

Chez Yvonne

Terry Blaine

Andre Frelier was French and his restaurant, L'Omelette in Barron Park reflected his warm French hospitality. It was a favorite of Stanford students for its cozy lounge around an open fireplace, good drinks at reasonable prices and rarely checked ID's.



Andre's wife, Yvonne, was also French, but French Moroccan, and had a fiery personality. Their marriage ended, and to spite Andre, Yvonne opened her own restaurant in Mountain View – Chez Yvonne. The atmosphere there was similar to L'Omelette, but had an extra edge to it, and checked ID's even less frequently. Both restaurants were important to the atmosphere of the area.

Decades later, both L'Ommies and Chez Yvonne had disappeared. I started a new company in a field which never existed before in the Bay Area – condominium association management. One of my first accounts was Los Altos Square.

Condominiums were a new concept, and the developer had created an innovative, attractive community. The new board of directors didn't really know what their responsibilities were, but they knew they should have some rules. They decided that all cars must be parked in garages. There was one townhouse that always had a car outside in the driveway. The Rules Committee instructed me to contact who-ever it was down in that Townhouse 43 to find out why that car was always in the driveway. I procrastinated, but finally I rang the doorbell, Yvonne Frelier answered the door. She was thrilled to see an old customer and I was thrilled to see her. She invited me in to see her house. It was lovely, but there were differences between a condominium and a single-family home which sometimes made it difficult for a developer to sell both the concept and the home.

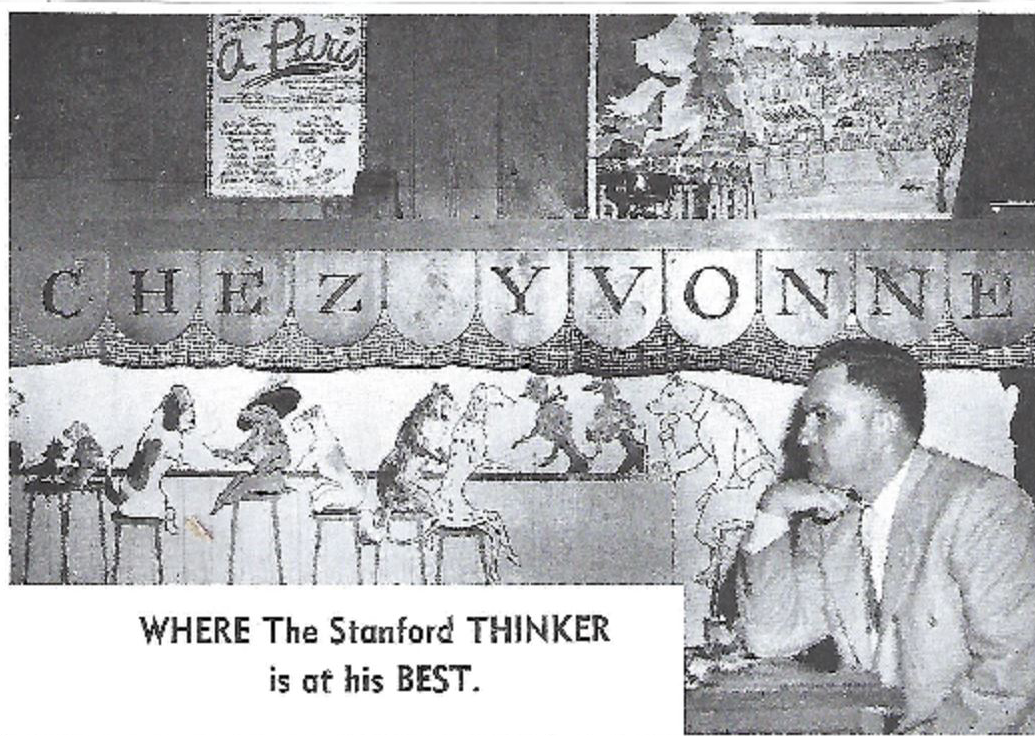
The developer of Los Altos Square was a really nice person, but he would have sold his grandmother if he could make a deal. Yvonne told him that she had to have a family room. In order to sell the townhouse, he made a deal with Yvonne that she could convert her garage to a family room.

She insisted that I see her creation in the garage. It was a full-sized Moroccan bar. A huge zebra skin covered the floor. The mahogany bar glowed from layers of bar-top varnish. Above the bar, a false roof of palm fronds concealed soft indirect lighting. Behind the bar, glass shelves held rows of exotic liqueurs which were probably left-overs from Chez Yvonne.

Then she said, “Meet my kitty – here kitty, kitty”. I heard 100 decibel purring, and out from behind the bar came a full-grown cheetah. With a smile on its face, it rubbed its chin on my leg like any affectionate cat and purred even louder when I scratched behind its ears.

I said, “Yvonne, I don’t know you, I have never been in your house, and I don’t have a clue what sort of deal you made with the developer”. Fortunately, the Rules Committee forgot about cars parked in driveways and went on to more important issues. But a wink was sometimes exchanged between Yvonne and me.

Chez Yvonne lives on in a garage in Los Altos



The Groceteria Comes to Redwood City

Barry Elmore Hinman

The grocery store of the 19th century was quite unlike the modern supermarket. You have probably read books in which it is described, and you have certainly seen films or television shows with scenes in that store. Mrs. Housemaker goes to the store where she joins a line of other women waiting to place their orders. Behind the counter is Mrs. Storeowner, dealing with the women one by one, scurrying around to collect the items on their shopping list and assemble them for her customer. Such were the grocery stores, and there were many of them, on Main Street and Broadway, in Redwood City as the year 1921 began. All that changed when Elmore Brown Hinman, a grocery man from San Francisco, moved down to the Peninsula.

An article on p. 8 of the *Redwood City Standard* of 16 Jun 1921 announced the opening for business on Saturday 18 June 1921 of the Redwood Groceteria in the Jamieson building, Main and Stambaugh Streets, E.B. Hinman, proprietor. "City prices--no service--help yourself."

The *Redwood City Tribune* of 7 May 1923 had a little article on p. 2: Hinman's Groceteria. "Help yourself and then pay the cashier! That's the general rule at the novel groceteria owned and conducted by E.B. Hinman another of Main street's thriving businessmen ... [The groceteria] was established by Hinman a little more than two years ago at 301-305 Main street, corner of Stambaugh, after that gentleman had come to this city from San Francisco."

In his *History of San Mateo County*, Roy Cloud says:

"A business which has come within recent years to Redwood City is the groceteria business. Mr. Elmore B. Hinman who for several years was president of the Chamber of Commerce, was the first to start a store of this kind. He was followed soon afterwards by a local branch of the Sunshine Stores."¹

In April 1924 the *Redwood City Standard* on 17 April and the *Redwood City Tribune* on 18 April reported that Ben Stafford and his wife were moving their house from the south side of Stambaugh St., adjoining Hinman's groceteria, to the corner of Cassia and Spring, where it still stands. In its place they were erecting a building to be used by Mr. Hinman as an addition to his store. This building was later bought by the Holmquists, whose own store was across the street, and today it has the Holmquist name over its door.

There was a need for such an addition, as is seen in an article in the *Redwood City Tribune* of 5 September 1924: "E.B. Hinman, owner of the Redwood Groceteria, will open another store in San Mateo he announced today ... on Third Ave. This is the sixth of a chain of stores owned by Hinman ... The first of the chain was opened three years ago and since then he has opened stores at San Bruno, Homestead, Menlo Park and Burlingame." In the Menlo Park section of the same paper on 26 September 1923 there was an ad for "Menlo Groceteria, a branch of the Redwood Groceteria, E. B. Hinman, prop., Mrs. Chandler, local mgr." The Progress Number of the *Redwood City Tribune* (no date on the extract in the Schellens collection, Vollmeyer Local History Room, Redwood City Public Library, but clearly 1925) has on p. 14 an article about the Redwood Groceteria in which it is stated "Introducing the self-service and cash & carry plan of selling groceries in Redwood City in May 1921 the business of Elmore B. Hinman has expanded until he now has five stores on the peninsula and has increased the size of the home store until it occupies a

¹ Roy W. Cloud, *History of San Mateo County, California*, 2 vols. (Chicago, Ill.: S.J. Clarke Pub. Co., 1928), I:185.

space of 4,000 square feet, or four times its original size ... last year he built a big warehouse to hold the stock held in reserve for the various stores. The non-service and cash plan for selling groceries is now practically a standard and Mr. Hinman was far sighted enough four years ago to see this development in merchandising." There is a picture of the store showing it occupying 301-305 Main St.

The Hinman family itself was also moving within Redwood City. On 19 Jun 1924 Elmore B. and Cora C. Hinman for ten dollars in gold coin bought from M.J. and Jennie Belle Knox a tract of land in Redwood City located between Stambaugh and Hilton Streets, 63 feet in length on each street.² On the same day they executed two deeds of trust. The first, with F.K. Towne and E.R. Whitehead, trustees, and the San Mateo Savings Bank, beneficiary, was for \$3750.³ The second, with the same two trustees but M. J. Knox as the beneficiary, was for \$3250.⁴ Together, these no doubt represent the real cost of the property, \$7000.

The house, 427 Stambaugh St., had been built circa 1875 for Dr. S.S. Stambaugh for whom the street was named. In its article of 19 June 1924 the *Redwood City Standard* reported this purchase and said that the Hinmans would take possession shortly. It added "It is reported that the Lesserman home on El Camino Real opposite Mt. Carmel Church, now occupied by the Hinman family, will be converted into an apartment." The *1922 Directory* shows Mt. Carmel at 661 El Camino Real and the Lessemann family at 648 El Camino Real.

Both the store (now 901 Main Street) and the house at 427 Stambaugh Street are featured in *Redwood City Historic Tours* (Redwood City: Historic Resources Advisory Committee, 1996), on p. 16 and 30, respectively.

² San Mateo County, California, Deeds New Series 122:323.

³ San Mateo County, California, Deeds New Series 120:487.

⁴ San Mateo County, California, Deeds New Series 120:491.

We May Have Been “Silent” But We Rocked Around the Clock

June Baxter

If you remember Bill Haley and the Comets playing “Rock Around the Clock,” then you’re in my age group. That song marked the beginning of my life as a college student.

How well I remember living in a boarding house at San Jose State, where, after dinner, we girls would crank up Haley’s classic tune, line up on the linoleum floor in the dining room, and practice our moves. How forgiving were our housemother and father.

What a time it was! We fell in love with Marlon Brando in “On the Waterfront.” We pledged various sororities. We had coffee in “The Coop” and tried smoking L&M or Viceroy cigarettes. My best friend gave me a red leather cigarette case and lighter, which I hid in a drawer so my parents would not know. Never learning how to inhale, however, my life as a smoker was thankfully short-lived.

Joining the sorority was an exhilarating experience. Our house was a historic home in San Jose, once owned by a judge. I felt so grown up just to be sharing one large upstairs room with three other girls. We washed our hair in the tub (requiring creative contortions), held our chapter meetings in the stately living room with its beautiful crystal chandelier and marble fireplace, and crowded around long tables in the dining room each evening.

One tiny closet didn’t begin to hold all of our wool skirts, cashmere sweaters and saddle shoes, the classic school wardrobe of our era. A bay window overlooked East San Antonio Street. From this vantage point, we could keep our eye out for the fraternity guys who passed by every day. How handsome they were with their crew cuts, cuffed jeans and white socks.

Living in a sorority house with our housemother, a sweet little lady, Mrs. Brown, meant we had lots of rules:

- Do not leave any object lying on your bed after 8 a.m.
- Do not wear pants or shorts on campus.
- Do not smoke while walking between classes.
- Do not hide liquor in room.
- Do not host any male visitors save for a relative above the first floor.
- Do not stay out past 11 p.m. on school nights and midnight on weekends (except 2 a.m. if a special occasion, and only once a semester).

I was in heaven! Having shared my bedroom with my elderly grandmother throughout junior and senior high schools and being an only child, I loved having so many sisters. And the rules were not so different from the ones already followed at home. Hey, it was the 1950s after all.

I majored in Business (Marketing) and minored in English, with loads of homework (about which I complained endlessly). Fewer than 8,000 students attended San Jose State, which meant we could usually get our classes and our “tuition” was about \$50 a semester.

Friday afternoons brought beer busts with the fraternity guys we kept our eyes on. Loud music

accompanied our playful repartee: Elvis Presley kept us moving with “All Shook Up” and Little Richard, “Tutti-Frutti.” When in a more romantic mood, we slow-danced to “Only You” (the Platters) and Al Hibbler’s “Unchained Melody.”

In many ways, it was an innocent time. Korean War vets were back home and attending college. Ike was president. Moms were homemakers and dads brought home the bacon. Violence was unheard of back then.

Almost all of us were middle-class kids who wanted a college education on our way to a job that we expected to support us. Our dreams included early marriage, three or four children, and a home in one of the brand-new housing developments sprouting up all over the Santa Clara Valley. And we would live happily ever after.

Our perfect lives that had begun with “The Wedding March” and soon had us singing “Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star” began to change, as did the music.

- Lost your job? “Proud Mary” (Creedence Clearwater Revival).
- Suddenly single? “Leaving On a Jet Plane” (Peter, Paul & Mary).
- Our leaders assassinated? “Abraham, Martin & John” (Dion).
- Off to war? “Eve of Destruction” (Barry McGuire).
- Women going back to work? “I am Woman, Hear Me Roar” (Helen Reddy).

We may have been the silent generation, but oh baby, we never stopped rocking around the clock! (Now, however, rocking chairs on the front porch may be more our style.



Polenta Dinners

Barbara Ebel

I have been a member of the Italian Catholic Federation (ICF) at Our Lady of Mt Carmel in Redwood City since 1984. I joined that Branch (even though I am a parishioner at St. Pius Church in Redwood City) because my sister was a member of Branch 6. The number 6 indicates the branch at Mt. Carmel was the sixth branch to organize over 90 years ago. We used to have “polenta” dinners twice a year as fund raisers. Polenta is coarse corn meal served hot with gravy. By gravy I mean red sauce (bologanese). My family always called it gravy or sugo in the Sicilian dialect. Sicilians aren’t known for making polenta; that’s a specialty of Northern Italians.

The Branch 6 ICF gravy was especially good. When I first joined, Mary Conlin and Catherine Alessandri made the gravy for our dinners. We retired Catherine from making gravy when she reached 92. Mary had moved to Fort Bragg with her daughter and son in law. Catherine gave us the recipe, and we were able to carry on. The gravy was so good, it even won a blue ribbon at the San Mateo County Fair one year. The RECIPE made six gallons of gravy. Catherine made half, and Mary made the other half. Catherine didn’t like garlic, so she omitted it. Mary added extra to her batch. Mary didn’t like mushrooms, so Catherine took care of those. The two batches were combined in a large pot and was always really good.

Our dinners also had salad, rolls, chicken, Italian sausage, and dessert. The salads were served first; and then chicken and Italian sausage with the polenta. We used to serve two sausages, but changed to one to cut down on waste. We’d have as many as 12 waitresses take two plates at a time and serve the salad, main course and dessert to our guests. The most to ever attend a dinner was 220 one year. Boy, were my legs tired after that. Lots of walking.

