



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Winter 2025 Vol. 50, No. 4

Family Legends and Mysteries

Family Legends ARE
Family Mysteries

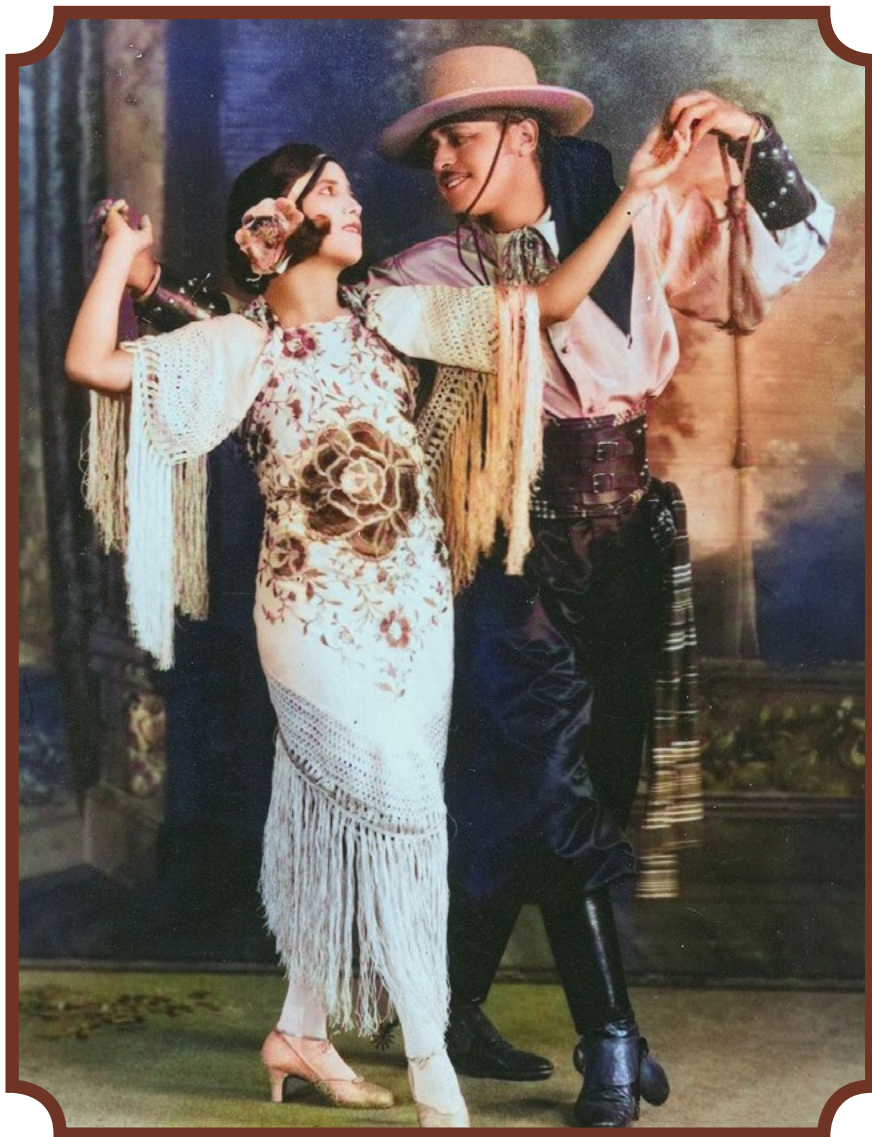
A Bloody Knife and a
Second Life

My Maternal
Great-Grandfather: An
Accident or a Homicide?

Mysteries in the
May Family

A Mystery at the Airport

The Mystery of the
Errant Wife, and the
Abandoned Child



**Santa Barbara Hispanic
Family Histories
1850-1970**



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

www.sbgen.org

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(SBCGS facility)

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Hours: Tuesday, Thursday

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

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

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

The Mission Statement of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

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

Vision Statement

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

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

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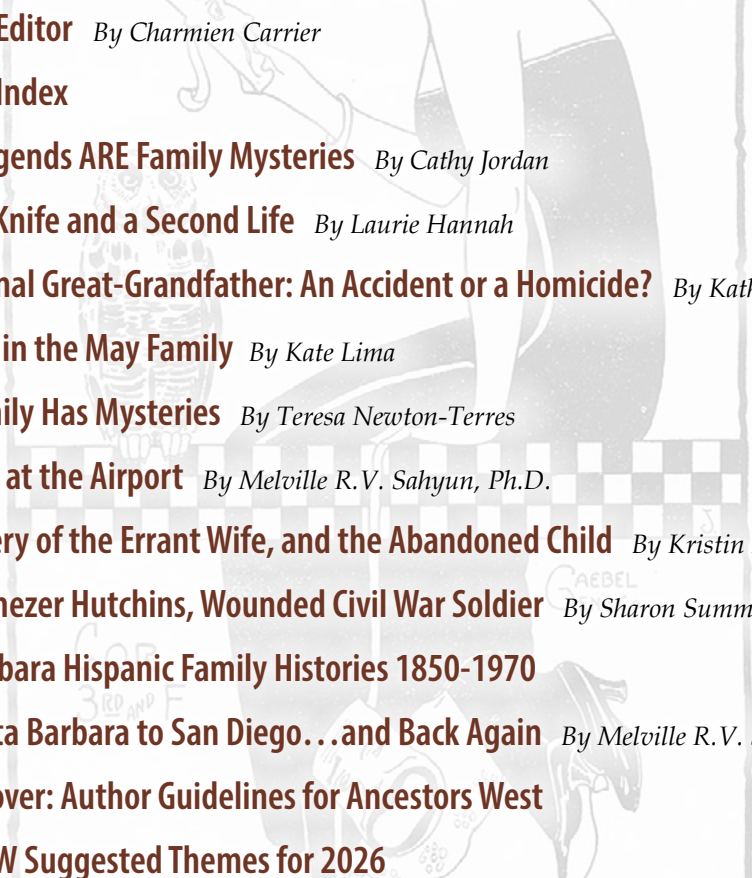
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inside this issue...

- 
- 2 From the Editor** *By Charmien Carrier*
- 2 Surname Index**
- 3 Family Legends ARE Family Mysteries** *By Cathy Jordan*
- 4 A Bloody Knife and a Second Life** *By Laurie Hannah*
- 7 My Maternal Great-Grandfather: An Accident or a Homicide?** *By Kathy Stark*
- 8 Mysteries in the May Family** *By Kate Lima*
- 11 Every Family Has Mysteries** *By Teresa Newton-Terres*
- 12 A Mystery at the Airport** *By Melville R.V. Sahyun, Ph.D.*
- 14 The Mystery of the Errant Wife, and the Abandoned Child** *By Kristin Ingalls*
- 17 Dana Ebenezer Hutchins, Wounded Civil War Soldier** *By Sharon Summer*
- 18 Santa Barbara Hispanic Family Histories 1850-1970**
- 25 From Santa Barbara to San Diego...and Back Again** *By Melville R.V. Sahyun, Ph.D.*
- Inside Back Cover: Author Guidelines for Ancestors West**
- Back Cover: AW Suggested Themes for 2026**

Land Acknowledgment Statement:

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



FROM THE EDITOR

Charmien Carrier
charmien2940@gmail.com

Questions, questions, questions!

THAT'S WHERE ALL GENEALOGICAL paths begin. Cathy Jordan, in her story "Family Legends ARE Family Mysteries," states that "a few mysteries add to the fun of family history research." In several stories shared by our authors, newspapers and handwritten histories serve as sources for tales of murder, accidents, and assaults—all of which contribute to family mysteries. Laurie Hannah's great-great-grandfather was a farmer and blacksmith accused of murder and sent to prison. You can read about it in "A Bloody Knife and a Second Life." Was Kathy Stark's great-grandfather's death an "accident or homicide"? Questions remain. Kate Lima's family was traumatized when masked men assaulted them. Was that trauma passed down through the following generations? With her grandmother's scrapbook filled with photos and newspaper clippings, Teresa Newton-Terres learned about her father's disappearance at sea after the ship he was on was lost. For Mel Sahyun, it was about resolving an identity question in his story, "A Mystery at the Airport." Kristin Ingalls has many questions about an unusual family arrangement based on a handwritten biography of her third great-grandfather. In her story, "The Mystery of the Errant Wife, and the Abandoned Child," she uses books and records to research what happened in this Mormon family. Kristin says: Lesson: Trust Nothing You Read!

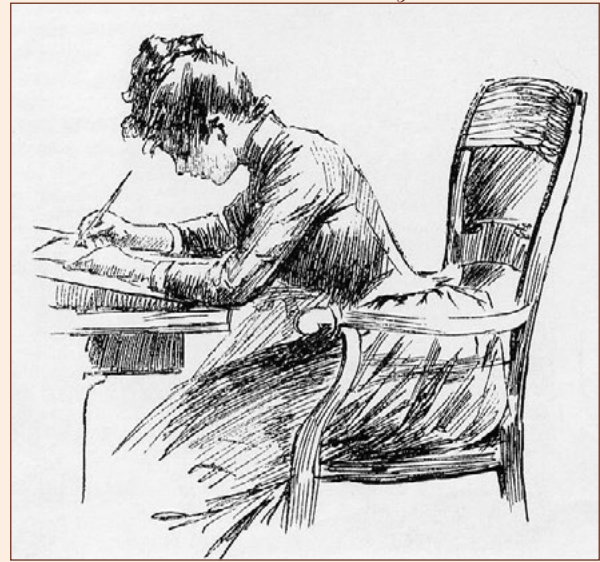
This issue also features several stories that are unrelated to the suggested theme, "Family Legends and Mysteries." We include a story about Sharon Summer's wounded Civil War soldier and how he survived. Additionally, we have selected six stories from our

successful Santa Barbara Hispanic Family Histories 1850-1970 Exhibit for you to read. You can visit the library to see more, and the virtual exhibit will be available in December. And lastly, the great-nephew of Edward Hoddell Dowell, Mel Sahyun, shares a capsule biography of this talented relative who went from silent movies to politics.

*If you don't recount your family history,
it will be lost.*

*Honor your own stories and tell them too. The tales may
not seem very important, but they are what binds families
and makes each of us who we are.*

Madeleine P'Engle



SUGGESTED THEMES FOR 2026

February 1: Turning Points

Key moments that changed the course of your family's history.

May 1: Ancestors Behaving Badly

August 1: Fashion Through the Ages

October 15: Then and Now

Compare the lives of ancestors with those of current generations.

SURNAME INDEX

Abbott 14	Chapman 14	Ferguson 4	Jordan 1, 3	Marks 5	Perez 22	Stafford 8
Ailam 19	Chase 13	Fritch 8	Kennedy 11	Martin 3	Pond 16	Stark 1, 7
Allam 19	Chávez 23	Garcia 21	King 24	Martinez 19	Poor 15	Stearns 12
Alvarez 22	Clipa 10	Gillis 10	Kinnear 5	May 8	Quirk 10	Summer 1, 17
Aralaj 19	Coburn 26	Gompers 27	Lee 16	McDermott 5	Rae 13	Sutter 7
Arellanez 19	Correa 21	Gonzales 19	Leon 20	McFall 25	Ramirez de Arellano 9	Swing 27
Atwood 5	Cota 20	Gonzalez 20	León 23	Mendoza 20	Ribble 17	Terrell 4
Ayala 19	Dombacher 7	Goud 15	Lima 1, 8	Merrill 14	Richardson 8	Torres 23
Bevil 28	Dominguez 19	Grajeda 19	Loes 7	Modungo 13	Roberts 12	Toussaint 5
Bickmore 16	Domingus 19	Gray 25	Lopez 20, 24	Montgomery 5	Robideaux 24	Walker 16
Bird 3	Dowell 25	Hannah 1, 4	Lopez de Haro 19	Montoya 23	Roman 23	Whitney 5
Boog 4	Eisenhower 11	Herrera 22	Lyon 23	Moore 7	Rooney 7	Wolynn 10
Bragg 15	Elisalde 19	Hill 3	MacDonell 4	Muñoz 23	Runcan 10	Woodward 13
Brown 17	Erdelyi 10	Hutchins 17	Madrigal 23	Newton-Terres 1, 11	Sahyun 1, 11, 25	Zotelo 19
Burgoyne 3	Farnum 15	Ibarra 19	Manero 20	Ortega 24	Shaw 25	Zuniga 19
Carrier 1, 2	Feely 3	Ingalls 1, 14	Mangan 3	Palette 25	Smith 10, 15	
Cervantes 23	Feliz 19	Johnson 10, 27	Marici 10	Penry 25	Sotelo 19	

Family Legends ARE Family Mysteries

By Cathy Jordan

IN THE CASE OF MY FEELY FAMILY (my maternal side), this is totally true. Since becoming an amateur genealogist in 2009, I have wanted not only to trace my mother's and father's histories, but also to determine whether the family stories were provable. So far, at least on my mother's side, these are the traditional Irish tales - full of blarney!

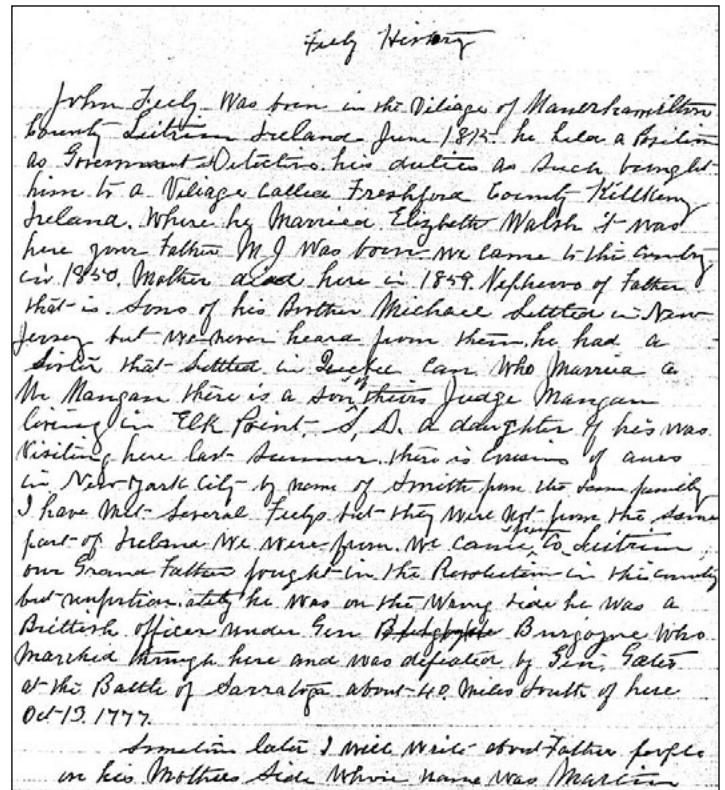
First, there was the story I tried to track down in my *Ancestors West* article, "Unraveling Michael James Feely" (<https://sbgen.org/wpcontent/uploads/2022/07/AWVol39N2.2014-compressed.pdf>). This was a complicated two-part family story regarding my great-grandfather and the Civil War. I could find documentation that supported the first part of the story, but not the second. I am still looking for something to prove or disprove the second part.

