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Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Summer 2025 Vol. 50, No. 2

My Very Special Grandparents

Remarkable Achievements

Cowboy Heart Doctor - Eugene L. Petry, M.D.

Great Lady of the West

Inch by Inch

A Remarkable Life

Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

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

The Mission Statement of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society
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.

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Land Acknowledgment Statement:

"The land on which many of us live and where our library is located is part of the ancient homeland and traditional territory of the Chumash people. We recognize and respect the Chumash Peoples past, present, and future and their continuing presence in their homeland as we join in stewarding this land which we all cherish."

FROM THE EDITOR

Charmien Carrier
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I HAVE BEEN CONTEMPLATING what the suggested theme of this issue of *Ancestors West* evokes in relation to my family's history. Nothing stands out as a "remarkable achievement" except, like for many of us, the fact that they immigrated to this country during a time when it was dangerous to do so. What a brave thing for them to do! Reflecting on their lives and considering the difficulties they overcame fill me with gratitude.

In this issue, we explore stories of our members' ancestors who were remarkable in various ways. Kathy Cremeen had illustrious artistic grandparents. David Petry's father was a successful pediatric surgeon who performed pioneering heart transplants on premature babies. Kate Lima's Victorian great-grandmother maximized her life in the West by engaging in numerous charitable causes. The article illustrates the source of Kate Lima's energy as she participates in many activities within our society. Gloria Clements proudly recounts her father's involvement in World War II, as well as his hard work and adventures as a welder constructing the War Emergency Pipeline. Another man saved countless lives during World War II by inventing a desalination kit, which became standard issue. Kristin Ingalls tells his remarkable story. A grandaunt of Cathy Jordan turned her hobby as a photographer into a historical goldmine of family photos. Like a story out of the Wild West, we learn about an Irish family who emigrated to Australia and became bushrangers. Mel Sahyun and Cheryl Samuel narrate this tale about Cheryl's criminal ancestors.

We also have stories that do not focus on remarkable achievements. Neal Graffy, our local historian, continues *Ancestors West's* coverage of the 1925 Santa Barbara Earthquake and its eleven victims. It must have been a terrifying experience. Another story highlights Susan Lundt's ancestor, who, among others, was mistreated for being poor in colonial America. To round out the issue, there are stories about an award-winning house from Betsy Green, "The Great House Detective," naming conventions by Cathy Jordan, and a family keepsake from new member Fran Davis.

Australian emigrant ship 1873. Wikimedia commons.

Ancestors' Schooling and Education

The suggested theme for our next issue is ancestors' schooling and education. I look forward to reading stories about yours. As always, we welcome any stories unrelated to the theme. Stories are due by August 1. Authors, please note that when we publish your story, you will receive two copies of *Ancestors West.* If you would like to have more copies to share with relatives, please let me know at the time you submit your story (before it goes to press) how many extra copies you would like. Additional copies are $6 each at the library. Thank you once again for your contributions.

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Cowboy Heart Doctor - *Eugene L. Petry, M.D.*

By David Petry

BY MOST MEASURES, my father's accomplishments as a physician were the transplant of human (and other species) hearts into premature newborns. His cases made international news and roiled the social and scientific fabric in several directions. His patients included Baby Fae in 1984, Baby Moses and Baby Eve in 1985, and several hundred babies after that.

Baby Fae was the first attempt at transplanting a heart into a fragile, tiny newborn. Baby Fae was Stephanie Fae Beauclair, born on a Sunday, October 14, 1984, in Barstow, California. Nearly two weeks premature, she weighed just 5 pounds, 4 ounces. The doctors knew immediately that something was wrong with her heart.

Baby Fae, post-operative, October 30, 1984. Source: *TIME Magazine*, October 26, 2015

At this time, my father, Dr. Eugene L. Petry, M.D., was the head pediatric cardiologist at Loma Linda University. He had helped develop a team of physicians, surgeons, nurses, and others who had become world-renowned as one of the best teams in the world. Loma Linda was just 75 miles from Barstow, so Baby Fae was driven by ambulance, sirens blaring, to Loma Linda the day after she was born.

At Loma Linda, my father diagnosed Baby Fae with hypoplastic left heart syndrome (HLHS), a rare congenital (present at birth) heart defect in which the left side of the heart is underdeveloped, making it unable to pump a sufficient supply of oxygenated blood out through the aorta. At the time, HLHS was almost always fatal within days or weeks of birth. There were no successful treatments.

My father gave Teresa Beauclair, Baby Fae's mother, the bad news. She opted to take her baby home, expecting her to die in a matter of days.

However, a dedicated part of the pediatric cardiology team was working towards a solution.

A little background

On December 3, 1967, Dr. Christiaan Barnard performed the first human heart transplant on Louis Washkansky, a 53-year-old grocer, at Groote Schuur Hospital in Cape Town, South Africa. He died 18 days later on December 21 due to pneumonia caused by a weakened immune system.

Further heart transplants in adults were tried, but immunosuppressant drugs were inadequate. Human bodies are well-designed to reject foreign objects, and no one had survived transplants more than a few days. That is, until the FDA approved cyclosporine, a powerful new immunosuppressant drug, in 1983.

One of the tests of cyclosporine before approval was the case of Dr. Barney Clark, a retired dentist from Seattle, Washington. Clark suffered from congestive heart failure and was considered too sick for a human heart transplant. He received the first artificial heart transplant on December 2, 1982. The transplant of the Jarvik-7 heart was conducted by Dr. William DeVries, lead surgeon at the University of Utah Medical Center. Clark died 112 days later on March 23, 1983.

No one was going to the expense of creating an artificial heart for premature babies, and such tiny human hearts were not available on the donor lists. Loma Linda's lead pediatric surgeon, Dr. Leonard Bailey, faced with this lack of solutions for congenital defects in infant hearts, nurtured the only solution he could. His team had raised several baboons specifically for the ability to transplant their hearts into human children.

Baby Fae happened to arrive at a propitious time. In an interview with Dr. Bailey in 1985, he said,

> The time came when we were very close to being ready to start. The protocol was to do five of these cross-species transplants with newborns with hypoplastic left heart syndrome. One day, I was stopped in the hall when one of our pediatric cardiologists, Dr. Gene Petry, asked, "You know, Bailey, how's that protocol coming? I happen to have a baby in the nursery now with this problem. Are you interested?" I said, "Well, let me do some checking." I got back to him and said, "Yes, I think we are." He said, "Well, I've discharged the baby home. The baby and her family live up in the high desert. I'll see if they have any interest."[1]

Teresa Beauclair was interested. She wanted to see her daughter live.

Teresa returned to Loma Linda with Stephanie Fae and met with Dr. Bailey on Friday, October 19. My father worked to monitor and stabilize Baby Fae, while the surgical team worked to select and prepare the best baboon to match Baby Fae. Baby Fae remained sallow and lethargic through all of the preparations. She was on a ventilator to keep her breathing and was fed intravenously. Heroic efforts were required the night before the surgery to keep her alive.[2]

On Friday morning, October 26, the surgeries occurred - removing both hearts and replacing Baby Fae's heart with the baboon's heart.[3]

In the surgery suite, Fae's blood flow and oxygenation during the surgery were maintained with a cardiopulmonary bypass (CPB) machine, commonly known as a heart-lung machine. The team finally settled the baboon's heart and stitched it into her tiny chest. When all was ready, the CPB was switched over to the tiny baby's new heart. It began to pump! One hundred thirty beats a minute. Fully within the normal range for a newborn.

By the next day, her eyes were open wider, her skin was flushed with health, and she was looking out at the world. She was off the ventilator and was taking food orally. She would live almost three more weeks. Baby Fae died on November 15, 1984, a month and a day after she was born.

While initially her body seemed to accept the new heart, mismatched blood types (Baby Fae had type O, while the baboon's heart was type AB) ultimately contributed to rejection.

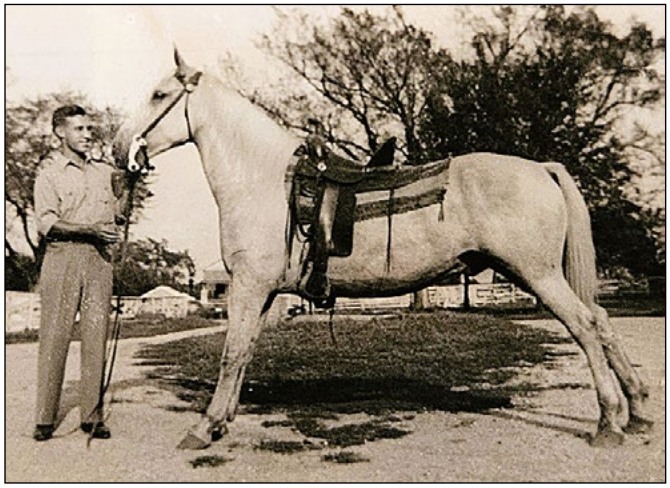
Even such heart-rending outcomes were cause for celebration in my father's work. Before Baby Fae, all babies with hypoplastic left heart syndrome died within hours or days of birth.

The media was, of course, drawn to the story. All the papers, television news, and the news journals of the time - *TIME, Newsweek, The Economist* (U.K.), *Der Spiegel* (Germany), *Paris Match* (France), *Maclean's* (Canada) and *Asahi Shimbun* (Japan) - were among the many papers and journals covering the story.

Although my father was her lead physician, by his design, he was not mentioned in any of these stories.

Happy trails

However, there was another side to my father. My mother used to tell us, "Your dad always just wanted to be a cowboy." He was for a time. Growing up in Kansas City, Kansas, his father, Ezra Petry, also a physician, owned a farm 30 miles from town in Bonner Springs, Kansas. He rented the farmstead out to experienced farm families. When my father was 15 or 16, he could buy his own horse, Dusty, which he kept on the farm. That farm was the locale of my mother and father's first dates.



Dr. Eugene L. Petry and his horse Dusty, c1950.

During his summers at Kansas Junior College (1946-1948), then Kansas University (1948-1950) and Kansas University Medical School (1950-1954), he traveled to Colorado to work on ranches as a cowboy.

Many of his childhood photos were of Eugene in cowboy regalia and on horses.

He also loved cars and purchased a junked 1926 Ford Model A before he was old enough to drive. He spent the next two years rebuilding it from scratch so that when he was ready to drive, he was more than ready.

He also played guitar, a skill he learned under the Colorado skies. Cowboy songs and folk ditties were his favorites - *Red River Valley, She's A Comin' 'Round the Mountain, Frog Went A-Courtin'* (my guess now is that the folk songs were picked up later to amuse his two sons.)

Eugene Petry, c1936, age 7.

Although he had the roaming heart of a cowboy and the free spirit of the road, he also wanted a family, envisioning a wife and two daughters.

A girl he'd known peripherally in Kansas for over a decade caught his eye. She was Nancy Marie Martin (August 30, 1930 - December 31, 2019). They had a relatively short engagement and were married just after he graduated from Medical School on June 20, 1954.

They moved to Wichita, Kansas, where he completed an internship at Wesley Hospital, and he then opened a private practice. Their first son, Edward Luther Petry, was born in Wichita on December 16, 1955. (Edward passed June 29, 2021.) From there, Eugene entered the U.S. Army Reserve Medical Corps. He chose an assignment to Japan because he was allowed to bring his family. He served two years at the Tokyo Army Hospital (later renamed U.S. Army Hospital, Camp Zama).

Eugene and Nancy traveled extensively in Japan, and on May 10, 1958, at the end of his deployment, they had their second son, David Lawrence. They returned to the States six weeks later.

Eugene and Nancy in Japan

Eugene completed a residency in pediatrics in Des Moines, Iowa. He found he had an unusual proficiency in listening to a baby's heart and other functions both in utero and after birth. He was able to, as a future student of his would state, "pick out the obscure, recognize the obvious, and not ignore the trivial."[4] He also found managing the cardiopulmonary bypass (CPB) machine in the surgical suites fascinating.

The CPB led him to return to Kansas University, where he completed a second residency in cardiology. He was now a pediatric cardiologist. Or as I told my friends when they scrunched their noses at the phrase, he fixed "babies' hearts."

He accepted a position as an Associate Professor at Indiana University Medical Center, which was to be a crucial fulcrum for my father. It was here that he met Dr. Paul Raymond Lurie. In 1951, Dr. Lurie became Indiana's inaugural pediatric cardiologist and the first chief of pediatric cardiology at Riley Children's Hospital.

In 1966, under Lurie's leadership, Riley Children's Hospital became one of the first in the nation to use echocardiography to diagnose congenital heart defects, enhancing non-invasive diagnostic capabilities.

These were the years that Eugene Petry served with Dr. Lurie. Eugene perfected and extended both methods, especially catheterization. He was the first to catheterize a baby in utero and was also known for using many catheters at once—up to a dozen—on newborn babies to monitor a full array of bodily functions and signals.

Eugene L. Petry, M.D. c1962

When Paul Lurie accepted a position as head of Pediatric Cardiology at the USC Children's Medical Center in Los Angeles, he asked Eugene if he would follow.

Christmas in Los Angeles

My first memory of Los Angeles was swimming in Lurie's pool on Christmas Day. It was a balmy 68°, but back in Indiana, we knew it was snowing at 38°.

These were my father's best years. He worked closely with Paul Lurie and other pediatric cardiologists, Mike Takahashi, Robert Stanton, and Marion Gallagher.[5] My mother became a close friend with Paul's wife, Barbara. Mike Takahashi became his close friend and hiking partner. They both enjoyed long hikes in the Angeles Crest Forest that went nowhere in their sons' opinion.

In Los Angeles, Eugene understood better what he most treasured about his work. He loved teaching. To quote Dr. Menzer from a recent interview, "Rather than go into private practice after my internship in 1969, and two years of residency, I chose to do a year-long fellowship in pediatric cardiology. He [Eugene] was my mentor the whole time. I had such an attraction to him as a teacher. It was very unusual. He treated me as an equal. He listened to me. He took me seriously."[6]

Eugene also deepened his skills at diagnosing heart troubles in the tiniest babies on earth, both in utero and as preemies. He experimented with the echocardiogram, and when ultrasound machines stabilized, he brought them into the pediatric wards, helping to train the specialists in their use for fetuses and infants.

"...the privilege of working with you–as a student, as a fellow physician, and as a friend–has been the most significant experience of my entire education. For me, you are a superhuman being."
~Dr. Lawrence L. Menzer

These were the skills and work that he felt were of value, and at which he excelled. He saw the importance of Baby Fae, Baby Moses, and the other early cases as a necessary step to better options. Soon, babies' hearts were on donor lists, and the methodologies and technologies improved. While at Loma Linda - he retired in 1991 - he oversaw hundreds of successful heart transplant cases. The children, typically born premature, with congenital heart problems that would have been fatal a few short years before, came from all over the world. The vast majority of them are alive and well as adults today.