For the salads, we used bags of pre-washed salad from Costco to which we added Italian dressing (oil and vinegar). To each salad we added slices of salami and mortadella, sometimes pepperoncini, and usually olives. We couldn’t start the salads until half an hour before dinner was to start (or they would get soggy). Making 200 salads in half an hour is not easy. One person was in charge of “quality control”. It’s easy to miss the olives or mortadella.

I always thought it was funny that the women didn’t actually do any of the cooking. We just made the salads. Well, we did make the gravy, too. The men cooked the polenta in HUGE pots, taking turns stirring with what looked like a wooden hollowed out baseball bat “spoon”. When I started Ivan Dei Rossi was the chief polenta cook. An older gentleman named Bill Eva always came to the dinners. He’d usually tell me, “Tell Ivan the polenta was delicious”. Being the good girl I am, I’d tell Ivan. After a few years, I asked Ivan why Bill always wanted me to tell him that the polenta was good. Ivan told me Bill (who was retired from the Piasano Bakery) taught him to make the polenta.

The favorite dessert for our dinners was cannoli from Romolo’s on 37th Avenue in San Mateo. People just loved them. If you know Italians, you know most of them are very careful with money. When the cannoli cost us more than \$2/each (or as Nancy Van Tricht used to say – more

than the chicken) the powers that be looked for less expensive desserts. They were reluctant to raise prices too much. It was thought those careful Italians wouldn't want to spend more on the dinners. We tried mini cream puffs, cakes from Smart and Final, but none equaled the cannoli in popularity. We should have just raised the price and served cannoli.

My co-worker, Wanda Wong, helped us serve at many of the dinners. When she first started helping, she told me a lot of people were asking if she was Italian. (She's not.) I told her to say, "I am tonight". That worked. We were very happy to have her help. I also told her to do whatever Nancy and Jeanne (Nancy's daughter and Catherine Alessandri's granddaughter) told her to do. Nancy and Jeanne were kind of bossy, but they'd been serving polenta longer than me, and someone had to be in charge or there would have been chaos with all those Italians working. In the 80's and 90's we would have music and dancing at the dinners. One of our members, Angela Szymanski (married to a Pole) was an excellent dancer. She and Bill could really "cut a rug". I used to like to watch people doing the "chicken dance" and then the Macarena. In the 2000's there were fewer people dancing and fewer people coming to the dinners and fewer servers, and we cut out the music.

We'd also have raffles with "prizes" at the dinners. We'd sell tickets – so many for \$5, \$10, or \$20. First we'd just draw tickets out of a bowl and pick a prize and give it to the winner. Our later practice was to put a container in front of each gift, and people could choose where to put their tickets and which prize they wanted to win.

Money (profit) from the dinners went to Scholarships. The ICF gives out first-year scholarships to high school seniors every year. There are also second, third, and fourth year scholarships awarded as well as scholarships for Italian studies majors. The ICF national charity is Thalassemia – Cooley's Anemia, and we make a donation every year to support research on this disease which afflicts those from the Mediterranean – Italy, Greece, Malta, etc.

Unfortunately, Ivan is 88 years old now and unable to cook polenta. His nephew cooked at our last polenta dinner a couple of years ago (Ivan supervised), but we decided we can't host polenta dinners any more. I don't miss the work and the arguing (did I mention there was always a fight about something? It wouldn't have been a polenta dinner without that), but I do miss the polenta. Bill was right. It was delicious.

ICF GRAVY

3 lbs ground beef
1 lbs Italian sausage
1/2t each thyme, oregano
Cloves, nutmet, allspice
1 T pepper
1 C red wine

2-1/2 lbs onions
1 C chopped parsley
1 head garlic
1 lb mushrooms
1 #10 can each of tomato sauce,
crushed tomatoes, and tomato puree

Brown the beef and sausage; breaking up the meat into small pieces. Remove from pan. Add onions first then garlic and cook until onions are no longer translucent. Remove from pan. Cook the mushrooms (sliced) till brown. Add three types of tomatoes and spices. If desired, add the red wine. Add at least 1 #10 can of water. Simmer on the stove for a couple of hours.
Meat can be omitted, and meatballs used instead.

Priscilla Hooke Coad (1872-1935), Milwaukee librarian

Fred Klein

Priscilla Coad was Henry Coad and Susan Thompson Coad's eldest daughter, and may have been the most professional and most accomplished child. She was the family historian of her generation and was entrusted with many of the family documents and diaries. She transcribed and notated handwritten documents and wrote an oral family history from her mother Elizabeth Jane Thompson (Coad, 1840-1922) about the Coads and Thompsons, originally from England. Her documentation was invaluable in writing my family history. Priscilla became the art librarian of the Milwaukee Public Library, and hosted and curated many artists that made presentations at the library. She did not marry. Priscilla is Fred Klein's grand-aunt.



A ribbon awarded to Priscilla Coad (1872-1935) for excellent work when she was 15 and in high school. She worked as a stenographer in 1892 at age 19, and thus likely chose work after high school graduation. Priscilla at age 22 was not in the Milwaukee directory or census in 1895, and may have been away at college. Photos and ribbon owned by Fred Klein.

040945 GENERAL No.		Signature, description and residence of informant.	
When Born.	Dec 7 th 1872	Henry Coad	
Name.	Priscilla Hooke Coad	East Zorra	
Sex, (M. or F.)	F	When Registered.	Jan 7 21 st 1873
Name and Surname of Father.	Henry Coad	Name of Accoucheur.	Dr. Coad
Name and maiden surname of Mother.	Jane Thompson	Signature of Registrar.	D. W. McTear
Rank or Profession of Father.	Yunnan	Division.	East Zorra
		County.	Oxford

Priscilla Hooke Coad's 7 Dec 1872 birth registration from East Zorra, Oxford County, Ontario, Canada. She was delivered by her grandfather, Dr. John Foote Coad. Dr. Coad immigrated to Canada in 1855 from Devon, England.



Henry Coad (1842-1904) and Elizabeth Jane Thompson (Coad, 1840-1922), parents of Priscilla Coad, were married in March 1872 in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, after a trans-Atlantic courtship. Henry was a farmer in East Zorra, near Woodstock, Ontario, Canada. Jane Thompson was raised in London. Henry would be a railroad engineer.



Priscilla Coad with her mother Elizabeth Thompson (Coad) in an 1874 carte-de-visite photograph. Photo made in Woodstock, Ontario, Canada. Priscilla's uncle was a druggist at the time and the photo was probably taken there.



The Milwaukee downtown business district on Water Street in the early 1880s. Priscilla and sister Etta Coad's first jobs starting in 1892 were as stenographers on Water St. The working scene the Coads saw in the 1890s would look much like this. Photo from the Early Milwaukee website.

The central branch of the Milwaukee Public Library where Priscilla Coad had a career as art librarian. She started at the library at the age of 27 in 1899, the year after the building was completed in 1898, and continued until just before her death in 1935. Photo from the Milwaukee Public Library website. The building is in use today (2019).





A display in the modern (2018) Milwaukee Public Library of a photo of the circa 1920 reference desk in the library, and of artifacts from that era. Although Priscilla Coad is probably not in the photograph, the scene would be where she worked. Modern photos by Fred Klein.



Two photos from the Coad family photo album of Priscilla Coad taken in the early 1900s. Priscilla is the scholar in the family who loved books. The photo on the left is taken at home in Milwaukee in front of a bookshelf. The man in the circular frame on top of the shelf is her father Henry Coad. The photo on the right may be taken of Priscilla as she worked at the Milwaukee Public Library. The tall shelf of tall (presumably art) books with the attached lamp, and the tall window suggest a library rather than a home. Photos owned by Fred Klein.

Librarians at the Milwaukee Public Library in a 1905 photograph. The ladies are not identified but the second librarian from the left appears to be Priscilla Coad. From the archives of the Milwaukee Public Library.



The original 1898 stone tile floor in the main lobby of the Milwaukee Public Library. Right, a part of the reference art collection in the modern (2018) library. The appearance of the art department has changed much in 100 years.

2012 3 27	Coad, Henry J.	Head	M. Apr. 1841 69 M. 27	England	England	England	1881 19 Ma	Engineer	1 0 0 0
	Ermine E. S.	Wife	M. F. Feb. 1840 60 M. 27	England	England	England	1882 18		
	Priscilla H.	Daughter	M. F. Dec. 1872 27 S	Canada	England	England	1882 18	Librarian	4
	Wilhelm K.	Son	M. Fr. Jan. 1875 23 S	Canada	England	England	1882 18	Mechanic	0
	Mary K.	Daughter	M. F. Nov. 1877 23 8	Canada	England	England	1882 18	Student	

LOCATION.			NAME		RELATION.	PERSONAL DESCRIPTION.					NATIVITY.			CITIZENSHIP.		OCCUPATION, TRADE, OR PROFESSION	
15 CITIES.	State.	House Number.	Number in family.	Place of birth.		DATE OF BIRTH.	Age at last birthday.	When single, married, widowed, or divorced.	Number of years married.	Number of living children.	Place of birth of this person.	Place of birth of Father of this person.	Place of birth of Mother of this person.	Year of immigration to the United States.	Number of years in the United States.	Immigration.	of each person TEN YEARS OF AGE AND OVER.
2012 3 27				Coad, Ettie D.	Daughter	M. F. Oct. 1878 21 S					Pennsylvania	England	England				Student
				Kamholz,	Daughter	M. F. Oct. 1883 16 S					Wisconsin	England	England				Student

Henry Coad's family in the 1900 US Milwaukee census. All of the five children are still at home. Priscilla Coad, the eldest daughter at 27, was a librarian at the Public Library. Henry is a locomotive engineer.

C-300
Family name
Coad
Address
7131 1st St.
7131 1st St. P-33
Country of birth or place of birth
Canada
Date and place of arrival in U.S.
Sept. 1881
Name and address of witnesses
Charles S. Neff
Henry Petran
Given name or names
Priscilla Hooke
Date and place of birth
Dec. 7-1872
U.S. of naturalization
11-12-1918 #7233

Priscilla Hooke Coad's naturalization card. She entered the US from Canada in September 1881, but was not naturalized until 12 November 1918. Her character witnesses are two relatives who are also prominent businessmen from Milwaukee. Charles Neff is her sister Kate Coad's husband and runs a shipping business, and Henry Petran is the husband of Priscilla's first cousin Alice Thompson and co-owns a photo-engraving firm. From ancestry.com.

WHEREAS, Miss Priscilla H. Coad departed this life on the 26th day of November, 1935; and

WHEREAS, Miss Coad entered into the employ of this library in August, 1899, and was a most faithful, industrious, and intelligent worker in the Milwaukee Public Library for more than thirty-six years; and

WHEREAS, Miss Coad was held in the highest affection and respect by the library staff, the Board of Trustees, and the patrons of the Library; therefore be it

RESOLVED, by the Board of Trustees of the Milwaukee Public Library that in Miss Coad's death Milwaukee has lost a valuable public servant, and the library a most worthy and faithful worker; and be it further

RESOLVED, that the Board of Trustees by this resolution hereby gives formal expression of the high regard in which she was held by all who knew her, and of the sorrow which all feel over her departure.

Let a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased.

This is to certify that the above is a true copy of resolutions unanimously adopted by the Board of Trustees of the Milwaukee Public Library December 10, 1935.

Dr. S. Sawyer
Secy

The formal commendation of Priscilla Coad by the board of trustees and the secretary of the Milwaukee Public Library from December 1935. Priscilla did not retire but continued working at the library until her death in 1935 at the age of 62. She worked as the art librarian and built up the art reference collection of the library. When I (Fred Klein) called the library historian at the Milwaukee Public Library in 2016 to get a copy of Priscilla Coad's obituary from the microfilms, he said that she occupied a desk just feet from where he sat 100 years before.

Staff Bulletin - 3 - December 1935

MERRY

PUBLIC LIBRARY STAFF ORGANIZATION

DECEMBER Bulletin

The passing of Priscilla Coad calls for a tribute of appreciation for her sterling qualities. Staunch, steadfast and true are words that have a world of meaning for her many friends both within and without the library. There could have been no braver facing of the long months of suffering, no more thoughtful consideration of family and friends, no more cheerful interest in the activities of the library world. How do we measure character and worth? By just such standards as were found in her. M.J.H.

A tribute to librarian Priscilla Coad appeared in the Milwaukee Public Library staff bulletin of December 1935. This is far superior to an obituary in a newspaper. From the archives of the Milwaukee Public Library.



Priscilla Coad in undated photos around 1895 and 1905-1909. She was 33 in 1905.

Miss Priscilla Coad
Miss Priscilla H. Coad, 63, one of the oldest employes in years of service at the public library, died Tuesday at her home, 817 N. Twenty-eighth st., after several months' illness.
Miss Coad had been with the library for 35 years, most of the time in the art room. She had a wide acquaintance with Milwaukee artists and musicians, and was responsible for building up much of the reference work in the art department.
She is survived by a brother, Wilmot, and three sisters, Ettie, Mrs. O. C. Klein and Mrs. Charles S. Neff.
Funeral services will be held Friday at the Philip J. Weiss chapel, 1901 N. Farwell av. Burial will be in Forest Home cemetery.

COAD: Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1935, Priscilla H. Coad, beloved sister of Mrs. O. C. Klein, Mrs. Charles S. Neff, Cleveland; Miss Etta D. Coad and Wilmot H. Coad; at the home, 817 N. 28th st. Services at Philip J. Weiss, Inc., rooms, N. Farwell av., corner E. Kane pl., Friday at 2:30 p. m. Interment Forest Home.

Obituary for Priscilla Hooke Coad (1872-1935), which appeared in the Milwaukee Journal on 26 November 1935, two days before her death notice. Priscilla's death notice is from the Milwaukee Sentinel. Priscilla Coad made a full career as the art librarian at the Milwaukee Public Library.