Then there was the story initiated by a letter in 1915, sent by my great-granduncle, Martin Feely, to my grandfather, Martin Gideon Feely (confused yet? You will be). Apparently, my grandfather had asked "Uncle Mart" about the Feely family history. (Guess I come by this curiosity naturally!) Anyway, the letter claims that Martin's (and my second great-grandfather John's) father fought in the American Revolutionary War as an officer under General Burgoyne, who was defeated at Saratoga. This initially made sense to me because the family was Irish and would naturally have fought on the British side. Another factor that lent the story credence was that when John came to America in 1850, he immediately settled in Whitehall, New York, near Saratoga. I could find no Feely family members in that area at the time of his arrival.

To begin research, I read the book "March to Saratoga: General Burgoyne and the American Campaign, 1777" by Harrison Bird, published in 1963. Thus far, it has the most complete list of commanders under Burgoyne, and none of them come close to the Feely name, no matter how it is spelled (and there is no shortage of creative versions). In fact, I learned that typically officers were gentlemen of high social standing. Whether that fits John Feely's father or not, it casts more doubt in my mind as to the truth of this part of the story. However, I still suspect that his father was in that expedition, given that John was so focused on his destination when he arrived in the U.S. If he had not heard of the area from his father, this would not have been a logical region in which to settle; it was quite a distance from New York City and rather remote at the time.

The unit most likely to have been John's father's was the 9th Foot, as it consisted almost exclusively of Irishmen. The commander of that unit was John Hill. The 9th Foot was with Burgoyne to the end of the war when he surrendered and was part of the 4,693 men who entered a very long captivity.

Realizing that I needed to figure out John's father's name, I discovered the Irish naming conventions for sons. Since John named his firstborn son Michael, if naming conventions were followed, then his father's name should have been Michael. The 1915 letter told me that John's father married Mary Martin. I began the hunt



Feely History

John Feely was born in the Village of Manerhamilton County Louth Ireland June 1773. he held a position as Government Duties his duties as such brought him to a Village called Freshford County Wickham Ireland. Where he married Elizabeth Walsh it was here your father M. J. was born. We came to this country in 1850. Mother died here in 1859. Nephews of father that is sons of his brother Michael settled in New Jersey but Mother never heard from them he had a sister that settled in Quebec Can. who married a Mr. Mangano there is a son there Judge Mangano living in Elk Point S. D. a daughter of his was visiting here last summer. there is a name of mine in New York City by name of Smith from the same family I have met several Feelys but they were not from the same part of Ireland. We were from. We came to this country our Grandfather fought in the Revolution in the army but unfortunately he was on the wrong side he was a British Officer under Gen Burgoyne who was defeated here and was defeated by Gen. Gates at the Battle of Saratoga about 40 Miles South of here Oct 13. 1777.

Some time later I will write about Father people on his Mother's side whose name was Martin

1915, John Feely history per Martin Feely.

for a marriage license for this couple, or a baptism for Michael or John. I am still looking. These are common names in Ireland.

That same 1915 letter mentions a sister married into a Mangano family and a judge in Elk Point, South Dakota. Since I was hitting the famous Irish brick walls, I tried my hand at finding other records. Much more success! I learned that John Feely had an older sister named Bridget (another common Irish name) who married James Mangano and then emigrated to Canada. They settled in Quebec and had eight children, one of whom (Jerome) came to the U.S. in 1861, fought in the Civil War for the Union, and later became a judge in Elk Point, South Dakota. I have found living relatives of Jerome and his second wife, and am hoping they have old letters from my Bridget Feely. Those people do not seem to know much about the Feely family except that they lived near the Mangans in Ireland. Still, it is exciting to find living relatives I didn't know I had.

To sum all of this up, I know a lot more than I did when I started, but not what I really want to know! And for now, that is okay. I will keep on searching to see if any new records are unearthed. And I find that a few mysteries add to the fun of family history research!



Born and raised in Santa Barbara, Cathy Jordan has been a member of SBCGS since 2009 and has served on the Board of Directors as Membership Chair and is on Ancestors West editing committee. Cathy is past president of Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War, 1861-1865.

A Bloody Knife and a Second Life

By Laurie Hannah

“MY GOD, ANDREW, what have you done?” the tavern keeper asked my great-great-grandfather, Andrew Hannah, one cold night in 1857. Hannah, a farmer and blacksmith in Haldimand County, Ontario, was known to his friends and neighbors as a “quiet and peaceable individual,” with a wife and four children.¹ So why was he found holding a bloody knife outside of Fisher’s Tavern on January 21, 1857?

According to numerous newspapers, Andrew and a man named Richard Ferguson got into a fight at Fisher’s Tavern in the village of Caledonia, where they lived. Both had been drinking. The local paper, the *Grand River Sachem*, claimed the two men got into an altercation over a previously settled dispute regarding one of Hannah’s sheep that was killed by Ferguson’s dog. They were then thrown outside by the landlord, but through separate doors to keep them apart. Ferguson drew a very deadly Scottish dagger, called a dirk knife, on Andrew, and in a scuffle, Andrew somehow got the knife and killed Ferguson with it, presumably in self-defense. Several moments later, Andrew appeared at the tavern door with the bloody knife in his hands, claiming “this [knife] was intended for me, but I have got it now.” He swore his innocence, saying, “If he killed Ferguson, he has no idea how he did it, or why.”² Ferguson died instantly, the knife severing a large artery in his chest.

Andrew was arrested, and the next day at the local court in Cayuga, a coroner’s jury declared Andrew guilty of the crime of murdering Robert Ferguson. He was jailed until his trial on April 22, 1857, when he was sentenced to be executed on May 19, 1857.



Scottish dirk, blade by Andrew Boog, Edinburgh, c. 1795, Royal Ontario Museum. Courtesy: Wikipedia.

A Reprise and a Sentence

But then a miracle occurred. A request was made, by whom we don’t know, to the Governor General to reconsider his case, and on May 12, his death sentence was reduced to “imprisonment at hard labour in the Provincial Penitentiary for the term of fourteen years.”³ Andrew’s date with the gallows was fortuitously cancelled, but he was nevertheless on his way to Kingston Penitentiary in Kingston, Ontario, on 28 May 1857.

Secretary’s office
Toronto, 12th May 1857

Sir,

I have the honor to inform You that His Excellency the Governor General has had under his consideration, in Council, the case of Andrew Hannah, convicted at the late Assizes holden at Cayuga of the crime of murder, and sentenced to be executed on the 19th instant.

4352

His Excellency has been pleased on a full consideration of all the circumstances of the case to direct that the sentence of death pronounced on the above named Convict be commuted into imprisonment at hard labour in the Provincial Penitentiary for the term of fourteen years.

I have accordingly to, authorize
D. A. MacDonell Esq.
Warden
Prov^l Penitentiary
Kingston

authorize [sic] you to receive the said Convict Andrew Hannah from the Sheriff of the County of Haldimand, who has been instructed to deliver him into your custody.

I have the honor to be
Sir
Your most obed^t sero^t
T. Lee Terrell
Secretary

Criminal Cases Tried.	
The Queen vs Joseph Henry—Larceny.	Verdict, Guilty ; two months in Common Gaol, at hard labor.
The Queen vs Andrew Hannah—Murder.	Verdict, Guilty ; sentenced to be hanged on Tuesday, the 19th day May next.
The Queen vs John Gibbs—Felony.	Verdict, not guilty.
The Queen vs Mark Tipping—Forgery	Verdict, guilty ; sentenced to six months in County Gaol, at hard labor.
The Queen vs Robert Hamilton—Felony.	Verdict, guilty ; sentenced to four years confinement in the Provincial Penitentiary, at hard labor.
The Queen vs Thomas Temple—Misdemeanor.	Verdict, not guilty.

Source: *The Sachem* 22 Apr 1857, p. 2.

Secretary's office
Toronto 12th May 1867.

Sir,

I have the honor to inform you that His Excellency the Governor General has had under his consideration, in Council, the case of Andrew Hannah, convicted at the late Assizes holden at Cayuga of the crime of Murder, and sentenced to be executed on the 19th Instant.

His Excellency has been pleased on a full consideration of all the circumstances of the case to direct that the sentence of death pronounced on the above named convict be commuted into imprisonment at hard labour in the Provincial Penitentiary for the term of fourteen years.

I am accordingly to
D. C. MacDonell Esq. authorize
Warden
Provincial Penitentiary
Kingston.

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Page one of the letter granting a reduction in sentence for Andrew Hannah.

Source: Library and Archives Canada; RG 13-D-1, vol. no. 1042, file no. 1483.

The Inmate's Life

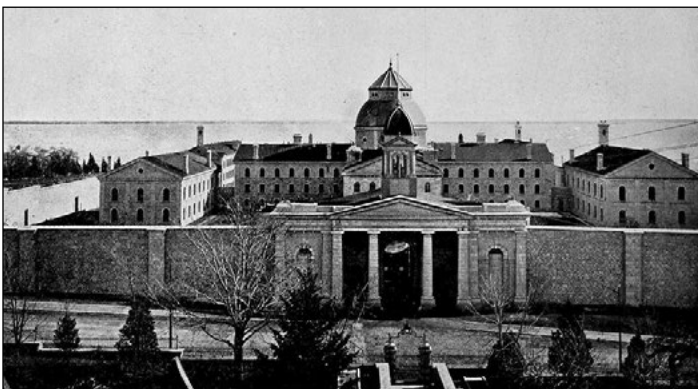


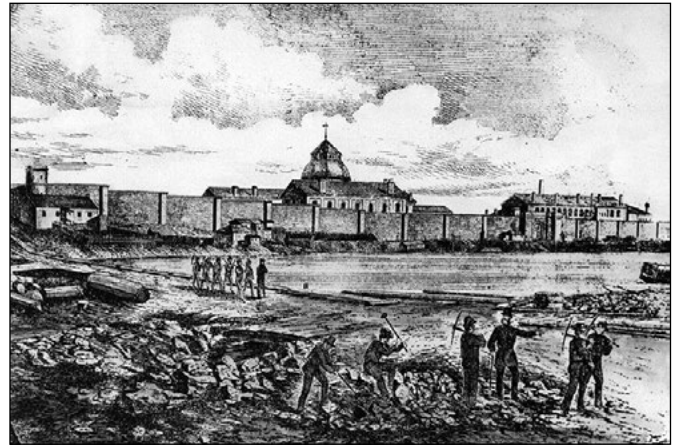
Image from page 11 of "Souvenir views of the city of Kingston, Ontario, Canada, and the Thousand Islands, River St. Lawrence" (1901).

4352	.	28	Andrew Hannah	Abandoned	42
			Murder	12	Prison

Andrew Hannah, arrived 28 [May 1857], Married, age 42 [actually 38], crime of murder, sentenced on 12 [May] for fourteen years.

Source: Kingston Penitentiary: Prisoner's record book, 1843-1890, film T-2044, image 35; https://heritage.canadiana.ca/view/oocihm.lac_reel_t2044/35

What was life like in prison? Kingston Pen, opening in 1835, "was the first 'penitentiary' in British North America designed to rehabilitate as well as punish offenders of the law."⁴ As this was Canada's federal prison, there were people from all over Upper (Ontario) and Lower (Quebec) Canada, many born abroad. According to a contemporary news article, the cells where the prisoners lived were six feet by three feet by six feet high with a wooden platform bed on a stone floor. The prisoners were fed "1 pound of bread, 4 ounces of meat, and 1 pint of coffee" for breakfast and supper, and for dinner received soup and potatoes in addition to the same amount of bread and meat. All convicts were required to work off their time in a furniture shop, a planing shop making tools, as tailors, as boot and shoemakers, outdoors on building projects, or in the garden.⁵ Since Andrew was a blacksmith by trade, he most likely helped out in the smithy with fifty others.



Prisoners at work helping to build the prison.

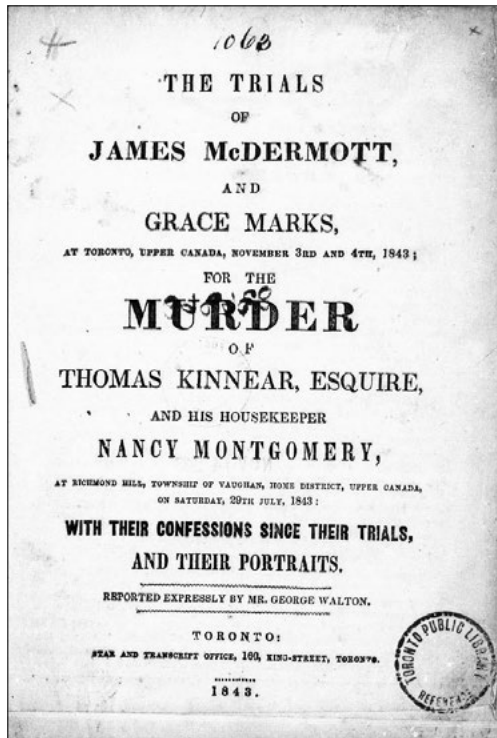
Source: "Kingston Penitentiary - Exterior - V23 Pub-Kingston Pen-46" no date; Queens University Library Digital Collections <https://digital.library.queensu.ca/kingston-penitentiary-exterior-v23-pub-kingston-pen-46>

An unfortunate relic of the early prison system was the ward called the "Asylum for lunatic prisoners," where many of the women convicts were held. The newspaper article said they were not allowed to talk with other prisoners but could "keep mice and other tameable animals" to drive away care and relieve boredom. Another peculiarity was the prison garb, a multi-colored suit with legs and arms of different colors, including yellow, so that they would be seen and recognized if trying to escape.⁶

The page of the prison register when Andrew was admitted showed mostly men convicted of larceny, with a handful of horse stealers, rapists, and forgers. The oldest prisoner was 52 and the youngest was 16. Five women were entered, and one, like Andrew, was also convicted of murder. Her name was Anais Tous-saint, a 21-year-old widow convicted of poisoning her husband. At the time, women were housed in the same building as the men, but later a separate wing was built for them.

Two pages earlier in the register was listed Grace Marks, who became known to modern readers from Margaret Atwood's novel, *Alias Grace*. In 1843, Marks, alias Mary Whitney, was convicted along with James McDermott of killing their employer, Thomas Kinnear, and his housekeeper, Nancy Montgomery, in

Toronto. She and McDermott were sentenced to death, but Grace benefited from the jury members who urged mercy. She spent thirty years in prison and was eventually pardoned in 1872.⁷



Portrait of Grace Marks and James McDermott

Life After Prison

Andrew was very fortunate. He served only four years of a fourteen-year term and was pardoned in May 1861. He was able to return home, but not before he was enumerated in the 1861 Canada census record for the penitentiary, a shameful reminder of his time away from his home.⁸

Prison was most likely a life-altering experience for Andrew Hannah. During his stay at Kingston, his children were probably sent to live with other family members or friends. Of the four children he supposedly had with his wife, Mary Ann Hannah, only two were located in that decade. His son David lived with a Scottish family, the Starks, and family lore states he was adopted by them, although no formal court records have been found, and he did not change his surname.

The family meant something to David, however, as he named one of his sons Robert Stark, the name that was also passed on to my father. A probable sister, Sophia, went to live with another family with ties to Hannah relatives.⁹ Doubly tragic for the children and Andrew was the fact that Mary Ann died sometime in 1857, possibly in childbirth, shortly after Andrew was imprisoned. There must have been some family members nearby who helped the orphaned children get resettled. A search for guardianship papers for Haldimand County has turned up nothing so far.