What he did not like about the Baby Fae case, and those that followed soon after, was the media attention. People on the team were not thrilled to use baboon hearts. But it was a step that had to be made before people would trust the procedure and begin donating human hearts to the donor lists. And it was not just the objections to baboons, it was the on-site presence of the media, parking lots cluttered with their news trucks, and the shouting and grabbing for attention.

Eugene Petry passed at home in November 2001.

According to his student, Dr. Menzer, "...the privilege of working with you-as a student, as a fellow physician, and as a friend-has been the most significant experience of my entire education. For me, you are a superhuman being."[7]

Endnotes

1. "Baby Fae and Baby Moses: An Interview with Leonard Bailey," *LLUH News*, January 1, 1985. *https://news.llu.edu/patient-care/baby-fae-and-baby-moses-interview-with-leonard-bailey*

2. Much of Baby Fae's history comes from the film, *Stephanie's Heart: The Story of Baby Fae,* Loma Linda University Medical Center, Dec 23, 2015.

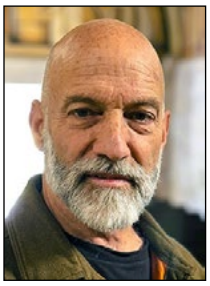
3. "Baby Fae Stuns the World," Claudia Wallis, *TIME Magazine,* November 12, 1984.

4. Letter from Lawrence L. Menzer, M.D. to Eugene L. Petry M.D. c1972.

5. He also retained a close relationship with Dr. Doug Seger, cardiologist, from Indiana.

6. Author interview with Lawrence L. Menzer, M.D. February 28, 2025.

7. Letter from Lawrence L. Menzer, M.D. to Eugene L. Petry M.D. c1972.



David is an author (If They Say I Never Loved You), historian (The Best Last Place and The Puritan Ice Companies), and musician (The Great Get Gone and Lois Mahalia).

My Very Special Grandparents

By Kathy Cremeen

My Grandmother: Grace Storey Putnam: A Life Carved by Art and Resilience 1877-1947

IN AN ERA WHEN WOMEN'S LIVES were often defined by convention, my grandmother, Grace Storey Putnam, chose to chart her course. Grace was a free spirit born in the late 19th century and coming of age in the early 1900s. She was adventurous, independent, and deeply connected to the beauty of life. With a heart for art and fierce determination, she pursued a path that would leave a lasting legacy.

Grace met her future husband, Arthur Putnam, my grandfather, in an art class. It was a meeting of creative minds. She is a gifted painter and sculptor; he is a dedicated sculpture student. During their early years of marriage, they struggled to make ends meet, and financially, things were tough. After several years, Arthur's artistic talent as a sculptor started being recognized by well-known artists, including history-making families such as the Scripps and Spreckels. Arthur received commissions to create bronze sculptures for the Scripps family. Grace devoted herself to helping her husband in every way she could to help him pursue his dream. Just as things started turning around for them, tragedy struck. Grace would soon find herself forging ahead alone. Arthur had a brain tumor, which, after surgery, left him with paralysis, unable to pursue his current sculpting career. Their marriage ended in divorce, and Grace was left to raise their children, Bruce and my father, George, alone, facing financial hardship and the heavy responsibilities of single motherhood.

Yet Grace did not falter.

She continued her artistic work with unrelenting passion, often scraping by to make ends meet. She was an art instructor, teaching watercolor painting and other art crafts. With hardship surrounding her, Arthur's brother offered to help raise one of her children. Bruce, her firstborn (a girl), went to live with her uncle in Salem, Oregon.

Note: Grace wanted a boy first and named her firstborn, Bruce, even though Bruce was a boy's name then. I remember Aunt Bruce very well, always thinking "Bruce" was a woman's name. Of course, in this day and age, Bruce could become a name used for both boys and girls. Grace was a strong, independent woman who did her own thing, naming her child whatever she wanted.

George, my father, continued to live with his mother.

At one point, during these challenging times, Grace lived on a converted tugboat in the San Francisco Bay area. She modified the tugboat to accommodate an art studio where she could paint, sculpt, and create.

Her perseverance paid off unexpectedly and remarkably when she created the Bye-Lo Baby - a lifelike doll that would become one of the most iconic and beloved of its time. Designed with tender realism and sculpted after a three-day-old infant, the doll touched the hearts of families nationwide. Grace's creation soared in popularity, and with it, her fortunes changed. I am very grateful to have two of these very special dolls. One of the dolls came from my mother-in-law's childhood collection. Her mother had given it to her as a child.

Grace Storey Putnam, Paris 1907
From a photo found among
Arthur Putnam's possessions

Bye-Lo Baby

My father told me he knew what it was like to struggle, and later to live in luxury, a sentiment that echoes the arc of Grace's life. Through hardship and creativity, she built a livelihood and a legacy. Due to Grace's talent and determination, she was able to send George to Harvard.

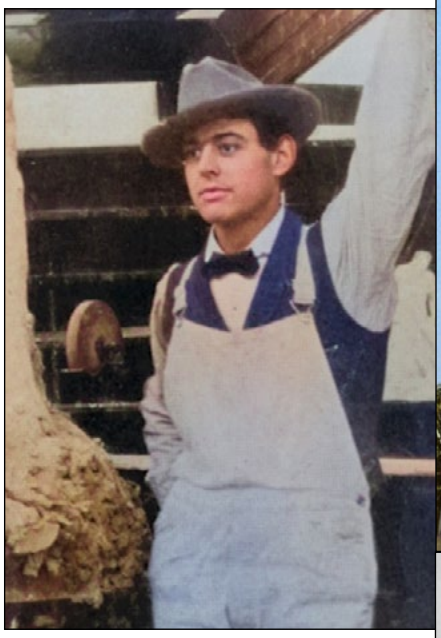
Later in life, Grace purchased a piece of land to live on in Malibu, California. She met and married Gene Morahan, another sculptor known for creating the "St. Monica" statue near the Santa Monica beach/pier. With help from Gene, they made a small brick structure near the beach, ensuring Grace had an art studio where she could continue to pursue her art creation actively. Grace continued to live in this area until her passing in 1947.

Even with her success, Grace remained true to her adventurous spirit. She appreciated the little things, lived on her terms, and never let adversity silence her artistic voice. She leaves behind a name in the annals of American toy history and the story of a woman who refused to be anything but fully herself.

Unfortunately, I never met this very special grandmother; I was only eighteen months old when she passed away. If only I could have known her personally, what a gift that would have been. She was an amazing woman and a pioneer of her time.

Arthur Putnam: Sculptor of the American West 1873 - 1930

ARTHUR PUTNAM, MY GRANDFATHER, was an American sculptor renowned for his dynamic bronze sculptures of wild animals and public monuments. He was born in Waveland, Mississippi, and during his family's travels, Arthur spent his formative years in Omaha, Nebraska. His early fascination with animals and anatomy was nurtured during his time on ranches and in butcher shops, experiences that profoundly influenced his artistic focus.



Arthur Putnam at work on the Indian for E.W. Scripps, 1903.

Arthur was largely self-taught; he briefly studied at the Art Students League in San Francisco and apprenticed with sculptor Rupert Schmid. In 1899, he married Grace Choate Storey, and the couple moved to Paris in 1905 to further his artistic career. There, his work garnered the attention of Auguste Rodin, who praised him as "a master." Arthur exhibited six sculptures at the Paris Salon, solidifying his reputation in the European art scene.

Upon returning to California, Arthur received a significant commission from newspaperman E. W. Scripps to create five monumental figures representing California's history. Among these, "The Indian" (1905) and "The Padre" (1908) were completed and installed in San Diego's Presidio Park. His other notable public works include the "Sphinx" in Golden Gate Park (1907), "Winged Angels" at the First Unitarian Church in San Francisco (1908), and "The Ploughman" at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography (1910).

Lamp posts with the base being his creation line the streets of downtown San Francisco. Knowing my grandfather created them, walking down Market Street and seeing them in person was exciting. Museums in San Francisco, San Diego, Los Angeles, New York, and Paris house many of his sculptures. My family has a few of them, including a small bronze bear, which I am blessed to have in my home.

In 1911, Arthur underwent surgery for a brain tumor, which resulted in partial paralysis and significantly impacted his ability to sculpt. He was disabled, his personality changed, he was depressed, and could not create as before. Despite these challenges, he continued to create art with the support of friends and patrons.

Unfortunately, his marriage to Grace ended in divorce during these difficult times. With a failed marriage behind him and his limited ability to sculpt, he continued pursuing his art career. His resilience was evident when he was awarded a gold medal at the 1915 Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco for his bronze group "The Puma and the Snake."

The Indian (1905)

Arthur's work was widely exhibited, including at the 1913 Armory Show in New York, and his sculptures are part of collections in institutions such as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, and the National Museum of Wildlife Art.

In his later years, Arthur moved back to Paris with his second wife, Marion Pearson. Despite ongoing health issues, he produced art until his death in Ville d'Avray, France, in 1930. His legacy endures through his contributions to American sculpture, particularly his evocative representations of wildlife and the American West.

Puma examining footprints. Legion of Honor Museum

Unfortunately, I never met my very special grandfather; he died many years before I was born. Such a gifted and talented man, if only I could have known him. My family has visited several museums and places where his work is displayed or stored. Several years ago, my sister and I took a trip to San Francisco to see an exhibit of Arthur's bronze sculptures on display inside the San Francisco airport. We felt so proud to see our grandfather's name on his sculptures.

Kathy Cremeen is a retired administrative manager from Raytheon. She is the SBCGS Volunteer and Coach Coordinator and provides Sahyun library support. She was introduced to genealogy and the society by her friends Charlene Daly and Theresa Calvin about twelve years ago. Her hobbies include reading, music, walking, nature, travel, spending time with friends and family.

Great Lady of the West

By Kate Lima

THE WILD WEST. When these words are spoken, distinct images come to mind: gunslingers, cowboys, liquor, and loose women. I picture John Wayne or Clint Eastwood as the hardened hero, and there's always a saloon girl and a proper lady (usually in need of saving). These stereotypes emerge when I think of women in the Wild West (~1865-1900).[1] The genteel woman arrives and begins the hard work of taming the West. I pictured my great-grandmother, Serena "Rena" Shaff, as such: a Victorian prude who did what respectable women did. She married, had a child, gave teas, and supported her husband.

> "The Ladies Aid Society gave a tea at the home of Mrs. C.W. Shaff (Serena), which was well attended. The house was beautiful in its decorations of blossoms, and the refreshments dainty and inviting."[2]

There may be two types of frontier women in our collective conscience, but that only tells part of the story. Like the proverbial iceberg, what is visible is only a small portion of its entirety. Researching Rena has revealed many complexities to this lovely woman. She followed societal norms, yes, but she also worked hard to make the world a better place.

Beginnings

Rena came tumbling into the world in 1863 while the Civil War raged around her. Texas was ablaze with terror between the North and the South; her early years were chaotic, filled with dusty travel, flaring tempers, and bloody battles in the streets of the "Devil's Triangle,"[3] where the fighting was especially brutal. She,

Freedmens bureau A. R. Waud

along with her mother Fannie and younger sister Sara, left "in the dead of night,"[4] quietly abandoning her father and soon hiding away on the Siletz Indian Reservation in Oregon. Her life didn't begin easily; through the age of 14, she knew poverty and hunger, witnessed extreme hatred, lynchings, and the mistreatment of Indians. Through it all, though, she had her mother's fierce love, which may have been her salvation. Wrapped in this love, Serena endured a childhood that most would consider life-altering.

Serena and Grammy

Early Life in Lewiston

When her mother, Fannie, married James Poe in 1877 and moved them to Lewiston, Idaho, stability and comfort filled Rena's days. Fannie, determined not to raise her children in a world like she'd seen so far, started them on a journey of education and social work. As a result, Rena accomplished many things, even as a teenager. At 15, she played the organ at church functions and gave recitations. She and her sister Sara did this regularly, as I saw in many newspaper clips. At 16, Rena served as Assistant Principal at the Lewiston School; at this time, she opened her own school for girls.

Lewiston 1881, Ott Collection

One cultural gathering in Lewiston was the "Lyceum Programme," devoted to music, poetry, literature, and philosophical or moral debates. The two sisters participated regularly; Rena played the piano, Sara sang, and both gave recitations. Rena even wrote her own essays. This group discussed topics such as "Is war a greater evil to the human family than intemperance?" Perhaps this is why Rena, at age 20, served as secretary for the Women's Christian Temperance Union (WCTU).

Rena attended the Lewis Collegiate Institute (now the Lewis and Clark College), where she took on the role of editor-in-chief of the college's newspaper, "The Young Collegian." After graduating, she attended the Ladies Conservatory of Music in Boston, and for years after that, she offered piano lessons. Who could imagine that she began her life in such dire conditions? Perhaps it was despite her beginnings that her mother put her on this path, where she walked with her shoulders back and her head held high.

Her best work was still to come.

Marriage, social work

She married at 25 and gave birth to her only daughter, Louise (my grandmother). In 1897, Rena, age 34, and a few other women created the Laurel Chapter of the Eastern Star. She was a founding member and, in its second year, served as Worthy Matron (W.M.). This group devoted its efforts to charitable and fraternal activities.

Did this fulfill Rena? Was it enough for her to devote her time solely to this cause? I think that she saw so many other opportunities and wanted to continue with her work.

In May of 1898, Rena and 37 other women met at Rena's home to create a new club. They formed the Tsceminicum club, which, aside from much charitable work, was dedicated to no less of a goal than bringing the world to their small town. They were all tasked with writing reports to share with one another on topics of the day. Three things were not to be discussed: politics, temperance, and religious differences.[5] A cause that was near and dear to Rena's heart was soon to envelop her entirely.

Word came to their small town that philanthropist Andrew Carnegie was offering money to towns for a library. Rena wrote a letter requesting funds for the library on behalf of the club. She had already been holding book fundraisers for a make-shift library housed in City Hall. Now her efforts, and those of the clubs, kicked into high gear. They were granted $10,000 from the Carnegie Foundation, and when the library construction began, she was elected, with another woman and two men, to the Library Commission. She devoted the rest of her life to the library.