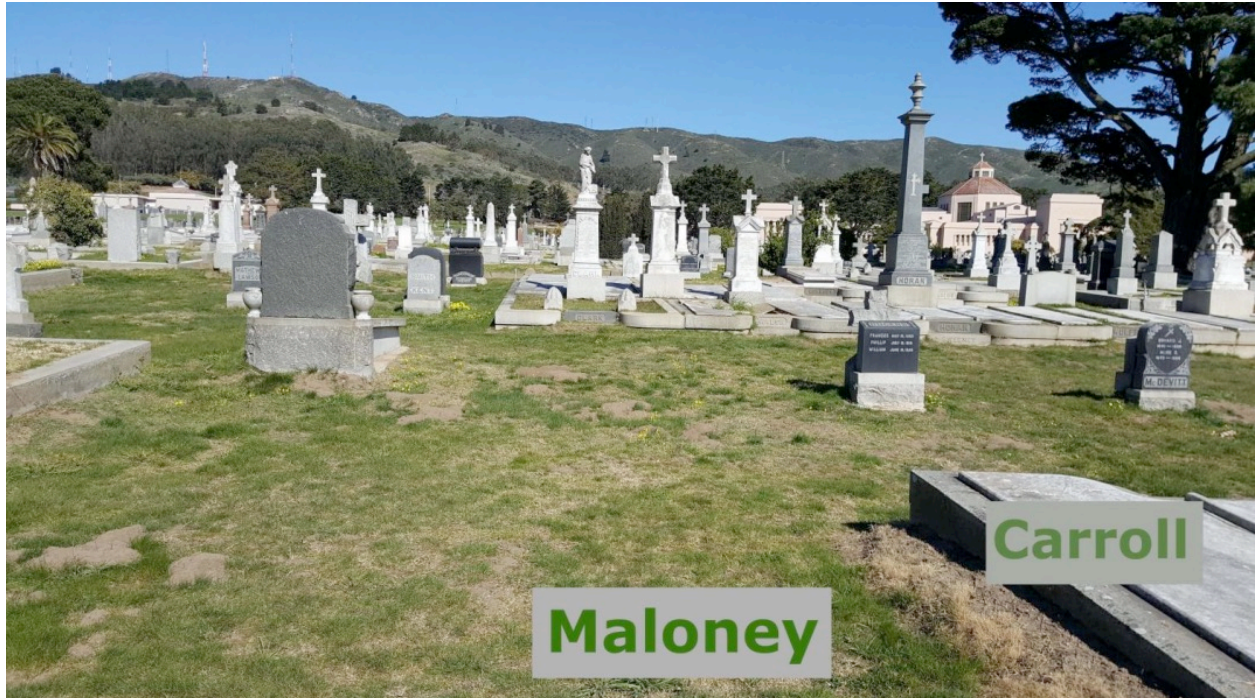


Henry and Jane Coad's unmarried daughter Priscilla Hooke Coad (1872-1935) is buried near her parents in Forest Home Cemetery, Milwaukee. Photo from findagrave.

The Mystery Woman in my Great, Great Grandparents Grave

Jean Ann Carroll

Several months ago, I paid a visit to Holy Cross Cemetery with the goal finding my maternal great grandparents grave, Mathew & Julia Maloney.



I haven't been to the cemetery for a long time; it's too close and easy to do research. I had the location and set off looking. No such luck. There are no markers, signs, area maps or other visuals to find a grave. Then, I headed off to the office. I have found staff less than helpful on a variety of occasions so my expectations were low. A nice woman looked up the location (even though I had it and gave it to her). She looked up the name and printed out the information.

Here is the amazing part: She gave the paper to a man standing at the counter and said he would escort me to the gravesite! I was astounded. He asked me to follow him in my car. We parked; got out and he pointed to a gravestone and said, "There it is." I said, "No, it's not; that says Mahoney; not Maloney. Ohh.. He gets out a walkie talkie and asks the woman the location of where we were standing. She gave him the location; we walked back a row and he pointed to a patch of unhealthy grass and weeds and said, "That's it." There is no tombstone or grave marker. The area is quite large. I began to take photos of the surrounding tombstones for orientation. The one very large raised concrete block with a center of unhealthy grass right next to the Maloney plot had one name on it: CARROLL

I said, "Holy Sh@t!!" He walked away from me and said something. (Didn't hear him.) I asked what. He said something on the order of chastising me for language unsuitable for a cemetery. I explained. He said, go back to the office and ask for the names of the people who are buried in these two graves. I did and received a copy of the two plots: Maloney & Carroll.

The graphic showed the names and burial dates of those in each of the graves within the plot:

GRAVE 1: Mathew Maloney 1-5-1893; Margaret Glynn (sister to Julia) 7-12-1920

GRAVE 2: James W. Maloney (son) 10-22-1894

GRAVE 3: Mary West 5-30-1906 Julia Maloney 8-9-1910 John Maloney (son) 7-30-1927

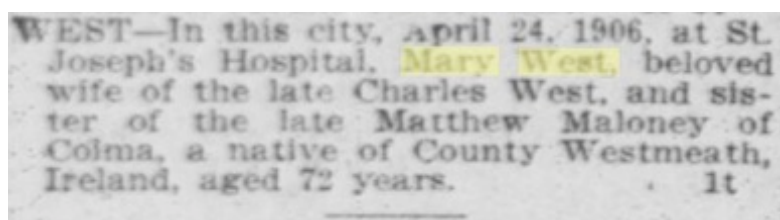
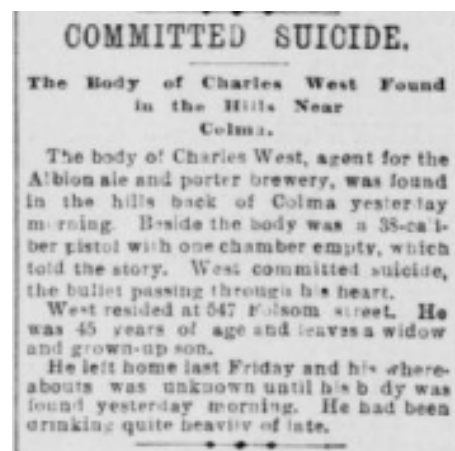
And, the question is: Who is Mary West???

I made a “contribution” to Holy Cross to cover my good luck; then started researching the new mystery person.

Turns out Mary West is Mary Maloney West, sister to Mathew, native of County Westmeath. She was married to Charles West who has his own interesting story; or more precisely, demise.

Then, on to find what happened to Mary West. I was able to track her with 1900 census and city directories.

She lived in various boarding houses in in San Francisco. And, then there was the obituary of May 30, 1906 containing facts and another enigma!

An obituary notice for Mary West. The text reads: "WEST—In this city, April 24, 1906, at St. Joseph's Hospital, Mary West, beloved wife of the late Charles West, and sister of the late Matthew Maloney of Colma, a native of County Westmeath, Ireland, aged 72 years. It". The name "Mary West" is highlighted in yellow.A newspaper clipping with the headline "COMMITTED SUICIDE." The text reads: "The Body of Charles West Found in the Hills Near Colma. The body of Charles West, agent for the Albion ale and porter brewery, was found in the hills back of Colma yesterday morning. Beside the body was a 38-caliber pistol with one chamber empty, which told the story. West committed suicide, the bullet passing through his heart. West resided at 647 Folsom street. He was 45 years of age and leaves a widow and grown-up son. He left home last Friday and his whereabouts was unknown until his body was found yesterday morning. He had been drinking quite heavily of late." There are three small decorative stars at the bottom of the clipping.

San Francisco Call
October 25, 1897

No mention of a funeral or mass or burial. The plot information says she was buried on May 30th. Died in April; buried late the next month? What's going on here?

My conclusion is she was badly injured in the San Francisco earthquake of April 18, found and taken to St. Joseph's Hospital where she died on April 24th. Then, possibly put in “cold storage” along with hundreds of other unidentified bodies until relatives could negotiate with city authorities in the awful confusion the resulted from the quake. It's the best I can do until I summon up the patience, courage, and energy to go to San Francisco and negotiate the dysfunctional office of public records to get a death certificate.

P.S. I am not related to the Carrolls in adjacent grave.

John Charles Westwood, Baseball Man

(1882-1965)

Suesan Westwood Taylor

When I was a kid, I always knew my tall, sandy-haired grandpa was a baseball player and that he played on a venerable Salt Lake City team in the early 1900s. I knew because his brother, Dick Westwood in Boise, bragged about him...said he was the best in the Intermountain League, long before the Salt Lake Bees came to being in 1915. I knew because Grandpa would play catch in the driveway with my baby brother-- still in diapers, wearing Dad's army boots--and the guys in the neighborhood would come around to reminisce the Joe Westwood they knew, knocking homers out of the park. That was back in the day. My dad would come home and join in the stories as though he'd been there, too.

Funny, though, Grandpa never said a word. He talked baseball—the radio scores, but his own scores? his own baseball exploits? never, let alone his jobs, his bridge-building, his college days—he had a BA in History from University of Utah in 1903—unusual for a kid growing up in his neighborhood on the west side of Salt Lake. Never talked about his family, though I discovered only recently that his mother gave birth to ten children five of whom survived, and two of whom were beautiful sisters. (Never once did he mention he even had sisters!)

He was a taciturn old coot, really, recognizable for the crumpled fedora sloping over his paint-spattered glasses; his scratchy, whiskered face; his half-smoked King Edwards cigars— the cheapest you could buy at Third Avenue Drug. He'd smoke those things down to their dangerous, ashy nub or let them die half-through and light them up later.

Yet, Dad told me all his own friends loved hanging out with Joe because he was the one father in the neighborhood who'd make time to play ball with them. True, he was cantankerous and free with the expletives (OK, my first words were GD when I was 14 months old—that was Grandpa!) but he'd take the time to instruct them on their form and style which they all loved. And which my brother John loved as he grew into a star little leaguer in his own right. In those days, Grandpa ever-so-slowly shuffled up "I" Street and over to Lindsay Gardens Park twice a week to watch John play. Dad was their coach, and I was scorekeeper (because in those days—the 1950s—there were no little leagues for girls). You could say we were a baseball family.

One summer around 1956—I was 11—I discovered another side to Grandpa. I was exploring his and Grandma's musty old cellar and discovered a treasure trove of books including a full set of the Encyclopedia Britannica, something only rich people had! I ran back upstairs and screamed to my older cousin, "Help me get Grandpa down to the cellar!" Grandpa actually made it down those rickety steps, grousing the entire way but his well-worn, barrel-backed chair was waiting for him under the pull-string light. We pulled books off his make-shift shelving, began reading passages aloud, but he'd interrupt us to finish the passages before we could! This happened again and again, and over the next hours, we discovered there wasn't anything Grandpa didn't know. It became a game: the Civil War, Revolutionary War, the Constitution, the French Revolution—Grandpa had stories for every topic. We discovered



someone we had never known and returned to our “secret” library whenever Grandpa felt he could manage those steps...as always, grouching every step of the way!

When Grandpa died in 1965 and was lying in his open casket at the North 21st Ward, Dad and I simply could not let him go to his grave without a pair of his paint-spattered glasses and King Edwards cigar. Of course, Grandma, long passed, and Mom would have disapproved, but we felt our loyalty to Grandpa outweighed their protestations and sneaked the contraband into his coat pocket when no one was looking. Dad and I sat through the service, holding hands, utterly proud of our little conspiracy.

* * *

Twenty-five years later, when my own dad, Ted Westwood, was diagnosed with cardiac myopathy, we had a huge family Thanksgiving. Unlike his dad, our dad was always outgoing, knew everyone in town from the mayor to the street sweepers, and always had a story to tell. Since I had my new Sony video camera, we decided to trigger some of the famous “Ted” stories: all we had to do was mention a certain city commissioner, an airport funding project gone awry, Richard Nixon, Grandma “forgetting” she had a broken hip and going for a walk. Predictably, these topics sent Dad off on wild tangents we’d heard a thousand times, yet we laughed ourselves silly, and his great sense of humor in the telling was right on point.

As we moved on to other topics—the camera still rolling-- there was one story that completely knocked me for a loop because there was part of it I had never heard: Dad told the story about Grandpa hitting a home run the bottom of the 9th inning, bringing in two runners and winning the pennant for his Salt Lake team in the Intermountain Baseball Playoffs. Here’s what I hadn’t heard before: When the game was over, a banker in town walked onto the field and wrote Grandpa a check for \$600 part of which he used to purchase Grandma’s engagement present, an upright grand piano.

Grandma and Grandpa were married in May 1908. Grandma cherished her beloved piano until the day she died, and now that cherished instrument—in tip-top shape-- sits in my living room next to my bass. Thank you, Grandma and Grandpa Westwood! My granddaughters and I love your piano.



Photos: Property of Suesan W. Taylor

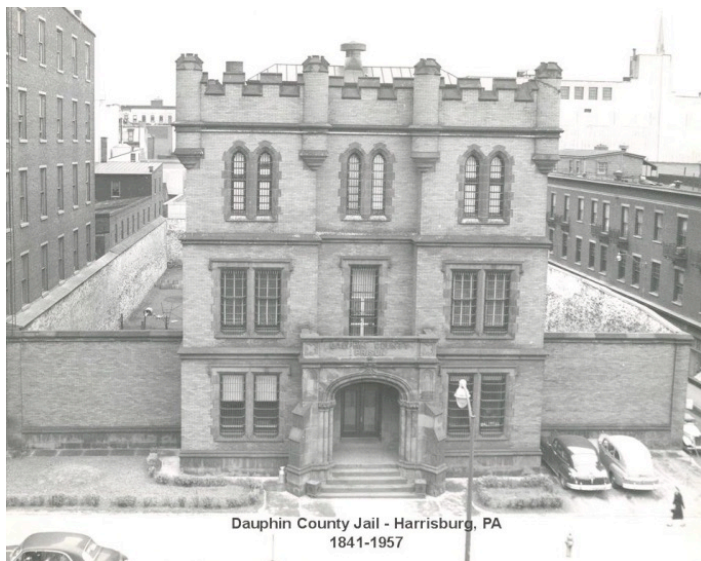
Jailbirds!

Diane Etter Smelker

We do not remember being told that we were moving to a new home. Of course, we were preschoolers, so it is possible that our parents told us and we simply do not remember. We did not move very far – only about eight miles from our home in Highspire, Pennsylvania, to Harrisburg. However, this home would be *very different* from our home in Highspire. We were moving to an apartment on the second floor of the Dauphin County Jail! Eight months later our baby sister would be born. At our tender young age, we had become JAILBIRDS!

How did we come to call the Dauphin County Jail our new home? In 1948 our Father, **Edgar R. Etter**, was appointed Warden of the Jail. When we moved to the Jail the building was over 100 years old. According to the History of Dauphin County, the Jail was erected in 1841 and renovated in the 1880's. Two stories were added and the whole interior of 164 cells was rearranged. The newly upgraded building was heated with steam. The improvements were completed in 1901.

There was some truth to the feeling that our new homes made us feel like “Jailbirds”; for we did not even have our own front door. Like everyone who came to the Jail, employee, visitor and prisoner alike, we had to ring a doorbell and wait for a guard to unlock the large, black iron door with a six inch long brass key. A quick turn to the left led to the stairs to our apartment which had large rooms with high ceilings and huge windows covered with iron bars. In one room was a floor to ceiling black iron door with access to the prison proper (this door was kept locked at all times). As far as little girls were concerned though, the Dauphin County Jail did have one thing going for it - it looked like a castle complete with turrets.



The jail offered no outdoor place for us to play except the same yard the prisoners used. We had to be escorted through the prison proper by a guard to get to the yard. Eventually Capitol Park, about a block away, became our playground. Over the years we had pet chickens and bunnies (Easter presents) who lived in the prison yard. And one time after a big snowstorm, the prisoners built a snowman in the yard for us. A favorite indoor play area was the prison entrance vestibule and the prison office area. The floors were tiled and therefore were a great place to roller skate and ride tricycles. Primarily we did this on weekends when there was little actual business taking place at the jail. We also enjoyed our visits to the

Prison Commissary where we could get candy bars and stop by our Father's office for a visit.

We became quite well acquainted with the guards who ran the front office. In the office, there was a large board mounted on the wall marking every cell. To access the board there were several steps up. We liked

to use this area as a stage and frequently presented little “shows” to the guards. Our favorite employee was the Women’s Matron. She became a second Grandmother to us often inviting us to spend the night at her home and to go Trick or Treating in her neighborhood.