One thing is clear. Prison brought about a big change in Andrew's life. Upon release, he entered into several land transactions, relocating to a small parcel in Oneida township, possibly to be nearer to David and the Starks. Yet, shortly thereafter, he left Canada altogether to start a new life in Michigan in the lumber industry. What pushed him to leave? His prison past or the loss of his wife? These questions remain unanswered, but we know he started over. Andrew remarried and had four more children, living out his life as an American citizen in Michigan, while David, my great-grandfather, remained in Canada with his growing family.

Endnotes

1. *The Grand River Sachem* 21 Jan 1857, p. 2, accessed via *Newspapers.com* 21 Sep 2025.
2. *Ibid.* The story was reported in many newspapers all over Ontario and as far away as Buffalo, NY, including *The Weekly Spectator* (Hamilton, Ontario, Canada) Jan 22, 1857; *The Ingersoll Chronicle and General Intelligencer* 23 Jan 1857; the *Globe and Mail* 30 Jan 1857, p. 2; *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* 24 Jan 1857, p. 2; and *Cayuga Sentinel*, as quoted in the *Globe and Mail* article; all accessed via *Newspapers.com* 21 Sep 2025.
3. Library and Archives Canada; RG 13-D-1, vol. no. 1042, file no. 1483. Copy in author's possession.
4. Canada's Penitentiary Museum. <https://www.penitentiarymuseum.ca/history/interesting-facts/>; accessed 22 Oct 2025.
5. *Kingston Whig Standard*, 9/3/1857, accessed via *Newspapers.com* 21 Sep 2025.
6. *Ibid.*
7. The trials of James McDermott and Grace Marks at Toronto, Upper Canada, November 3rd and 4th 1843 for the murder of Thomas Kinneare, Esquire and his housekeeper Nancy Montgomery, at Richmond Hill, township of Vaughan, home district, Upper Canada, on Saturday, 29th July, 1843: with their confessions since their trials and their portraits / reported expressly by George Walton. Toronto: Star and Transcript Office, 1843, title page and portrait, p. 17; accessed via the Internet Archive <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/aeu.ark:/13960/t5hb0b571>.
8. Entry for Andrew Hannah, "Canada, Ontario, Census, 1861", Provincial Penitentiary, County of Frontenac, line 38, p. 4; accessed via *FamilySearch* (<https://www.familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:MQ7Z-3HR film 004391549, image 225 of 674>).
9. Entry for Sophia Hanna, age 10, in the household of Eber Anguish, line 42, Canada census 1861, Township of Rainham, Haldimand County, p. 17; accessed via *FamilySearch.org* <https://www.familysearch.org/ark:/61903/3:1:53HY-6M8Q-XJC?view=index&action=view, film 004108074, image 33 of 537>.



Laurie Hannah has a B.A. in German Language and Literature from UCSB and a Master's degree in Library Science from the University of Washington. After a 33-year career as a librarian in Santa Barbara County, she retired and began doing family history research. She joined SBCGS in 2014 and has been the Library Director since 2022.

My Maternal Great-Grandfather: An Accident or a Homicide?

By Kathy Stark

ON SEPTEMBER 6, 1907, at 3:30 a.m. in Dubuque, Iowa, Daniel Moore was found in a pool of blood on the sidewalk in front of the Altman House in Dubuque. The mystery behind his death was never solved. How did this happen? The story was that Daniel was one of the merry makers at the Altman House. Mr. Sutter's testimony was that he left the hotel with Mr. Dombacher. Upon leaving, Sutter offered Daniel his room at the hotel, as Sutter was spending the night at his brother's home. The saga goes on from here.

Two employees from the local Livery Barn were returning from work around 3:30 a.m. and came upon the body of a man lying cold in death in a pool of his own blood. Around 6 p.m. the night before he was found, a neighbor of Daniel's received a phone call asking that the neighbor tell Mrs. Moore that her husband would not be home for supper. The caller would not give his name, saying, "You'll find out later." That never happened. Why didn't Mr. Moore call his wife? A Mr. Loes claimed to have met Mr. Moore at the corner of Seventh and Clay

streets around 7:00 p.m., where Mr. Moore said he was on his way home. Why did Daniel return to the hotel?

Daniel was the yard foreman at the Farley-Loetscher plant, which was once the world's largest millwork company. (I have a 91-page book about the company.) For 20 years, he had been a faithful and trusted employee of the company. There had been a strike at the plant, but Daniel chose to work because he had a wife and six children at home. The body showed a deep cut, four inches long, behind his left ear. The abundance of blood on the sidewalk indicated there was a hemorrhage of the lungs, which the physician said could easily have resulted from a blow to the back of the head. He also had all the bones in his shoulder broken, and two of his ribs on the right side were smashed. Daniel's hat was missing when his body was found.

The former owner of the hotel hosted a supper, and Daniel was in attendance. It was reported that he left the hotel alone about 10:45 that evening. His whereabouts cannot be traced between that time and 3:30 a.m. Was

Daniel struck from behind by an assassin, or did he mistake the window of a second-story room for a door? Or did he lose his balance and fall to the pavement below? The hotel's management denied that Mr. Moore had stayed there overnight. Six years later, Daniel's wife, Josephine Rooney Moore, passed away, leaving the six children behind. There were three girls and three boys. The oldest sister was awarded custody of her siblings. Josephine died on my grandfather's 13th birthday, so sad.

I was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota and came to California with my parents in time to start Kindergarten. My interest in genealogy started in the 1980s when I wanted to find my biological father. I discovered my father had passed away in 1970 in Inglewood, California. My husband and I had lived 14 miles from him before he passed and never knew it. I continue my genealogy searches and have found so much on both sides of my family and my husband's family.



FIND DEAD BODY IN POOL BLOOD

DEEP MYSTERY SURROUNDS THE DEATH OF DANIEL MOORE DURING NIGHT.

MURDER THEORY ADVANCED

Entire Police Force is at Work Trying to Solve the Baffling Case.

Late Friday a man named Chris Sutter was found whose testimony practically cleared the seemingly impenetrable veil of mystery which hung heavily around the death of Daniel Moore, the man who was found dead in a pool of his own blood in front of the Altman House at 3:30 Friday morning.

Sutter was one of the merry-makers who participated in the festivities at the hotel. He says that shortly before he left for the depot with Dombacher, he offered his room at the hotel to Moore, saying that he himself would spend the night at the home of his brother on Iowa street. Moore accepted, and the supposition which the police believe firmly now is that he wandered over to the window and leaning out too far, lost his balance and fell to the ground beneath. Twelve witnesses were examined in detail by the sheriff and chief of police, and

the latter state that they are thoroughly satisfied from the evidence that the solution of the mystery has been arrived at.

A post-mortem examination was made on the body of the deceased which helps out the theory of falling from the window. It was at first thought that the cut on the back of the victim's head was the only violence which had been sustained, but it has been learned that every bone in Mr. Moore's left shoulder was broken, while two ribs on the right side were also smashed.

In addition to the above evidence, both Sheriff Dunn and Chief of Police Pickley, after an exhaustive investigation, declare their belief the death was purely accidental. They are satisfied he went to the window, became over-balanced and fell to the pavement below with fatal results.

Did Daniel Moore, for twenty years a trusted employe of the Farley-Loetscher company, come to his death accidentally, or was he the victim of a midnight murderer?

This is the question which is at the present time stirring the local police department to the very depths, and which has been agitating the hundreds of friends of the dead man ever since his body was found in a pool of his own blood, an ugly looking gash on his head just behind the left ear.

Story of the Affair.

At 3:30 o'clock Friday morning, two employes of a Clay street livery barn returning home from their work, came upon the body of a man lying cold in death in a pool of his own blood in front of the Altman House on Clay street near the corner of Seventh. Officer Murphy and Night Captain Fox were hurriedly summoned, and a hasty

investigation was made, which revealed the fact that the unfortunate victim was Daniel Moore, yard foreman at the Farley-Loetscher plant, and, for twenty years a faithful and trusted employe of the firm.

Behind the left ear, well toward the back of the head, there was a deep cut four inches in length, but beyond this the body showed no marks of violence. The abundance of blood which stained the sidewalk all around the body was from a hemorrhage of the lungs, which the physicians say, could easily have resulted from the blow on the back of the head.

The coroner was at once summoned to the scene of the accident, and the body was removed to a downtown undertaking establishment.

Shrouded in Mystery.

When found, the hat of the victim was missing, and the death is shrouded in a veil of mystery which most strenuous efforts on all sides have failed to lift. Mr. Moore had been a guest at the hotel for supper, but had left the place alone about quarter of eleven. From that time on until he was found dead in front of the hotel at 3:30 in the morning, his whereabouts cannot be traced.

J. Dombacher, the former proprietor of the hostelry, left for California Thursday night and by way of a farewell event, had given a supper to which he had asked all of his boarders. Mr. Moore had been taking his dinner at the place, the mill being but a short distance away, and he, too, was included in the number of guests.

After the supper, the party sat around laughing and chatting gayly, and Mr. Moore was among the first to depart. Some of those present went to the depot with Mr. Dombacher, but it is said the victim of the midnight tragedy did not. Whether he was struck from behind by an assassin or

Mysteries in the May Family

By Kate Lima

ANCESTORS TEND TO BE GOOD, hard-working folk who get married, own a parcel of land, and have babies, with few exceptions; that is the tendency in my family tree. I look at my tree, look at pictures, and think, my people are so charming, so sweet, so good. And yet. Is there something I'm not seeing? Is there more to one or two stories than meets the eye? I wondered that very thing when I started researching my father's line.



Photo of Joseph's son, my father, Robert May.

I chose to look more closely at this branch because my dad, Robert, had endured a difficult childhood, and I wondered if there was a pattern to be found. I have been intrigued by transgenerational tendencies, especially surrounding trauma. I have researched extensively on "Inherited Family Trauma"¹ and wondered: was there more to be found that contributed to Dad's trauma? What might I discover along his ancestral tree branch?

Researching this family required serious detective work, which I honed during the process. Oh, boy, did I ever. I found multiple marriages, children living with grandparents or disappearing off all records, and other anomalies. Each morning, I would settle in with my computer and coffee. I spent hours traveling along many bumpy, hidden roads; I got lost again and again. Imagine researching one woman whose name changes with every census record. Or she has some children living with her in one census but not in the next.

I was determined to figure it out. Thank goodness for census records, newspaper articles, and digitized legal documents. A pattern emerged, one of teen marriages and pregnancies, multiple marriages and divorces. Some kids lived with their grandparents; some were abandoned by their parents, who had gone on to start new families. I wondered what was going on: were there underlying personality traits that created this

pattern? I felt like I was playing the old game, "Which came first, the chicken or the egg?" Did these people have certain personality traits that led them to their choices? Or did these people go through these challenging times and then passed along a propensity for disorder and chaos? Unless I find a diary or two that describes their lives, I will never know. But I can speak to the pattern.

Here is the May family I researched:

Excluding my dad, I found out the following about a total of eight people:

- 18 marriages
- 12 divorces
- 6 married as teens
- 6 had their first child as a teen
- 4 lived with a grandparent or grandparents
- 2 children born out of wedlock

Here is the same information reported by generation:

1st Generation

Paris May: 3 marriages, 1 divorce and 1 death.

Maggie Stafford: 3 marriages and 3 divorces.

2nd Generation

John Golden May: 1 child out of wedlock, 1 marriage and 1 divorce.

Della Rosa Fritch: 2 children out of wedlock, pregnancy at age 15 (child died), second child at age 16, first marriage at age 18, 1 divorce and second marriage.

3rd Generation

Isabella May: (John's child out of wedlock): 3 marriages (first two as a teen), 2 divorces, and first child as a teen.

Calvert Richardson: (Della's child out of wedlock) 2 marriages (first as a teen), 1 divorce and first child as a teen.

Louise May: 3 marriages (first at age 15), 2 divorces and first child at age 15.

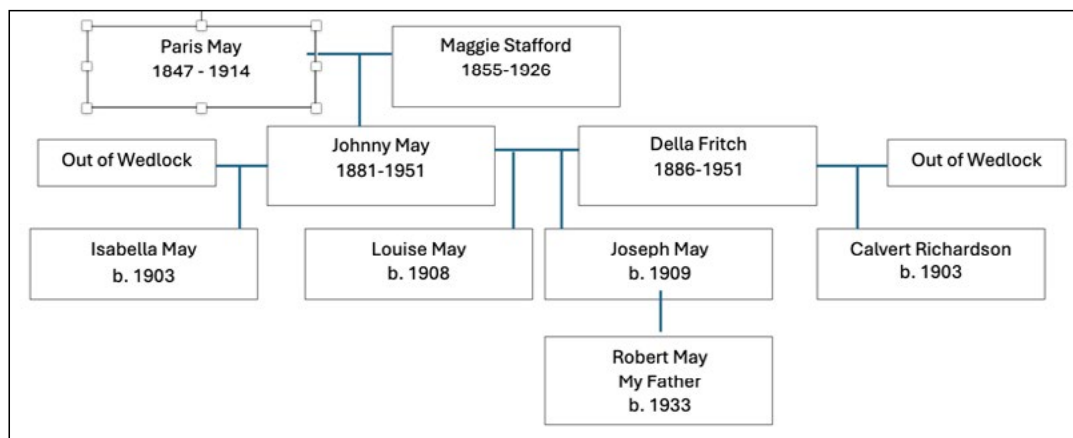
Joseph May: 2 marriages (first one as a teen), 1 divorce, and first child as a teen (child died). He died young during a WWII blackout (32 years old).

In the third generation, I find all four children had marriages and children when they were teenagers. I wondered about the lives they lived and whether they experienced childhood trauma, which may have scarred them, creating behaviors that would lead to impulsiveness, trust, and attachment issues.

Isabella and Calvert were both born out of wedlock. When their respective parents married, neither of these children was asked to live with them. They were relegated to their grandparents' homes. They experienced painful abandonment.

Louise and Joseph were born to a married couple and lived with them until their parents divorced when they were ages 12 and 11, respectively.

Clearly, a pattern is visible. Then I found a newspaper article which led me to conclude these children's lives were overloaded with chaos and trauma.



A Dramatic Turn.

I suspected that life with parents Johnny and Della was rife with difficulties and drama. An incident in April of 1921 cemented that belief.

Johnny and Della were separated. Johnny lived with his mother (who was separated from her third husband) and Isabella (his out-of-wedlock child). Della lived with her father, J. Fritch, and her children: Calvert (out-of-wedlock child), Louise and Joseph. A land deal between Johnny and J. Fritch had gone sour, and relationships became more strained than they already were. Johnny filed a lawsuit against Fritch and Della because of this land deal. He also filed a second lawsuit against Fritch for "alienation of his wife's affections." Della filed for divorce. Then, things reached a fever pitch one night when Johnny carried out a nefarious plan.

On April 12, 1921, at 2:00 a.m., Johnny and another man went to the Fritch household and knocked on the door. "Who is it?" a tired Fritch asked. "Someone with a special message for you." Fritch opened the door, and Johnny pushed from the other side. He and his accomplice stood there, faces hidden by red bandanas, guns drawn. One yelled, "This is the message... we've come to kill the whole damn family!" With that, Johnny hit Fritch over the head, with the butt of his gun, who fell to the floor, unconscious. Daughter Louise watched as her mother, in the small cot next to hers, pulled out a revolver from under her pillow and started shooting. The men began firing back. Impulsively, Louise moved to stop a bullet from hitting her mother; it tore through her hand. She screamed, blood streaming down her arm. Brother Calvert came out and started shooting as well. The two gunmen, both injured, ran off.