Carnegie Library, Lewiston, Idaho

Not one to sit idle, she also served on the board of the new St. Joseph Hospital and began the Rose Society. After women received the right to vote in 1920, the League of Women Voters was created nationally. In 1922, at age 59, she was a founding member of the Nez Perce County League of Women Voters.

J. W. Poe and family are on Craig's mountain, rusticating.

Comfort in the great outdoors

She certainly had a lot of energy. There's another aspect that I love about Rena. She and her family went camping once, twice, even more often, each year. She, Sara, her mom, and stepdad went "rusticating" on Craig's mountain. In her teens and 20s, they spent long weekends or many weeks in a tent or underneath the stars. At one point, she and her family, along with a few others that included a newspaperman, formed a camping party and went off for 5 weeks! "Five weeks passed off pleasantly, the ladies of the party riding, fishing, reading, and cooking."[6] I guess that you can take the girl out of the wilderness, but you can't take the wilderness out of the girl. I imagine Rena and her family felt at peace in the wilderness where they spent much of their childhood. Despite some hard times in the earlier days, the great outdoors offered happiness, solace, and family time.

That love of camping has remained a source of joy for generations to follow. Some things become ingrained in DNA, and this appreciation of camping, as well as her dedication to helping others, remains strong in her descendants. Despite the difficulties of her early years, she found comfort in family, work, and nature. The "Wild West" was filled with difficulties for those thrown into that world, and Serena Mary Turpin Poe Shaff certainly made the most of it all.

Sources

1. Jameson, Elizabeth. "Women as Workers, Women as Civilizers: True Womanhood in the American West." *Frontiers: A Journal of Women Studies,* vol. 7, no. 3, 1984, p. 1. JSTOR, https://doi.org/10.2307/3346233.

2. *Lewiston Evening Teller*, Lewiston, Idaho, Sat, Apr 11, 1908, Pg 8.

3. The "Devil's Triangle" is in northeast Texas, where Reconstruction was just as brutal as the Civil War itself. James M. Smallwood, Kenneth W. Howell, and Carol C. Taylor, *The Devil's Triangle,* University of North Texas Press, Denton, Texas.

4. This is family lore that has passed down through the generations.

5. *The Times-News*, Twin Falls, Idaho, Apr 26, 1998.

6. "'Old Gabe' on the Wing," *The Oregonian*, Portland, OR, Sept 10, 1889, Page 2.

Kate Lima has enjoyed working as Membership Director for a number of years, almost as much as she loves writing about her ancestors. She retired from UCSB in 2019 and now spends her time reading, writing, walking her dogs, and researching her ancestors. So many stories, so little time.

Inch by Inch

By Gloria Chaney Clements and Ted Chaney

MY FATHER, JEROME "JERRY" CHANEY (1915-1997), never served in the Armed Forces during WWII. Although all men 18-64 had to register for the draft, married men with families were exempted from service. Jerry was married to Fern Anderson Chaney (1912-1985), and they had two boys, Wayne (six) and Ted (four), at the time of World War II in 1942. By trade, he was already a skilled welder and therefore was critically needed for any of the multitude of metal works supporting the war effort. As his daughter, born after WWII, I was curious to learn more about the government projects/jobs my father did during the war. Thus, my research began.

On October 29, 1941, U.S. Representative William H. Stevenson proposed a plan for constructing a powder and acid works to be built by Hercules Powder Company in Sumpter, Wisconsin. Despite protests from those living in the Sauk County area, on November 19, 1941, President Franklin Roosevelt authorized $65 million to build the world's largest munitions plant, Badger Ordnance Works. It was to be located on 7,275 acres of rich and already developed farmland and a little residential area in Sauk County, Wisconsin. The purchase of 10,500 acres of mostly farmland was some of the state's finest soil, including three churches, three schools, and three cemeteries. The director of the USDA's Office of Agriculture Defense Relations wired the War Department stating it would be "criminal to destroy such a Garden of Eden."

After the December 7, 1941, attack on Pearl Harbor, patriotic enthusiasm made opposing the construction of the plant unthinkable. All residents were given notice to leave. All farmers, some town residents, and many families living in that area for generations were given monetary offers. Some farmers had accepted the offers for their farms from the government; many others who did not accept found their property condemned anyway. The farmers and residents were given two months to leave in both cases. Litigation for the next two years brought fair prices for these sacrificed farmlands. Unfortunately, the Government did not compensate for the "fire sale" on crops, equipment, buildings, livestock, and moving costs. The construction of the plant began in March 1942. Work crews were quickly assembled.

Overnight, it seemed, by direction from the U.S. government and the local Baraboo Union, Jerry received approval to quickly pick up and move with his wife, Fern, and two young sons from their home in Milwaukee to Baraboo, Wisconsin, for a good-paying wage of up to $1.50 an hour. The order and directions upon arriving were to sign in at the proposed Baraboo Powder Plant gate site. The family was fortuitously and quickly assigned to move into a lone farmhouse outside the proposed Baraboo powder plant fenced-off area. In a short time, any available housing nearby was scarce. Jerry's assigned house was one of the few vacant farm homes retained for occupancy by contractors or administration. The farmhouse was about 200 feet from the Wisconsin River along a rough gravel country road.

Jerry and Fern Chaney with their two boys, Wayne (six) and Ted (four).

The closest neighbor was half a mile away. Most of the farmhouses, barns, and outbuildings were removed inside the powder plant fenced area to make room for the powder plant, supporting explosive ordinance storage structures and railroad lines. On this farm all the other buildings that were there before, the barn, sheds, silo, and other structures were removed entirely. Some foundations were still visible.

After settling in and living there for a while, there seemed to be abundant wild animals like deer, red foxes, and various birds that now had free rein in the nearby open fields and tree groves of the original 10,500

Ted and Wayne at the Anderson family farm

targeted acreage. Wayne and Ted were cautioned not to venture too far from the house, as black bears and rattlesnakes were known to be in the area. Jerry cautioned the two boys to be careful when walking outside the home. If they see a snake, stop and come back inside immediately. The next day, walking around the lower back side of the house, the boys spied a large rattlesnake with a dozen or so baby snakes. Ted, seeing this, was terrified and came running full speed back to the house and did not even stop to open the screen door. He went right through it.

Food rationing had already begun, but the family was fortunate to live about 35 miles away from Fern Anderson's family farm, where she grew up in Morrisonville. They could get meat, chickens, eggs, fresh in-season fruits or vegetables, or canned goods from the farm from the previous year's harvest.

Wayne was picked up by bus and attended a one-room schoolhouse in the second grade. There were 20-24 other children of different ages and grades there, too. Some of the students came to school on horseback. Every day, each child was assigned a task, such as cleaning the chalkboard and chalk erasers, sweeping the floor, or bringing in kindling and firewood for the potbelly stove that heated the schoolroom.

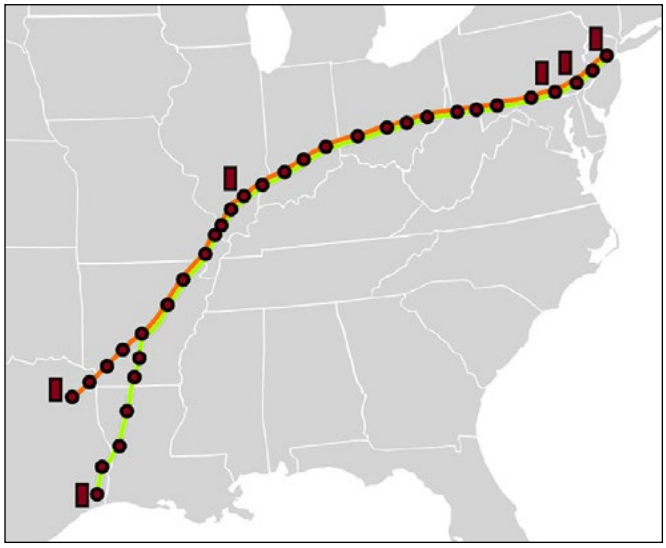
Jerry was immediately put to work for long hours, seven days a week. Months flew by.

The plant was completed and ready for operation in less than one year. At its peak in August 1942, 11,000 Patriot workers of all trades were on the construction site. For Jerry, another high-priority work assignment was emerging. This would result in another move, including a long, distant haul with family in tow.

Before the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the U.S.A. was aiding the English with our oil, specifically from Texas, for their war effort. The U.S. provided 60% of the world's oil at that time. Tankers shipped 95% of that oil. After the declaration of war, the German submarines had been relentlessly bombing and sinking tankers in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean and up the Atlantic Coast. The oil tankers were capable of shipping 300,000 gallons. In February 1942 alone, 12 U.S.A. ships were sunk on the Atlantic Coast.

After war was declared on December 7, 1941, the United States of America became more deeply involved in fighting with its Allies. Alternative means of transportation, such as trains and river barges, were used to get the oil to the East Coast, but they could not ship the volume the oil tankers could.

In the spring of 1942, Interior Secretary Harold Ickes proposed constructing a large-diameter war emergency pipeline. The oil industry balked: It cost 16 cents a barrel to send oil by sea from Texas to New Jersey, and oil executives argued that building pipelines would double the cost. When industrial and military needs for petroleum grew desperate, the petroleum companies relented, partnering with the government to create the new pipeline. To keep the oil moving from Texas to New Jersey, the government and the petroleum industry funded the construction of an oil pipeline, the largest and longest ever built up to that time. Officially named the War Emergency Pipeline, it passed through 10 states and connected Baytown, Texas, on the Gulf of Mexico, with Linden, New Jersey, for approximately 1,500 miles. The War Emergency Pipeline consisted of two parallel



The War Emergency Pipeline, passed through 10 states and connected Baytown, Texas, on the Gulf of Mexico, with Linden, New Jersey, for approximately 1,500 miles.

pipelines along the same route: a 24-inch diameter pipe carried crude oil, while a smaller 20-inch line carried refined petroleum products.

By the standards of the time, these pipes were giants. Typical pipelines of the period had diameters of no more than 8 inches. In industry phrasing, pipes with a more than a foot diameter were called "big inch" pipes. Workers building the 24-inch-diameter War Emergency Pipeline named it "the Big Inch." The 20-inch line was amusingly dubbed "the Little Big Inch." They worked long days, 7 days a week. The project required 16,000 people and 725,000 tons of materials.

Plans for the construction of the pipeline began in August of 1942.

On assignment and with support from the government, Jerry prepared to leave Baraboo with his family to head south to the Texas Gulf Coast to work on the new pipeline project. But first, a generator/welding machine and associated tools, possibly used previously at the Powder Plant site, were made available and obtained. It was the most critical item needed in support of the welding and sealing of the connecting joints along the proposed pipeline that would be required.

Ted and Wayne, August 1942

Jerry quickly gained possession of a 1939 Pontiac 4-door sedan for the long journey south. It was needed, not only to accommodate travel for the family, but also to tow a small 17-foot travel trailer. The trailer had a small closet, a davenport across the back, a propane stove, a sink, and a table that made into a bed. It also had an oven and an icebox. This would be their new home for the duration of the new pipeline work assignment for well over a year. He also obtained a critical item for his next assignment: a 1935 ton-and-a-half flatbed truck that was needed first to transport the heavy welding rig, generator, and propane tank down south and along the pipeline work detail.

Once ready to go, they were on their way from the farmhouse at Baraboo to their new destination near Port Neches and Port Arthur along the Texas coastline. This would be their first stop to coordinate Jerry's next work assignment and trailer camp living arrangements for the family.

The excitement of the first few hundred miles passed, and all were entertained by the different scenery, farmlands, and towns seen along the way. Driving was through many winding and hilly roadways along the way, in most cases following the contour of the land. They experienced many potholes, detours, and road construction on some roadways along the way, which made the trip slow and sometimes treacherous. Frequent stops were required, especially for the truck radiator, which frequently boiled over and needed water. It was quickly revealed in the truck's performance with its heavy load that it had its limitations, as long, steep climbs were barely able to, at times, make the grade. Traveling the 1,150-plus miles took about 4 days to reach their destination.

One terrifying experience was when they approached a temporary road fix along the main roadway over a small river. Sitting close to water level was a rickety one-lane, maybe 100-foot-long boardwalk/or planks to drive on. The boardwalks/planks were each about 2-3 feet wide. The river was full of water along the banks and oozed with quicksand mud. About half a dozen cars were parked on both sides of the riverbank. Folks huddling in groups were seen standing in front of their vehicles, trying to decide what to do. Someone in the group on Jerry's side of the river mentioned that the bridge would wash out most times after heavy rains, and the local Army Corps of Engineers would have to return and rebuild it.

Impatient as he was to move on, and after a bit of deliberation, Jerry could talk one of the travelers into letting him (Jerry) drive the traveler's lighter vehicle, with him and his passenger aboard, to cross the narrow boardwalk roadway. With the car doors open to guide him, he slowly started across the bridge, swaying and creaking as he inched forward. He made it safely across. Immediately, Jerry walked back over the bridge and drove the car and trailer aboard with his family. Fern and the boys were able to breathe again once again on dry land. Then he quickly followed across with the heavy truck rig over the questionable, groaning, and swaying bridge. By the grace of God, it appears, all made it safely across.

During World War II, if you had any tire or engine problems with your automobiles, you could hardly buy a tire unless you were a farmer or worked for the government. Special permits from the government were required. Fortunately, anything needed for their rigs or vehicles was made available to Jerry and his family to keep them moving.

Ted recalls arriving in Port Neches, Texas, where a hurricane must have occurred recently, and as the town appeared to be all but wiped out except for one building, a 3-story hotel. All that remained otherwise were water-filled building foundations and an occasional chimney where a house once stood. It seemed that everything else there had been washed out into the Gulf.

From there, it took a while to locate Jerry's sign-in office location, followed by being set up at their first temporary community trailer campsite. As the work progressed from the Port Neches and Port Arthur area, the pipeline moved along in the weeks and months ahead. They would move a few more times near the pipeline's progress out in the middle of nowhere in barren prairie terrain. The crews put in 2-3 miles of pipeline every day. Wayne says he remembers an unspoken competition between the north-bound and south-bound crews that started in New Jersey. They had renewed competitive incentive to push harder to gain ground if they heard the other crews were ahead in mileage.

Workers on the "Big Inch" pipeline.

Each trailer park community campsite had a multi-use building that provided an outside faucet and drinking water fountain. Inside was a divided, separate toilet facility for men and women. Each room provided about four toilet stalls, a small community shower room, and a long counter/sink along the wall. On the men's side, almost every night after work and mealtime, the men, up to a dozen or more at a time, would congregate to gamble, taking turns shooting dice, or sometimes just shooting the breeze along the open concrete floor area. Some nights, especially toward the weekend, the scene could get pretty rowdy while sipping on a brew or two.

