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The Family History of Jerab Abraham Pino

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The Family History of

Jerab A. Pino

23 November 2016

Jerab Abraham Pino authored this family history as part of the course requirements for HIST 813 Seminar in American History: Family History offered online in Fall 2016 and was submitted to the Pittsburg State University [Digital Commons](#). Please contact the author directly with any questions or comments: jpino@pittstate.edu

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List of Direct Line Family Members

Generation One

- A1. Jerab Abraham Pino (1975-)
- A2. Charity Rachel Holik-Pino (1977-)

Generation Two

- A1a. John Anthony Pino (1947- 2007)
- A1b. Karen Elizabeth Pino (1949-)

Generation Three

- A1a1. Francisco Batista Pino (1925-1986)
- A1a2. Madge Nelson Hadden (1931-2008)
- A1b1. Norman John Sjoquist (1926-1983)
- A1b2. Bertha Grace Hedenstaerna Sauer Sjoquist (1928-2008)

Generation Four

- A1a1a. Giambattista Pino (1902-1957)
- A1a1b. Theresa Alice Salvatore (1909-1976)
- A1a2a. Franklin Peter Nelson (1895-1967)
- A1a2b. Estella Lewis (1912-1976)
- A1b1a. John Ragnar Julius Sjoquist (1898- 1970)
- A1b1b. Bernice M. Alexander (1903-1969)
- A1b2a. Henry William Hedenstaerna (1909-unknown)
- A1b2b. Bertha H. Comstock Hedenstaerna Sauer (1905-1976)

Generation Five

- A1a1a1. Francesco Pino (1866-1924)
- A1a1a2. Anna Guadagnulo (1868-1922)
- A1a1b1. Giuseppe Joseph Salvatore (1885-1954)
- A1a1b2. Concetta Mary Laruffa (1878-1963)
- A1a2a1. Isaac Nelson (1858-1943)
- A1a2a2. Clara Amy Jackson (1861-1941)
- A1a2b1. Willard Leo Lewis (1879-1957)
- A1a2b2. Stella Elnora Draper (1884-1970)

A1b1a1. Johan Alfred Sjoqvist (1869- 1911)

A1b1a2. Selma A. Dahlgren (1870-1961)

A1b1b1. Robert Alexander (1875-1958)

A1b1b2. Gertrude Melissa Sutlief (1877-1945)

A1b2a1. August W. Hedenstaerna (1869- ????)

A1b2a2. Carrie Hedenstaerna (1884-????)

A1b2b1. Edward Seymour Comstock (1868-????)

A1b2b2. Anna Elizabeth Jones (1872-????)

GENERATION ONE

Beginnings

I was born **Jerab Abraham Pino (1975-)** on August 30, 1975, in Eureka, California, to **John Anthony Pino (1947-2007)** and **Karen Elizabeth Sjoquist Pino (1949-)**, at General Hospital, located at 720 Wood Street. At the time of my birth, I had one half-sibling, Aaron Pino, whom I would never come to know, though I tried to arrange it several times in my twenties. I was blessed with a large extended family who came to visit me frequently when I was a child.

My mother and father welcomed me into their home at 220 Cod Street in King Salmon, a sleepy fishing village located on the southeastern shore of Humboldt Bay, four miles south of Eureka. I have no memories from the period that we lived on Cod Street, yet I do know that it flooded badly during the short time we lived there. The slough channels that enter from the bay extend into the neighborhoods so that there is an access point behind most houses in the little town, and heavy flooding occurred almost every year in that area until the jetties were built up properly in the 1990s. Before too long, my family moved to 5251 Meyers Avenue in the Pine Hill region of Eureka.