Newspapers fleshed out this story over the weeks that followed; different renderings unfolded, from a tale of "unknown assailants" to discovering it was Johnny who was shot in the jaw and on the run. The entire event was traumatic to say the least, especially for the children. Cal was 17 years old, Louise was 12, and Joseph (my grandfather) was 11. Since things reached such a fever pitch that fateful night in 1921, chances are that their lives were filled with this type of

**DR. JOSEPH FRITCH AND FAMILY ATTACKED
IN THEIR HOME BY TWO MASKED MEN**

**2 MASKED MEN
ATTACK DOCTOR**

**Revolver Battle Results in In-
jury to Girl—Assailants Be-
lieved Wounded.**

**MONROE CO.
PHYSICIAN**

**STRUCK DOWN BY TWO MASKED
MEN**

PISTOL BATTLE ENSUES

**Girl Injured and Assailants are Be-
lieved Wounded**

drama. Understandably, the children went on to make impulsive choices because of abandonment issues, trust issues, and deeply entrenched fear and anxiety. The kids' choices played out over the few years following this incident.

One year later, in 1922, eighteen-year-old Cal married and quickly had a child. The following year, in 1923, at age 15, Louise married and had a child. Isabella, Johnny's daughter, who was with her grandmother at the time of the attack, married for the second time that same year, 1921, and quickly had a child at age 18.



John Golden May Mug Shot

Joseph, my grandfather, who was only 11 at the time of the attack, married in 1927, when he was only 17 (on the marriage certificate, he wrote that he was 21) and had a child the following year. The child died within a few months, and he quickly divorced. He went on to marry my grandmother and have my dad and aunt. I like to think they were all happy, at least for a while. Sadly, Joseph died at age 32 in a car accident while driving home from work in 1942 during a mandatory blackout. How sad to see another tragedy in this



Grandfather, Joseph May.

lineage.

I want to send my love to these ancestors through time and space. They endured hardships, but some later found resilience and long-term marriages. I also hug my own family as often as possible while we work to end the cycle of trauma and drama. The reality of trans-generational trauma unfolded in my family, and it has been fascinating to trace it through generations.

We all have inherited family traits, both good and bad. I've loved the challenge – and thrill – of discovering who did what, when, with whom, and to whom. This May family line does not follow the usual trend of ancestors, those hard-working, sweet, and stable ones. I love shedding light on all their unique stories. What would life be without a bit of drama? (Says a person who's inherited a few generations of it!)



Father, Robert May.

Endnote:

1. Wolynn, Mark. *It Didn't Start with You: How Inherited Family Trauma Shapes Who We Are and How to End the Cycle*. New York: Penguin Books, 2016. Wolynn discusses inherited family trauma throughout his book.

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Kate caught ancestor fever in 2014. She joined the society and spent hours filling in her tree. When she retired in 2019 from UCSB she started volunteering. The more she volunteered, the more friends she made and a partnership with the society solidified. She became Membership Director and is now VP of Operations. Her goal is to write her ancestors' stories... and continue to enjoy her many friendships.



Every Family Has Mysteries: A Grandmother's Scrapbook, a Missing Ship, and a Genealogist's Journey

By Teresa Newton-Terres



Realtime Luke 15, Scrapbook Collage, by Teresa Newton-Terres.

"There are three things in life which are real: God, human folly, and laughter. Since the first two are beyond our comprehension, we must do what we can with the third."

John F. Kennedy

EVERY FAMILY HAS MYSTERIES. Mine happens to include a shipwreck, a submarine, and a missing scientist.

When I was two, my father vanished at sea from a wooden vessel named *Marie*. "Russians took them," one person whispered. "The boat wasn't seaworthy," said another. No one ever told me the whole story.

Decades later, my grandmother's secret scrapbook surfaced — filled with yellowed clippings, photos, and unanswered questions. It confirmed what little I knew: seven men were lost off Santa Cruz Island during an underwater science test in 1960. A Soviet Submarine sighting was confirmed in the area. Four bodies were recovered over two weeks; three — including my father, the captain, and a scientist — were never found.

The scrapbook became my first archive. My search led me to the National Archives in Washington, D.C., where I learned the magic word genealogy and dis-



Line drawing overlay over a National Archives image of a Landing Craft, by Teresa Newton-Terres.

covered the difference between newspaper drama and ship logs. Records revealed both facts and errors — ages wrong, dates confused, and the official "loss date" of the *Marie* listed as the day and location where the first body was found, not when the *Marie* actually disappeared.

Later, I learned that the *Marie* had once been a WWII landing craft built in Michigan — the same type of vessel General Eisenhower said helped win the war. Fittingly, she was "built for a mission," even if her last one ended in mystery.



Photo: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/LCVP_\(United_States\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/LCVP_(United_States)).

Over the years, my family tree has had its own share of errors. The first one I made in fourth grade with my grandmother's loving help — and I still cherish it. She taught me that what matters most isn't perfection, but connection.

So today, with the help of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society (Thank you, Mel Sahyun, for introducing me to SBCGS), I keep digging — correcting, connecting, and laughing along the way.

Every family has mysteries. Ours happens to start at sea.

The *Marie* 1958, California Polytechnical Dive Club, after a dive adventure, author's archives.



ENDNOTES:

Photo: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/LCVP_\(United_States\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/LCVP_(United_States))

Photo: The *Marie* 1958, California Polytechnical Dive Club, after a dive adventure, author's archives.

The Mystery of the Marie: My childhood tragedy that surfaced a Cold War secret by Teresa Newton-Terres, TNTpress: A division of Project-TNT, LLC, 2022 <https://www.tnewtont.com/books/mystery-of-the-marie/>

Marie: A Converted WWII Landing Craft (Ex. C-LCVP) – The *Marie* (#253,652 / Ex. C-LCVP 23127) <https://www.tnewtont.com/marie-event-remembered-the-marie-a-c-lcvp/>

Photo: The *Marie* (ex-LCVP) after a lobster-diving trip with the California Polytechnic University Diving Club, Santa Barbara Channel, 1958. The boat reportedly stalled mid-channel before the group—shown here resting in the sunshine—was rescued. From the author's archives. (SBCGS member Jim Wilson may be among the divers.)

LCVP: LCVP on display: at the WWII Museum in New Orleans, LA. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Higgins_Industries#/media/File:16_120_156_WWII_museum.jpg

LCVP: LCVP on display at the National Museum of the U.S. Army, Virginia, <https://www.thenmusa.org/exhibit/global-war/>

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LCVP: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/LCVP_\(United_States\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/LCVP_(United_States))

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*Teresa Newton-Terres is an award-winning author of the **Mystery of the Marie**, a memoir of how her search for answers into a childhood tragedy surfaced a Cold War secret.*
www.MysteryoftheMarie.com



A Mystery at the Airport

By Melville R. V. Sahyun, Ph.D.

WHEN MY FATHER, Melville Sahyun, finished his Ph.D. in biochemistry at Stanford University, he was offered a position in the research laboratories at Frederick Stearns & Co. in Detroit, Michigan. He moved there and had risen to the position of Director of Research by 1946, when the company was dissolved and its businesses sold off. The end of a historic company was the consequence of the retirement of Frederick S. Stearns, who had headed the family-owned organization since 1921, when his father, Frederick K. Stearns, son of the founder, Frederick Stearns, had retired with no heir to continue the family enterprise.



Frederick Stearns & Co. headquarters in Detroit, Michigan
([Wikipedia commons](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Frederick_Stearns_&_Co._headquarters_in_Detroit,_Michigan.jpg)).

Because of this history, my interest was piqued when I learned of a role that an early aviator named Frederick Stearns, Frederick B. Stearns to be specific (though he is sometimes referenced improperly as Frederick Stearns II), had played in the development of the Santa Barbara Municipal Airport. As various histories of the airport,

including the capsule history in the Airport's Wikipedia page and, at least at one time, the Airport's own website, flysba.com, recount, Stearns was the Airport's first manager, responsible for construction of two additional runways, introducing radio air traffic control, and bringing United Airlines service to Santa Barbara.



The Boeing 247 airplane of the type was once used by United Airlines to service Santa Barbara. ([Wikipedia commons](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Boeing_247.jpg)).

United Airlines, in turn, was responsible for the construction of the Spanish modernismo passenger terminal building, opened in 1942, which was our main terminal for many years and still serves as the Earle Ovington Terminal, containing an overflow waiting room and a display of historical photos. Stearns' tenure as manager ended when the airfield was taken over, during World War II, by the United States Marine Corps. He went on to a career with the Civil Aeronautics Administration, forerunner of the FAA. My ques-



Earle Ovington Terminal, Santa Barbara Airport (Google Earth-modified).

tion then was what, if any, was the connection between this Frederick Stearns and the one who had given my father his first professional position?

Coincidence is always a possibility; there could be two unrelated individuals named Frederick Stearns doing important things in the 1930s. My intuition told me this was not the case, however. One possibility that I considered was that the Frederick Stearns of Santa Barbara may have been a descendant of John Stearns, who built Stearns' Wharf in 1872. John Woodward quickly disabused me of that hypothesis. Two recent publications brought the complete story to light and resolved the mystery for me. The first is *A String of Pearls*, Cheri Rae's well-researched biography of Pearl Chase. Ms. Rae gave a fascinating talk about her book and its subject to our Genealogical Society last year. The second publication just appeared; it is Tom Modungo's detailed piece about the Airport and its history, "The First Two Hangars," on *GoletaHistory.com* (September 7, 2025).

Ms. Rae tells how (p. 143) in his youth, Frederick S. Stearns (1881-1951), the one who would take over his family's pharmaceutical concern in 1921, married a certain Gertrude Boyer (1887-1957). She was the heiress of the family that controlled the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, and the daughter of the prototype machine's co-inventor.



Burroughs Adding Machine (first decade 20th c.). (Photo courtesy of Smithsonian Institution).

They had a daughter, Gertrude, and a son, Frederick Boyer Stearns, born 1911, before they divorced in 1914. Gertrude took the two children and moved to Santa Barbara. There she was courted by and married Harold S. "Hal" Chase (1890-1970), brother of Santa Barbara's beloved Pearl Chase (1888-1979); Hal adopted Gertrude's two children by Stearns. Was this Frederick B. Stearns the Frederick B. Stearns of our Airport?

Tom Modungo answers this question with an unequivocal "yes." With respect to airport manager Stearns, he states that, "His step-father was Harold S. Chase, by the way, who happened to be one of the



Harold S. Chase (from Findagrave.com)

owners of the land the airport runways were built on. Stearns took his job very seriously and he persuaded his father to use his influence to get investors to fund improvements...."Some of the funding no doubt came from his mother, Mrs. Gertrude Boyer Chase, who, according to Rae, was the "bank" for many of the Chase family ventures. At this point the airport was still privately owned and operated, and

in the 1940 Census, Frederick Stearns identifies his occupation as "owner-airfield." The City of Santa Barbara did not finally acquire ownership of the airport itself until 1949, after its World War II occupation by the Marine Corps.

So now I have the answer to my original question: the man for whom my father first worked professionally was the father of the first manager of the Santa Barbara Airport. The elder Stearns successfully led the company, which brought the first high-purity, standardized insulin preparation to market and developed the nutritional supplements that enabled our wounded World War II veterans, POWs, and Holocaust survivors to recover their health. The younger Stearns enabled the development of the airport that is now so central to our Santa Barbara quality of life. Both these men are worthy to be remembered. Others perhaps already know the complete story, but it was new and enlightening to me. And it leaves me with more mysteries to fathom: after his term as airport manager, what else might Frederick B. Stearns have contributed to the Santa Barbara community, and how did he come to die prematurely in 1966, outlived by his stepfather?

It is also of interest to speculate on the wider consequences of a seemingly personal decision, an example, perhaps, of the "Butterfly Effect." No doubt, when Frederick B. Stearns was born his father dreamed of grooming him to be his successor in running the family pharmaceutical business. He would have been the fourth Frederick Stearns to have run the company. Had Gertrude and Frederick S. not divorced, this would have been his life. The company would have survived, at least another 20 years, most likely with Dr. Melville Sahyun as its Director of Research, and I would have grown up in Detroit, Michigan, instead of Santa Barbara. There would be no Sahyun Genealogical Library. Furthermore, Santa Barbara Airport would have been deprived of its first, truly visionary manager, and, most likely, Santa Maria or San Luis Obispo would have emerged as the main air traffic hub for the Central Coast. We would all be commuting there by car or shuttle to catch our flights, instead of simply driving to Goleta.

Melville R.V. "Mel" Sahyun is a Life Member of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society and a frequent (perhaps too frequent?) contributor to Ancestors West.

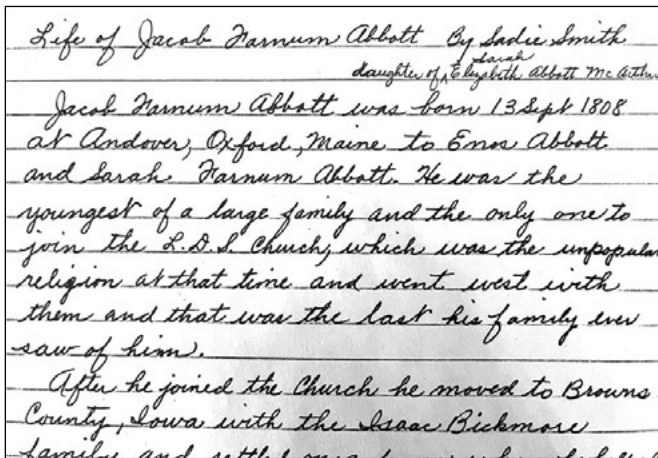


The Mystery of the Errant Wife, and the Abandoned Child

By Kristin Ingalls

A HANDWRITTEN BIOGRAPHY of my 3rd great-grandfather, Jacob Farnum Abbott, penned by his granddaughter, Sadie Smith, has kept me wondering for a long time.

Sadie's biography:



*Life of Jacob Farnum Abbott By Sadie Smith
daughter of Sarah Abbott Mrs. Abbott*

Jacob Farnum Abbott was born 13 Sept 1808 at Andover, Oxford, Maine to Enos Abbott and Sarah Farnum Abbott. He was the youngest of a large family and the only one to join the L.D.S. Church, which was the unpopular religion at that time and went west with them and that was the last his family saw of him.

After he joined the Church he moved to Brown County, Iowa with the Isaac Bickmore family and settled on a farm where he



Jacob Farnum Abbott

"Jacob Farnum Abbott was born September 13, 1808, in Andover, Maine, to Enos Abbott and Sarah Farnum Abbott. He was the youngest of a large family and the only one to join the LDS Church, which was an unpopular religion at that time, and he went west with them. That was the last his family saw of him. After he joined the Church, he moved to Brown County, Iowa, with the Isaac Bickmore

family and settled on a farm where he helped them with farming. Later, they were driven from place to place, and they lived in several counties in Iowa."

"During his travels, he met and married Mary Sephronia Chapman (about 1847). They were the parents of one daughter, whom they named Hannah. While Hannah was still a baby, her mother fell in love with another man. She gave the baby to Jacob, but he didn't have anyone to care for her while he worked all day, so he asked Mary Sephronia (the baby's mother) and her new husband if they would live with him and take care of the baby until he could make other arrangements. They agreed and lived with Jacob during the winter." The biography continues through his death in Utah in 1872.