Along the way, the two boys always went to school, generally in one-room schoolhouses. Over the past year or so, they went to several schools during the pipeline's construction. Friendships were made, but unfortunately, they were not retained for long due to the constant location changes.

Like everyone else across the U.S., there was food rationing along the travels, in Texas, and in the southern areas where a few trailer camps were located. This was the South, and the food seemed different. Small grocery

stores in the South carried food products that Fern and her family were not used to. The government issued ration coupons for buying things like butter, sugar, coffee, and more. Besides cans of spam and chipped beef, many store items were mainly foreign to the northern folks. Potatoes and hominy were more readily available, so Fern craftily made alternating servings work by serving plain cooked potatoes, potato pancakes, hash browns, fried potatoes with onions, scalloped potatoes, mashed potatoes, and fried mashed potatoes. She also made potato salad, potato soup, corned beef or spam with potatoes, and stews with many potatoes.

Everyone in America was asked and expected to sacrifice and do their part for the War effort. Ted remembers peeling foil off gum wrappers, and Wayne collecting pieces of metal scrap they might find in fields and along roadways for recycling to help build new war implements. Even at their young ages, they felt proud to be a part of the war effort to help our armed forces win and end the war.

The pipeline project was finally nearing completion at the end of 1943. Ceremonies marked the final weld on the Big Inch in July 1943, just 350 days after construction began. The Little Big Inch began transporting refined products several months later in 1944. The two pipelines are collectively called the "Inch Lines." The completed pipelines delivered more than 500,000 barrels of oil per day for the war effort, and all of it on a land route safe from Nazi submarines.

After completing this remarkable government-industry project, Jerry returned to Milwaukee with his family and continued in the welding manufacturing world for the next four years or more. Due to Mom's homeschooling and their experiences with the one-room schoolhouses along the pipeline, their sons were way ahead of their 2nd and 4th grade classes when they returned to Milwaukee.

The "Inch Lines" are still in use today. In 1998, they were added to the National Register of Historic Places for their role in the war effort and as an outstanding engineering achievement. The oil pipelines were extolled as "the most amazing government-industry cooperation ever achieved."

The "Big Inch" opening 1943.

My research into my dad's (Jerry's) work activities and family involvement during WWII is complete, and I am proud to know that his welding work during this time did help support the war effort.

Records show historian Keith Miller stated, "Without the prodigious delivery of oil from the U.S., this global war, quite frankly, could never have been won."

Therefore, can we say the War effort was won by "Inches"?

Special thanks to my brothers Ted and Wayne for their contributions of stories and memories from over 80 years ago!

Gloria Chaney Clements has been a member of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society for over 20 years, and a library volunteer for 15 years.

"Big Inch" pipes on railroad tracks.

My Grandaunt's Remarkable Hobby

By Cathy Jordan

THE WHOLE OF MY Feely family has benefited from the most unusual hobby that interested my Grandaunt, Mabel Grace Feely (she was known to us simply as Grace). Grace was born on June 29, 1881, in Ashland, Nebraska, and died on November 14, 1951, in Los Angeles, California (memorably the day before my birthday). In between those dates, she led an interesting life.

At age five, she moved with her family by stagecoach from Ashland to Colby, Kansas, a trip of a little over 300 miles. She proceeded to study and become a teacher, living with her mother, Josephine Feely, and sister, Neta Feely, next door to my mother's family, Martin Gideon Feely, Christel Edith Feely, Lola Meryl Feely (my mother), Martin Gerald Feely, and Edith Eleanore Feely. She married late at 37 and spent many years next door

Grace and Lola on Josephine Feely front porch.

to my mother. During this time, she indulged in what I think was a remarkable hobby for a single woman during the early 1900s: amateur photography!

Grace created a dark room inside the Victorian home; her subjects were family members and friends. Who knows how or where she learned how to do this? She was a prolific photographer. She developed all her photographs. Initially, her first camera was a Kodak box camera, later graduating to a 1A Pocket Kodak. Both cameras are pictured. Her passion results in dozens and dozens of family photographs we would never have otherwise. They may have been amateurs and did not pose in a studio, but they showed what life was like for the family. There are albums of her photographs, some labeled (jackpot!) and some not. But either way, they show a wide variety of life scenes in that corner of western Kansas, from baseball games with women at bat in long dresses to picnics to family gatherings. Some are a bit blurry, but all are priceless. A sample of her photographs are included here.

1A Pocket Kodak Camera

After being married in 1919, she and her husband, Edward Bates, moved around a bit and ended up in Los Angeles, living next door to my grandfather again. She continued to live a full life, adopting two children and raising them, but never returned to her beloved hobby, which was a loss for the family and, I suspect, for her. I am forever grateful to this woman for her remarkable hobby.

1918 - Christmas Day

Women playing baseball

The basic Brownie Camera

Backs of the family

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 from the Santa Barbara County Sheriff's Department in 2008, from a career in computer programming and support, to plunge headlong into genealogy after a 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. She is currently on the Ancestors West *editorial committee.*

This could come in handy today!

AT FIRST GLANCE, this may look like a larger-than-usual cup and saucer. But take a closer look. It is what was called a "mustache" cup. It was a cup and saucer designed to suit a man with a mustache. The extra China lip in the cup protected the drinker's mustache from accumulating milk if he used it, and generally kept his facial hair clean. Another feature of this set is the deeper-than-usual saucer. Some people used to like to pour a little of the very hot liquid into their saucer to allow it to cool and to perhaps dip a biscuit in it without getting the crumbs in the central part of the drink. I found this an interesting invention for men. Although these cups have gone out of style, mustaches have not! ~ *Cathy Jordan*

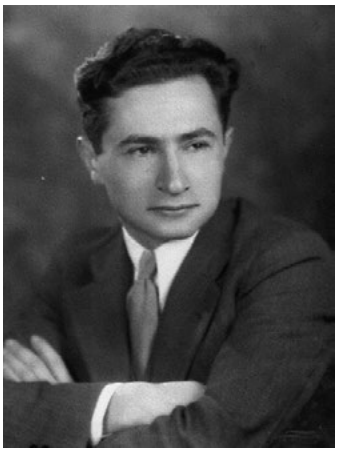
A Remarkable Life

By Kristin Ingalls

IF IT WERE NOT FOR THE SUBJECT of this story, Calvin Calmon (born Kalman Kalmanowitz), my daughter would have married a motorcycle-riding, beach-bum surfer.

Calvin is my son-in-law Robert's cousin on his maternal line.

Robert remembers: "*Cal was around for my whole life. He visited every Jewish holiday gathering in Florida, New York, or wherever. My mom was high-strung and emotional, and Cal was around or accessible to simmer me down during occasional dustups.*"



Calvin Calmon
(born Kalman Kalmanowitz)

As we all know, piecing together the lives and events of Eastern European Jews is difficult and frustrating. Thankfully, Robert's Cousin Cal did leave a few letters, charts, and reminiscences that give us some details of the Kalmanowitz family. The towns where this family lived have changed names and countries, but are currently in Belarus. Birthdates are not exact. Several family members recall stories but disagree on the precise time sequence. Robert's family never used the term Yiddish, which they considered a curse word, "yid" being German for Jew. They called their language "talking Jewish."

De Grosser, Elie Kalmanowitz

Without firm dates, the oldest known progenitor of this family was Kalman Kalmanowitz, born about 1810-20. His son, Elias/Elie Kalmanowitz, was born about 1850 and married a cousin, Zippa/Zippe Kalmanowitz, born about 1852. Elie was known to family as "De Grosser," which meant "the large man" in Jewish, as he was over six feet tall. Elie emigrated in 1911, Zippe a year later, and lived in New York, where they had a luggage and leather goods store on the Lower East Side. This couple had six children: Mamie, Rebecca, Philip, Sam, Harry, and Kalman Joseph.

Philip, whose Hebrew name was Shraga and who was nicknamed Seivel, married Nechama Goldmut/Goldszmiat, who used the name Anna after she emigrated. Philip is listed as Falk Kalminowicz on the ship manifest of the *S.S. Potsdam* sailing from Rotterdam, Netherlands, on February 5, 1910, arriving in New York five days later. His contact person was his brother, Sam Kalmanowitz, who lived in New York. On the ship manifest, he gives his occupation as a carriage driver, substantiated by a State of Connecticut Military Census, where he states he served as a private in the Russian Infantry for four weeks. He states he can ride a horse and handle a team (of horses). By 1918, Philip lived in Connecticut, where he was a glass or junk peddler. Perhaps there was no need for carriage drivers in Connecticut.

I was surprised to find him in Connecticut since we often hear of immigrants who land in and then settle in New York, as most of Robert's family had. Researching this, I found the earliest mention of a Jew in Connecticut was in 1659. By 1875, Connecticut had a Jewish population of 1500; by 1905, it was 8,500 and has continued to grow. So, throw out stereotypes of immigrants! Having been to New York and Connecticut, I can see why Philip settled there.

Philip and Anna Kalmanowitz had three sons: Abraham, born about 1907; Kalman (later Calvin), born about 1908; and Mojzesz (later Morris), born about 1909. Again, exact birth dates are unknown. These three birth dates are unusually close together.

Anna and the three boys had remained in Russia, waiting to join Philip. On an unknown date, the family traveled to Italy to board a ship for America. World War I broke out before they could leave, so they returned home to Russia. How they traveled that distance south and back to Russia is unknown.

Life was not easy for them during WWI. The Polish soldiers were billeted in the homes of the townsfolk. Calvin writes of their lives there during the war while living in Rakov, a town of about 400 houses that had to provide shelter for the thousands of soldiers. The Kalmanowitz home had two husbandless families confined to the bedrooms while the rest of the house billeted about 30 soldiers who slept on the floor in their uniforms. The soldiers were ordered not to bother the occupants of the homes, so Cal felt safe with them. He befriended one particular soldier, Piotr, who persuaded Cal to take puffs from a cigarette. Doing so made him ill, and he never smoked again. Another time, Piotr tried to have Cal taste some pork sausage, which Cal refused, explaining the religious taboo against pork. Piotr held Cal and smeared the pork on his mouth as the soldiers laughed. The eight-year-old Cal was traumatized and furious, telling Piotr, "You will pay for this." Cal went to the commanding officer in tears and reported what had happened. The officer demanded that all the 500 soldiers line up in two rows, asking Cal to point out which soldier had hurt him. Piotr was slapped across the face, and the officer reminded all present that they were not to molest the citizens of the town.

Cal ran home, trying to apologize to Piotr, but it would not do. The soldier was soon moved to another house. Cal was ashamed of himself and hurt that he had lost his friend. Cal writes, "*It is now sixty-five years since this happened. The wound caused by my actions still lacerates me when I think of it.*" These two sentences in his memoirs reflect this man's deep humility and humanity.

The armistice ending WWI was signed in November 1918, but life became even more difficult for the family during the Polish-Russian War of 1919 and 1920.

Their hometown was destroyed, and so, as refugees, they moved 30 miles north, then again 30 miles east, the battle line and the controlling armies changing constantly. The one thing all armies had in common was disdain for the Jews. The Bolsheviks, then the Poles, robbed the refugees and left them to the mercy of the anti-Semitic neighbors, who robbed them of anything they had left.

Cal remembers: *"During the battles we lived day to day, hour to hour, not knowing how the end would come, through a bayonet, a bullet or shell, or perhaps through sickness or hunger."*

The family all came down with typhus, and he describes the blinding headaches, psychotic fever-induced nightmares, and the lack of medicine. One woman physician cared for everyone, and the young boy always remembered her kindness.

What sustains people in such madness? All his life, Cal revered one particular man in their village who helped them, and his teachings gave them all hope.

"There was one day of the week I looked forward to - Saturday afternoon of the Sabbath, for that was when the school teacher, Isroel Chayim, gave lectures in his home. I would sit in silence on the bench next to him until the lesson began with a Torah reading that would glide into tales, myths, and stories of worlds we did not know."

Finally, in October 1923, Nechama, Kalman, and Mojzesz joined Philip in Connecticut. They sailed from Antwerp, Belgium, on the ship *S.S. Belgenland*, arriving in New York. They are listed from Iwja, Poland. Nechama's nearest relative in the old country is her brother Jankiel Goldszmiat. Abraham is listed on the manifest, but his name is lined through. Abraham is later listed on the *S.S. Mongolia* leaving Antwerp on November 13, 1923, but again his name is lined through with a notation "did not embark at Antwerp, Belgium." Family stories again are vague. There is mention of the family being quarantined for typhus and of Abraham sustaining a head injury either from a fall or being kicked by a horse, or suffering brain injury from high fever when he had typhus or rheumatic fever. None of the family stories gives a date or place for these events. But this could be why he was unable to leave with the family. A year later, in November 1924, Abraham joined the family, sailing from Cherbourg, France, on the *S.S. Leviathan*.

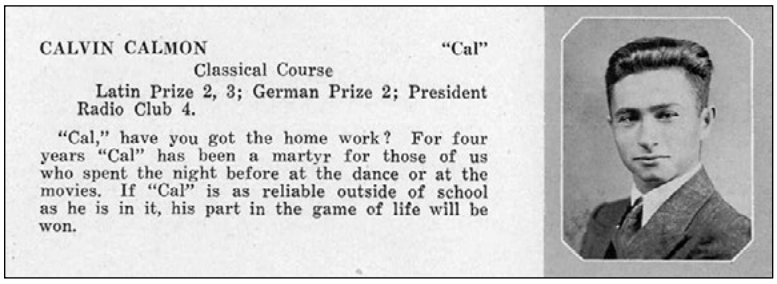
1923 - Life in America

Finally, after 13 years of separation, the family was united in New Haven, Connecticut. What was it like for the three boys, who were just toddlers when Philip left, to meet this person who was their father? They were in a new country; they had to learn a new language, new customs, social norms, new foods, different types of clothing, and non-Jewish neighbors. How difficult is it, having lived through nearly 10 years of war, to live in peace? How long would it take until you felt safe?

The family is now together. Philip continues his junk business, and the boys attend school. Sadly, Philip dies in 1929, leaving Anna to continue his junk business and raise the boys alone.

The Bulkeley School, founded by Leonard Bulkeley, a local merchant, was a private boys' secondary school in New Haven, Connecticut. The school was open at no cost to New London students, who had to pass an exam to gain admission.