Growing Up in Eureka

I have fond memories of growing up in the Pine Hill area. There was a fire station right around the corner, so I was frequently able to enjoy the sights and sounds of the crew blazing by in the fire engine on their way to battle an inferno somewhere in town. We had family close by, and I would spend a lot of time going back and forth between our house and my Aunt's house two doors down from us. There were also some neighborhood kids that I liked to play with. Sometimes they would ask me to go around the neighborhood with them, and I would ask permission from my mother, who usually answered in the affirmative. One of the only times that she said no, I disobeyed and went anyway. At that time, I did not know that I would pay the price for being sneaky. When I came outside, I told my cohorts Kevin and Tina that my Mom had said yes. I hopped on the handlebars of Tina's bicycle and off

we went, down the gully at the south end of the park that separated the two parts of Meyers Avenue, then up Eureka Street and down toward Pine Hill School on Vance Avenue.

As soon as we had passed the school on the opposite sidewalk, it happened. My leg, which I had somehow managed to keep steady up to this point in the ride, dangled loosely into the spokes of the front tire, causing us to crash instantly. Although the older girl Tina was fine, my leg was caught in the spokes of the front wheel of her bicycle! After a couple minutes of crying on my part and indecision and panic on the parts of my companions, we realized that the best course of action would be to retrieve a representative of the Humboldt Bay Fire station a few blocks away. We also decided (begrudgingly on part, for I did not want to get into trouble) to inform my mother of the situation. One of my friends went to get my mother while the other went to alert the firemen of my situation, leaving me sprawled out alone on the sidewalk with my leg stuck inside the rim of the wheel for about five minutes. Before too long, the fireman arrived and cut the spokes on Tina's bicycle in order to liberate my pained talus from the rim. My mother also arrived and took me home, scolding me ever so slightly, as she could see that I had already learned my lesson. This was not my first bicycle accident, and it wouldn't be my last, but it played a significant part in my decision-making processes for years to come. There was a silver lining to this cloud, though. The fireman must have felt sorry for me, because he invited me to stop by the firehouse anytime, where somebody would take me on a tour. I went a few weeks later and got to check out the firehouse and engines. I even had an opportunity to slide down the fireman's pole, which made me feel ecstatic.

Our house was located on the edge of a mobile home park, which I learned to ride my bicycle in, though with training wheels at first. The training wheels came off when I was about four years old. I had been relying on the stabilizing devices for at least a couple of years before I felt comfortable enough with my balance to attempt riding without them. A group of family members was over at the house, and I felt like showing off my hard-earned bravado by proving I could keep my own balance. I convinced

somebody to take off the increasingly resented training wheels, and proceeded to give it a shot. I went nowhere fast. I couldn't get it to go fast enough to use my new skills in balancing. My Uncle Andrew offered to give me a push, and after much hesitation, I agreed. He ran alongside me while propelling myself and the bicycle down the drive way. When he let go, I rode it out for several seconds, lost my balance, and crashed, skinning my knee in the process. After such a miserable beginning, I tried even harder, and by the end of the day I could finally ride a bicycle with just two wheels.

Riding a bicycle accounted for a considerable portion of my entertainment during my formative years. Often, I would set out on a bicycle trip that would last the better portion of the day, riding through the town using as many trails as I could without having to resort to actual streets. Although I also enjoyed riding the streets, there was much more of an urge to ride the trails and old logging roads out in the Redwood Acres, Myrtle town, Cooper Gulch, and Cutten areas of town.

Bicycles and electronics fascinated me in my youth. Apart from a few select keepsakes, other toys usually came and went, with the major exception of Legos and the cherished Star Wars, Masters of the Universe, WWF and G.I. Joe action figures and vehicles. Collectible cards always spoke to me as a child, although it took me a while to understand the proper handling to ensure they will hold their value. Garbage Pail Kids were one of my favorite things during fifth and sixth grades. At one point in time, especially during 1988-1990, I was especially fond of baseball, football, and basketball cards, of which I still have many. Without a doubt, a bicycle was always my go to form of entertainment, a ticket to many different situations that I couldn't experience on my own.