Well, isn't that the most congenial divorce arrangement on record?

Questions: Why did Jacob's ancestors leave Massachusetts for Maine after being there for nearly 100 years? How did Jacob become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? But of most interest was the mystery of what happened to Mary Sephronia Chapman, who her new husband was, where they lived after she left Jacob, and whether she had more children.

From England to Massachusetts

My immigrant Abbott ancestors left England and settled in Andover, Massachusetts, beginning in the 1640s. There were three separate Abbott lines eventually living in Andover, and I descend from all of them. In Andover, these families grew and prospered for many generations. Why did one branch leave there in 1788 and settle in the wilderness 200 miles north in what is now Maine? I found the probable answer in a thoroughly researched book on demographics.

1788 From Massachusetts to Maine

In the fall of 2003, I spent several weeks visiting a friend in Maine. While there, I took a field trip from her house in Kennebunk, about 100 miles north, to Andover, where these Abbott ancestors had settled in 1788. Traveling from the south, it is a beautiful drive, with very few towns and lots of wilderness.

Andover, Maine, is a tiny hamlet less than 100 miles from the Canadian border, surrounded by forest. Since its founding, the population has never exceeded 1,000 souls. I was taken by the remoteness of this little town and pondered what winter would be like there. It is so densely forested that I easily imagined the forest creeping towards the village at night, trying to swallow it back up, and the villagers going to the forest edge every morning to push it back. Pretty as it was, there was something rather cold and foreboding about the whole area.

Depending on which route you took, the walk from Andover, Massachusetts, to their new home was between 160 and 200 miles and could take up to two weeks. I can imagine families making that trek with all their livestock and worldly belongings, and, upon arrival, setting out to build their own homes, barns, etc. In the early days, the people from Andover were almost wholly cut off from the rest of the world. They did not even have mail service.

Andover, Maine

When I visited one of the libraries south of the Andover area, I was told that the land was war bounty land, granted to a group of men for their service in the Revolutionary War. Further research does not substantiate this, however. Only Ezekiel Merrill, one of the settlers, received land for his military service, but the rest of the settlers who came as a group purchased their land. I cannot find any information on who exactly they bought it from. One source said the state of Massachusetts.



Among those original proprietors were four families of my Abbott line, as well as two other families I am related to: the Farnums and the Braggs.

There is little written about the small village, but I found two items of interest, both done by descendants of the Poor family. The first was a 17-page article by Silvanus Poor in *History of Andover, Maine*, primarily about land matters. The second was *The Andover Memorials*, by Agnes Poor, taken verbatim from conversations with Silvanus Poor and published in 1833. That book has lots of gossipy tales!

From History of Andover, Maine:

"...Came Jonathan, Phillip, and John Abbott with their families. With John came the father of the three, John Abbott, Sr. [John, Sr., the patriarch, and his wife were quite elderly at the time]...The three, before they came to the new Andover, were substantial citizens of Old Andover [Massachusetts]. In the new, they were prosperous by the standards of the time and highly respected citizens. All had large families, most of whom they brought with them. In the three families, there were nineteen sons, besides many daughters. Many of the sons of the original Abbotts had large families. When the Abbott family was in its vigor, it composed nearly one-fifth of the voters of the town."

The following articles are from Agnes Poor's book and are a lot of fun to read. She starts with my 5th great-grandfather, one of the original settlers.

Jonathan Abbott (1748-1833).

"He was a shoemaker by trade in the winter, a farmer the rest of the year. He was not active in public affairs but was active in and supported the church. ...He was fond of company but unsocial in his family. He could be friendly or morose, but his sons found him difficult to live with. His wife was "modest, benevolent, an excellent housewife, pleasant and eager to make those about her happy." She continues:

Enos Abbott (1769-1839)

Enos was a son of Jonathan. Here the fun begins. To paraphrase, he was

"...very industrious, hardworking, built up a large farm. But he was not a very nice fellow. He was "unsocial in his family and did not strive to make home agreeable to them or his wife. He was fond of strong drink and being away from home... He read but little and took but little interest in town affairs or politics. His wife (Sarah Farnum) was a smart and industrious woman, but learned early to submit to her husband, and did not cultivate that fine feeling so becoming a mother. The result was a rough, uneducated family. She worked hard and saw much trouble before her death. After Sarah died, he married a widow with some money, which she denied him. She was a tyrant and ruled with a rod of iron. She was more severe with him than he was with his first wife. He took ill, moved in with his brother, and it seems he died pretty much alone."

He sounds like a dreadful fellow, and I must admit that my evil twin was happy to hear he got his comeuppance.

After reading this dishy little synopsis of his life, I can understand why his son Jacob wanted to move away.

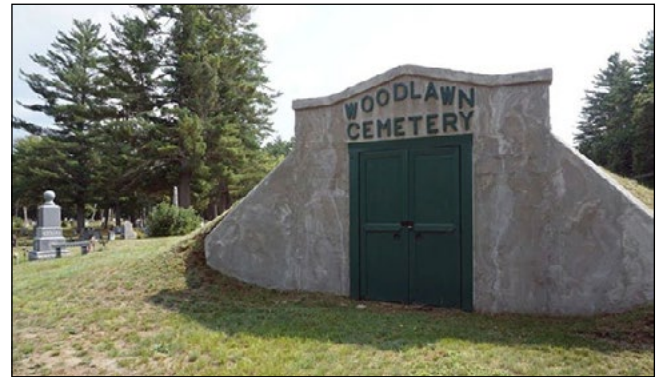
Researching further becomes a little complicated, primarily because of sloppy research in online family trees. Enos and Sarah Farnum Abbott had nine children, one son named Farnum Abbott and one named Jacob Farnum Abbott. Many online trees assume these two men are one person, and that ends in a fine mess. To add to the muddle, the Official Vital Records of Maine show that Farnum

Abbott married a Mary Chapman in 1828, and they subsequently had at least six children. Jacob Farnum Abbott married Mary Goud in 1830; there is no record of them having children. Later in his life, Jacob married Mary Sophronia Chapman. Again, many eager genealogists compress these two separate people and their marriages into one. Lesson: **Trust Nothing You Read!**



Woodlawn Cemetery, Andover, Maine.

That hump behind the door is the 'Holding Vault.'



Before leaving, I visited the town cemetery. Alas, this was before the days of Find-a-Grave, and without a map of the cemetery, I realized my wanderings could take many hours. I gave up the hunt. I wanted to leave before dark lest those hungry trees swallow me up. Or perhaps bears.

1852 From Maine to Utah

So now we come to the questions raised by Sadie Smith's biography of her father.

So many questions: what happened to his first wife, Mary Goud? When did he leave Maine? Did Mary go too? Andover is so isolated, so where did he meet Mormons? Who did his wife, Mary Chapman, leave him for? Where? What happened to her and her new husband? Who was the husband? Oh Joy! A genealogist's dream – a puzzle. Not exactly a brick wall, more of a heap of rubble.

So, on to records!

The first I find for Jacob is the 1830 U.S. Census in Andover, Maine. Listed living next door to one another are Enos Farnum, James Goud (father of Mary Goud?), and Jacob F. Abbott. Jacob is living alone. A few months later, Jacob and Mary Goud marry. I could find very little information on the Goud family.

Back to unsourced online records. Another Abbott descendant notes that Jacob and Mary Goud were

divorced in 1845. Another attached a child to their marriage. I could not find any record of either event.

The last record of Jacob Farnum in Andover was his 1830 marriage to Mary Goud. His second marriage to Mary Chapman was in 1850, 20 years after his first. What happened in those 20 years? Where did he meet the Bickmore family?

I had long before researched all my Mormon families but had not made the connection about where Jacob may have met the Bickmores. Easily, really: they were all living in Maine at the time. I still need to delve further into the LDS church history in that area and how they found new members in such a remote locale.

Isaac Bickmore was born in Friendship, Maine, married there, and joined the church. His wife, Martha, only joined many years later. They first lived in Illinois, and later in Iowa. I can only assume that Jacob knew them while they were in Maine and left with them, or left sometime after. From Maine to Illinois is 1200 miles, to Iowa, 1500 miles. It is hard to contemplate those long distances in those days. As stated in Sadie's reminiscences, Mormons were unwelcome in many places, and they moved frequently, so official records are scant. Happily, the Church kept its own records.

The LDS Seventy Quorum Membership, 1835-1846, lists the date of Jacob's baptism as March 15, 1838, in Nauvoo, Illinois. He paid taxes in Nauvoo in 1841 and 1842. Mary Chapman is living in Nauvoo in 1842, but the two are not yet married.

He is not on any public record in 1840. He and Mary Sephronia Chapman married in 1847 in Pottawattamie, Iowa. Hannah Sephronia Abbott was born on October 8, 1849.

So...What happened to Mary Sephronia? Who was the man she left Jacob for? How long did they all live together? When did she finally leave him, and where did she go?

What happened to Mary Sephronia Chapman?

Alas, nothing as glamorous as a clandestine love affair. She did not fall in love with another man, marry him, and leave Jacob, the baby, behind. Sadly, she died at McOlney's Camp, Pottawattamie, Iowa, in 1849, just 18 days after the baby Hannah Sephronia was born. Mary was only 21. So, the story of Mary leaving Jacob and the baby is not true. I must admit, I am still a bit disappointed. Think of the research possibilities. Or...since this is a story with such impact, could it be that when Jacob and Mary Goud were married, they had a child, and she left him for another man? If so, what happened to that baby? Alas... No records could be found.

By the time of Mary's death, many of the Saints (LDS members) were preparing to leave for Zion and were moving to camps near the Missouri River.

In searching for Mary Sephronia Chapman, I found that she was one of five children of Isaac Benjamin Chapman and Solona Brown. Isaac was born in Vermont, and all the children were born in Indiana. This entire family converted to the Mormon faith, except for Solona. Isaac converted to assist the Saints in removing from Missouri and was a member of the Nauvoo church. He died there in 1842. Mary's sister, Julia Ann Chapman Lee, died in the encampments before she and the rest of the Chapman families could leave for Zion. The other three siblings did settle in Utah, going with an unknown wagon train in 1852. Death in these temporary encampments was not uncommon. So, we leave the unfortunate Chapmans.

A few months after Mary's death, the 42-year-old Jacob married Isaac Bickmore's daughter, Martha Jane Bickmore, who was just 19. The baby, Hannah, was raised with all of Jacob and Martha Jane's subsequent seven children. If Jacob had been farming with the Bickmores after he left Maine, he would have known Martha Jane most of her life. This raises another question about some of my Mormon families and their marriages – was it a love match, or more of a marriage of convenience? Another article.

In 1852, all the surviving Bickmore families and Jacob, Martha Jane, Hannah Sephronia, and a new baby, Sarah Abbott, joined the Dan B. Walker Company and, with 250 other Saints, crossed the country and settled in Zion (Utah). During the journey, many of the company were stricken with the dreadful disease, black cholera, and Martha Jane's father, Isaac Motor Bickmore, and her grandmother Margaret (Martha) Dickey Bickmore died from the disease within an hour of each other. They were buried at Loop Fork on the Platte River in Nebraska. Fifteen members of the company died at this time. Martha's husband, Jacob Farnum, helped his mother-in-law, Martha Bickmore Sr., with her children the rest of the way to Utah.

The Walker Company arrived in Cottonwood Canyon just east of Salt Lake City in October 1852, where they camped for about two weeks to rest their teams and repair their wagons. While they were camped there, Martha Jane gave birth to another daughter, Harriet Ann. The Abbott family settled in Wellsville, Utah, in beautiful Cache County. Jacob had a sawmill and made furniture. He died in 1872. Martha died in 1904 in Idaho.

Revisiting this story has inspired me to learn more about the many encampments along the Missouri River and the history of LDS conversions in remote places like Maine. My mom left the church and moved from Utah to California in her early 20s, so we never learned much about Church history.

Becoming a genealogy addict has opened many surprises I would otherwise have never known about.

And the questions remains – where did the story of Jacob and Mary and her new lover living together come from? I am sure that will remain a brick wall.

Sources:

Rumford [Maine] Falls Times. History of Andover, Maine: Purchase of the Township and Distribution of the Land, by Silvanus Poor. 1904. Poor, Agnes Blake.

The Andover Memorials. Bryant Pond, Maine: Inman Printing, 1997.

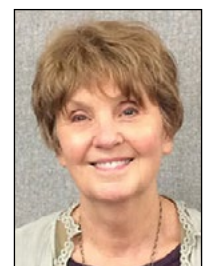


Martha Jane Bickmore Abbott



Sarah Elizabeth Abbott

Kristin has been an enthusiastic member of the Society for 25 years. Her favorite thing is helping people find their long-lost ancestors, and selling books!



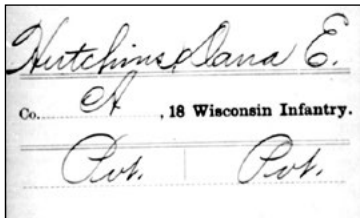
Dana Ebenezer Hutchins, Wounded Civil War Soldier

By Sharon Summer

DANA E. HUTCHINS (1827-1901) fought in the Union Army during the American Civil War with Company A, 18th Infantry Regiment, Wisconsin volunteers. He was my third great-grandfather on my mother's line.

Dana was born in 1827 in upstate New York across the border from Quebec and his family soon moved to Whitingham, Vermont. By the time he enlisted in the Army, he had been married for 12 years to Sarah M. Brown (1834–about 1864), also from Whitingham, Vermont. They had two children, aged 10 and 8. The older child was Ida Mae Hutchins (1854-1915), who later became my second great-grandmother who came from Los Angeles, California. The younger child was Frank Leonard Hutchins (1856-1923). By 1857, the family moved to Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, where Dana worked as a carpenter and later enlisted in the Union Army.

Hutchins enlisted on February 17, 1864 during the war which had been raging for three years. Dana was honorably discharged a little over a year later, on August 2, 1865 with wounds that would plague him for the rest of his life.



Private Hutchins fought in only one battle, the little-known Battle of Alatoona Pass. This bloody fight lasted for a single day; Union soldiers were protecting the Union's only railroad supply line. The line ran through a narrow gorge bringing supplies from Chattanooga, Tennessee, to Atlanta, Georgia. General Sherman had a series of forts built at the pass to protect it. The Union army protected both the railroad and the fort occupied by soldiers, ammunition, and "one million rations" (Wikipedia). The soldiers narrowly prevailed against the Confederates and at the end of the fighting there were only enough men to fill one redoubt or section of the fort. Among this small group of surviving soldiers was my ancestor, Dana E. Hutchins.

During the battle, Private Hutchins was struck by shell fragments injuring his forehead, spinal column, back, and left leg, as later described in the affidavits of his pension. Unfortunately, he did not realize how badly he was wounded from the battle and didn't seek medical attention. Having no medical records at that time made it difficult for him later to obtain his disability pension. As a result of these wounds, he lived with increasing infirmity for the rest of his life. When he joined the Army, he was age 37. Upon his release from the Army, Dana lived and suffered with his war injuries for the next 37 years, exactly half his life.

After the Civil War, Dana attempted to resume his job as a carpenter but found it difficult due to his war injuries. According to the affidavits in his pension papers, Dana found he could not work a full day. Eventually, he had trouble working at all because of those injuries. He

511586
Jopoka

(3-145 a.)
ACT OF JUNE 27, 1890.