Just as we can’t recall being told of our move, we can’t remember our parents talking to us about how we were to behave around the prisoners. We had regular contact with the prisoner “trustees” who worked in the Office, the Library and the prison Commissary. And sometimes, sitting on high metal stools behind locked bars, we watched movies with the prisoners. As far as we were concerned interacting with these people was just part of our daily lives.

We especially remember two prisoners. The first was the man who cleaned our house. After he was released he came to visit us and brought his daughter with him. The second was the prison Librarian. Since the Library was directly under our apartment, we often stopped there before going upstairs. This young man told us of a children’s book about a bear named “Winnie the Pooh”. We didn’t believe that there was such a bear for it seemed such a funny name. He promised to send us a copy of the book after he was released. Sure enough he kept his word. The book was inscribed with these words:

“1950

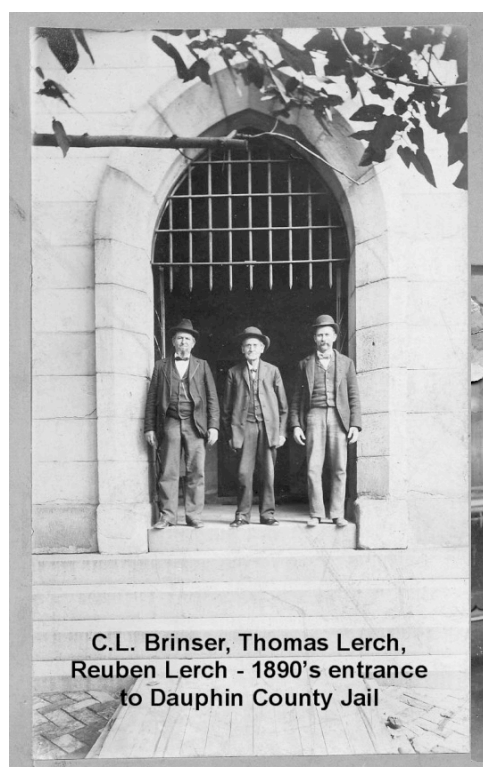
To Barbara, Lois, Diane

From a friend who one day promised you this story. May you enjoy it as much as I enjoyed your visits in the Library.”

In 1952 Edgar Etter became Warden of the Dayton, Ohio, Workhouse where our home was on the front of the Women’s Quarters. Our lives as “Jailbirds” ended in 1956 when our Father became Associate Superintendent of the Marion Ohio Correctional Institution. We rented a home in town. During our time as Jailbirds, we do not recall ever feeling afraid or in danger. Our Father died in 1958 at age 49.

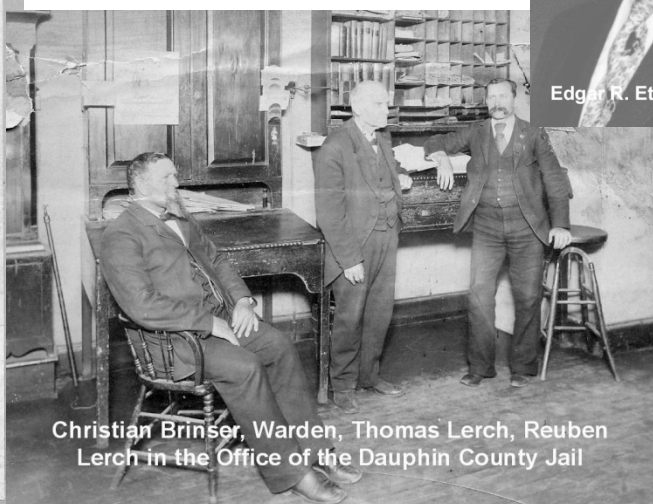


Genealogy research has revealed that three generations of the Etter/Lerch family were employed at the Dauphin County Jail. The 1891 Harrisburg City Directory lists Edgar's maternal great grandfather, **Thomas Lerch (1823 – 1900)**, as living at the Jail (perhaps residing with his daughter's family). He was also listed as a Carpenter. The same Directory lists Edgar's maternal grandfather, **Reuben Lerch (1857-1939)**, as Underkeeper at the Jail. And the City Directories from 1887-1893 list Reuben's sister, **Mary Lerch Brinser (1849-1949)** as Matron of the Jail. Her husband **Christian L. Brinser (1849-1929)** was the Warden. The information from the City Directories made it possible to identify family photographs taken at the Jail. Whether our Father knew of his family connection to the Dauphin County Jail, we do not know.



C.L. Brinser, Thomas Lerch,
Reuben Lerch - 1890's entrance
to Dauphin County Jail

Three Generations of Etter-Lerch Family Members Employed at the Dauphin County Jail



Christian Brinser, Warden, Thomas Lerch, Reuben
Lerch in the Office of the Dauphin County Jail



Edgar R. Etter 1908-1958

Sources

- Dauphin County Jail, Annals, Memoirs, Incidents and Statistics of Harrisburg from Period of First Settlement, by George Morgan, Georg Brooks, Publisher, Harrisburg, 1858, pages 107-109.
- Biography of Reuben W. Lerch, History of Dauphin County Pennsylvania With Genealogical Memoirs, Volume III, by Luther Reily Kelker, Lewis Publishing Company, 1907, page 300, 301.
- Photo of Dauphin County Jail, Vintage Photos, www.pennlive.com/entertainment/2016/...vintage_photos_the_1957_demoli.ht
- "Dauphin County's New Prison Warden" 1948, (Newspaper name and date not recorded), from Newspaper Clipping Collection of Edgar R. Etter.
- Ancestry.com, U.S. City Directories, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 1822-1995, (data online), Provo, Utah.
- Lerch Family Photos in the possession of Diane Etter Smelker.

Oma's China

Eleanor Hedenkamp

I never met my paternal grandmother, my Oma Hedenkamp. She died in Germany shortly after I turned two in California. But I feel that I know her. I have letters she wrote, family stories—and I have two pieces of her china. The china is lovely and delicate, both in appearance and weight. It is not expensive china, and the pattern does not even have a name. It was made by Königszelt and has only a number – 5217.



Similar to the china, Minna Sophia Köpke, pictured to the left, standing in the side door of her home, was petite and finely built. Her son-in-law, Hinrikus Müller described her thus, also wrote of her, “She was never moody or spiteful to anyone. I was in and out of her house for 25 years; she was always warm and friendly, both even tempered and strong-willed, and above all had a very happy nature.” Her children affirmed this, ‘sweet’ was the word they all used. My father described her as “a good and happy mother, wise in the ways of the world and very understanding. She was the best and the most beautiful; we were proud of her.”

My aunts often told me the story of how she bought this china with her first paycheck. She had seen it in a shop window and loved it. They even told me how much she paid for it, but sadly that information is lost in the past.



The Königszelt factory was in Silesia, then a part of northeastern Germany, now in Poland. The mark on the back of Oma's china was used from 1880 to 1886, and presumably she bought it new. Born in 1869, she would have only been 11 years old in 1880, but 17 in 1886, and well may have worked, probably in a house or as a lady's maid

A. R.
Königszelt

I envision the family -- there were ten children -- using this china on special occasions as they grew up. It shows signs of wear: the gilt trim has worn off in places, and the design also shows signs of fading.



Her home was bombed in 1944. She lost the house where she had been born, lived her married life and bore ten children. And she lost most of the china. But she lost none of her children who remained close throughout their lives, despite the distances which separated them.

The few remaining pieces of china were ultimately passed to her two granddaughters in the United States. We treasure them.

The above photos are all family photos. My father took the one of his mother in 1932. I took the two photos of the china.

John George Drake Thompson (1805-1850)

Law Stationer to London's Fleet Street Barristers

Fred Klein with the help of David Rankin



John George Drake Thompson (1803-1850) was the son of Lt. John Thompson of the Royal Navy. The original oil painting on the left shows John Drake Thompson as a young man in the 1830s. Before photography was practical, a painting was the only way to capture a likeness. At right is an 1860s or 1870s photograph of a painting which itself has been overdrawn and retouched. JGDT was a law stationer working in the City of London legal district, and could afford to have a painting and photograph. He raised a family of six children, and had two servants in 1841. The painting is owned by David Rankin and the photograph by Fred Klein. Both are second great grandsons of JGDT.

John George Drake Thompson was born in Cornwall, England in July 1803 after his father finished his sea duty. John George's father died in 1809 when John George was 6 and

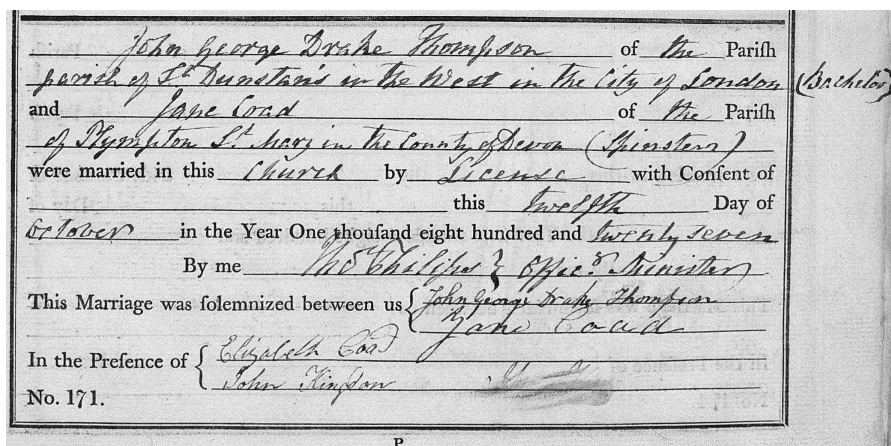
his mother died in 1824 when he was 23. After his father's death, his mother, JGDT and his brother Thomas Wilmot Thompson (1806-1852) moved from Falmouth, Cornwall to Mortlake near London, his mother's home-town. In 1811 John George enrolled in the Blue Coat School in London. The school was endowed and was for the sons of "impoverished gentlemen".



The parents of John George Drake Thompson were Lt. John Thompson (1771-1809) and Mary Elizabeth Drake (Thompson, 1775-1824). Lt. John Thompson rose through the ranks of the Royal Navy and became a first lieutenant in 1797 at the age of 22. He saw ship duty during the Napoleonic wars, the naval part of which greatly declined after the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805. Lt. Thompson did not fight in any major battles, but was an excellent seaman on large warships that saw blockade duty in the English Channel. Lieutenant Thompson married Mary

Elizabeth Drake in 1801 and her painting could have been made about that time when she was 26. These miniature originals are owned by Thompson descendant Fred Klein.





The first record we have of John George Thompson as an adult is his 1827 marriage document to his first wife Jane Coad (1809-1838) when he was 24 and she was 18. They were married in Plympton, a district of Plymouth in Devon. They had two children before she died in 1838: James Wilmot Thompson (1830-1868) and Mary Kate Thompson (1834-1876).



Left is the Plympton St. Mary's Church, where JGDT married his first wife Jane Coad on 12 October 1827. His second wedding in 1838 to Elizabeth Munville Hull was in St. Mary's parish church in Barnes, Surrey, picture at right. Both churches are in the home-towns of each wife. Photos from Wikipedia.

John George Drake Thompson's marriage certificate to his second wife Elizabeth Munville Hull on 2 December 1838. The ceremony was attended and the certificate was signed by the bride's parents John and Maria Hull. The grooms' father died in 1809 his mother died 14 years earlier.

Page 3.

1838. Marriage solemnized at the parish church in the parish of Barnes in the County of Surrey.

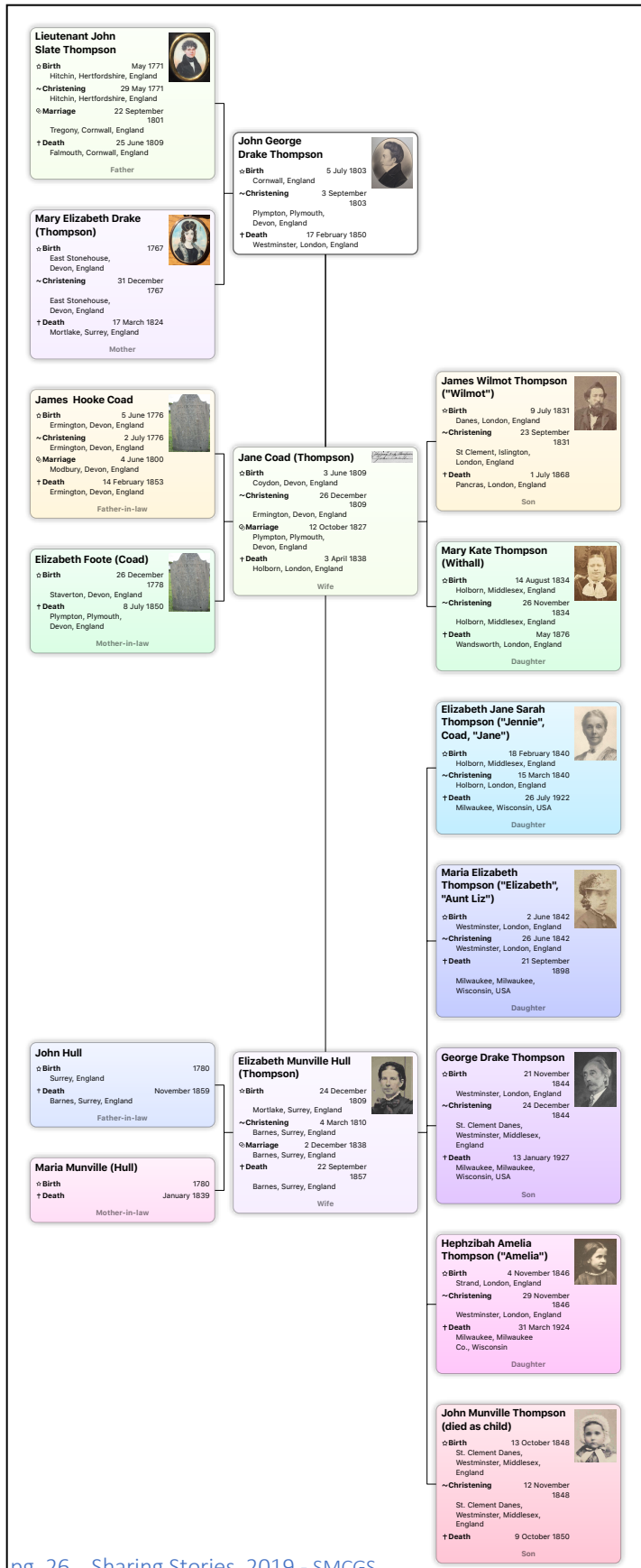
No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
5	The second day of December.	John George Drake Thompson	35	Widower	Stationer	Falcon Court Park	John Thompson	Commander of the
		Elizabeth Munville Hull	28	Spinster		Barnes	John Hull	Baker

Married in the parish church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England by license by me, Henry Currie - Vicar of Barnes

This Marriage was solemnized between us, John G. D. Thompson Elizabeth Munville Hull in the Presence of us, John Hull Maria Hull



Elizabeth Munville Hull (Thompson, 1809-1857), John George's second wife. They were married in 1838 when she was 28 and he was 35. This is a circa 1900 photographic copy of an 1840s daguerreotype. Photos owned by both Fred Klein and David Rankin.