Since it was about eight blocks away from our house, I started Kindergarten at Pine Hill School, located at 5230 Vance Avenue, on September 1, 1980, just a couple of days after my fifth birthday. Since I did not attend pre-school, the first day of kindergarten was an exciting prospect for me. But on the first day of school, I remember being happy to be there, but also recall being quite distracted from the proceedings by those who weren't. One of the kids was screaming and crying near the door, and several

others were disturbed and overwhelmed by the situation. Once my kindergarten teacher, Mrs. Sharp, sent the screamer home for the day, the scene in the classroom calmed down and the morning's instruction could resume. Mrs. Sharp wrote a word on the board, and although I could read every book on my shelf at home, I did not know the word, which made me feel ashamed. The word was poison. Ever since then I have always made it a point to enlarge my vocabulary and have always considered myself an excellent speller.

Pine Hill School was a good environment for the most part. There were a couple of girls in my class that liked to hold my hand and were very sweet to me. I enjoyed the food that was prepared by the cafeteria staff. In fact, I enjoyed food so much that I gained several sizes in my clothing during the kindergarten year. According to my mother, I would eat the lunch that she packed me, order a lunch from the cafeteria, and eat anything my classmates didn't want to eat. The playground, which was familiar to me, having grown up in the neighborhood, held much of my interest. There was one drawback though.

We had a class bully, a tall kid named Jeremy who had the same Los Angeles Rams jacket as I did, who would harass me on a daily basis. He would also bully other kids as they went about their own business at recess. The bullying phenomenon is thought to be based on the need for one child to create a power imbalance to make up for power they feel stripped of in other circumstances, but there are many other theories.¹ Regardless of his motivations, one day as he pushed down a female classmate who I really liked, I had finally had enough. Before I knew what happened, we were rolling around the playground clawing at each other. In a short while, the playground monitor stepped in and we were both sent home for fighting. This happened within the first few weeks of school, and established a pattern that would continue for the entire year.

¹ "School Bullying," Wikipedia, accessed 11/20/2016, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/School_bullying.

The next school year brought a change. In October of 1981, our family moved to a house at 2605 Spring Street in Eureka. The house had three bedrooms and one bath, and had a nice fenced yard for my sister and I to play in. The house also featured a large porch, a garage and a small vegetable garden. It was two blocks away from the Eureka Mall and three blocks from Safeway, so it was probably convenient for my Mom and my sister's Dad, Jim Sargent, who had joined the family in the move. The high traffic location was far from idyllic, however. One time a teenager passing by came over and snatched my Fozzie Bear Muppet toy and walked off with it, laughing. At Halloween time, all our pumpkins were smashed by local vandals. And there seemed to be a lot of sirens and disturbances in the neighborhood, from a little child's perspective.

But the biggest thing that happened during the brief period that we lived there was when our car, a Blue 1969 Ford Fairlane, was stolen out of our driveway. Our family had just pulled up to our house in our 1969 Ford Torino Wagon after roller skating in the town of Fortuna, and we saw our own car passing by. Jim dropped us off and followed the thieves, but they eventually lost him by driving erratically and running the red light at Broadway and Harris streets, and again at Broadway and McCullens streets. The car was eventually found abandoned with the doors open and the headlights on in a parking lot next to the dorms at College of the Redwoods, about eight miles south of Eureka. Luckily, my mother had not had time to fill the gas tank that day, and the thief ran out of gas. There were noticeable fingerprints on the rear-view mirror, but the police still refused to dust the car for fingerprints, something that both angered and baffled my mother and Jim.

After beginning the school year at Pine Hill School, I ended up completing first grade at Lincoln School at 216 West Harris Street, just a few blocks from our house. It was a decent school, aside from the all-concrete playground, although there were even more bullies. I liked my first-grade teacher Mrs. Hartman, though I do not remember much about the classroom or the school in general. What sticks out in my mind is the time that I decided to go stomping puddles with friends after school instead of heading

straight home. The walk started out like normal, but when the group of kids that I had been walking with that day got to 20-30 Park, just two blocks from the school at 2605 Pine Street, we all just started stomping the puddles and splashing each other. I completely lost track of time, and by the time I straggled in, completely exhausted from our raucous play, my mother was frantic. Needless to say, I did not live that one down for a long time.