By high school, Calvin, born Kalman Kalmanowitz, began using the name Calvin Calmon. Retelling this, Robert says, *"Being one of the few in the Kalmanowitz family to change his name, the family never ceased to chide him for 'going white' by changing and Americanizing his name, but it did not bother him."*



CALVIN CALMON "Cal"

Classical Course

Latin Prize 2, 3; German Prize 2; President Radio Club 4.

"Cal," have you got the home work? For four years "Cal" has been a martyr for those of us who spent the night before at the dance or at the movies. If "Cal" is as reliable outside of school as he is in it, his part in the game of life will be won.

1930 yearbook photo at Bulkeley School in New London

In his 1930 yearbook photo at Bulkeley School in New London, Calvin is named "Most Brilliant," and his brother, Morris, "Most Modest." Cal's brilliance enabled him to get a full scholarship to Dartmouth University, where he earned his B.A. He was selling newspapers at the submarine base in New London when he learned the news. He received his Ph.D. in chemistry from Yale University. Records show he earned at least two additional doctoral degrees.

Cal's primary area of interest was water treatment and purification, although he was also active in finding solutions to pollution.

Desalination kit.

During his life, he held 20 patents in ion exchange and water treatment, published over 100 scientific papers, and authored two books. During WWII, he served as a Captain in the U.S. Army and was the chief of the Biochemical Department of the command laboratory of the armed services. He invented desalination kits for the Air Force. These survival kits were standard issue for every airman, lifeboat, and life raft during WWII. His invention saved countless lives. The kits contained multiple briquettes of an ion-exchange resin and an early generation vinyl bag with a built-in filter to drink from. It made less than one pint at a time.

This is the same type of process that delivers fresh water to astronauts, something I have never thought about until now!

In his lifetime, Cal received many honors from the U.S. government and numerous societies and agencies for his efforts to improve the quality of life worldwide. He was posted to Hiroshima after VJ Day to rebuild that city's water supply. He worked in third-world countries solving their water problems and also worked

on worldwide efforts to control pollution. He traveled to Europe and Russia in the 1960s for scientific meetings. Cal was vice-president of the Permutit Company, founded in the UK in 1937, a water treatment company known for its water softening technology. The company later became part of EcoWater Systems.

His choice of careers must have been influenced by the suffering he saw as a young boy in war-torn Europe. Of course, clean water is one of the most important things in treating illness and wounds.

Robert says, "*Cal was modest to a fault about his discoveries and inventions. He considered his biggest discovery the Dead Sea Scrolls.*"

In 1949, while on sabbatical at the Sorbonne in Paris, Calvin met an Israeli archaeologist who sparked Calvin's lifelong interest in the Dead Sea Scrolls. In the following years, he delivered many lectures at various churches and other groups. After his death, his friends established the Calvin Calmon Biblical Studies Fund at Princeton Theological Seminary.

The Dead Sea Scrolls are a collection of ancient Jewish manuscripts discovered in caves near the Dead Sea, dating from the 3rd century BCE to the 1st century CE. Their discovery represents a turning point in the study of the history of the Jewish people in ancient times. Thanks to these remarkable finds, our knowledge of Jewish society in the Land of Israel during the Hellenistic and Roman periods and the origins of rabbinical Judaism and early Christianity has been greatly enriched.

Robert recalls cousin Cal, "*While not outwardly religious, he carried a copy of "A Book of Jewish Thought" while he was overseas during the war. Cal's philosophy was a mixture of the Talmudic wisdom with a bunch of familiarity with all those fake Indian Swamis. But it all boiled down in the end to the Old Testament. He identified Judaism as the birth and center of ethical life, and exemplified the Greeks as the high point of aesthetic life. One without the other is no good - it is necessary to strike a balance. That was Cal, and he would stand on his head wearing his suit coat and all, at the drop of a hat, to illustrate the point.*"

Cal loved children, but had none of his own. He married Hanneke Boekhoff, who had two children from a previous marriage. As a young boy, Robert remembers being put on a train in Manhattan to go visit cousin Cal in Mount Holly, New Jersey, at his Revolutionary War-era-colonial farmhouse, which had no modern amenities – bath tubs, no showers, no air conditioning, ancient plumbing, and only an old shortwave radio. The homestead had a lot of acreage where Cal let a tenant farmer grow corn. Here, the city boy got to experience being a country kid. A trusting man, Cal never locked his house or car, which Robert remembers as a nondescript 1950 base model Chevrolet. Cal would pick up every hitchhiker he ever passed and go out of his way to carry any service member hitchhiker to their destination.

After a full and meaningful life, Kalman Kalmanowitz, known as Calvin Calman, died in 1986 at the age of 77. This was a profound loss for Robert and all the Kalmanowitz families.

The Kalmanowitz family.

Reflection

And so, I think of the trajectory of this incredible man's life. Born into a social and political insecurity to an oppressed people, his early life was immersed in war, living over a decade without his father, adjusting to a new country, a new language, a new culture, and then – thriving beyond most people's imaginings. Cal accomplished many great things, earning the respect of all who knew him; he left the world a better place by his presence and became an exemplar to generations of his family and friends. He was truly a remarkable man.

Postscript

Thankfully, my daughter's husband, Robert, profoundly influenced by his second cousin, Cal, became a motorcycle-riding-surfer physician.

Robert is now retired and has traded his motorcycle for a small SUV, which carries him and his surfboard to the local beaches. In part, thanks to Cousin Cal, Robert is not a bum, and my librarian daughter, Lulu, lives a very comfortable life.

Lulu holding two monkeys, Robert looking worried. Amazon river trip 2007

After 25 years, Kristin is still finding volunteering and researching at the library great fun.

Bushrangers on the Family Tree

By Melville R.V. Sahyun, Ph.D., and Cheryl McIntyre Samuel

BUSHRANGERS ROAMED the outback (open range and undeveloped land) of eastern Australia, particularly the provinces of New South Wales (NSW) and Victoria, for most of the 19th century, starting with the exploits of ex-slave John Caesar in the 1790s. Their habits and lifestyle were remarkably similar to those of their infamous counterparts who roamed the American west, e.g., Joaquin Murrieta, Black Bart, Jack Powers, the James brothers, and Tiburcio Vasquez. This article intends to give California readers some taste of what the bushranger life might have been like, based on the discovery of bushrangers on our shared family tree. It may strike a chord in readers familiar with the tales of the Wild West.

John Parker, Sr., with his younger daughter, Margaret (photo: author CMS's collection)

Bushrangers holding up the mail coach.
(Image from A. J. Phelan, "A Guide to Australian Bushranging", loc. cit.)

Our story starts with the Parker family of County Limerick, Ireland. Thomas Parker, Sr. (1755-1840) appears from baptismal records of his children to have had two families simultaneously. His first wife reportedly was Anne Sarah Corneille (1765-1840). Their family included three sons, Robert (1797-1881), Thomas, Jr. (1799-1889), and John (1803-1975), along with two daughters, Ann (1801-?) and Charlotte Jane (1802-1868). As none of them were recognized for inheritance purposes, Thomas Sr.'s property passed to his "other" family, all of whom emigrated: Robert, Thomas Jr., and Ann to Canada, John to Australia, and Charlotte Jane to England. Before leaving Ireland, however, all three sons served 3-month enlistments in the 1st Battalion, 12th Regiment of Foot, of the British Army.

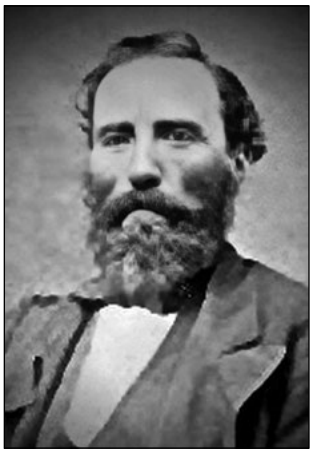
John, on whose family we shall concentrate, was only 16 at the time of his service. In 1820, at age 18, John married 16-year-old Margaret Reid (1804-1874). While still in Ireland, where John worked as a farm laborer and Margaret as a nurse, they had five children, Thomas (1824-?), James (1826-1874), John, Jr. (1828-1873), Anne Sarah (1832-1923), named for her grandmother, and Margaret (1838-1913). Two years after Margaret's birth, the family emigrated to Australia, perhaps with the dream that they could ultimately have their own land. They arrived aboard the ship *Premier* in Sydney, NSW in mid-winter, July of 1840. They settled near Cooma, NSW in the Snowy Mountain region of eastern Australia, initially working as a family on various sheep and cattle stations (ranches). Stations were usually on public lands (open range), leased from the British Crown, with rent being based on the number of head of livestock kept on the station. A sixth child, Joseph, "Joe" (1842-1925), soon followed. Going forward, we shall be most concerned with Anne Sarah and Joseph.

Anne Sarah Parker had the reputation of being a beauty and "…a pretty wild girl." In 1848, she married Edmund Stevens (1823-1881?); they had one child, Caroline Teresa Stevens (1852-1901). In 1854, Anne Sarah married Andrew Hartigan Tyrie (1833-1907); she is listed in the marriage record as "widow," but her first husband was to live another 30 years. According to Henry Finlay's "To Have but Not to Hold: A History of Attitudes to Marriage and Divorce in Australia, 1858–1975", divorce was not instituted in Australia until 1858. Given Ann Sarah's "wild girl" reputation, it is tempting to speculate that she may not have taken marital fidelity too seriously. Ann Sarah took Caroline Teresa with her into her new relationship. Anne Sarah and Andrew would go on to have as many as fourteen children together, two of whom would die in infancy.

In any case, in the person of Andrew Hartigan Tyrie, Sr., we meet the first bushranger on the family tree. Although many bushrangers were Irish, Andrew's heritage was Scottish. His father, Thomas Tennant Tyrie (1799-1850), was from Edinburgh, having arrived in Australia on board the convict ship *Morley* when just 23 years of age, but already serving a life sentence. The nature of the crime deserving this sentence was not disclosed in the convict ship registers; it was most likely a relatively minor offence. In Australia, he married Eliza Hartigan (1810-1873), and Andrew Hartigan Tyrie appears to have been their only son, though they had two daugh-

Anne Sarah Parker (photo: author, CMS's collection)

ters of record, Louisa (1829-1878) and Mary Tennant Tyrie (1831-1908). After Thomas Tyrie's death, Eliza would marry Anne Sarah's older brother, John Parker, Jr., further intertwining the families.



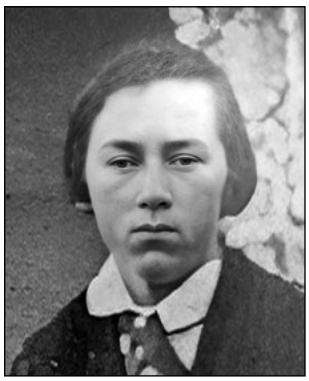
John Parker, Jr.
(photo: author CMS's collection)

Andrew's criminal career was underway when he married Anne Sarah. That year, he was arrested along with two accomplices for stealing a pair of oxen. Ox carts were a common mode of hauling cargo about the outback, and the animals were most likely the rightful owners' means of livelihood. He escaped punishment by becoming an "approver," i.e., state's evidence, testifying against his former mates. This incident not only marks the recorded start of Mr. Tyrie's criminal career, but seems to say something about his untrustworthy character, there being "no honor among thieves." A contemporary Australian author of police procedurals recounts a similar incident in one of her stories. In the fictionalized account, the carter is killed for his oxen, indicating how valuable a commodity the beasts were at that time, and also how casually bushrangers were reputed to resort to violence. By 1859, Tyrie was wanted for cattle rustling, but usually escaped arrest by disguises and by always having saddled horses at the ready to expedite his flight.

Tyrie's luck ran out in 1862. According to the *Freeman's Journal,*

> "The apprehension is due in this instant to the foresight and vigilance of Mr. Markham, the Superintendent of the police for the Southern District. The particulars as far as we have ascertained and which we doubt not will be found to be correct, are as follows … Superintendent Markham being on his way to make an official inspection of Braidwood sub-division of police, passed Tyrie's station at Jingera in company with Constable Cleary, one of the attachment of police stationed at Cooma. Superintendent Markham, apparently entertaining the opinion that Tyrie would show [come] out when the police had passed, directed Constable Cleary to return, enjoining him at the same time to keep off the road and get as near to the hut as he could without attracting attention. Cleary returned, carried out his superior officer's instructions to the letter, and got sufficiently near the hut while unobserved to lead him to believe that he was on the right scent. On his nearing the hut, a person who was thought to be Tyrie came out of the hut and, in a hurry to make a bolt for it, attempted to put a bridle on his horse but could not get it properly fixed. Determined to give the trooper a run for it, Tyrie clapped spurs to his horse and tried to race off as he was, but the animal was not tractable, and he could not get underway far enough to double the constable who captured him."

Tyrie was convicted on the 1859 charge and served two years in Berringa Gaol [Jail]. Jingera, where Tyrie had his station, was the center of much bushranger activity, specifically the notorious Jingera mob; Tyrie subsequently became known as its ringleader, but leadership would subsequently be taken over by the infamous Clarke brothers, Thomas and John, during Tyrie's incarceration. The Tyrie's third son, Joseph (1863-1902), was born while Andrew was three months into his sentence.



Joseph Parker (photo: author CMS's collection)

Joseph Parker had been brought into the "family business" by this time. In March of 1863, he was brought before the bench of justice to answer for stealing four horses. One newspaper account of his arrest stated that he had been working as a horse breaker (bronco buster) at a station. Specifically, it was alleged that Joe and another gang member named Platt came from Jingera, where the gang had its hideout, to a place called Gibber Station and there took four horses, some of which were still in hobbles. They drove the horses 30 miles back to the Tyrie station in Jingera, under the stewardship of Anne Sarah. Joe attempted to conceal the crime by altering the brand on one of the horses. He was tried and found guilty of horse stealing and was sentenced to five years' hard labor on the roads. From the length of Joe's sentence, compared to Andrew's, it can be seen that horse stealing was taken as a more serious offense than cattle rustling in the Australian outback, just as it was in the American Old West.