JGDT's family tree with his parents, two wives and 7 children. Thompson, his wives, and his first two children remained in England. Two of his children by second wife Elizabeth went to Canada and started families. All of Elizabeth's children ended up in Milwaukee, Wisconsin except for John Mulville who died young.

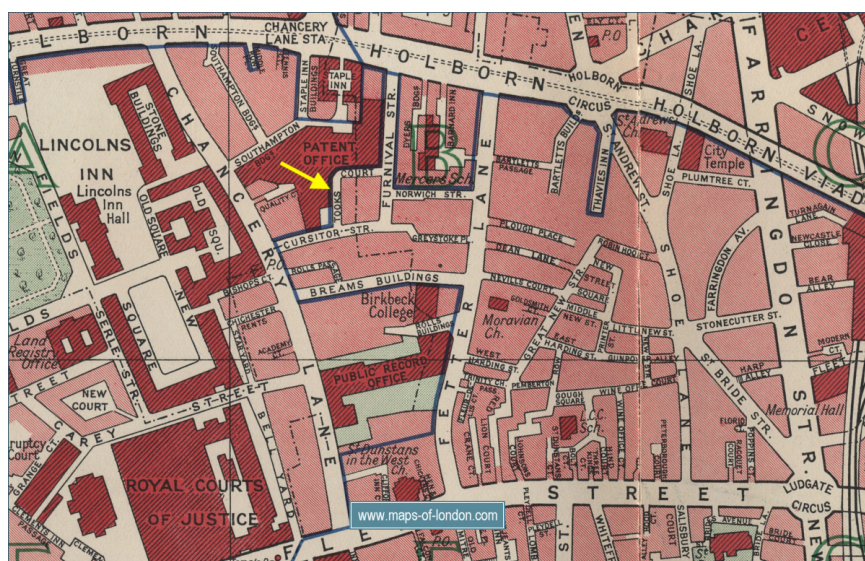
The 1841 census for JGDT and new wife Elizabeth Hull (Thompson) living in the City of London. John is

PLACE	HOUSES Uninhabited or Building Inhabited	NAMES of each Person who abode therein the preceding Night.	AGE and SEX		PROFESSION, TRADE, EMPLOYMENT, or of INDEPENDENT MEANS.	Where Born	
			Males	Females		Whether Born in same County	Whether Born in same Parish, or Foreign Place
Dynes R ^d 12	1	John Thompson	37		Stationer	Yes	
		Elizabeth		27		Yes	
		William	9			Yes	
		Mary		7		Yes	
		Elizabeth		14	Widow	Yes	
		Fanny Rice	35		P.S.	Yes	
		Rich ^d Keates	10		Apprentice	Yes	
		Fred ^d Hutton	10		Q ^r	Yes	
		Wm ^d Purley	18		P.S.	Yes	

37, but Elizabeth lied about her age and is 31, not 27 as written here. John is a law stationer. The first two children are from previous wife Jane Coad Thompson: James Wilmot and Mary Kate. The youngest child is Elizabeth Jane (1840-1922), aged 14 months, who would become Fred Klein's great grandmother. There are also two female servants and two 16-year-old male apprentices, probably in the stationery store. JGDT was having a successful life with two servants at home.

Elizabeth Thompson	Head	11	Scholar	Barnes
George	Son	6	Do	Holborn
Amelia	Daughter	4	Do	St Clements
Chartha Rayner	Serv	17	Servant	St Mary's

The 1851 census is for Barnes, Surrey, now part of London. John Thompson had died in February 1850 and his widow Elizabeth Munville Hull (Thompson) is head of household. The three children are all Elizabeth's. Elizabeth Jane Thompson is an 11-year-old student, George Drake Thompson (1844-1927, would become David Rankin's great grandfather) is 6 and Hephzibah Amelia Thompson (1846-1924) is 4. They have one female servant.



Used by permission of Collins Bartholomew from maps-of-london.com.

John George Drake Thompson worked as a law stationer in the City of London in the 1830s and 1840s. His work address was on Took's Court (yellow arrow) at different street numbers including 15 and 9. This is part of the City of London's main legal center with the Royal Courts of Justice (lower left) and numerous law chambers marked "ch." on the map. This map is from the 1920s or 30s and the streets are nearly the same as in 1840.

The businesses on Took's Court off of Chancery Lane where John George Drake Thompson worked as a law stationer. The year 1841 is in John's working years. The street is full of law stationers. Thompson did not own his own business, but worked for different shops as a mid-level person. It is just as well Thompson did not own a shop because his employer John Bury went to debtor's prison and another fled to Australia. Post Office directory from the University of Leicester <http://specialcollections.le.ac.uk>.

Post Office London Directory, 1841.

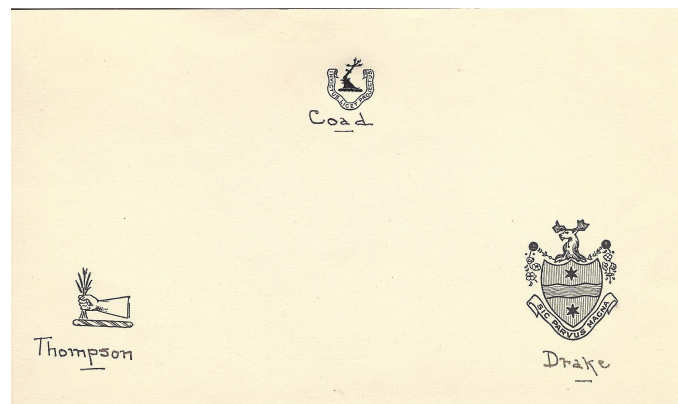
255

**Took's court, Chancery lane,
9 Cursitor st. or 14 Castle st.**

- 2 Richardson Thomas, printer, &c
- 3 Ritchie Thomas, law stationer
- 4 Holmes James, printer
- 5 Brookes Samuel, law stationer
- 5 Price John, bookbinder
- 11 Davy Mrs Elizabeth, lodging house
- 13 Closson Edward, law stationer, &c
- 15 Bury John, law stationer
- 15 Granger Robert, law stationer
- 16 Dowers Thos. Wm. T. law stationer
- 17 Bateman George M. law stationer
- 18 Ravenscroft Edward, printer, &c
- 19 Maltby Charles Fred. architect, &c
- 21 Whittingham Charles, printer
- 22 Hanson Walter, seal engraver



The building at 15 Took's Court, London, where JGDT worked in 1838.
Google street view from 2012.



A sample engraved family coat of arms card from the law stationer JGDT. Thompson is his family name, Coad is his first wife's maiden name, and Drake is his mother's maiden name.

The Radivojs of Ravenswood

Barry Elwood Hinman

According to the story I heard from my mother, her father Anton Radivoj was walking along Market Street in San Francisco one day when a leaflet advertising land in San Mateo County was pressed into his hand. An immigrant from Austria-Hungary to the United States in 1897, Radivoj had settled in New York City, where he met and married his wife Kate Tadejevich, who in 1899 had also emigrated from Austria-Hungary. Both came from an area in the northern Adriatic Sea which is now in Croatia. In 1907 they had taken the train from New York to San Francisco, where they settled near Lone Mountain. The climate of San Francisco, however, was very damp and bad for Kate Radivoj. Anton, therefore, was interested in the prospect of moving to the Peninsula.

On 1 July 1920 A. Radivoj and Katie Radivoj his wife bought from Edward Albert Pagel for \$10 land in San Mateo County, 1.94 acres between University Ave. and Donahoe St., in an area then called Runnymede, next to Ravenswood, of which it was frequently considered a part, and known officially from 23 October 1924 as East Palo Alto. According to newspaper articles collected by Richard N. Schellens the Runnymede Poultry Farm was incorporated in September 1918, but by January of 1920 Charles Weeks had taken over management and begun selling lots. In January 1920 Weeks filed a deed by which he took over the Cornelius O'Connor tract, 103 acres fronting on Woodlawn Avenue.¹ He subdivided this plot into smaller lots and placed it on the market. It was lots 7, 8, 9, 10 and a portion of lot 11 in block 7 of "Map of Woodland Place, Subdivision No. One of Ravenswood" that the Radivojs now bought.²

In the first issue of the *Redwood City Tribune* (1 May 1923) an article appeared on p. 3 with the headline: Runnymede Colony of Attractiveness: Progress is Unusual. There we read:

"An acre and independence!" That's Runnymede ... This famous little farm colony, noted for its chicken, rabbit and berry raising, is one of the most prosperous and interesting settlements in the entire district ... The outgrowth of a plan formulated and propagated during the past ten years by Charles Weeks Runnymede is a community of contented and prosperous people ... The colony is by its very nature a co-operative institution ... Runnymede homes are havens of contentment and they are uniformly fine in their simple but attractive schemes of architecture."

The Index to [Voter] Register, San Mateo County, 1920, lists Anton Radivog, chicken rancher, and Katie Radivoj, housewife, at Box 60B, R.F.D., Menlo Park, in Menlo Park Precinct No. 3. Both are Republicans.

The property they bought lay where University Avenue meets highway 101, lying between that highway and Donohoe Street, which is parallel to the highway. Their youngest child, Lillian Radivoj, a school teacher in Redwood City, remembered that while their house was being built the family lived in their tank house at the back of the property.

On 24 August 1921 Joseph and Elizabeth Limboth entered into an agreement with Anton Radivoj and Katie Radivoj his wife to sell to them 1.71 acres of land, being lots 5, 6, 12, 13 and a portion of lot 11 in block 7 of "Map of Woodland Place, Subdivision No. One of Ravenswood" for \$1700 over time³ The Radivojs made their payments and the land was deeded over to them on 25 October 1923.⁴

¹ *Redwood City Standard*, 29 Jan 1920

² San Mateo County, California, Deeds 292:340

³ San Mateo County, California, Deeds New Series 19:222

⁴ San Mateo County, California, Deeds New Series 84:487

In the Index to [Voter] Register, San Mateo County, 1922, they are listed in Menlo Park Precinct No. 4 as Anton Radivoj, chicken rancher, and Mrs. Katie Radivoj, housewife, same address. They are listed in the 1922-23 *Runnymede Directory* as A. Radivoj (Katie), poultry, Cooley, box 58.



As we see, Anton and Katie Radivoj raised chickens on this land, and they also raised berries, especially raspberries. My mother, their daughter Antoinette, well remembered working with the raspberries, and in later life refused to eat raspberries, her experience having marked her.

Anton is called a farmer in *Polk's Palo Alto Directory* for 1926, and in 1927 his address is given as 400 Donahoe, Ravenswood. Listed with him in that year were: Anna, student; Kate, wife; Antoinette, clk; and Geo., poultryman. The listings remain substantially the same for the following years until 1934, when Lillian, sten., is added to the family. This is in error, since it was the other two daughters who were stenographers, while Lillian was a student.

Anton Radivoj also worked as waiter at the Menlo Country Club in Woodside while raising poultry and produce on his land. According to his death certificate, in August 1934 he had worked 10 years in that occupation.

The *Redwood City Tribune* of 31 August 1934 has the headline: "4 Die in Three Peninsula Crashes." Below is: "Bayshore Automobile Accidents Claim Trio ... Miss Radivoj's Father Fatally Hurt in Third Mishap." The story continues: "A. Radivoj, 48, of 400 Donohoe avenue, Ravenswood, an employee of the Menlo Country Club, killed by an automobile while walking along the highway near his home ... Pedestrian Is Struck. Radivoj, father of Antoinette Radivoj, employed here at the Bank of America, was walking along the Bayshore highway south of University avenue, East Palo Alto, at about 7 o'clock last evening. He was in the vicinity of Cooley avenue when struck."

After her husband's death, Kate Radivoj sold the property they owned in East Palo Alto and moved with her two daughters and son to Redwood City, where she died in 1947. The current overpass from University Avenue to highway 101 passes through the land that the Radivojs owned. For many years the house remained, and cars taking the cloverleaf to go north to San Francisco passed right next to it. In its last years it served as a real estate agency office.

A Day Not to be Forgotten

Eleanor Hedenkamp



Postcard showing NY Harbor with General Slocum in foreground

June 15, 1904 dawned with the promise of a beautiful day. Kleindeutschland, or Little Germany, in Lower Manhattan was filled with excitement and anticipation. It was the day of the annual Sunday School Outing, a tradition organized by St. Mark's German Lutheran Church.

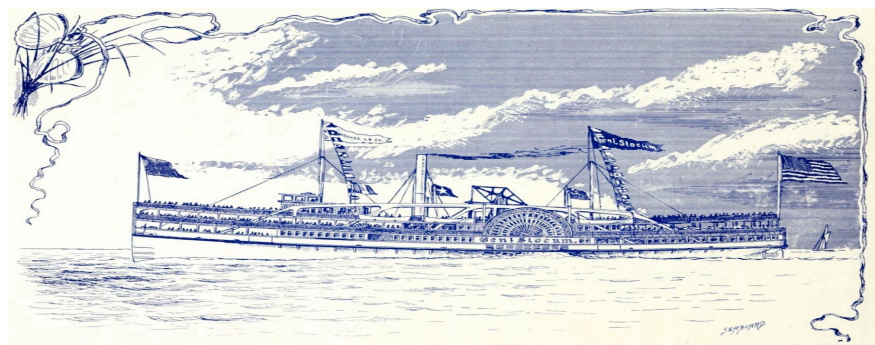
At the Hedenkamp home on Sixth Street, daughter Margaret was especially excited as not only was there the excursion today, but tomorrow she would be celebrating her 11th birthday at a party with friends. In addition, though most men had to work, her father, a carpenter, would be accompanying her, her mother, and her younger brother, eight-year-old Frank for the day.

This year the outing was an excursion on a sidewheel steamboat, the General Slocum, a popular excursion vessel. The trip up the East River to Locust Grove on Long Island for a picnic would be a rare day of leisure. Ice cream, a special treat, was promised. The passengers, mainly women and children, were mostly German, including many who had once lived in Kleindeutschland but had moved out as their living standards improved. For them it was a day of revelry and relaxation, a homecoming, and a reunion with old friends, which they looked forward to all year. Others were not German such as the Irish family who could not afford tickets but received them as a gift from the German woman who ran the grocery store where they shopped.

Friends and families greeted each other at the dock. Most wore their finest clothes, and many carried elaborate picnic baskets. The New York Times reported "As she cast off and stood out into the stream her flags were flying, the band was playing a lively air, and her three decks were crowded to their capacity with a happy throng."