Nothing else all that memorable seemed to have happened during the school year at Lincoln. I made it through first grade and was ready for the summer. At the end of my first-grade year, the school district decided to close Lincoln School indefinitely. Some of the kids would be sent to Alice Birney School at 717 South Avenue and the rest would be sent to Marshall School at 2100 J Street. Since I lived north of Harris Street, I would be attending Marshall School, which was over three miles from our house.

After the car theft incident and with the closing of Lincoln School, my mother and Jim decided to move us to a better neighborhood. We moved into a three-bedroom house with an attached garage and sunroom at 2904 J Street. It had a very nice backyard for us kids to play in, which allowed our dog Amos to roam too. The neighborhood was deemed safe enough by my Mom to allow me to ride around unsupervised with the other kids at about age nine. There was even a nice elderly neighbor lady who would let me eat vegetables out of her garden. Sometimes when it rained, Mom used to take us a couple of blocks up the street to the parking lot of the Carson Memorial Building at Harris and J streets. Puddles the width of small lakes would form in the parking lot, which covered about one-third of a city block. We would stomp in puddles and ride our bikes through the puddles in the rain, and have a great time enjoying the “foul” weather.

While we lived at the J Street house, we went to a few National Hot Rod Association rod runs, which are essentially gatherings for vintage car enthusiasts. I always had a great time at those events, as they entailed a road trip, restaurant food, camping, and a host of other fun and exciting activities. One

time we went to Windsor Waterworks in the small town of Windsor, California in Sonoma County. There were three swimming pools, two large slides and two small slides that kept us busy for most of the day, as well as activities like pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey and a bottle toss. To top it off, there were always Saturday night dances with live disc jockeys and top-notch lighting. My mother and Jim had many friends in this scene, but there was a particular family that we continued to spend a lot of time with long after we ceased to attend the sojourns. The Saunders family of Ukiah, California, became close family friends whom we would visit until I was almost finished with high school. Besides these close friends, there were a lot of great families and people that attended these events, which reminds me of the close-knit community of disc golfers of which I am a part in my home county.

The neighborhood that surrounded the J Street house became my playground. Living there between the ages of seven and ten, I could branch out much more than I had been able to before, but for every inch I was given, I would try to take a mile. A couple times I rode off to the store after I had been told I couldn't go, or go into people's houses that I was not supposed to enter, but for the most part I followed my mother's directions when I was out riding around the neighborhood.

There were a lot more kids in the neighborhood than there had been in either of my other two former locations. Across the street was my friend Kurt and his little brother Sam. I spent a lot of time at their house watching MTV and playing around in their back yard, or in the vacant field across the street from their house. That same vacant lot is where I got knocked unconscious by an older kid, at some point during the third grade. I can still remember waking up with nobody around, and trying to figure out what had happened. I remember stumbling home, barely able to make it to my bed and collapsing. Of course, I did not tell my mother what had happened, because I wanted to avoid the trouble I would get for getting into a fight. The kid, John, had not wanted to knock me unconscious but his girthy body had landed on my head while we were wrestling around. As soon as he and the other onlookers realized I was unconscious, they high-tailed it, turning and running away so as not to get into trouble. Needless

to say, I spent the next few weeks in a fog, and due to a lapse of memory, only pieced together the events of that day over the next couple of months.

Other friends that I had in the neighborhood were a different kid named John, and a pair of brothers, although I only remember one of their names: Robbie. I went to this John's house and played with him a few times, but he was possessive with his things and we never really clicked, so I stopped hanging around with him rather quickly, although I would see him at school throughout elementary and high school. Robbie, on the other hand, was a daily chum, who would love to ride bicycles all around with me, to the geographical limits which were set by our parents. If it wasn't for those pesky rules, we would have ridden everywhere. Robby and I remained friends the entire time that we lived in the same neighborhood, but eventually his family moved away. Unfortunately, I do not think I ever knew his last name, and we did not exchange phone numbers, so I never saw him again.