1866 found Andrew Tyrie riding with the old gang, now known as the Clarke-O'Connell Gang. In March, they held up Rosebrook station in Cooma, a cattle and sheep station staffed by Parker family members. They possibly included John Jr.'s wife, Eliza, and Andrew Tyrie's mother; accounts of the time are unclear on which members of the Parker family were present. A witness claimed that the gang seemed familiar with the station layout, possibly owing to information from Anne Sarah or Mrs. John Parker, Jr. They ate their fill, played music, and socialized while ransacking the house and stores of valuables. Two of the hostages escaped, however, and went for the police, who subsequently caught up with the gang at their next target, Rose Valley Station. There was a shootout, with the gang escaping. During the actual looting of Rosebrook, Andrew Tyrie reportedly remained outside, holding the horses. Perhaps this was by his choice, so as not to have to confront his in-laws and, possibly, his mother, at gunpoint. One might speculate further that Andrew may even have inspired the raid, out of resentment over his mother's remarriage into the Parker family, which would have deprived him of any Hartigan inheritance. In any case, the incident is further revealing as to Andrew Tyrie's character; an opportunist, he was more than ready to accept assistance from family when he needed it, but he was equally prepared to turn on them when it was to his advantage.

Andrew escaped that time, but was not so lucky on

a subsequent occasion, in which he apparently acted alone. He was arrested for stealing a gray horse belonging to John Feagan, a large landowner in Queanbeyan, NSW. The event allegedly occurred around Christmas time of the previous year, 1865. The case came to trial in November of 1866; at that time Police Inspector Montague Battye testified, "I was near the prisoner's residence … when I observed a man on foot leading a gray horse, saddled, and also a girl driving another gray horse that had lately been hard ridden; I approached them, and when within about a couple of hundred yards [the] man jumped on the saddled horse and made away at a gallop up the side of a mountain. I ordered the police to give chase, and to bring the party down to me at the prisoner's residence; he, the prisoner, was shortly after brought to me by the police; he was riding the horse now outside the Court, and which has since been claimed by one Feagan, of Googongs. The police then informed me, in the prisoner's presence, that on their approaching him, he galloped away from them, and that they had to threaten to shoot him before they caught him. I asked the prisoner why he galloped away; he said, "I was out looking for a horse." I had no charge against the prisoner then and told him so. I at once released him." The "girl" was subsequently identified as the 14-year-old Caroline Teresa Stevens, Anne Sarah's daughter from her first marriage. When Battye realized that the gray horse was Feagan's, he ordered Tyrie to be arrested and the horse to be seized as evidence.

In defense, Tyrie resorted to a familiar strategy: blame someone else; in this case, he fingered a fellow gang member, William Fletcher. Conveniently, Fletcher had been fatally shot the previous April. Andrew Tyrie's defense failed, and he was sentenced to three years at hard labor.

This sentence proved fortunate for Tyrie. The following year, the Clarke-O'Connell gang was finally rounded up. In the meantime, they had committed more depredations, including the murder of four constables. After the trial, the Clarke brothers were both sentenced to death. Andrew Tyrie would have hung with them had he not been in jail. An interesting sidelight to Andrew's imprisonment was the birth of a son, William Tyrie (1868-1956), to Anne Sarah, 20 months into Andrew's sentence. Was the "wild girl" up to her old tricks? The incident raises the question of how many of Anne Sarah and Andrew's 14 recognized children were fathered by Andrew. Only DNA can tell.

Apparently, the family properties did well during Andrew's absence, under Anne Sarah's stewardship. According to the "New South Wales Directory, 1867," the Tyrie family then owned 33 horses, 135 head of cattle, and 1,860 sheep). Ownership of the livestock was credited to the Tyrie sons, as Andrew was in jail at that time.

Little was heard of Joseph Parker after he completed his sentence in 1868. There is no record that he ever married or had children. According to the Australian Electoral Rolls for 1913, he lived in a Sydney suburb and worked as a laborer at age 71. He died in 1925 in Rookwood Asylum for the Criminally Insane. His presence there does not necessarily imply either further criminal activity or a diagnosis of mental illness. According to the NSW Historical Museum, the Asylum had been opened in the 1890s as a state-of-the-art facility for treatment of a variety of medical conditions; by the time of Joseph's admission, it was also serving as an end-of-life hospice for indigent men. It was a sad ending to a seemingly unhappy life that took a tragic direction, all because he fell under the influence of Andrew Hartigan Tyrie in his youth.

After his release, Andrew Tyrie apparently went straight; there are no further records of criminal activity on his part. Andrew lived until 1907, when he died of bronchitis. The station and the family thrived. Most of the credit should go to Anne Sarah, who kept the family together and shepherded its resources through the years when Andrew was bushranging or serving time. And despite her reputation as the "wild girl," her everyday life was the challenging and arduous life of a pioneer woman, caring for children, the house, and the station. If there is a hero to this story, it is Anne Sarah Parker, the true matriarch of the Tyrie clan.

About the Authors

Mel Sahyun (photo: Irene M. N. Sahyun)

Melville R. V. "Mel" Sahyun. Dr. Sahyun is a life member of the Santa Barbara County Genealogy Society and a regular Ancestors West *contributor. For the past several years, he has researched his wife's Parker family, Irene Nordquist Sahyun, with varying degrees of success. Recently, he has collaborated in this venture with his co-author, whom he met through* Ancestry.ca.

Cheryl McIntyre Samuel (photo: Frank Samuel)

Cheryl McIntyre Samuel: Ms. Samuel is a retired travel agent from Sydney, NSW, Australia, and has been researching her McIntyre and Tyrie ancestors. She is the great-granddaughter of the above mentioned Joseph Tyrie. Family photos are from this author's collection.

A Prize-Winning Home

Spanish-Colonial Revival at 2940 Ventura Drive

By Betsy J. Green

DURING THE 1920S AND 1930S, there was a national contest called Better Homes in America. In February 1930, local real estate agent James D. Crawford obtained the building permit for this home – $4,500 to build the home and garage. (Unfortunately, the name of the architect was not mentioned.) In April 1930, when the paint was barely dry, the home won an award. Current homeowner Charmien Carrier proudly showed me the framed copy of the award for "Distinctive Small House." Pearl Chase signed the award.

Photo of the home in the 1930s.
Courtesy of Charmien Carrier

2940 Ventura Drive - CAA Award

Photo of the home in 2025.
Courtesy of Betsy J. Green

The Better Homes in America campaign began in 1922 for a couple of reasons. One was the shortage of buildings after World War I and the Spanish Flu. The campaign may also have been related to the fact that women finally gained the right to vote in 1919, so politicians began to focus on women and the importance of the home.

Vice-President Calvin Coolidge wrote in 1922, "Apparently the world at large, certainly our own country, is turning more and more for guidance to the wisdom born of affection which we call the intuition of woman. Her first thought is always of the home. Her first care is for its provision. As our laws and customs are improved by her influence, it is likely to be first in the direction of greater facility for acquiring and greater security in holding a home." (*The Delineator*, October 1922)

The local paper explained it in one of the longest sentences I've read: "The purpose of the movement for Better Homes in America is to put knowledge of high standards of home building, home furnishing and equipment within the reach of all citizens, to encourage general study of the housing problem and problems of family life, to encourage instruction in home economics and home life in the public schools, to promote the improvement of house lots, yards, neighborhoods, to extend knowledge of the ways of making home life more attractive through home music and home play, and to serve as a clearing house of sources of information on

Distinctive redwood shutters. Courtesy of Betsy J. Green

The living room and fireplace. Courtesy of Betsy J. Green

home problems." – *Santa Barbara Morning Press*, May 10, 1925. It should not surprise us that Pearl Chase was the leader of this program in Santa Barbara.

The House Becomes a Home

Shortly after this home received the award, a pair of newlyweds took possession of the home and more or less lived here for 70+ years. The young couple was Howard Prescott Miller and his bride Antoinette (Ann) Negrich. H.P. Miller, as he was often called, was an engineer who was a native-born Santa Barbaran. He was also a pilot. When he registered for the draft in World War I, his occupation was listed as "aeroplane machinist," and he worked for Loughead [Lockheed] Aircraft at 101 State Street. (Today, there's a plaque at that location dedicated to the years when the Lockheed brothers built seaplanes and launched them at West Beach.)

After the war, Santa Barbara was visited by the king and queen of Belgium, who were on a tour of the U.S. to thank us for our support of the war effort. King Albert and Queen Elizabeth were both brave enough to fly around Santa Barbara in the Lockheed seaplanes. The king presented Miller with a leather coat to thank him for his help with their visit here.

After the Lockheeds moved their business from Santa Barbara, H.P. Miller stayed here and switched from planes to boats and cars. He ran a business selling boats, motors for boats, and scuba diving equipment. In the 1950s, the Millers divorced, but Ann stayed in the house until her death in 2003.

Charmien Carrier bought the home in 2007. She loves the style of the home and pointed out the heavy redwood posts on the front porch, as well as the massive wooden shutters. The archways inside the home add character too. The kitchen cabinets and counter are original.

The home's front door.
Courtesy of Betsy J. Green

The dining room.
Courtesy of Betsy J. Green

Please do not disturb the residents of this home.

This article appeared in *The Santa Barbara Independent* on May 1, 2025. *https://www.independent.com/2025/05/01/a-prize-winning-san-roque-home/*

THE GREAT HOUSE DETECTIVE

Betsy J. Green

Santa Barbara author and historian. Check her website for more information www.betsyjgreen.com

We are pleased to receive this article from Neal Graffy, a well-known Santa Barbara Historian. Neal told this fascinating, even entertaining, story when he spoke at the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society's monthly meeting. He offers short biographies honoring the unfortunate people who were in the wrong place at the wrong time and perished in the 1925 earthquake in Santa Barbara.

The Victims of the 1925 Earthquake

By Neal Graffy

WHEN I STARTED RESEARCHING the 1925 earthquake many years ago, most historical accounts of the casualties gave the number 13. At the time of the quake, the count was as high as 65! Tracking all the names from the 1925 newspapers gave a list of 42 different names of the deceased. Eventually, the list was whittled down to eleven names, and those were easily verified through the coroner's reports.

Of the eleven, three were well-known – the widow of a railroad president, the son of a Los Angeles banker and oilman, and a popular local orthodontist. These were the names that were always mentioned in stories about the earthquake. I thought it a shame that the others were forgotten. The standard comment about the earthquake was how fortunate we were that so few died. True enough, but I always wondered who these other people were. Did they have families? Friends? Did their passing go unnoticed?

Most had their services and were buried or cremated within twenty-four hours after their bodies were recovered. These victims have been on a list of names for one hundred years. So, I decided to find out who these people were and find photos of them to bring a face to these forgotten earthquake victims.

When I started this project, though 75 years had passed, I could still find family members who knew the deceased directly or through family stories. In a few very lucky cases, a photo was uncovered. Looking for the final resting place of the victims revealed that five had been buried in Santa Barbara in unmarked graves. In 2005, thanks to Santa Barbara Monumental Company, Calvary Cemetery, and Santa Barbara Cemetery, I got headstones for all of them, without charge for the work and installation.

RIP to all. Neal

John Shea

John Shea was born in Upper Canada (Ontario) in July 1852. He was thirty years old when he immigrated to the United States. In August 1898, he lived in Santa Clara, California, and took out naturalization papers to acquire citizenship.

The census of 1900 showed him still living in Santa Clara, where he had a farm and was making his way as an "orchardist." Ten years later, he worked for the Order of Friars Minor, the Franciscans, as a laborer at the St. Francis Orphanage in Watsonville, California. Between 1910 and 1920, he came to Santa Barbara to work as a janitor and gardener at St. Anthony's Seminary, which was run by the Franciscan Order.

On the morning of June 29, 1925, Mr. Shea was attending Mass along with a dozen seminarians in the chapel at St. Anthony's when the earthquake struck. The chapel's side walls fell outward into the courtyard below, and the rear walls collapsed into the choir loft. Along with one of the boys, he ducked or was knocked under a pew, hit hard by debris. The bench didn't provide enough protection, and Mr. Shea was hit hard with a heavy stone, crushing his left arm. He was seen getting up and, along with several others, attempting to get through the dust-filled corridor to the lawn outside.

Upon reaching safety, it was noticed that Mr. Shea was no longer with them. A group ran back and found

St. Anthony's Seminary

him lying in the corridor, his head severely fractured by falling debris, but still alive. He was carried outside, and Fr. Augustine Hoebrict was summoned from the Mission and arrived in time to administer the last rites.

Curiously, his body was placed in the Friars' Vault at the Mission Santa Barbara Cemetery. One hundred years later, a close examination of his headstone revealed a wealth of information about him and why he ended up in the Friars' Vault.

V FR TERT
John Shea OFM
OBIIT DIE 29 Jun 1925
AET 73 PROF 27
RIP

After John Shea's name on his headstone, the OFM identifies him as a member of the Order of Friars Mi-

nor—a Franciscan, yet nowhere in the public records was this noted! However, the first three inscriptions provide the answer. V FR means "Venerable Frater." Venerable is the honorific for a Franciscan brother, and Frater means brother. "TERT" indicates that he is a "Tertiary" Franciscan, being a "Third Order" or "Secular Franciscan."

"OBIIT DIE" is his date of death, June 29, 1925.

AET is abbreviated Latin for "Aetatis," which is his age in years, 73, at the time of his death. PROF stands for "professed" and is linked with the word "27," which tells us he had been a professed Tertiary Franciscan for 27 years. That means he achieved this distinction in 1898, also the year he was naturalized. This is odd, as Santa Clara, where he lived, had a Jesuit College, and though the Franciscans founded the Santa Clara Mission, it had been run by the Jesuits since 1851.

(Thanks much to Fr. Jack Clark Robinson O.F.M., Mission Archive Library, for deciphering the headstone.)

The Arlington Hotel

Death Checks Into the Arlington Hotel

The new Arlington Hotel was built in 1911 following a disastrous fire that destroyed the first Arlington Hotel (1875-1909). One of the distinctive features of the new "fireproof hotel" was a 6-story mission-style tower holding a 25,000-gallon water tank in the cupola at the top and luxurious suites in the rooms below.

On June 28, 1925, 120 guests were registered at the Arlington. Two would soon check out, but not on their own accord.

Bertram Deane Hancock

Had things gone as planned, twenty-two-year-old Bertram Hancock would have probably enjoyed a whole life balancing business - as head of his father's oil company; pleasure - his passion for acting as a member of the Pasadena Community Players; and philanthropy, a strong family tradition. But an unfortunate set of circumstances set him up for destiny with death at 6:42 a.m. June 29, 1925.

On June 28th, Bertram left the family home in Los Angeles. He headed to the Arlington Hotel in Santa Barbara to meet with his father, Captain G. Allen Hancock, and Joe Chapman, manager of the Hancock ranch in Santa Maria. They would leave the next morning for the ranch.

According to legend, when his father checked into the Arlington, the hotel clerk (or manager) recognized his wealthy and influential guest and upgraded the party to the tower suite on the third floor. Capt. Hancock and Mr. Chapman took the room adjoining the suite, leaving the tower room for Bertram when he arrived.