INVALID PENSION.

Claimant, Dana E Hutchins
P. O., Goldwater Rank, Private
County, Lomax Company, A
State, Kansas Regiment, 18 Wis. Vol. Inf.
Rate, \$ 6 per month, commencing July 22/90

Disabled by Injury of head & back & various minor injuries

RECOGNIZED ATTORNEY.
Name, E. E. Loman Fee, \$ 10 Agent to pay.
P. O., City Articles filed, 1890

APPROVALS.

Submitted for Admin. Nov 24, 1890. R. M. Morgan
Approved for injury to head and back and various bones of left leg and left leg
Nov 24 1890.

now pensioned under other laws. Last paid to _____, 18____, at \$ _____
Pensioned from _____, 18____, at \$ _____, for _____

SERVICE SHOWN BY RECORD.

Enlisted Feb 17, 1864 honorably discharged Aug 2, 1865
Re-enlisted _____, 18____, honorably discharged _____, 18____
Declaration filed July 22, 1890, alleges permanent disability, not due to vicious habits, from shell wound of head and injury to back
Writted, Nov. 2, 1890.

applied and a delay was granted. An "Invalid Pension" was issued on June 17, 1881, which stated he was "partly disabled." Dana was then 50 years old and his health continued to deteriorate during subsequent years. He was eventually granted a full disability pension.

During the time Dana was away at war, his first wife, Sarah Mariah Brown, died in May of 1864, at the age of 29. Their children went to live with Sarah's parents. In 1867 Dana married Charlotte Ribble (1848-1921). They were together for fourteen years and lived in Chicago, Illinois. Dana and Charlotte spent the last six years of their life in the boomtown of Bakersfield, California. There, they ran a rooming house in the downtown business district for as long as he was able.

Dana died of diabetes at age 74 in August of 1901 and is buried in Union Cemetery located in downtown Bakersfield. Dana's obituary stated he was provided funeral services by his family and by three organizations of which he was a member: the Masons, the G. A. R. (Grand Army of the Republic), and his church. His obituary noted that many friends and grieving relatives

attended his impressive funeral services at the church, home, and cemetery. Members of the Color Guard acted as escort to the members of the G.A.R., and H.A. Blodgett conducted the Masonic services at the grave." (*The Daily Californian*, Monday Evening, September 2, 1901)

D. E. Hutchins Laid at Rest.

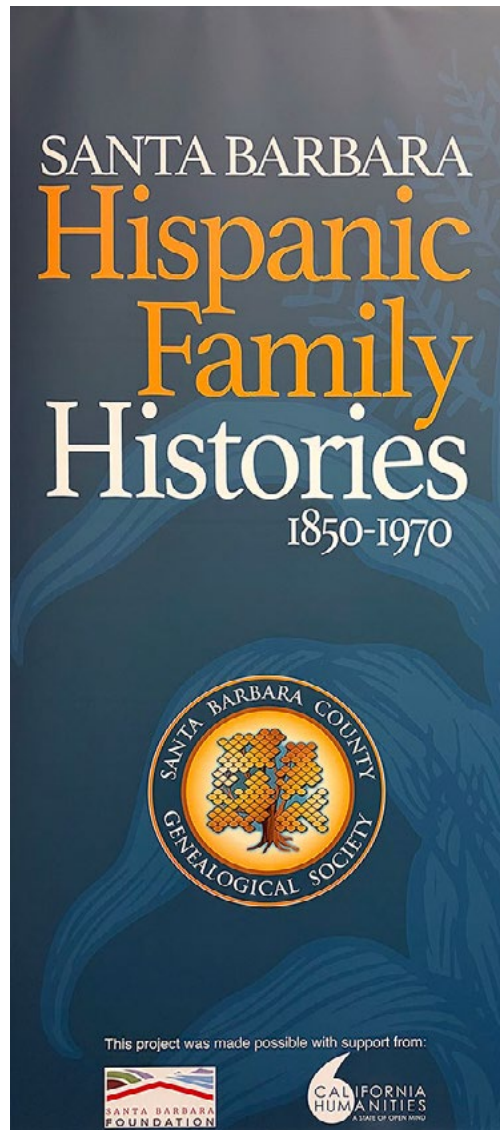
The funeral of the late Dana E. Hutchins was held yesterday afternoon from the Methodist church under the auspices of the Masons and the G. A. R. Prior to the services at the church, the Rev. J. M. Rich conducted a private religious service at the Hutchins' home at 1929 Railroad avenue. The services both at the church, home and cemetery were very impressive and were witnessed by a large number of friends and the sorrowing relatives. The members of Color Guard acted as escort to the members of the G. A. R. H. A. Blodgett conducted the Masonic services at the grave.

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Sharon Summer enjoys discoveries that come from researching her family history. She is writing the stories of her ancestors so they will not be forgotten. Sharon leads the monthly Family History Writing special interest group at the Santa Barbara Genealogy Society's monthly meetings and leads a monthly online writing class. She volunteers at the

Sahyun Library and serves on the Ancestors West editing committee.



THIS EXHIBIT HIGHLIGHTS the experiences of Hispanic community members of Santa Barbara County from 1850 to 1970, recognizing the multifaceted nature of Hispanic identity and the community's complex history of migration and settlement. It centers on the unique family and individual histories of the community, whose forebears include Spanish, Mexican and Indigenous ancestors. Currently estimated at 48% of the county population, the Hispanic community is now a vital economic, social and cultural presence in Santa Barbara and neighboring cities.

We look forward to future partnerships through which the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society can share its resources to help people, wherever they come from, delve into their histories and share their stories, perspectives and ideas.

These are some of the stories shared from SBCGS's exhibit. The physical exhibit will run at Sahyun Library until April 19, 2026. A virtual exhibit will go live in December 2025.

The Ayala and Dominguez Families

By Robert Gonzales and Vicky Gonzales

Jennie Dominguez Martinez and Frank J. Martinez both descend from notable first families with deep connections. My great-grandmother, Jennie Dominguez, was the daughter of Andrea Grajeda Dominguez (also known as Maria Andrea Grajeda) and Juan Pedro Dominguez (also known as John Peter Domingus).



Maria Andrea Grajeda
Courtesy Robert Gonzales.

Jennie's siblings were Carlotta Petra Dominguez (also known as Charlotte Petra Dominguez) and Francisco Roman Dominguez (also known as Frank Dominguez Sr.). Jennie, Frank Sr., and Charlotte also had a sister, Emma/Ibarra (Amelia Ibarra), who married Alejo Gonzalez.

Alejo descends from the same Gonzales family as the land-grant recipients of the Rio



Anacleto and Andrea Ybarra with Amelia.
Courtesy Robert Gonzales.

De Santa Clara Rancho: Leandro, Rafael, and Vicente Eduardo Gonzales, for whom Gonzales Road in Oxnard, California, is named.

Jennie's father, Juan Pedro Dominguez, was the son of Pedro Regalado Antonio Dominguez and Felipa Quinto Zuniga. Pedro Regalado Antonio's parents were Mariano Dominguez, one of the last soldiers at the San Diego Presidio, and Maria Venancia Sotelo (also known as Benancia Zotelo) of Villa de Sinaloa, Mexico. Felipa Quinto Zuniga was the daughter of Maria Justina Augustina Elisalde and Guillermo Antonio Zuniga. Guillermo Antonio was the son of India Maria Rufina Allam/Ailam and Jose Pio Quinto Zuniga India from San Juan Capistrano Mission; Maria Rufina's father was Indio Aralaj, and her mother was native to the region.

Emma (Amelia Ibarra), Jennie's sister, married Alejo Gonzalez. Emma's parents were Anacleto Ibarra and Andrea Grajeda Ibarra.

Andrea's parents were Maria Isabel Ayala Grajeda and Felipe Grajeda; Maria Isabel's parents were Juan Ayala and Rafaela Arellanez. Rafaela's parents were Manuel Ramirez de Arellano (Alcalde de New Spain) and Maria Agueda Lopez de Haro. Juan Ayala's parents were Jose Calixto Ayala and Juana Vitalia Feliz, and Jose Calixto's parents were Nicolas Ayala and N.N. Maria Ygnacia.

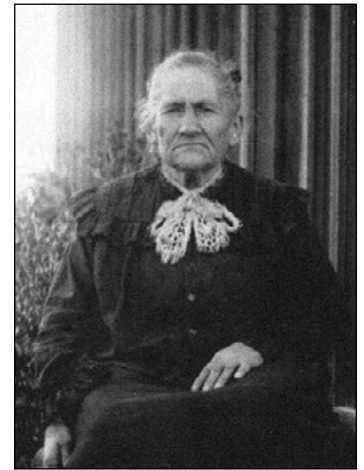


Andrea.
Courtesy Robert Gonzales.



Grandma Amelia in Santa Barbara, 1955.
Courtesy Robert Gonzales.

This family's lineage started in Cosala, Sinaloa, Mexico. From there, they moved to San Juan Capistrano Mission, then to San Gabriel Mission, then to Santa Barbara's Presidio and Mission, and finally to the San Buenaventura Mission and to present-day El Rio, California.



Isabel Ayala Grajeda.
Courtesy Robert Gonzales.



Isabel and Dana as children. Courtesy Robert Gonzales.

Kathy Cota, Choreographer, Dancer and Teacher

By Teri-Ann Gonzalez

Kathy Cota, who passed away on June 24, 2024, was well-known and beloved throughout Santa Barbara and surrounding communities as a highly talented, expressive and innovative dancer who mentored generations of girls and young women as the director of Kathy Cota Dance Studio. She and her dance students regularly performed at the city's annual "Old Spanish Days" Fiesta. As a dedicated teacher, she championed dance training that embraced a variety of styles and interpretations, but always served as a way of forming joyful communities among the young dancers.

Kathleen Susan Cota was born in Santa Barbara on June 5, 1941, the twelfth child of Juan Ignacio and Elfina (Gutierrez) Cota. An 8th generation Santa Barbaran, Kathy traced descent to the early Presidio soldiers, including Juan Francisco Ortega on her mother's side, as well as through the mixed-race (Chumash, Mexican, Spanish) community of Californios. Her first teacher was her father, Juan. While employed as a custodian and maintenance worker for much of his life, Juan gained early notoriety as a dancer, teacher and choreographer, having performed in the first city-sponsored Old Spanish Days Fiesta in 1924.



Juan Cota and his sister, Anita Cota, ca. 1920s-30s.
Courtesy Teri-Ann Gonzalez.

Previously, fiestas had been regularly held as neighborhood or family affairs by the Californios. It was only in 1924, as part of the effort by the city's cultural elites and civic leaders to promote the city's Spanish roots, that the first city-wide fiesta, dubbed Old Spanish Days Fiesta, was inaugurated. Although the history of the city-wide Fiesta has received much scrutiny, including critiques from Mexican-descended and Indigenous communities for its skewed portrayal of the region's past, it did offer opportunities for dancers like Juan Cota and



Kathy Cota and dance partner, Richard Mendoza.
Courtesy Teri-Ann Gonzalez.



Kathy Cota and José Manero, studio portrait.
Courtesy Teri-Ann Gonzalez.

the descendants whom he trained to be recognized for their artistry and to grow as teachers, choreographers and performers. Kathy carried on the family's tradition as a dance teacher and performer.

Besides the training from her father, she also received instruction from the renowned Jose Manero in whose studio students were exposed to various styles, from folkloric to the Spanish paso doble.

She preserved the diversity of styles in her own studio, while also innovating on them as she prepared young dancers to take the stage in the city's Fiestas.

Kathy married Ramond Lopez in 1965, at the age of 23, but the couple divorced 5 years later. Kathy and her children moved into a duplex on Santa Barbara's west side, which they shared with Juan and Elfina. Kathy's renown as a choreographer, dancer and teacher grew, with her eventually creating her own studio, Kathy Cota Studio, which over the decades trained many Fiesta dancers.

Her daughter, Teri-Ann, who began her own training in dance at 3 years of age under her mother's direction, inherited a love of dance from Kathy. She has continued Kathy's legacy by training students, including her own daughter, Cheri-Ann Leon. The family now operates Danza de Cota studio. Kathy's discipline, artistry and love continue to inspire her daughter, granddaughter and the generations of dancers that she taught and among whom she nurtured dance's capacity for community-building and its embrace of diverse styles and interpretations. Teri-Ann remembers her mother's admonition to "keep dancing in the feet not the head. If the dance is in the feet, then the heart is open to your feet." By claiming dance in all its diversity, Kathy's family proudly affirms their descent from the region's Spanish settlers, its Indigenous Chumash inhabitants, and later waves of Mexican migrants. This mix of traditions is mirrored in the range of traditions and practices that many recognize in Santa Barbara's Fiesta and have sought to highlight and embrace. For Teri-Ann, it's these complex skeins of dance tradition that form the basis for its innovations and for the camaraderie that is the true spirit of Fiesta.



Francisco Cota, Juan Cota's father, ca. 1880-1915.
Courtesy Teri-Ann Gonzalez.



Kathy Cota, aged 16, dancing during Fiesta, 1957. Her costume was likely designed and produced by José Manero.
Courtesy Teri-Ann Gonzalez.

Gilberto "Gil" Garcia

Retired Architect and Civic Leader

Gil Garcia was born in 1939 and brought up in Goleta, the second of 8 children born to Bernardo and Carmen (Correa) Garcia. Bernardo's family migrated from Jalisco, Mexico in 1927. Carmen's family had migrated from Zacatecas earlier in the century. Both revolutions had disrupted the campesino communities in which they lived and worked. Carmen was born in Arizona shortly after her family crossed the U.S. border.



Remains of Hacienda where Bernardo was born and worked on the outskirts of Union de San Antonio in the Highlands of Jalisco. The hacienda was burned down by the Mexican Government Army when they went looking for the owner of the Hacienda who was a leader in the 1926 to 1928 Christian Revolution.

In the U.S., Bernardo's family worked in California's migrant farm labor circuit. Bernardo and Carmen met in Soledad where her family was part of the Salinas Valley migrant work force. They married there, settled in Goleta in 1938, where Gil was born. The family grew to 8 children.



Wedding photo of Bernardo and Carmen Garcia (mid-1930s).

wealthy Hope Ranch estate.

The family lived in a neighborhood infused by the culture and ethos of the campesino life that they had had in Mexico – with the centrality of Catholicism, a commitment to hard work, strong family core values and migrant community ties.

Gil and older brother, Bernardo Jr. (early 1940s).



In Goleta, Bernardo became part of the migrant workforce as a ranch hand and, during the mid-1940s, as a crew chief in Ellwood's POW camp where he took crews of German prisoners to harvest walnuts. He also took crews in the Bracero program to other agricultural activities. Later in life he worked in the then vibrant Goleta More Mesa Flower Industry where he harvested and packed flowers for shipment to markets. His final job was as a gardener at a



Gil's mother, Carmen Garcia, with Gil's younger sister, Gloria, and brother, Ray (Undated).

Gil and his siblings attended local schools, and Gil remembers his first immersion in an English-language environment as an experience of culture shock.

The three older children worked with their parents and extended families in the fields, where through their elders' training, especially Bernardo's, they were schooled in core values of integrity, humility, and generosity that would carry them into adulthood.