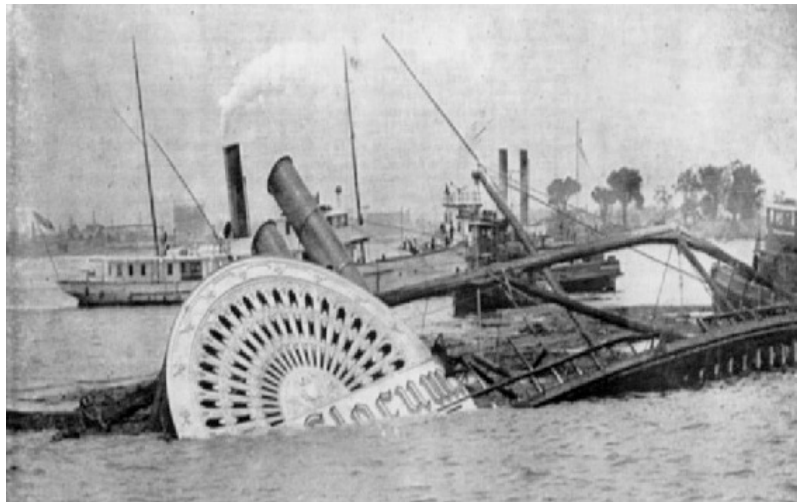
The sun was shining, the ride smooth, the passengers noisy and cheerful. Mothers felt comfortable giving their children freedom to explore and play as they greeted one another and visited. Happy dancers, mostly teen-agers, filled the rear of the promenade deck.

By Samuel Ward Stanton (1870-1912) - American Steam Vessels, 1895, page 404, Public Domain,
<https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=5469036>



But something else was happening. In the hold a small fire had begun, fueled by hay used to pack glassware for the trip. It was not noticed at first but grew rapidly. There was a confused delay as many of the ship hands had never received any training on what to do in an emergency. In addition, the ship had just entered Hell Gate, a particularly dangerous and unpredictable stretch of the river. The wind fanned the flames as the boat raced to Brother's Island where it was finally beached.

Passengers frantically attempted to save their families. Mothers buckled their children into life vests only to see the old vests disintegrate or sink when they hit the water. Others tried to lower the lifeboats but found them wired in place. Fire hoses burst apart from the water pressure. Many jumped into the water in desperation. But women were not taught to swim in that day, and they were hampered by their long, heavy dresses and petticoats. And the paddle wheels posed additional danger.



By Unknown - prisoners of eternity, Public Domain, <https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=69467750>

On the shore the fire had been spotted and help was mobilized. Some 50 boats ranging from rowboats to tugboats and yachts headed toward the boat, pulling survivors and bodies on board. On Brother's Island tuberculosis patients and nurses formed a lifeline using a long ladder to enable some survivors reach shore. One patient, a newly immigrated Irish girl of 16, had had no swimming lessons, but went out repeatedly, rescuing nine.

Over 800 children and 300 adults burned or drowned. Little Margaret was not to celebrate her birthday; she, her brother, and her father were among those who perished. Her distraught older brother Henry identified them. Her mother was hospitalized but survived. Kleindeutschland, once an active and vibrant community, was decimated. Every family lost relatives and friends; some survivors moved away from the heartbreaking memories. Some made a new beginning, but others found going on intolerable and ended up in mental institutions or took their lives.

It was the largest loss of life in New York – tenfold that of the Triangle Shirt Waist Factory – until 9-11. Yet it has been largely forgotten. The tragedy had affected a rather small and homogenous community, and not only the Triangle fire, but the Titanic, the war, and the influenza epidemic, would replace the General Slocum in headline news. And, with World War I, anti-German sentiment arose.

Why did it happen?

There are conflicting accounts and opinions as to the Captain's actions. Captain James Van Schaick had been a pilot and master in New York Harbor for 40 years. Some experts thought he had been in an impossible position and nothing would have substantially changed the outcome; others blamed him and his decisions. He was the only person convicted in the tragedy and served four years in Sing Sing for criminal negligence and manslaughter before he was paroled and then pardoned. Yet others shared culpability. The condition of the General Slocum was not unusual. Corruption and greed were widespread. Owners were not held accountable. Likewise, the inspectors, who had only two months earlier declared the boat safe, were not convicted of any wrongdoing. They did leave their positions. Public outrage and the revelations of corruption and graft prompted President Theodore Roosevelt to form a federal commission whose findings led to a dramatic overhaul of steamboat safety regulations and inspection procedures. It has also been suggested that the tragedy may have contributed to the change in women's fashion, and to the increased popularity of swimming lessons for women and children, but that is harder to substantiate.

The General Slocum tragedy is a bit more than a footnote in history. In this century, which saw the 100th anniversary of the tragedy and the deaths of the last survivors, there has been a slow stream of books and articles which keep the story alive in history if not in memory.



Victims of the General Slocum washed ashore at North Brother Island. 15 June 1904
[https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Victims_of_the_General_Slocum_\(1904\).jpg](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Victims_of_the_General_Slocum_(1904).jpg)
By likely Gustav Scholer (1851 - 1928) - (via en.wikipedia.org by Richard Arthur Norton), Public Domain,
<https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=60281>

References:

There are innumerable books and articles about this tragedy, many of which I consulted. I did not find any one source which seemed scholarly and definitive. All tell pretty much the same story, though with variations. This is understandable given the confusion of the day, but it is impossible for me to credit any one source for information. The following sources are ones I found most helpful.

- <http://www.maggieblanck.com/Goehle/GeneralSlocum.html>: a comprehensive list of victims, survivors and their outcomes.
- Houghtaling, Ted. Witness to Tragedy: The Sinking of the General Slocum. New York Historical Society Blog, February 24, 2016. <http://blog.nyhistory.org/witness-to-tragedy-the-sinking-of-the-general-slocum/>
- Lamberton, Karen T. Angels in the Gate: New York City and the General Slocum Disaster. Heritage Books, Westminster Maryland, 2006.
- O'Donnell, Edward T. Ship Ablaze: The Tragedy of the Steamboat General Slocum. New York: Broadway Books, 2003.
- Ogilvie, J.S. History of the General Slocum Disaster. London: Classic Reprint Series, Forgotten Books, 2017. *This is interesting as it is a reproduction of a 1904 volume of brief vignettes mostly taken from newspapers of the day.*
- <https://www.spiegel.de/international/a-forgotten-new-york-disaster-the-dreadful-end-of-little-germany-a-410321.html>

MAP: O'Donnell, Edward T. Ship Ablaze: The Tragedy of the Steamboat General Slocum. New York: Broadway Books, 2003.

Anna Gertrude Melia's Story

Sally Wood

"It's such a sad story. We don't talk about it." That is what my mother said when, as a child, I asked about my grandmother's family. Like most children, I lived in the present without much concept of a possibly different past or future, and I did not explore any further. Nana Wood was always kind, gentle, accepting, and calm, but she was never idle. When she was sitting, she was doing needlework. When she was not sitting, she was doing something in the house that needed to be done. Once she ironed my underwear. Her cellar was full of jars of vegetables she had canned, and she made wonderful bread and plum pudding. Her house in Taunton was the top floor of a two-story house that had once been a dance hall. It was easier to raise a house and add a new floor underneath than to build a new roof, so when my brothers and I visited and ran up the back stairs, through the attic, and down the front stairs, we were running under the arches of the old dance hall. When I was about ten, Nana stayed with us in Atlanta while my parents were away. I had some schoolwork to be signed by a parent and returned, and I can still remember Nana shaking her head and saying she didn't think she should sign the papers. I didn't know then that her education stopped at 7th grade.



Years later in the 1990s when my father's health was failing, he asked me to update some family history compiled by one of his father's relatives from Prince Edward Island. Most information then came directly from people and town halls. I asked about his mother, and he said that she was born in Millville, which he characterized as "the poorest town in Massachusetts." Beyond that, I only knew that my grandmother had lost both of her parents when she was young, that she had a half-sister, Lillian, who had lived in Providence, and that her father's name was John Melia. My mother only knew that it was a sad story, but she did not know the story.

Now widespread electronic access to records supporting genealogical research makes it possible to reconstruct some of the past without first-hand accounts. My initial searches were discouraging, but one night I decided to try once again. Over about four hours I changed spellings and towns and person associations until I pieced her story together. It was a very intense experience, and now I appreciate the value of hearing someone tell a story in a coherent time order with some emotional cushioning of harsh edges. Public records are objective and terse, as they should be. Research from public records can be used

to create a timeline, but discovery does not happen in chronological order. I found death records for children before I knew they had lived. When looking for a specific marriage or death record, all the other marriages and deaths in that same time window became visible, creating a broader picture of the environment.

In 1910, census data showed Anna Melia living in Taunton with the Flynn family. She was 17 years old

and working as a solderer in a jewelry shop. How did she get to Taunton and what happened in the first 17 years of her life? There were several John Melias and Anna Melias in eastern Massachusetts in that time, so narrowing the search to Millville was helpful. They actually lived in Blackstone, but vital records show people from both towns. Anna's parents married in Blackstone in February, 1891. Like many others on the same page of marriage records, both parents were born in Ireland and worked in Blackstone making rubber boots and shoes. Her father was 27, her mother was 25, and it was the first marriage for both. The couple's parents listed in the marriage record were not the parents listed on death records, and probably the marriage record showed other relatives or friends. For Anna's mother's parents, the people listed had the last name Flynn, although neither was among the Flynns listed in the 1910 census. A little less than two years later, Anna was born in November, 1892.

In April, 1896, when Anna was just over three years old, her father died from acute tuberculosis, and in November of that year just before her fourth birthday, her mother remarried. Nine months later in June 1897, her mother had twin daughters. They both died of marasmus within a few days of each other at less than two months of age. I had to look that up. Marasmus is severe malnutrition. A year later in June, 1898 Anna's sister Rose L. was born. This was her half-sister Lillian. Two years later Anna's brother, John, was born. Two years after that, when Anna was not quite ten years old, her mother died in childbirth with a stillborn son. Most of the other people listed on the page with her mother's death record died of dysentery or other diseases in conjunction with dysentery.

Anna's brother John died of meningitis the following spring at age 3. Her stepfather was probably also ill at that time. He died in February 1904 of "acute pulmonary tuberculosis after 6 months." Anna was eleven years old.

This is the sad story that no one talked about. It is created entirely from public records which paint a picture of very desperate living circumstances. I found no information between 1904 and 1910, but census data shows Lillian continuing to live in Blackstone with her father's brother's family. The two surviving children must have been separated and sent to live with different relatives. In searching for information about a family mystery, I also found the sad story of the struggles of a larger population. Anna's family's experience looked similar to other families in the Blackstone record books, and maybe there is a longer story to be told. She married, raised four children, and remained kind and giving throughout her life.



Photos of Anna Melia Wood from the private collection of Sally Wood.
© Sally Wood 2019

From Russia to Sea Ranch

By Mary Lou Zamora Pack

Imagine what it felt like back in the 1900's to immigrate to the United States? The will to leave what is familiar to you, your home, family, everything you were comfortable with to go to another land must be one of the scariest events you will ever encounter.

Emilian Fedorovitch Noshkin, my husband's great – grandfather, his wife Maria Simonovna Shuken Noshkin and their 9 children did just that. Their reason, religious persecution. Czar Nicholas didn't recognize the Molokan religion. Molokan's are like our Quakers. A revolution was in the air and Emile thought it was time to go.

They packed up what they could, and they embarked upon an adventure they did not forget along with a large number of other Molokan families.

They boarded the S.S. "Persia" in the year 1912 and after a couple stops, they touched the San Francisco Harbor on April 24, 1912. With a new baby added to the family.

This is where I come in. I, Mary Pack super sleuth to everyone else's family but my own.

Give me a tidbit of information and away I go. A phone call from one of my husbands' sisters got this ball rolling. We happened to be discussing the Pack side of the family when she mentioned that she remembered the family talking about Sea Ranch in Marin County and Great Grandfather Emile had something to do with it.

I stewed about this for a few days and thought I'd investigate this story. I was unsure where to start so I decided to find out where the public records would be kept. Now Sea Ranch is an unincorporated community, so I decided to check in with a few real estate offices. Whoa, I was surprised at the number of offices in Sea Ranch I knew I would be on the phone for days, so I choose to start with the first one on the list.

A 1 Reality. I called stumbling with my request; afraid I would confuse the gentleman on the other end. I told the gentleman who I was and what I was looking for and was wondering if I lost him.....The silence was so long I thought he had hung up. I finally asked, "excuse me are you still there". He replied said yes, and then asked how I happened to pick this real estate office. I laughed and said, "well you were the first on the list".



Figure 1: Family photo from personal collection

What happened next was unbelievable. It turned out a woman who worked there part time was the city's historian and she had written a book about Sea Ranch. Great Grandfather and his family were featured in a chapter titled "The First Family". I think I stopped breathing for a second. I had hit the Mother lode. What do I do now? I asked if I could speak to this lady. Although just as excited as I was, he felt he should ask permission before

forwarding her information. Understanding, I waited anxiously for his phone

call.

It was no more than 10 minutes when my phone rang. It was Susan Clark, author and historian. Our conversation was excited and loud, we sounded like two old friends reunited. She recently just visited the last remaining aunt on the Noshkin side. She and Aunt Katherine had a lovely visit. She shared photos and snippets of stories and I learned of the heartbreaking adventure of Great Grandfather Emile, his family and followers and thievery of the worst kind.

The trip from Russia was hard and grueling. According to our Auntie Zena the S.S. Persia was awful. The sailors were nasty, and you always needed to watch your daughters. The ship was dirty, and the seas were rough. Great Grandmother being pregnant must have been awful for her.

On this voyage, Emile was responsible for about 200 Russian colonists. Everyone chipped in their monies to find a place where they could build a colony. A church and small house for the families. They wanted to have farmland where they could feed themselves and sell to market. But especially a place where they could worship without reprisals. Many waited back in Russia for the letter saying "Come, we have a home for you".

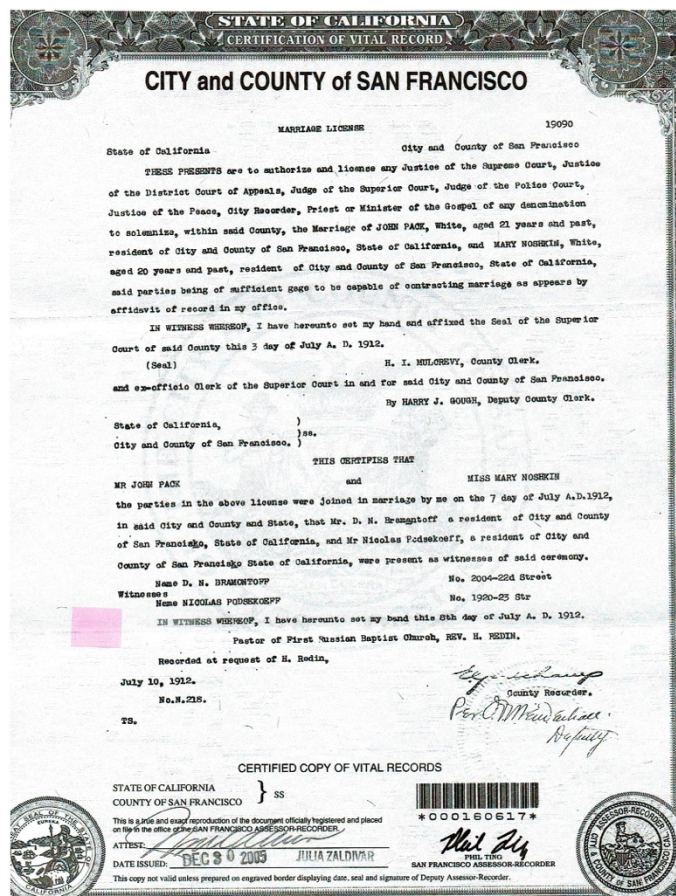


Figure 2: Wedding license witnessed by Nicholas Podsakoff - Obtained from City & County of San Francisco

This is where our villain, Walter Frick comes in. He passed the word around that he had 5,000 choice acres on the coast of Sonoma for sale. Emile and his colonist believed this was a perfect spot for their home. They had paid Walter Frick an enormous amount of monies, even though land was very cheap at that time. This was a match in heaven, but Frick had other plans. The colonist settled into their new life. They planted a fruits and vegetables. Everything grew and they were eager to share their abundance with the neighbors in Gualala including land for Gualala's livestock.