When the earthquake hit, the 104 tons of water rocking back and forth at the top of the tower caused it to collapse. "It just telescoped," according to one observer. Captain Hancock was in his nightshirt, having just finished a bath, when he suddenly found he had dropped three floors and was on the lawn, severely injured but alive. Mr. Chapman was near him, but with no apparent injuries.

Bertram did not fare as well. He was found around 2:30 the following morning, buried deep in the tower debris, sandwiched between the floor and ceiling of his room. He was in bed as if sleeping, head still on the pillow. The autopsy revealed his neck was broken and his skull and chest were crushed.

Bertram was survived by his parents, Capt. George Allan Hancock and Genevieve Deane Mullen Hancock, and his younger sister, Rosemary Genevieve Hancock. He was buried at Calvary Cemetery in Los Angeles.

Edith Forbes Perkins

Edith Forbes Perkins was born in Boston in 1843. Her father was Robert Bennett Forbes, a well-noted sea captain and China Trader. She married Charles Elliot Perkins, President of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, in 1864. He died in 1907. They had two children, Edith Perkins Cunningham and a son, Charles Elliott Perkins II.

Mrs. Perkins was a seasonal visitor to the Arlington Hotel. Though she had family in town, she preferred to stay at the hotel with her secretary, Jennie Carbury, and her maid, Vendla Pearson.

On the morning of the earthquake, Mrs. Perkins was in her tower suite, one floor below Bertram Hancock. Her maid, Vendla Pearson, was in her room adjoining one of the tower suites, and as the building shook, she heard her mistress calling out to her. As she opened the door and entered the room, the door swung and knocked her back. She got to her feet and pushed open the door in time to see Mrs. Perkins and her room disappear in the tower's collapse. The sensation, she said, was "like a railroad train rushing through the room."

Mrs. Perkins' body was found the following day around 4:30 a.m., about two hours after Bertram Hancock was found. Her remains were cremated and buried at the Milton Cemetery in Milton, Massachusetts.

Her daughter, Edith Perkins Cunningham, gathered her mother's diaries and letters and, in 1931, published them in a four-volume boxed set titled *Letters and Journal of Edith Forbes Perkins, 1908 - 1925.*

Her son, Charles E. Perkins, also dabbled in the book business, writing *The Pinto Horse* and *The Phantom Bull*, illustrated by noted Western artist Edward Borein. Her son and daughter also jointly owned El Alisol Ranch.

The Arlington Hotel June 28, 1925

June 29, 1925

At the San Marcos Building

The four-story San Marcos Building opened in June 1914 at the southwest corner of State and Anapamu Streets. It quickly became the central location for the medical profession. The Sterling Drug Company occupied the prestigious first-floor corner, and physicians, dental practitioners, and other health specialists took over half of the 90 offices in the upper sections.

Dr. James Cornelius Angle

Around 6:15 a.m., Dr. James C. Angle left his home at 32 E. Islay and headed down State Street to his office in the San Marcos Building. He parked his car in front of the San Marcos, took the elevator to the third floor, and went to Suite 228. He was only stopping in for a few minutes to pick up some papers before heading down to a conference in Los Angeles. His timing could not have been worse; it only took nineteen seconds, and he, along with his office and papers, were gone.

Witnesses of the earthquake stated that the seismic waves were rolling from east to west. This proved catastrophic for the San Marcos Building, where the State and Anapamu corners faced north. The east side of the corner at State literally ground against the west corner along Anapamu, and it collapsed, taking down twenty-four offices along with Dr. Angle. His body was recovered around 5:00 p.m. that day. He died instantly from a crushed skull and numerous "other" injuries. He was buried at the Mountain View Cemetery in Pasadena.

Dr. Angle was born in Kingston, New York, in 1894. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania School of Dental Medicine in 1916 and headed to California to study at the Angle School of Orthodontia in Pasadena (no relation). He opened his first office in Santa Barbara in the San Marcos Building in 1919 and moved across the street to the Granada Building after it opened in 1923. He returned to the San Marcos Building a year later – a bad move, as it turned out, since the eight-story Granada withstood the earthquake.

He married Emily Mary Loomis of Pasadena in 1921. He may never have known, but when this photo (his last) was taken in May 1925, Emily was about six weeks pregnant. She gave birth to a daughter, Emily Ann Angle, on January 22, 1926.

Notes: In 2000, I found a small article from 1926 mentioning the birth of Emily Ann Angle, "who shall sadly never know her father." Hoping she was still alive, I set out to find her. Following her youth in Pasadena society to adulthood and two marriages, I finally hit a brick wall. She seemed to have disappeared. One evening, a small note in an online alumni newsletter from a Pasadena girls' school mentioned that "former Emily Angle, class of 1941, had taken her grandchildren to Rhode Island." I emailed the school about my search for Emily and a list of contacts to verify I was not a stalker. They contacted Emily, and she called me a day later. Her opening words were, "Do you know what today is?" I sure did, it was 10 a.m., June 29, 2005. Precisely 80 years, three hours, and fifteen minutes since her father had died. Emily and I became fast friends, and she visited Santa Barbara several times. I drove her to all the places her parents had lived and his office locations. She shared family albums and court documents for her mother's lawsuit against the owners of the San Marcos Building. A revelation in the lawsuit papers was a mistrial called due to a juror, Miss Pearl Chase, reading an earthquake newspaper while seated in the jury box.

The San Marcos Building – June 28, 1925

The San Marcos Building – June 29, 1925

Sigismundo 'Chappo' Mosteiro

One of fifteen children, Sigismundo Mosteiro, was born in Sada, Spain, on May 1, 1888, to Louis and Louisa Fernandez Mosteiro. After his father, a baker, died in 1899, the family members came to Santa Barbara. Preceded by a sister, Segismundo arrived in 1907, and by 1910, his mother and six brothers and sisters were here.

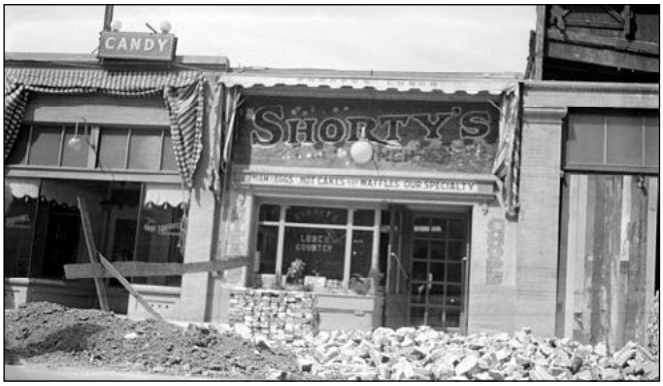
He married Luisa Mira (also a native of Spain) at Our Lady of Sorrows Church in Santa Barbara on June 28, 1914. A son, Fernando Mosteiro, was born on July 6, 1917, followed by a daughter, Genevieve Consuelo Mosteiro, on April 16, 1921.

Mr. Mosteiro was employed as the engineer for the San Marcos Building. In that capacity, he was a head janitor and maintenance man. The morning of June 29, 1925, he was found in the basement of the San Marcos Building, turning on the furnaces to warm the offices by the time the tenants arrived. When the earthquake struck, four stories of the building collapsed on him. It took two days to remove "more than 500 tons of stone, brick and plaster" before his body was recovered. He is buried at Calvary Cemetery, Santa Barbara.

An extensive search for Sigismundo's descendants and relatives (Mosterios in the San Francisco area and D'Alfonsos in Santa Barbara) in hopes of finding a photo or further information was unsuccessful.

Dimitrios K. 'James' Stavrou

Dimitrios K. Stavrou was born in Lionidion, Greece, on August 13, 1893. His arrival date in the United States is unknown, but in 1917, he lived in San Francisco and worked as a cook. His next five years remain a mystery, though he must have been working and saving hard, as he showed up in Santa Barbara in January 1923. Along with Sam Velliotes, he bought Shorty's Café at 632 State Street. This made for an easy commute as both men lived at the Fithian Building directly across the street.

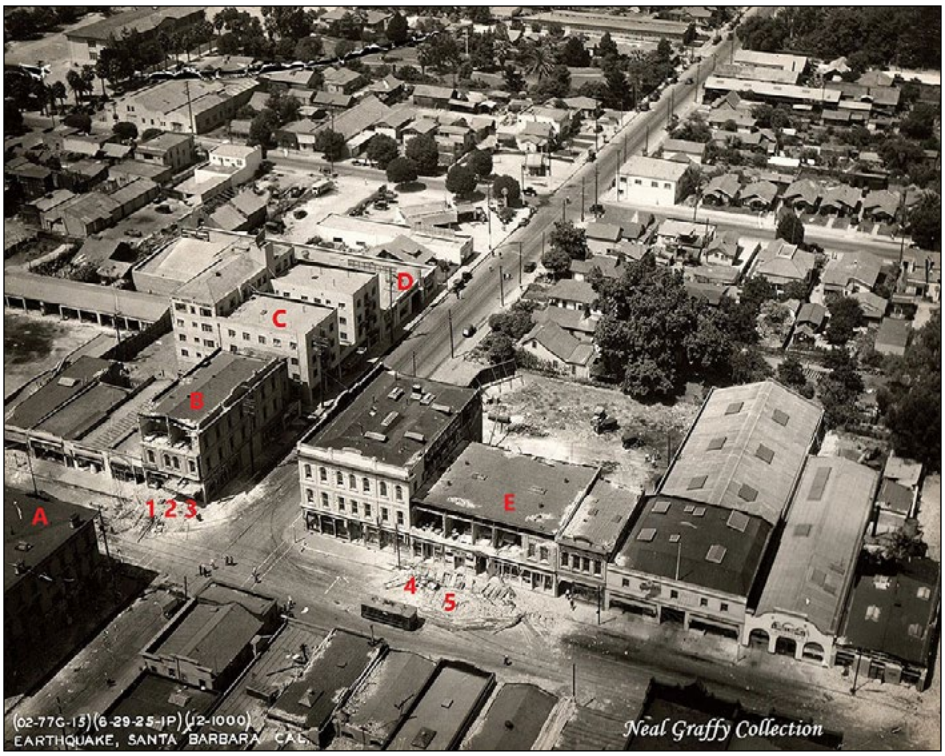


Shorty's Café, 632 State Street

On June 29, 1925, Mr. Velliotes arrived at 6:00 a.m. to open, and Mr. Stavrou arrived at his usual time, a half-hour later. When the building started shaking, Mr. Velliotes ran out the front door, and Mr. Stavrou ran out the back door into an alley. Bricks from a building next door rained down on him and crushed his skull.

A brother, Harry K. Stavrou, came down from San Francisco to collect the remains and take them for burial in San Francisco.

Note: Mr. Stavrou's grave has not been located. This may be due to the horrendous number of misspellings of his first and last names. In Santa Barbara, he was known as "James" rather than Dimitrios. The San Francisco newspapers did not report the former resident's death or that the deceased had a brother in San Francisco. Photo courtesy UCSB Special Collections.



State and Haley – The Epicenter of Death

Approximate Place of Death
- Gerardo Chavez
- Cecile Gomez
- Merced Leon
- William H. Proctor
- Ralph M. Litchfield

Buildings
A – Central Hotel
B – Loomis Drug Store
C – Faulding Hotel
D – Johnson's Garage
E – Grand Hotel (second story) Brown Mug Café (ground floor)

Gerardo Chavez

Gerardo Chavez was born in Vida Hidalgo, Mexico around 1888. He had been in Santa Barbara about five years, working as a laborer. On June 29 he had gone to the corner of State and Haley streets looking for work when the earthquake struck.

Mr. Chavez was found alive, "heavily bruised with a badly fractured skull on State Street in the region of Johnson's Garage." He was taken by ambulance to Cottage Hospital, where, despite the best efforts of the hospital staff, he died the following day.

On July 3, he was buried at Calvary Cemetery. He was survived by his wife, Reyes Chavez.

Cecile Gomez (aka Mararinima Ministido)

All that is known of Cecile Gomez is that he was born in Mexico, had a wife (though no name or location of his wife was recorded), was estimated to be 45 years old, and had a black mustache and deep gash over one eye.

The newspapers, the Coroner's Inquest, and his burial record gave his name as Mararinima Ministido (with many misspellings). Later, it was found that this was an alias. His real name was Cecile Gomez, an escaped convict from Mexico.

He was buried at Calvary Cemetery.

Merced Leon

Merced Leon was born in Mexico around 1882 and came to the United States around 1909. He was in Santa Barbara by 1920, where the census recorded that he was a member of a road crew working on improvements to the San Marcos Pass. On the morning of the earthquake, he and his partner were in front of the three-story Loomis Drug Store building at the corner of State and Haley streets, waiting for the streetcar to take them to work. As the building shook, bricks and ornamental stonework rained down, striking Mr. Leon. The story gets odd from here as Mr. Leon's partner said he ran across the street to the Central Hotel, then ran back, headed up East Haley to the yard behind Johnson's Garage, and fell. Mr. L. E. Gagnier (funeral home director) stated that when he was called to the scene with his ambulance, Mr. Leon was still alive but died within five minutes on the way to Cottage Hospital. All medical reports note that Mr. Leon was nearly decapitated, so how he ran almost two blocks is a mystery.

Merced Leon left a wife, three sons, Antonio, Abada, and Alfonso; and three daughters, Natividad, Jesus, and Maria. He was buried at Calvary Cemetery.

William Hilton Proctor

William Proctor was a latherer and plasterer. On the morning of June 29, 1925, he was parked in his Ford in the 400 block of State Street. He was just a few doors up from the Brown Mug Café, suggesting he may have been heading in for a coffee and breakfast. No matter the reason for his being there, it was the wrong place and time as the earthquake tore the entire front off the second floor of the Grand Hotel, and it landed on Mr. Proctor and his Model T Ford. As with the other victims, death was

caused by a "fractured skull and other injuries caused by falling debris."

Mr. Proctor was born in Arkansas on July 27, 1880. He married Edith Anna Jones in 1904, and they had two sons, Stanley and John, and a daughter, Helen. At the time of his death, the family had recently moved from Santa Paula to 1903 De la Vina Street in Santa Barbara. He was buried at Santa Barbara Cemetery.

Ralph Merle Litchfield

Ralph M. Litchfield, the sixth of seven children of Chauncy and Belle Litchfield, was born in Santa Cruz County on November 26, 1897. As a youth, he worked on the family farm and served in the Navy during World War I.

