and presidential campaigns. She had a few encounters with the Kennedys, including riding in Robert F. Kennedy's car during his senatorial campaign and receiving a call from Jacqueline Kennedy with feedback about one of her articles.

While in New York, Gayle met Charlie Rosenberg, a New Jersey native working as a sales engineer before his eventual career as a financial consultant. The two married in 1964 and celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary this past summer.

In 1967, Gayle and Charlie moved back to Los Angeles, where Gayle eventually became a senior editor at *Architectural Digest* magazine. She worked there for 30 years before retiring in 2005.

Gayle and Charlie became part-time Santa Barbara residents in 1994 and full-time residents and retirees in 2006. They have cherished their Los Angeles and Santa Barbara communities ever since.

In addition to her long and accomplished career, Gayle cultivated passions for the arts, friendships, and family connections. In retirement, she turned her lifelong interest in family history into a passion for genealogy. She was an active member of the Santa Barbara County Genealogy Society and mapped her family tree, which goes back many generations.

She loved keeping up with others and learning their stories, whether her neighbors on the block or distant relatives in other countries. She was passionate about connections and claimed responsibility for introducing several couples who eventually married or became best friends. Family and friends in Gayle's vast and loving orbit consistently described her as curious, caring, and kind.

But nothing gave Gayle more pleasure than spending time with her four granddaughters, who now range in age from 12 to 19. She was their biggest fan, promoter, and hug provider. They hold her memory dear, as do her two sons, Jamie and Adam, and her husband, Charlie.

Norma Eggli at Beginners Genealogy help desk with a guest and the aid of Jean Foster at the Society's open house.

Eleanor R. Ward

May 22, 1922– July 18th, 2016

Eleanor R. Ward passed away on July 18th, 2016, in Santa Barbara, California. She was born on May 22, 1922, in Altoona, Pennsylvania, to Mildred Smith Moore and Shannon Leo Moore. She was raised in Norwalk, Connecticut, where her mother was the first violinist of the Norwalk Symphony, and her father was a rural postman. In June 1943, she married Robert E. Ward at the East Avenue Methodist Church in Norwalk. They were married for 73 years.

She and her husband moved to Wilton, Connecticut, in 1948 and built a house at 3 Dogwood Lane, where they raised four children. They moved to Lexington, Massachusetts, in 1965 and to Cupertino and Santa Barbara, California, in 1977.

Eleanor was a talented vocalist who performed at many church services and in community theater. She and her husband were active choir members at St. Matthews in Wilton. In Lexington, she worked for the Lexington Public Schools in the Special Education Department. She loved the history of New England and was an avid genealogist who traced her family roots back to the 1600s.

Eleanor was preceded in death by her beloved husband, Robert Edward Ward and is survived by her children Elizabeth and R.B. of California, Jonathan of Oregon, and David of New Hampshire.

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*

Contributor copies

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

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Ancestors West Themes for 2025

Due May 1, 2025

Remarkable Achievements

Sports • Public Service • Inventions • Medicine
Transportation • Science • Art • Music • Academia

Due August 1, 2025

Ancestors Schooling and Education

Due October 15, 2025

Family Legends and Mysteries