Emile soon realized that he could not keep up with the large monthly payments, there was no way they could keep going. Walter Frick foreclosed on the mortgage in 1913. Great Grandfather and the colonists left with crops ready to be harvested September 1913. I am not saying their time there was always enduring. They had made friends but sadly lost one of the colonists. 38 year old Mr. Nicholas Podsakoff.

Susan Clark wrote about Mr. Podsakoff because his burial was so unusual. Ms. Clark wrote her book* she had gone on an excursion near the bluff when she tripped and found a perfect circle of white rocks. Amazed she took a picture of the

circle. Upon meeting Aunt Katherine, she shared the picture. Aunt Katherine said, "oh that is where we buried poor Nicholas Podsakoff because they didn't have money for a proper funeral".

Emile and the colonists purchased an engine for the property. Emile, an aid and Nicholas Podsakoff brought the engine down the coast road, they made a sharp turn at Schooner Gulch. Emile, and the aid got out to see if they could make the passage when the bridge collapsed, and poor Nicholas was trapped and died. I felt sad that he never received a proper service and his name also kept bothering me. I knew I heard this name before. He was not part of our Russian families, neither Noshkin or Pack, (AKA Kulikoff.)

I found my answer in my Pack family binder and on the marriage license for John Pack aka Prokopy Kulikoff and Great Grandfather's eldest daughter Mary Emile Noshkin, he had been a witness. Back to Great Grandfather's story, the colonists left forlorn but not defeated. They heard of good farmland in Park City, Utah but sadly, they were fooled by another fast-talking salesman. The land was dry and water scarce. This time they did feel defeated. They disbanded and moved to various parts of the country, our family came back to San Francisco.



They settled in the Potrero Dist. All Great Grandfather's children grew up happy and healthy. They had good jobs; one uncle was even a successful prize fighter. So, all was not lost.

One last tidbit before I go. The family was immortalized in the San Francisco Examiner as well. The heading, Little Russian Girl Startles the Buddhist. Advent on Sacred Isle Breaks Tradition.

Seems for centuries this island Miyajima in Japan had never had a birth or death. Until the day our Aunt Vera was born.

Figure 3: Article from San Francisco Chronicle detailing the birth of Aunt Vera

*Clark, Susan .M. *Images of America – The Sea Ranch*. Charleston SC, Chicago IL. Portsmouth NH and San Francisco, Ca; Arcadia Publishing, 2009

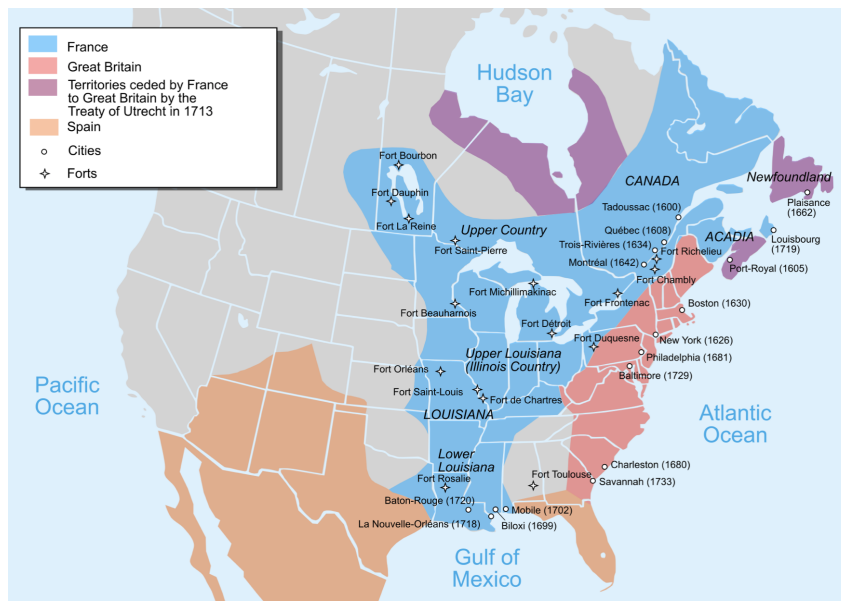
The German Coast of Louisiana

Jennifer Harris

In the early eighteenth century the area of North America shown on the map in Map 1 was owned by France and called Louisiana. It was later purchased from France in 1803 by the United States as the Louisiana Purchase. How did part of this land become known as the German Coast?

My sixth great-grandfather, Andreas Traeger, was born in or near Donauwoerth, Bavaria, on 7 October 1688.⁵ He arrived at the Louisiana coast in 1721 on *La Garonne*, one of five ships that left France in January 1721, lured to the New World by the Company of the West Indies which was set up by John Law. There had been war in Germany and land had been confiscated, which may have precipitated the move. John Law's promise of land and riches in what would become Louisiana must have been tempting. John Law was a dishonest Scotsman who worked for the French with a scheme to lure Europeans to the New World with promises of land and riches and to also make money for France. Law considered the Swiss and Germans to be the best farm workers; better farmers than the French. Law's scheme ultimately failed but thousands of people came to French Territory hoping for something better than what awaited them at home.⁶

Shortly after leaving port in France the *La Garonne* had to put ashore sixteen very ill Germans at Brest, France, all of whom later died. Conditions on board ship were terrible; sickness and death continued during the whole voyage, exacerbated by the lack of adequate food, water and sanitary conditions. The trip on *La Garonne* was further complicated when the ship was taken captive by pirates near San Domingo, delaying the arrival for another six weeks. The five ships arrived over a period of several months and over half of the passengers who had left on the ships died. When the ships arrived in Biloxi those still alive were ailing. Most of the immigrants were German, thus the name of German Pest Ships.



Wikipedia

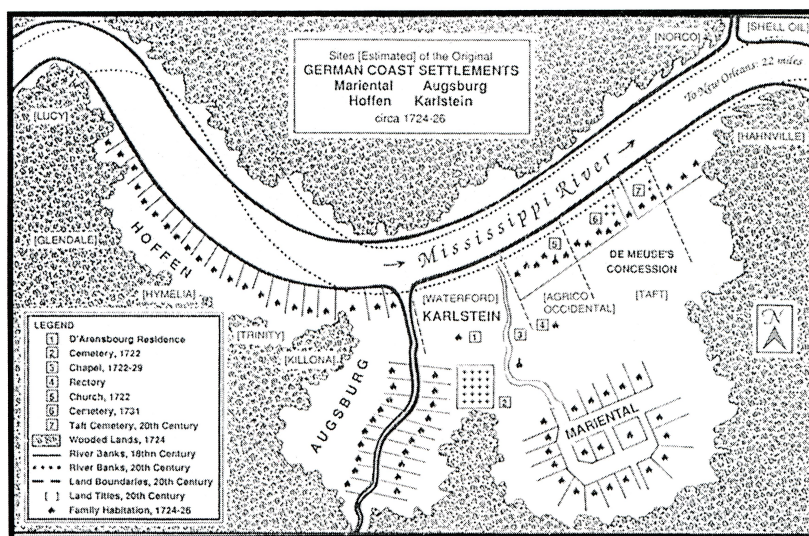
Map of **New France** (blue color) in 1750, before the **French and Indian War** (1754 to 1763), that was part of the Seven Years' War

⁵ Sibley, Karen *The Tregre (Traeger) Family in Louisiana*. Unpublished manuscript acquired in 2009.

⁶ Forsythe, Alice D. and Zeringue, Earlen L. *German "Pest Ships" 1720-1721* (The Genealogical Research Society of New Orleans, 1969)

Andreas Traeger, my ancestor, is listed on the ship's manifest as traveling with a wife and one child. He is also noted as the "Mayor of Friderichworth." Passengers from the same parish had been grouped together on board ship and one of them put in charge of the others.

The immigrants had been promised land along the Mississippi River and were indentured to the West Indies Company. Under the leadership of a Swedish officer, Karl Frederick D'Arensbourg, the Germans went up the river from New Orleans to settle on land later named the German Coast. Several villages were established and land allotted. (See Map 2) In 1731 when John Law's company failed the immigrants were free from their indenture (ten years at that point) and could farm on their own. Their farms became an important source of produce for the city of New Orleans.



The German Coast Settlement in a Schematic Presentation, circa 1723
Map by Norman Marmillion, 1990

Since the territory at that time was French all of the German names were given French spellings and pronunciations. Therefore Traeger became Tregre, Dregre, or many variations thereof. Other German names were also "Frenchified."⁷

Several censuses of the German Coast were taken reporting:

1724. Andreas Traeger (now Tregre), of Donauwoerth, Bavaria. Catholic; 37 years old; hunter. His wife with a child at her breast. Three arpents⁸ cleared. Two years on the place. 'A good worker. Well lodged. His yard, 90 x 90, staked off with palisades. Well cleared. Birds have caused a great deal of damage.' One cow from the company. One Pig.
1726: Four Arpents cleared.
1731: Husband, wife, three children. Two negroes; three cows.⁹

Another undated census, believed to have been taken after 1732, has a listing for Andreas Traeger with five arpents.¹⁰

Andreas's wife was Catherine Callender. There is a record of his having married a woman named Anne Barbe Brendelin in August 1720 in Phalsbourg (present day Moselle, France) but she does not appear anywhere in the records in Louisiana.¹¹ It is unclear if Catherine Callender is the wife with whom Andreas arrived. Andreas and Catherine had six children. The third of these, Jean Georges Tregre (1727-1783) was my fifth great-grandfather.

⁷Other name changes were Troclair for Troxler, Rome for Rommel, Triche for Trischl, and Haydel for Heidel.

⁸ An arpent is an old French unit of land area equal to about .85 acre.

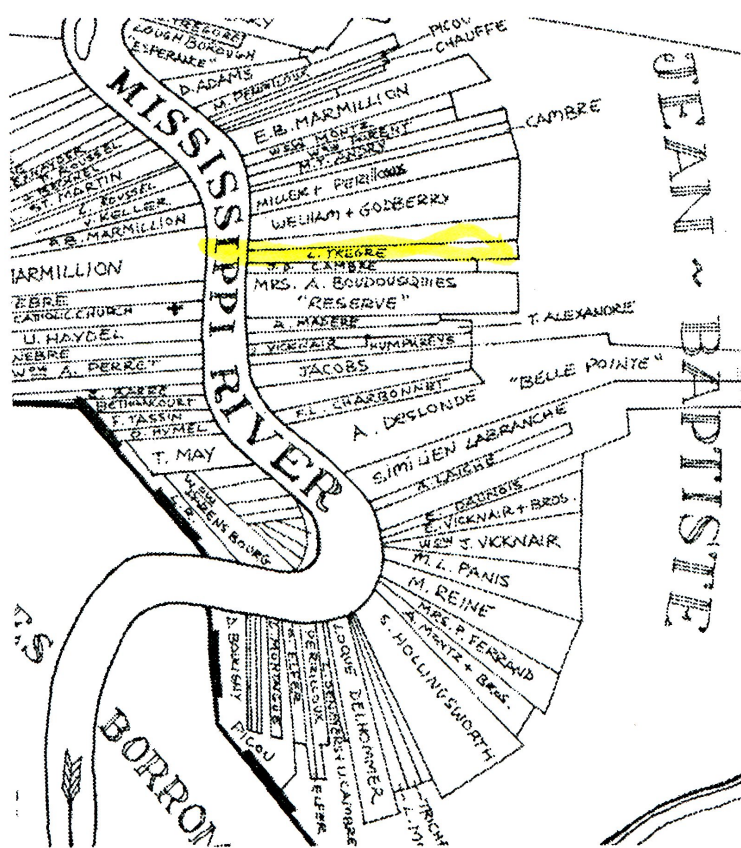
⁹ Deiler, J. Hanno, *The Settlement of the German Coast of Louisiana and The Creoles of German Descent* (Baltimore, Genealogical Publishing Company, 1970)

¹⁰ Ibid.

¹¹ Sibley, Karen (2009) Unpublished manuscript.

Jean Georges's grandson, my third great-grandfather Louis Tregre, continued the family farming tradition, raising sugar cane at the Star Plantation in St. John the Baptist Parish on the Mississippi River as shown on Map 2. The long thin shape of the parcels gave all planters access to the river. The adjacent St. Charles Parish is also part of the German Coast. Louis had married Marie Charleville and they lived the lives of successful planters.

To this day the area where these hardy German immigrants settled is called the German Coast. Many of their descendants still live there, including many Tregres. They were known to be good farmers, and they were. Some of the land is still farmed, but the search for natural resources in Louisiana has interfered with agriculture. It has been almost three hundred years since those five ships arrived with their cargo of ailing immigrants, but the survivors of the German Pest Ships are remembered.



**1858 Norman's Chart,
St. John the Baptist Parish, Louisiana.**

Les Voyageurs, June 2001 a publication of the German-Acadian Historical and Genealogical Society

Louise S. Thompson (1886-1969)

Burlingame Realtor and Matchmaker

Fred Klein with the help of David Rankin



Louise S. Thompson in front of her real estate office at 1483 Burlingame Avenue, Burlingame, California in the 1940s. Photo from the Burlingame Historical Society. The sign from her 1950 real estate business at 1241 Howard Ave in Burlingame. Sign owned by Fred Klein.

Louise S. Thompson was born in Montreal Canada, and moved with her family to Milwaukee in 1890. In her early 20s she worked as a stenographer. In 1928, after her father died in 1927, she moved from Milwaukee to San Francisco with her mother Emma Thompson and sister Jane Thompson. These were the first members of the Thompson family to move to California, and others would follow in the coming decades. Louise was an independent and enterprising person and saw more growth in San Francisco than in Milwaukee. About 1932 Louise moved from San Francisco to Burlingame, then to Palo Alto in the early 1950s, where she continued to sell real estate. She introduced her niece to a handsome insurance agent who shared her office on Burlingame Ave. Louise was always kindly and gracious, and had an English reserved personality. She never married and died in 1969 at the age of 82.



Louise Thompson in fancy dress for a costume party in the mid 1900s in Milwaukee.



From left, Louise S. Thompson in about 1905 and in 1924. Her signed portrait at 54 is from May 1941. Louise in 1965 at the age of 79.