Following the war, he moved to San Luis Obispo, where he worked for the Shell Oil Company and oversaw building new stations. In that capacity, he was in Santa Barbara to prepare plans for Shell's third Santa Barbara service station.

On the last morning of his life, he was having breakfast in the Brown Mug Café when the first shock waves hit. He bolted out the front door and was headed toward the middle of State Street when the second-story walls of the Grand Hotel collapsed and buried him.

At 8:30 the following morning, a crew from the street department was clearing the street of debris when the supervisor found "eight inches of corduroy pants" in the rubble. The removal of bricks and plaster soon uncovered the body of Mr. Litchfield.

His body was sent to Watsonville and buried near his parents at the Pioneer Cemetery.

Ralph M. Litchfield

Poor in Colonial America

The Story of an Indigent Colonial Family

As Told in the Massachusetts Bay Colony and New Haven Town Records

By Susan Montague Lundt

I WANT TO TELL YOU THE STORY of my poor, indigent ancestor, William Bunnell, who was sent back to England by the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1646 and the New Haven Colony in 1654. He also suffered the indignity of not having his story told by historians. He was entirely omitted in "Abandoning America,"[1] and part of his story was omitted in "The Great Migration."[2]

He and his family could be a case study for the treatment of the poor in the colonies. The reason for his poverty is unknown. However, a 1650 court record in New Haven,[5] which freed him from paying his poll money to the town because of his "poverty, age, and weakness," indicates it may have been due to old age and/or infirmity. The New Haven records always referred to him as "old Goodman Bunill." Colony records referred to two others this way in early years, one of whom was his father-in-law, Benjamin Wilmot, who was about 80 in 1669. Based on this, William Bunnell was probably born earlier than 1600.

Research to date has not identified his origin in England, his birthdate, or his emigration date. The first mention of William Bunnell was in 1630 as a juror on a case in the Massachusetts Bay Court.[6] It is not certain that this was the same William Bunnell, but it is likely. The next court record is 7 Oct 1640: "the country desires Watertown to grant Willi[am] Bunnell a lot, & if hee do prove chargable, the country to beare it."[7] Watertown records[8] do not contain any mention of William Bunnell so this likely did not happen. Next, on 1 October 1645, the court appointed Mr. Sparhauke and Lieut. Mason to "dispose of the children of Goodman Bunnell, if their grandfather will not take them." They also directed that

Elizabethan Poor Laws[3,4]

In 1601, England was in severe economic depression, with widespread unemployment and famine. Queen Elizabeth proclaimed a set of laws, the English Poor Laws, to alleviate this. The laws distinguished three categories of dependents - the vagrant, the involuntary unemployed, and the helpless - and set forth ways for dealing with each category. The laws established the parish (i.e. local government) as the administrative unit for executing the law. These laws remained in force for more than 250 years with only minor changes.

The poor laws gave the local government the power to raise taxes as needed and use the funds to build and maintain almshouses; to provide indoor relief (i.e., cash or sustenance) for the aged, handicapped and other worthy poor; and to put the unemployed to work. Parents were required to support their children and grandchildren. Likewise, children were responsible for the care of their unemployable parents and grandparents. Children whose parents could not support them were placed in mandatory apprenticeships. Vagrants and the able bodied who refused to work could be committed to a house of correction or fined.[4]

The American colonies followed these poor laws.

some trading goods be given to Goodman Bunnell for his use[9] indicating William Bunnell could not support his family. The court wanted the children removed and placed into mandatory apprenticeships so the court would not have to support the children. The last Massachusetts Bay court record of 6 May 1646 ordered Mr. Maverick and Mr. Maning to "lay out 30s. in clothing in England for Wm. Bunnell at his arrival which would be repaid them here."[10] The colony eliminated supporting the Bunnell family by sending William Bunnell back to England. What happened to his wife and children?

The next part of the story is found in the New Haven Colony records where William Bunnell appears as William Bunill in 1650. He must have been in New Haven earlier because his daughter Mary, my ancestor, was born on 4 May 1650 in New Haven,[11] and William was fined 5 shillings on 6 August 1650, for not reporting her birth.[12] John Tompson went to court the following January to evict William from his house.[13] Tompson would give him a year's rent if he left peaceably. William was willing to go but had no other place. The court ordered him to vacate the house within three weeks.

William Bunnell left a wife and children destitute in 1646. His wife Ann went to her parents, apparently in New Haven, for help. They could not support them, so Ann Bunnell and her father, Benjamin Wilmot, decided to place the children in apprenticeships before the court could. This way, they controlled where the children's went. They placed her son Benjamin with Nicholas Elsey, one of the original proprietors of New Haven, who is only known to historians as the husband of Hannah (Mitchell) Coe, daughter of a well-known minister and prominent and wealthy Connecticut settler, Matthew Mitchell. They placed her daughter, Lydia, with Samuel Whitehead, a newly married man with no children who became a prominent citizen in New Haven. These were good families.

On 7 October 1751, William complained in court that his wife and her father had apprenticed out the children without his consent.[14] He wanted them back to help him. Nicholas Elsy said the boy's grandfather asked him to take the boy, and he did. Goodman Wilmot, the grandfather, said that his son Bunill was in the [Massachusetts] Bay and was a charge to the country there. He went to England and left his wife and children with no support. She and the children came to him, but he could not support them, so she and he agreed to apprentice the children and put the boy [Nicholas] with Nicholas Elsy. Samuel Whitehead said he did not ask for the girl, but Goodwife Bunill asked him to take her daughter [Lydia] since she had small children and no means of support. She said her husband left little to maintain them, and he told her they were hers and his, and left them with her. William Pecke and Luke Atkinson both testified that they heard Goodman Bunill say he was satisfied with the placement of the children, to which Bunill replied he meant only for a year or two. Goodman Bunill was told he could not expect others to keep them when they were small and give them back now. Also, if they had not been placed, the magistrates would have had to dispose of them, so the court confirmed the placing of the children.

The following February, the townsmen were concerned with the cost old Bunill had been to the town. They wanted to settle a weekly allowance on him to eliminate unnecessary charges.[15] It was agreed that old Bunill should have 2 shillings a week, provided that he and his family do what they can toward their maintenance.[16] In March, the townsmen wanted old Bunill to put out his boy [Nathaniel] to reduce the family size and the charge to the town.[17] Goodman Judson's son offered a cow to the boy for some years. The town said they would entertain other offers, if any, but they must put him out. On 10 May 1652, the town ordered the weekly allowance to be withdrawn since old Bunill refused to apprentice out his son despite being offered a cow to help the family. They note that the boy is becoming rude and offensive because of the lack of government.[18]

On 27 February 1654, the Governor called a meeting to discuss the case of Goodwife Bunill, who was sick and had been a charge to the town.[19] Some said she has been neglected, and others say they are too much of a charge. The townsmen were asked to speak their minds at this meeting. Also, the two children [Nathaniel and Mary] are to be apprenticed out for the good of the children who are not educated and to reduce the charge to the town. No one spoke against what had been done for Goodwife Bunill, but the townsmen wanted the children apprenticed. At the 1 May 1754, town meeting,[20] it was announced that Goodwife Bunill and her child [Ebenezer] were dead. Old Bunill desires to return to England, freeing the town of his charge. He says he has some friends who will care for him. The court ordered a disbursement for his passage to England, putting him on a Milford vessel bound for Newfoundland. This is the last mention of William Bunnell in colony records. Fifteen years after Ann Bunnell's death, her father, in his will dated 7 August 1669, left bequests to his daughter Ann's four children.

1. Benjamin Bunnel married 1) Rebecca Mallory, who died 12 March 1691; 2) Elizabeth Post, widow of John Sperry. Benjamin was probably born about 1635.
2. Lydia Bunnel married Francis French of Pagassick[15] in Milford, Connecticut, on 10 April 1661. They lived in Derby, Connecticut, where Lydia died on 9 April 1708.[16] They had at least seven children. Francis was one of the founders of Pagassick/Derby. Lydia was probably born about 1640.
3. Nathaniel Bunnel married Susanna Whitehead, daughter of Isaac and Susanna Whitehead, on 3 January 1665, and moved to New Jersey. He was probably born about 1643.
4. Mary Bunnel, born in New Haven on 4 May 1650, married Eleazar Peck in New Haven on 31 October 1671.
5. Ebenezer Bunnel, born in New Haven on 28 August 1653, died in New Haven before May 1654.

My Conclusions: It is unlikely that William Bunnell was a Puritan. He was not a church member in the Massachusetts Bay or New Haven colonies, nor a freeman. His children were uneducated, which was frowned upon by the Puritans, who were usually well-educated so that they could read and interpret the Bible for

themselves. If he were William Bunnell, who served on a Massachusetts jury in 1630, he might have emigrated with the Winthrop Fleet (or earlier) as a servant or laborer. Research into other biographies of William has not yielded any information beyond that provided above. The surname Bunnell and its variants are found extensively throughout England, making the search for his origin difficult, if not impossible. For us today, it seems terrible to take away a family's children because they are poor. The children were apprenticed out until age 21. At this age, the two girls got married. William's children all became productive members of their society, each with their own families. The system appears to have worked for them.

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10. Records of the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, ed. By Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, M.D., Vol. 2, 1642- 1649, pg 149

11. New Haven Vital Records 1649-1850, Part 1, Hartford, 1917, pg 5.

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13. Ancient Town Records, New Haven Town Records 1649-1662, Vol. I, Franklin Bowditch Dexter, Ed., New Haven Colony Historical Society, New Haven, 1817. pg 55.

14. Ancient Town Records, New Haven Town Records 1649-1662, Vol. I, Franklin Bowditch Dexter, Ed., New Haven Colony Historical Society, New Haven 1817. pg 89-90.

15. Ancient Town Records, New Haven Town Records 1649-1662, Vol. I, Franklin Bowditch Dexter, Ed., New Haven Colony Historical Society, New Haven, 1817. pg 108.

16. Ancient Town Records, New Haven Town Records 1649-1662, Vol. I, Franklin Bowditch Dexter, Ed., New Haven Colony Historical Society, New Haven, 1817. pg 116.

17. Ancient Town Records, New Haven Town Records 1649-1662, Vol. I, Franklin Bowditch Dexter, Ed., New Haven Colony Historical Society, New Haven, 1817. pg 112.

18. Ancient Town Records, New Haven Town Records 1649-1662, Vol. I, Franklin Bowditch Dexter, Ed., New Haven Colony Historical Society, New Haven, 1817. pg 129.

19. Ancient Town Records, New Haven Town Records 1649-1662, Vol. I, Franklin Bowditch Dexter, Ed., New Haven Colony Historical Society, New Haven, 1817. pg 200.

20. Ancient Town Records, New Haven Town Records 1649-1662, Vol. I, Franklin Bowditch Dexter, Ed., New Haven Colony Historical Society, New Haven, 1817. pg 208

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

Illustration depicting Oliver Twist asking for more food, by James Mahoney

A Family Keepsake

By Frances P. Davis

THIS BEAUTIFUL BEADED EVENING BAG is clearly Native American. It was passed down from my mother's family, and I was allowed to play with it as a child, so it wasn't regarded as a treasure. My mother was a Nightingale, and her family branch were merchants and farmers in California's Central Valley. Another branch of well-off Nightingales lived in San Francisco and sometimes passed on gifts to my mom's family. So, I'm guessing this is the bag's origin. A few years ago, I visited the Ocmulgee National Monument in Georgia to see the huge temple mounds built by the Mississippian ancestors of the Creek Indians. There, I discovered a book about the Creeks, which featured a photo of a beaded hat made in 1820, which had beaded flowers and leaves identical in both pattern and color to our evening bag. I understand Native Americans created these kinds of beautiful items as trade goods and gifts. But it remains a mystery how this beaded Creek bag made it out to California.

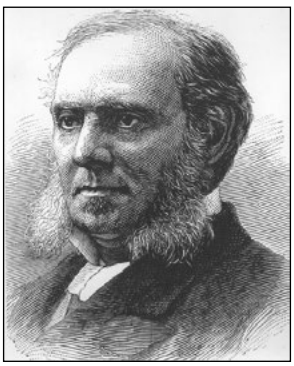
Naming Conventions: Wacky and Wonderful

By Cathy Jordan

The wacky?

I WAS READING CANDICE MILLARD'S fascinating book *Destiny of the Republic: A Tale of Madness, Medicine, and the Murder of a President* about James A. Garfield. No, I am not related, so this story about a wacky name is thankfully not in my family. However, it struck me as a cautionary tale for new parents contemplating naming their child.

In a tragic twist of fate, Robert Todd Lincoln, President Lincoln's oldest and only surviving son, found himself at the scene of a second shooting of an American President (Garfield). He recommended Dr. Willard Bliss, who had treated his father at the boarding house. That's not a typo; Bliss's parents were so convinced he would be a doctor that they named him "Doctor"! So, he truly was Dr. Doctor Bliss. You can't make this up! In any case, Bliss essentially took control of the entire situation at the White House, barring nearly everyone from accessing the President and mishandling the President's care to the extent that Garfield ultimately died. The saying "Ignorance is Bliss" reportedly has roots in this tragedy.



Dr. Willard Bliss

Despite the actions of Dr. Doctor Bliss, I cannot help but think he was under a tremendous amount of pressure from birth, given that wacky name!

The wonderful?

THIS RELATES TO MY FAMILY. For decades, I've encountered a brick wall in Ireland regarding my second great-grandfather, John Feely. I couldn't determine who his parents were. According to family letters, he was born in 1815 in Manorhamilton, County Leitrim, Ireland. I've searched for his baptism record in all the surrounding parishes but to no avail. For a long time, it wasn't available to view online. Now that more records are becoming available, they are not necessarily indexed, the handwriting is challenging to read, and reviewing each record is tedious. One of my grandaunts used to say his mother's name was Mary Martin. This isn't very helpful since it's a common name. It turns out that Feely is common as well.

Recently, I learned about Irish naming conventions for sons, which provided a significant clue. It seems traditional to name the oldest son after the child's grandfather. John's oldest son (my great-grandfather) was named Michael James Feely. So, I reasoned that perhaps his grandfather was named either Michael or James. When I discovered that John had an older brother named Michael, I concluded that his father's name was Michael. Learning about this naming convention sent me down an exciting new path, and as a result, I found a new living relative, but that's a story for another time. Knowing the naming conventions of various countries, ethnic groups, religions, etc., can help guide you in the right direction as you search for your ancestors, as was the case for me.

Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated May 2024

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

Manuscripts

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

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

Images

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

Author information

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

Deadlines

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

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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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