After graduating from Santa Barbara Catholic High (1957) and serving in the US Air Force, Gil returned to Santa Barbara in 1962, where he pursued his interest in mechanical engineering by taking an entry-level position at the architectural firm Arendt Mosher & Grant. Through that work experience, he



Gil Garcia with his first-grade class, 1946.



Gil's maternal grandmother, Mariana Mendoza (undated).

gained the skills and knowledge to become a licensed architect in 1972 and established his own practice, Garcia Architects, in 1976. His greater fulfillment has been in civic and philanthropic service – arenas in which he has called upon the life lessons and values that he learned through his father's stories. He served for a decade on Santa Barbara's City Council and, with wife Marti Correa de Garcia, on numerous non-profits, including the Santa Barbara/Puerto Vallarta Sister City Committee and the Rotary Club of Santa Barbara North. He was long active in Santa Barbara's Mental Wellness Center, serving as Board Chair in 2000.

Gil's many contributions to the community were recognized in 1997 with the Santa Barbara Lifetime Achievement Award. Honoring his parents' Mexican roots, he has been a longtime collector of Mexican prints depicting themes of labor, gender and domesticity in campesino farming life and culture. Sixty pieces of that collection were recently donated to UCSB's Art, Design and Architecture Museum, where the exhibition was celebrated with a festive opening on September 27, 2025, and serves as a testament to the importance of campesino culture in the linked histories of Mexico and the U.S.

Gil and Marti in 2016 when Marti was President of our Rotary Club. Gil had been president in 1989. They attended the Rotary International conference in Seoul, South Korea both years.



All photos courtesy of Gilbert Garcia.

The Herrera Perez Family

By Yolanda Pérez

My mother, Mela Herrera, was born at St. Francis Hospital in Santa Barbara in 1923. Her parents, José and Francisca Herrera, came to Santa Barbara in 1920 from Mexico with their eldest daughter, Socorro. A third daughter, Maria, was born in 1924.



Mela, Maria, and Socorro Herrera, from left to right, 1925. Courtesy Yolanda Pérez.

The family came to Santa Barbara in 1920 to join relatives who had emigrated at the turn of the century. José, Francisca, and their daughter Socorro traveled over 1,600 miles by train from Santiago Papasquiari, in Durango, Mexico, to Santa Barbara. They had moved to join relatives and work in the local mines and lemon orchards, and to reside on Santa Barbara's east side within the Mexican community. In 1928, when José became ill, the family returned to Mexico, where José later died. My mother returned to Santa Barbara in 1944 to visit an aunt and remained after marrying my father in 1946. She found employment at the Johnson Fruit Company, packing lemons, and formed lifelong friendships with other young Hispanic women.

My father, Salvador Perez, was born in 1919 in Bisbee, Arizona. His parents crossed the Arizona border during the Mexican Revolution shortly before his birth and then relocated to Oxnard, where he lived until age eleven. At that time, he returned to Mexico, where his parents had abandoned him. He later returned

to the U.S., arriving in Santa Barbara in 1932, where he found his family working and living at the Crocker Sperry Lemon Ranch in Montecito. After a brief period there, he left and took odd jobs during the difficult years of the Great Depression. His resilience and sense of responsibility would later guide him through pivotal chapters of his life.

In 1938, he joined the Civilian Conservation Corps and was assigned to the Big Basin Redwoods State Park in Santa Cruz County. The following year, he joined the Army and remained there until the end of WWII. During the war, he was a paratrooper with the 101st Airborne serving in Europe.

After the war, he returned to Santa Barbara and began working at Cottage Hospital. He lived in a rooming house on East Haley Street and had his meals at the Rose Café. The café's owner, Maria Alvarez, was the aunt my mother had come to visit, and in 1945, my parents met at the café and married the following year. Their first house was on the 400 block of East Haley Street, opposite the Rose Café. They lived there until they purchased a vacant lot on Alameda Padre Serra, which was then mostly an unpaved road, and that became the family home to this day.



Salvador and Mela Pérez's wedding, 1946. Courtesy Yolanda Pérez.

In 1950, during the Korean War, my father re-enlisted in the Army and remained in service until 1968, when he retired and returned to Santa Barbara. The home crafted with my father's own hands became a gathering place for extended family, neighbors, and friends. As the years unfolded, we celebrated milestones—the arrival of children, graduations, and weddings—within the sturdy walls of the home. The Pérez family's house on Alameda Padre Serra became more than a physical shelter; it grew into a symbol of perseverance and belonging, woven into the fabric of Santa Barbara's Eastside community.

Merced León (1868–1925)

Merced León was born on July 28, 1868, in Puruándiro, Michoacán de Campo, Mexico. Merced León married Maria Nieves Ines De La Natividad Chávez and had four sons and four daughters between 1893 and 1910: Antonio, Natividad, Pedro, Maria, Gennaro ("Jerry"), Alfonso, Amelia, who died at age twelve, and Angela, who died at the age of 10 months in 1902.



Merced and Nieves, undated framed photograph. Courtesy Alberto León.



Merced with sons Antonio, Pedro, and Gennaro and an unidentified young woman. Courtesy Alberto León.

Family recollections also suggest Merced may have had three daughters with a woman named Julia, though little is known.

Merced first migrated to the United States in 1909 at the age of 27, but returned to Mexico before returning to the U.S. in 1920, crossing at El Paso, Texas. On this second journey, he brought his children, Gennaro, Amelia, and Alfonso. Around the same time, after the death of her grandfather and in the face of her grandmother's declining health, Merced's daughter Maria also left Mexico and settled in Oxnard. Merced's wife, Nieves Ines Chavez León, came to the U.S. later with their youngest son,

Alfonso, and settled in Missouri.

Tragedy struck on June 29, 1925, when Merced died as a result of injuries from Santa Barbara's devastating earthquake. Only after his death did Nieves and Alfonso move to Santa Barbara.

Many of Merced's descendants settled in Santa Barbara, Oxnard, and Los Angeles, with other branches of the family choosing to live in Missouri and the broader Southwest. At a 2023 family reunion, descendants organized themselves into six major branches:

- León – descendants of Merced's son, Antonio
- Muñoz – descendants of Merced's granddaughter Irene (daughter of Antonio)
- Montoya – descendants of Merced's granddaughter Petra (daughter of Antonio)
- Madrigal – descendants of Merced's daughter, Natividad
- Torres – descendants of Merced's daughter Maria
- Lyon – descendants of Merced's son, Alfonso, who changed the family name to Lyon after moving to Nevada



Alberto and his brother at 836 Laguna Street. Courtesy Alberto León.

Antonio León (León Branch)

Antonio, Merced's eldest son, married Augustina in Los Angeles in 1913. They lived in Oxnard before settling in Santa Barbara around 1920, where Antonio worked as a cement mason. His projects included construction at the Child estate and the Santa Barbara Zoo. Antonio and Augustina had three children, Irene, Petra, and Salvador. Augustina died in 1920, cared for during her illness by Antonio's sister, Maria. Antonio later fathered additional children, Antonio, Albert, Beatrice and Lydia, and married their mother in 1960. The family lived on the east side of Santa Barbara at 836 Laguna Street until the city claimed the area for redevelopment in the early 1970s.

They later moved to the Mesa area of Santa Barbara. Antonio's brother, Gennaro, also lived in Santa Barbara. His son, Gilbert, died young in a Los Angeles road accident, leaving two children.

Madrigal Branch

Natividad, Merced's daughter, married Joaquín Madrigal. Their children included Julian, Alfonso, Angelina, Antonio, Celia (Sally), and Robert, and their family spent summers traveling the farm labor circuit. Granddaughter Martha Madrigal Cervantes remembered working alongside her parents during walnut harvests and spending her childhood days in Santa Barbara's eastside neighborhood. The family attended Our Lady of Guadalupe School and lived near extended family members, including grandmother Nieves.

Torres Branch

• Maria León, born in Sacapo, Michoacán, married Jesús Torres.

They had eight children: José, Vidal, Jesse, Carmen, Alex, twins Albert and Alfred, and Rosemary (Lupe). Like other local families, they traveled seasonally to harvest crops, with young Carmen beginning fieldwork at just six years old. The family also raised small livestock and grew produce in their yard. After separating from her husband around 1945, Maria worked in citrus packing houses and later as a cook at St. Vincent's orphanage. Active in the Guadalupanas of Our Lady of Guadalupe Church, she was named Santa Barbara's Mother of the Year in 1977 and became a U.S. citizen in 1995 at age 90. Her children went on to hold community roles: José Torres served on the Santa Barbara City Council, and Albert worked for the Sheriff's Department. In contrast, Vidal and Alfred worked at the *Santa Barbara News-Press*. Carmen, Maria's oldest daughter, married Tony Roman in 1953 and raised her family on Indio Muerto Street, later moving to Oxnard.

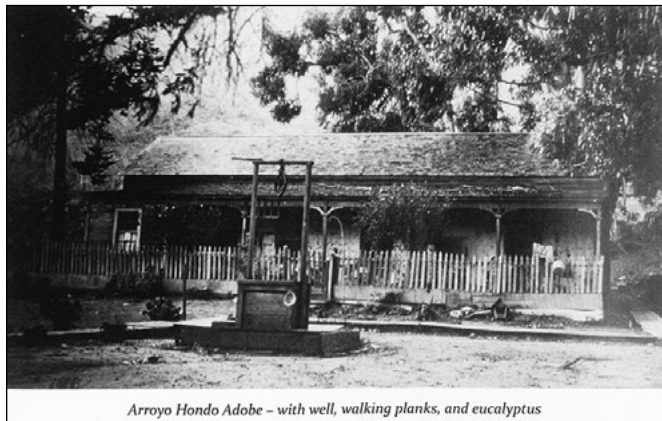


Maria León Torres visiting Sacapo in later life. Courtesy Carmen Roman.

Vincente Fernando Ortega (1885-1983)

By Roseann Leyva King, Regina Delahay

My grandfather, Vicente Fernando Ortega, was the last of the Ortegas to occupy the Arroyo Hondo Ranch. He was born in a shack near the estuary. Vicente Ortega's father was Fernando Ortega, a fourth-generation descendant of José Francisco Ortega, the commanding officer of the Santa Barbara Presidio from 1782 to 1784.



Arroyo Hondo Adobe - with well, walking planks, and eucalyptus

Arroyo Hondo Ranch Adobe, undated. Courtesy Roseann Leyva King.

Vincente attended the school on the Ranch. Vicente learned to ride a horse at the age of five. He became an excellent horseman and trainer. A hardworking man, he treated rounding up cattle as routinely as tending the fields and fruit orchard.

Vincente married four times. With his first wife, Maria del Carmen Lopez, he had a son, Vicente (Tim); with his third wife, Marguerite Luisa, he



Vicente Ortega, as a young man, undated. Courtesy Roseann Leyva King.



Vicente Ortega, a fifth-generation descendant of José Francisco Ortega, was the last of the family to live on Rancho Refugio. This 1970 photo by Elizabeth Hvolboll was taken on the porch of his Arroyo Hondo

Vicente in later life, undated. Courtesy Roseann Leyva King.



Vicente as a Vaquero. Courtesy Roseann Leyva King.

had five children, three sons (Albert, Julius, George) and two daughters (Victoria and Carmelita). His fourth wife, Florence Robideaux, survived him. Sons Julius and George served in the Army during WWII, and both were captured and held as prisoners of war until their release in 1946. The ranch remained a home to Vicente and his three sons, as well as a gathering place for his other children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

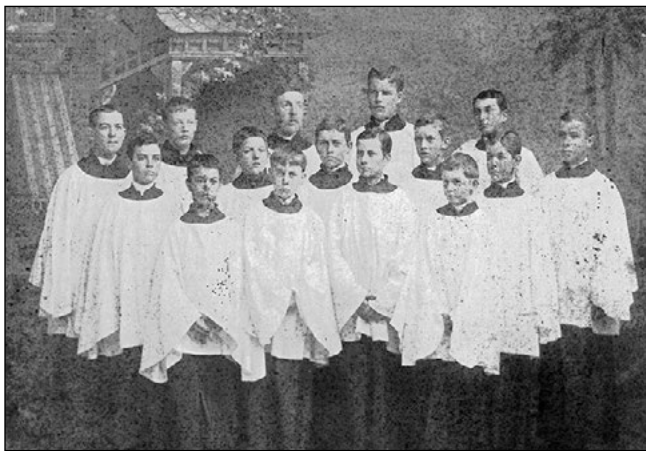
Vincente was well regarded for his many talents and the richness of his personal history. He was named an honorary member of the Santa Barbara Vistadores, served as Grand Marshal of the Fiesta Parade in 1979, and was honored as Vaquero of the Santa Barbara Rodeo at age 84. Vicente cherished family life. His sense of humor and his kindness touched everyone he met. He lived to the age of 98.

I'm Roseann Leyva King, the first granddaughter of Vicente. Some of my fondest memories are of time spent with my grandfather at the Ranch. I'd sleep on a simple cot beside the old wood-burning stove. He'd rise at five every morning, quietly brewing black coffee; mine always came with mostly milk. He would say to me, "Here's your black coffee and beans." My favorite part of the day was swinging from the big Eucalyptus tree in front of the adobe, on the swing he made with his loving hands.

From Santa Barbara to San Diego...and Back Again: The Multifaceted Career of Edward Hoddell Dowell, LL.B.

Melville R. V. Sahyun, Ph.D.

PERFORMANCE WAS THE KEY to Edward Hoddell Dowell's life. From his early days in Trinity Episcopal Church's Choir of Men and Boys, to the boards of many stages, and eventually to the political platform and the union hall, Edward was ever in the public eye. And he went where he needed to go to be there. Edward was born in Santa Barbara in 1879, the youngest child of Richard Dowell (1844-1920), a Welsh immigrant who had become a fixture in the Santa Barbara law enforcement establishment, and Sarah Ann Penry Dowell (1847-1917). As a boy, he had a fine singing voice, a talent he would carry into adulthood. By the age of 10, he found himself singing in the Choir of Men and Boys at Trinity Episcopal Church, a congregation of which his Welsh grandfather, Henry Penry (1817-1895), had been a founding member. [Edward's middle name is the family name of his maternal grandmother, Ann Hoddell Penry (1823-1898)]. He soon developed a fascination with the theatre, and by his early 20s, he was off to tread the boards of the stage. Perhaps it is but a short leap from church to theatre, or vice versa.



Trinity Episcopal Church Choir of Men and Boys, ca. 1890.
(Author's collection).

About 1906, he made the acquaintance of Nelson Shaw (1874-1908), a talented, classically trained pianist who had also been a church organist, and who was giving recitals in the Los Angeles area under the name Prof. Nelson Shaw. The two became partners, both in performance and subsequently in business. As a singer, Edward adopted his new partner's honorific and performed as "Prof. Edward Dowell." They leased the Star Theatre in San Bernardino, California, and presented an innovative program combining musical performances, two-reel motion pictures, and one-act plays, in which Edward often performed as an actor.