Milwaukee directory 1906, 1908, 1909=1910=1911

—Lulu stenog 324 E Water h 701 34th	—Louise clk h 423 Jackson
—Lulu stenog h 508 Galena	

Also known as Lulu, Louise Thompson's first job was in 1906 at age 19 as a stenographer. The 1910 census recorded her working as a stenographer for a piano manufacturer. The “=” sign means the listing is the same in different years.

The Times (San Mateo, California) • 11 May 1944, Thu • Page 6

Soroptimists Hold Annual Election

Miss Louise Thompson was elected president of the Burlingame-San Mateo Soroptimist club at the noon luncheon Wednesday in Poole's restaurant, Burlingame.

She is a real estate broker in Burlingame and a charter member of the club. She will take office in June, when the club will celebrate its fourth birthday. As a member of the service committee the past year, Miss Thompson has done outstanding work, this week reporting the completion of 250 ditty bags for the Red Cross.

Hawaiian Theme Chosen for J. C. Dances

Women students of the San Mateo Junior college will give two dances next week, featuring a Ha-



4—SAN MATEO TIMES SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1944

Soroptimists Have Dual Celebration

Louise Thompson Installed President for Coming Year

Installation of officers and the fourth birthday of the Soroptimist club of Burlingame-San Mateo was the occasion for a dual celebration at Villa Chartier Thursday night at 7 o'clock.

Louise Thompson was a charter member and past president of the San Mateo-Burlingame Soroptimist club, a service organization of women in business to work for peace and to promote the lives of women and girls. The organization is a female version of the Rotary Club. In 1944, Louise made 250 “ditty bags” for the red-cross war effort. A ditty bag was a small bag used by sailors to hold toiletries, sewing implements and odds and ends. From newspapers.com.



Louise Thompson at a Christmas dinner in the early 1960s in the Burlingame home of June and Ernest Rankin. The lady on the left is Louise's cousin Jane Klein.

The next record of Louise after 1911 is her statement of arriving in California in September 1928. The naturalization application is from May 1941 in San Francisco. From ancestry.com.

TRIPLICATE
(To be given to declarant when originally issued; to be made a part of the petition for naturalization when petition is filed; and to be retained as a part of the petition in the records of the court)

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
No. 111013

DECLARATION OF INTENTION
(Invalid for all purposes seven years after the date hereof)

In the **DISTRICT** of **San Francisco, Cal.**
of the United States

Louise Thompson

(1) My full, true, and correct name is **Louise Thompson**
(2) My present place of residence is **398 West Portal Ave., Apt 405, San Francisco, Cal.**
(3) I was born on **Dec 16, 1886** in **Montreal, Canada**
(4) I am **54** years old. (5) I was born on **Dec 16, 1886** in **Montreal, Canada**
(6) My personal description is as follows: Sex **female**, color **white**, complexion **fair**, color of eyes **hazel**, color of hair **gray**, height **5** feet **2** inches, weight **135** pounds, visible distinctive marks **none**
(7) I am **not** married; the name of my wife or husband is **none**
(8) I have **no** children; and the name, sex, date and place of birth, and present place of residence of each of said children who is living, are as follows:
(9) My last place of foreign residence was **Montreal, Canada**
(10) I immigrated to the United States from **Montreal, Canada** at **Detroit, Mich.** on **June 1, 1890** under the name of **Louise Thompson**
(11) My lawful entry for permanent residence in the United States was on **June 1, 1890** on the **Train**
(12) Since my lawful entry for permanent residence I have **not** been absent from the United States, for a period or periods of 6 months or longer, as follows:

DEPARTED FROM THE UNITED STATES			RETURNED TO THE UNITED STATES		
PORT	DATE (Month, day, year)	VESSEL OR OTHER MEANS OF CONVEYANCE	PORT	DATE (Month, day, year)	VESSEL OR OTHER MEANS OF CONVEYANCE

(13) I have **not** heretofore made declaration of intention: **No** in the **State** of **Cal.** (Name of court)

(14) It is my intention in good faith to become a citizen of the United States and to reside permanently therein. (15) I will, before being admitted to citizenship, renounce absolutely and forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty of whom or which at the time of admission to citizenship I may be a subject or citizen. (16) I am not an anarchist, nor a believer in the unlawful damage, injury, or destruction of property, or sabotage, nor a disbeliever in or opposed to organized government; nor a member of or affiliated with any organization or body of persons teaching disbeliefs in or opposition to organized government. (17) I certify that the photograph affixed to the duplicate and triplicate hereof is a likeness of me and was signed by me. I do swear (affirm) that the statements I have made and the intentions I have expressed in this declaration of intention subscribed by me are true to the best of my knowledge and belief. SO HELP ME GOD.

Louise Thompson
Subscribed and sworn to (affirmed) before me in the form of each shown above in the office of the Clerk of said Court, at **San Francisco, Cal.** this **7th** day of **May**, anno Domini **1941** I hereby certify that the duplicate and triplicate hereof are true and correct copies of the original and triplicate hereof is a likeness of the declarant.

(REAL)
By **WALTER B. MALLING** U.S. District Court, Deputy Clerk.
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION SERVICE
(Edition of 1-13-41)
Form No. 215
22-x-22336
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

Louise was selling real estate while living with her mother Emma Thompson and sister Jane in 1930.

1930 census, San Francisco

Thompson Emma	Married	9	60-	7	M	71	M	No	Yes	England
— Louise	Daugh-			7	M	43	S	No	Yes	Canada Em
— Jane B	Daugh			7	M	42	S	No	Yes	Canada Em
none										
Business -	Real Estate									
Place -	Office									

California > San Mateo > 1933 > San Mateo, California, City Directory, 1932-1933
 " Louise slsldy Mrs Undine Ellis h 1285 Oak Grove, Burlingame

1933 Burlingame Directory

" Mrs Undine real est 1463 Burlingame av, Burlingame

Louise Thompson moved to Burlingame about 1932 and sold real estate with Mrs. Undine Ellis. Burlingame was a fast-growing suburb of San Francisco in the 1930s. Directory images from ancestry.com.



Realty shops on Burlingame Avenue in the 1930s. The picture shows the Peninsula Theater, but also shows a cluster of real estate shops. Toscher Homes, Vale Realty and MacDonalds are located between Louise's first job at 1463 Burlingame Ave and her later office at 1483. Note the variegated tile work under the window at the far right edge of the picture, and how it compares to Louise's office on the cover. Photo from cinematreasures.org.

1935, 1938=1939 Burlingame

" Louise slsmn Pen Realty Co h 1285 Oak Grove, Burlingame

THOMPSON LOUISE, Real Estate Broker, 1483 Burlingame Av (Arcade), Burlingame h 520 Primrose Rd, Burlingame

Louise Thompson in 1938 established her own business at the 1483 Burlingame Ave arcade. She preferred selling houses herself to working for someone else.

1938 Burlingame

BURLINGAME - SAN MATEO (1938) CITY DIRECTORY

Rankin Clark C r 729 Prospect row, San Mateo
 " Ernest W ins 1483 Burl av r 148 Costa Rica, S M

Meanwhile, a handsome insurance agent named Ernest W Rankin (age 28), a long-time resident of Burlingame, moved his office from San Francisco to the same arcade office on Burlingame Ave, sharing it with Louise (age 51).

1940, 1941 Burlingame

THOMPSON LOUISE, Real Estate, 1483 Burlingame Av, h 34 Bancroft, Burlingame

California > Burlingame > 1941 > Burlingame, California, City Directory, 1941

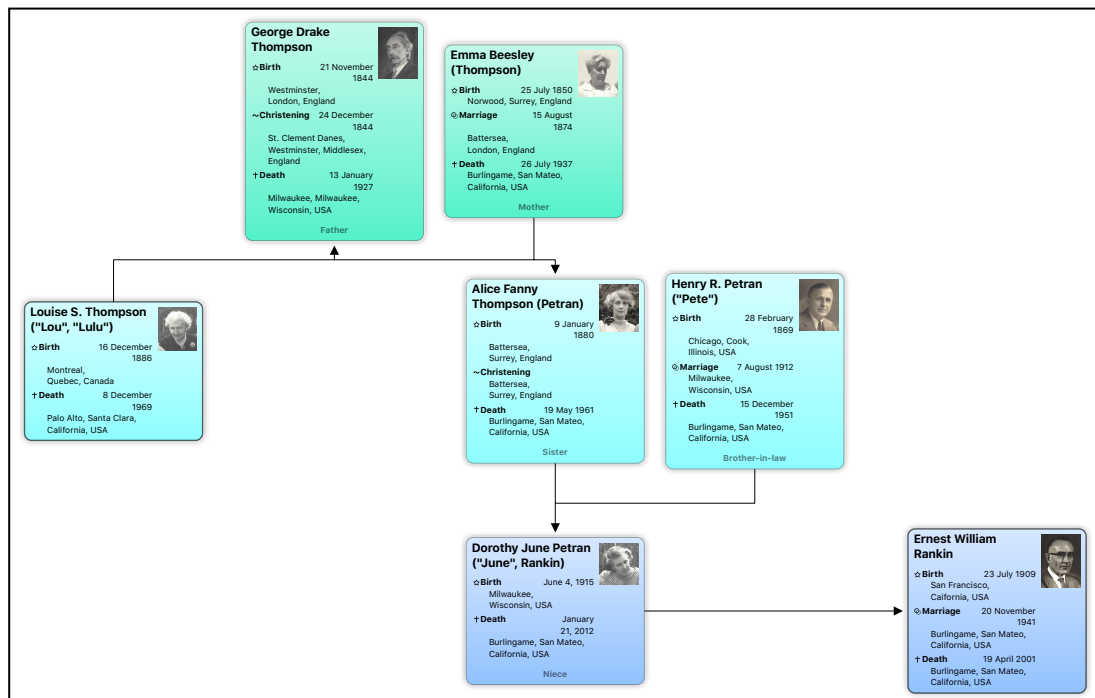
THOMPSON LOUISE, Real Estate, 1483 Burlingame Av, h 333 Occidental Av, Burlingame

1939, 1940 Burlingame

RANKIN ERNEST W, General Insurance, 1483 Burlingame Av, Burlingame, Phone 1561, r 148 Costa Rica, Burlingame, Phone 3053-R

RANKIN ERNEST W, General Insurance, 1483 Burlingame Av, Burlingame, Phone 1561, r 148 Costa Rica, Burlingame, Phone 3053-R

Ernest Rankin got to know Louise while sharing the office, and was introduced to eligible June Petran age 24, daughter of Louise's sister Alice Thompson Petran, in 1939 or 1940. June was visiting her grandmother and aunts in Burlingame.



Lou Thompson's genealogical connection to her niece June Petran and her husband Ernest Rankin.



The result of Louise Thompson's introduction of June Petran (1915-2012) to Ernest Rankin (1909-2001) was their marriage on 20 November 1941 in Burlingame, here seen on their wedding day. They eventually had a son David W. Rankin (1944-) who still maintains the Rankin family home in Burlingame. Photos owned by David Rankin.



Here is a conclave of cousins. Left to right are Jane Klein (1912-1998), Ernest Rankin, his wife June, Marcelia Neff (Fisher, 1902-2003), her husband Alton K. Fisher (1905-1982), Louise Thompson, and June & Ernie's son David Rankin. Fred Klein took the picture in early 1965.

1945=1946, 1948, 1950 Burlingame directories

California > Burlingame > 1945 > Burlingame, California, City Directory, 1945
THOMPSON LOUISE, Real Estate, 1483 Burlingame Av, Burlingame, Phone 3-7415, h 1611 Ralston, Burlingame, Phone 3-6644
" Louise real estate 1483 Burlingame av, h 300 Occidental, Burl
California > San Mateo > 1950 > San Mateo, California, City Directory, 1950
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE—NOTARIES
> San Mateo > 1950 > San Mateo, California, City Directory, 1950
Thompson Louise 1241 Howard av, Burl

After being on Burlingame Ave for 12 years, Louise moved her office in 1950 to Howard Ave.

1955 Palo Alto directory

PALO ALTO CITY DIRECTORY (1955)
THOMPSON
--Lester W h26 Roosevelt cir
--Lola Mrs h2366 Ralmar av
--Louise slswn Alice Slemons r Los Altos
Slemons Alice real est 305 Alma r Atherton

By 1955 Louise moved her real estate office to Palo Alto. She gave up a sole business and was working out of a realty office.

1958, 1959 Palo Alto

— Louise slswn Dressel Martin Realtor r811 Cowper
California > Palo Alto > 1959 > Palo Alto, California, City Directory, 1959
Thompson Louise slswn Elizabeth H Gaudreau r811 Cowper
Thompson Marie Mrs 4228 Stanford

Louise lived with Mrs. Matthews at 811 Cowper Street in Palo Alto.

1962 Palo Alto

THOMPSON " Louise slswn Elizabeth H Gaudreau r811 Cowper	GAUDREAU ELISABETH H, Realtor 568 University av, Tel 323-0246, h576 Hale
Thompson Louise 564 University av	

The author of this report (Fred Klein) frequently shared holiday meals with Louise and sometimes did yard work preparing her houses for sale.

1968=1967, 1969 Palo Alto

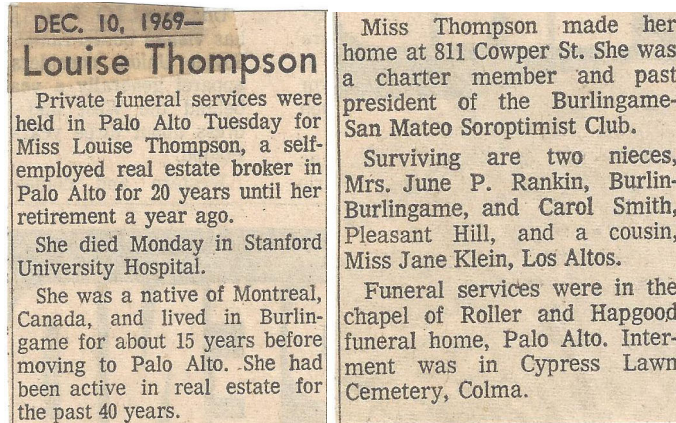
California > Palo Alto > 1968 > Palo Alto, California, City Directory, 1968	
REAL ESTATE—CONTD	THOMPSON LOUISE 535 RAMONA ST RM 21
Palo Alto > 1969 > Palo Alto, California, City Directory, 1969	
" Louise real est h811 Cowper St	

Louise Thompson retired in 1969 and she died on 8 December 1969.



View from Drive near Garage
Ronald Magidino Road
Locust tree on left
Almond tree in centre

One of Louise Thompson's sales was of a Los Altos house to Otto Klein (1884-1962, Fred Klein's grandfather) in 1949. Otto had just retired and was moving from Milwaukee to California. Louise took this photo of the house and her car parked in the driveway. She sent the photo to Otto in Milwaukee. Note her spelling of "centre" because Louise went to school in Canada.



Obituary of Louise Thompson in the Palo Alto Times.



The cremains of Louise Thompson at Cypress Lawn Memorial Park in Colma, along with her mother Emma and two of her sisters. Photo by David Rankin.