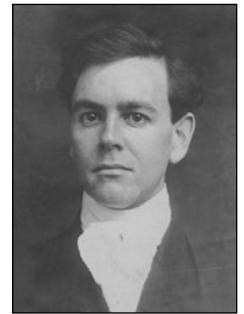


Edward H. Dowell

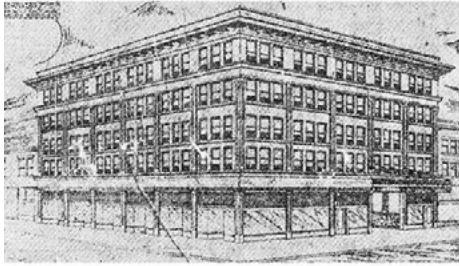
The silent movies of the day were characterized by an image that jumped and flickered (hence the nickname, the "flicks"). Edward solved this problem by inventing the "Lifescop" which projected a steady, smooth, lifelike image. He had realized that much of the image problem in the motion pictures was due to the vibration of the projector, which he overcame with a vibration-absorbing air-suspension system. He also improved on the projector shutter to obtain his successful result. Furthermore, the Lifescop was quieter and thus less distracting to the audience than projectors using the then-popular Edison technology. Unfortunately, Edward failed to patent his invention, but his engineering talent was readily apparent.

After their lease on the Star Theatre expired, Shaw and Dowell returned to Edward's hometown of Santa Barbara and opened the Santa Barbara Opera House, featuring similar programming to that which they had introduced at the Star, along with the Lifescop. Unfortunately, in July of 1908, Nelson Shaw died unexpectedly, apparently while visiting family in Connecticut. Thus, a promising phase in Edward Dowell's career came to an end, and the Lifescop became a forgotten relic in motion picture history. Edward built on the acting experience he had gained during his partnership with Nelson Shaw and joined a touring stock company, the Bell-Marston company, playing as "Ed Hoddell."

By 1913, he had arrived in San Diego, where, with new business partners, he leased the brand-new Lyceum Theatre at 3rd and F Sts. (later the Hollywood, demolished in 1982). Under their management, the Lyceum featured a resident stock company, headlined by the rising stage star, Julia Gray (nee Susan McFall, 1876-1958), along with Eugene Palette (1889-1954), who would go on to a long career as a featured player in Hollywood motion pictures. In Edward's own words, "It was the best stock company this city has ever had the opportunity to support." (*San Francisco Dramatic Review*, July 6, 1912).



Nelson Shaw



Lyceum Theater Building (architect's drawing) and program from the theatre's first season. Did you know the bare-shoulder dress was fashionable in 1913?

It is not known if Ed Dowell ever got the dollar Gene Palette owed him.

The company also toured, and it was during 1914, at the time of the mine workers' strike against the Rockefeller-owned coal company, that they arrived in Ludlow, CO. In an interview Edward subsequently gave to the *San Diego Labor Leader* (August 20, 1959), he said,

"We looked out the train window and saw the militia mowing down the strikers with machine guns." Later, in a Ludlow hotel, a militia officer started to sit next to them in the dining room. Julia jumped to her feet, fire in her eyes. "I don't sit with murderers," she told him.

Thus, in a manner worthy of one of their plays, albeit a tragedy, came the Dowells' introduction to the labor movement.

Misfortune again struck: in 1915, the stock company went bankrupt. So it was back on the road for Edward and Julia, now touring as Gray and Dowell, including an extended tour in Alaska in 1915. They performed serious drama, melodrama, and comedy sketches. Julia was a natural comedienne. Much of the material they performed during this time was written by them; manuscripts of the plays, along with programs, directorial notes, etc., are archived in the Selman Playscripts Collection of San Diego State University. (<https://libguides.sdsu.edu/theatre/SpecialCollections>.)

In 1916, Edward and Julia were married, apparently a second marriage for both, though there appears to be little documentation of their first marriages. There is a record of a marriage license for Susan McFall and John King in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1910. On the license application for her marriage to Edward, she identifies herself as "Susan McFall King, widow" (license records



accessed through *Ancestry.com*). Edward once confided to me, personally, that his first wife had been a cocaine user (legal at the time) and died of an overdose. In any case, for Edward and Julia, it was the beginning of a successful, life-long partnership; they dated their anniversary, however, to when they first started working together on stage in 1912.



Julia Gray-the Singing Comedienne.

By 1917, Edward and Julia had returned to San Diego, which they now considered their home. The Julia Gray Stock Company performed several plays at the Little Theatre, as the Lyceum had by then become known. This venture was short-lived; however, in 1913, a group of Broadway actors, most notably including Charles Coburn (1877-1961), organized an actors' union now known as Actors' Equity. The movement spread across the country, and Edward and Julia, now firmly committed to the labor movement, joined as soon as possible. The immediate result of their membership was that theatre managers blacklisted them; they would never perform on stage professionally again.



Eugene Palette-with I.O.U.



"The Chinatown Trio," a comedy sketch featuring Edward Dowell (l.) and Julia Gray (c.); the actor on the right is not identified.

At the same time, motion pictures were increasingly replacing live performance as popular entertainment. With the Lifescope experience behind him, Edward chose to reinvent himself as a motion picture projectionist. This was a new opportunity for Edward, though initially much less so for Julia, who went overnight, so to speak, from being a stage star to being, according to the 1920 Census, manager of the apartment house in which they lived. To be a projectionist at that time, one needed an electrician's license, which Edward obtained. Once ensconced in his new profession, Edward decided to organize a union of his new colleagues. This became Local 297 of the San Diego Electricians' Union, which he dubbed, "The greatest union of them all." Much as had happened with Actors' Equity, joining the union meant that members lost their jobs and were locked out by the theatre owners. The lockout lasted two ugly years, at the end of which the union prevailed. The victory was credited with saving San Diego Trades and Labor from domino-effect destruction, according to the



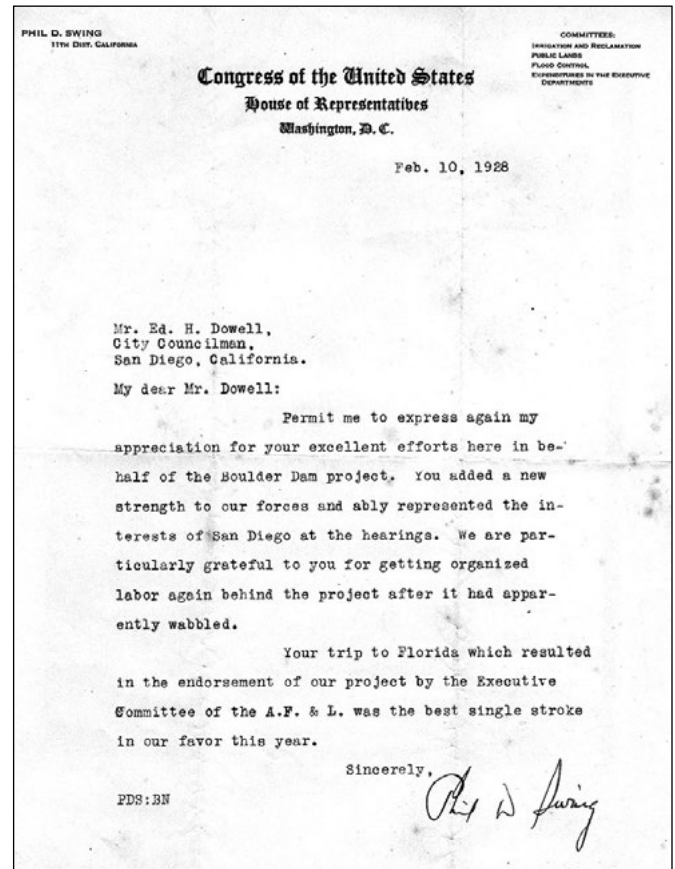
Samuel Gompers (photo source unknown).

San Diego Labor Leader (loc. cit.). Edward was now firmly established as a union organizer. He received his card as an official organizer for the AF of L (American Federation of Labor) in 1922, directly from the hand of Samuel Gompers (1850-1924), founder and president-for-life of the AF of L. The Editor of the *Labor Leader* opined that, "Dowell's experience as an actor made him invaluable to the labor movement, in that he understood audiences and

could...articulate labor's needs." (*San Diego Sun*, July 20, 1934).

In 1926, at the behest and with the backing of Trades and Labor, Edward Dowell ran for the San Diego City Council and won an upset victory. In one of his campaign speeches, at a Labor Day rally in Balboa Park, Dowell correctly predicted the coming crash of 1929 and the Great Depression. He served on the council from 1927 to 1931. The primary issue facing San Diego at the time, no surprise, was the water supply. There were plans to build a new dam and reservoir at one of two candidate locations, El Capitan or Mission Gorge. The latter had the backing of most civic leaders and was strongly favored by the preliminary project analyses. Edward examined these and found numerous shortcomings: costs for Mission Gorge were underestimated, while those for El Capitan were overestimated. Additionally, the engineers responsible for the reports had close ties to landowners who would profit immensely from the construction of the Mission Gorge project. The Council followed his lead and endorsed El Capitan, the project which was ultimately built; most of the land acquisition compensation for this project went to an impoverished band of the Kumeyaay Nation of Native Americans, who had to be relocated to the Capitan Grande Reservation (and others). El Capitan is still the principal water storage reservoir for the City of San Diego, and Lake El Capitan is an important recreational asset.

Then along came the possibility of an even more robust water supply, along with a source of renewable energy: the Colorado River. Boulder Dam (now Hoover Dam, as construction began during Herbert Hoover's tenure



U.S. Rep. Phil Swing (R-CA)
Letter of U.S. Rep. Phil Swing to Edward Dowell (Feb.10, 1928).

as President) would provide both water and electrical power to the San Diego metropolitan area. This would be a federally financed project, and the bills to provide funding for it were introduced in the House by Rep. Phil Swing (1884-1963) of San Diego, and in the Senate by Sen. Hiram Johnson of California. While the project had strong backing in the West, it did not find support among Eastern legislators, whose constituents would not benefit directly from it. In 1928, the Council sent Edward Dowell to testify before Congress, and then at the behest of Trades and Labor, he went to Miami to lobby the National Convention of the AF of L, where



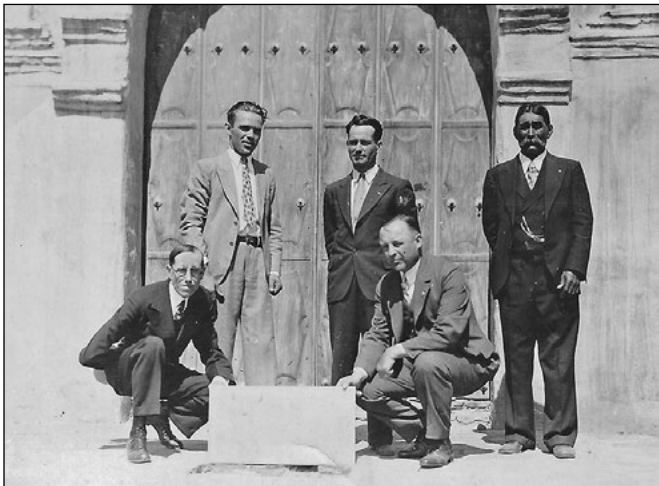
Boulder (now Hoover) Dam, completed in 1935.
(photo: U.S. Dept. of Reclamation).

his arguments centered on the job-creating potential of the project. The Executive Committee endorsed Boulder Dam, and, as expected, the Eastern legislators, most of whom were indebted to organized labor, fell in line. Congressman Swing subsequently wrote to Edward, *"Your trip to Florida, which resulted in the endorsement of the project by the Executive Committee of the AF & L (sic.) was the best single stroke in our favor..."*

Edward Dowell had become the Man who Built a Dam.

Edward chose not to seek re-election in 1930, but instead to run for State Senate with labor backing. He lost, possibly because at the annual meeting of the California Trades and Labor Council in Sacramento, he had cast the lone (out of 600) vote in favor of Prohibition, a not exactly popular position! One wonders if the loss of his first wife to a drug overdose many years earlier may have rendered him hypersensitive to the dangers of potentially addictive and easily abused substances. In any case, his political career, but not his civic-mindedness, was over. During Edward's term of office, and with his encouragement and support, city workers had unionized. At his "retirement," the city employees' union presented him with a gold watch in appreciation of his support. The watch and the letters from Rep. Swing became the most treasured mementos of his career.

After settling in San Diego and during his time on the City Council, Edward became active in the Native Sons of the Golden West, a fraternal order of men born in and living in California. From 1920 on, a significant interest of the Native Sons in San Diego was, according to Alexander Bevil's article in the *San Diego Historical Society Quarterly* (vol.38, no.3, 1992), the restoration of Mission San Diego de Alcala, the first (1769) in the chain of 21 Spanish missions established by the Franciscan order in California. Edward Dowell's leadership in this effort was recognized when he was named Chairman and Master of Ceremonies for the rededication ceremony of the Church in 1932.



At the rededication of Mission San Diego de Alcala, Edw. Dowell at left.

After his brief but productive political career, Edward Dowell returned to his job as a motion picture projectionist. This was not only a demanding job, but also a potentially dangerous one. Films of the day (and even into the early 1950s) consisted of a thin emulsion (image-carrying) layer made of gelatin, coated on a thicker plastic film base of cellulose nitrate, which provided

the strength and rigidity necessary for multiple projections. Cellulose nitrate is highly flammable and gives off toxic nitrogen dioxide when it burns. In particular, the film could be ignited by the heat of the projection lamp if it got jammed in the projector. Unfortunately, this happened in 1934, when Edward Dowell was in the projection booth, and his inhalation of the nitric oxide led to severe respiratory damage from which he never fully recovered. He had to cut back on many activities, including resigning from his position as Secretary of the California Trades and Labor Council.

With more leisure, he was now in a position to do other things which would prove meaningful. He was still able to serve, by appointment of the Mayor of San Diego, on the committee organizing festivities to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the ratification of the United States Constitution in 1937. He also continued to serve on the Executive Board of the San Diego Council of Boy Scouts of America, and was active in the "Save Our Beaches" effort, a largely locally-based, grassroots campaign to enact legislation at the state level to ban oil drilling in tidewater zones, in order to protect beaches and marine ecosystems from potential oil spills. This latter effort was abandoned with the advent of World War II and the concomitant energy demand, but by his involvement, Edward would merely prove that he was 30 years ahead of his time!

Edward Dowell did not view early retirement negatively; he had once said that everyone should retire from economically gainful work at age 35 and devote the rest of their lives to cultural affairs and civic betterment. In implementing this philosophy, he actively supported the work of his wife, Julia Gray Dowell, who organized the Women's Ambulance and Transport Corps as a unit in the California Guard. She became regimental commander, thereafter known as Col. Dowell. Another of his activities was to study law in order to gain a better understanding of the legal framework for the labor organizing activities he expected to continue. He received his Bachelor of Laws degree by correspondence from Blackstone College of Law in Chicago, Illinois, in 1942. There is no record that he ever took the bar exam or sought to practice law actively.

Full retirement did not come for either of the Dowells until 1954, when they returned to Santa Barbara. There, they had inherited the home of his late sister, Geraldine Dowell Valde (1872-1951), allowing him to be close to other relatives and receive the medical care he needed. Until then, he had remained active in the California State Theatrical Federation and, of course, a member of his beloved Local 297.



Melville R.V. "Mel" Sahyun is the great-nephew of Edward Hoddell Dowell. The substance of this capsule biography is derived, except where noted, from the collected papers and memorabilia of Edward Dowell, of which the author has been custodian for the past 25 years. The occasion of its preparation is the organizing and indexing of this collected material in order to turn it over to the San Diego Historical Society for conservation and preservation. Photos are from Edward Dowell's personal collection, unless otherwise noted.

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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Compare the lives of ancestors with those of current generations.