The Death of Grandfather Sjoquist

A major life event happened while we lived there, on October 16, 1984. My grandfather who had been staying with our family for over a year, died of lung cancer at Eureka General Hospital. He had been living in my bedroom, which I had agreed to give up so that he could have a semi-comfortable living arrangement. The entire time that he stayed in my bedroom I lived in the sunroom next to the back porch and the entrance to the garage. The room had a pull-out sofa that I would sleep on, which was fine, but I really missed having my room to play with my toys, and just to have my own space. I loved Grandpa, and I loved having him there in the house with us, but I definitely lamented the lack of personal space from time to time. One day, my sister and I came home to a visibly upset mother. When asked by us what was wrong, she sent us in to look at Grandpa's room. When I saw that he and his medical supplies were gone, I was excited because I finally got my room back. He had been slated to move in with my Aunt Pat and her husband Paul Jabbour, and their kids within the month, so I thought he had made the move while we were at school. Then Mom broke the news to us: "Do you know that

place called heaven, where we go after we die? Well, Grandpa went there this morning.” It took a minute to settle in, and we both started crying. I hugged my sister and my Mom, who also started crying, and we had several minutes of mourning together. Grandpa Sjoquist was the first person in my life to die, and I had no idea how to react. I felt so guilty for being excited to see my grandfather’s absence from my bedroom. I would have given up my room for the rest of my childhood if it would have brought my grandfather back that day.

My Childhood in Cutten

After the death of Grandpa, we lived at the J Street house for a little while longer, before we moved to my grandmother’s house at 1884 Campton Road in Cutten. The move was spurred by the breakup of my mother and the father of my sister, Jim Sargent. Although Grandma’s house was close to full at the time, my mother secured a room big enough for a bunkbed for my sister and I, a bed for my mother, and a dresser for each of us. Besides a few of our toys and stuffed animals, everything else we owned went into storage. Luckily, we were able to bring our ten-year-old dog Amos with us. Amos was our wonderful Aleutian Shepherd, who was always there when you needed a friend. He had such a relaxed temperament that just being near him helped me to relax.

For the budding bicyclist in me, growing up in Cutten, on the outskirts of the Louisiana-Pacific lumber tracts (which were strictly marked “No Trespassing”), was like heaven. I couldn’t imagine a better thing to do than spend my days exploring the woods, if I was lucky enough to get permission to be away long enough. Most of the time I would just ride around the church yard, an open field that was a block from my grandmother’s house, and was later converted to a church and school. All the kids from the neighborhood would converge on the church yard, the Cutten School fields, and the Sequoia Park Duck Pond to jump their bikes, to show off skateboard tricks, to cuss and yell, and to do other things that kids do when they are unsupervised, and I was no exception. Other times I would ride around to all the different houses of people that I knew in Cutten, including my Aunt Pat’s house on McClaskey Lane.

Employment

I had one of my very first jobs when we lived in the J Street neighborhood. At some point my school held a raffle and I set out in the neighborhood selling raffle tickets. About two blocks north from my house, on the 2600 block of J Street, an elderly lady politely informed me that she considered buying raffle tickets to be gambling, but that she would gladly pay me to take her garbage out to the alley for her. Like a good boy, I did the right thing and told her that I would be happy to oblige, but I would have to consult with my mother beforehand. She understood, and once I got the pass from my mother I was over there as quick as could be. Her kitchen was pretty messy, and she needed me to gather up all of the recyclables and garbage bags and take them out to the garbage bins. It doesn't seem like much now, but in 1983, it was a chore to this young boy. But getting it done meant getting paid, and perseverance was a virtue that paid off in this instance. I made a whopping fifty cents. In hindsight, my young mind had naively overestimated the value of the service provided and hoped for a payoff far more rewarding than the effort expended. In my defense, I was addicted to candy. That's what my whole budget was going to be spent on, at least ninety percent, with the other ten going toward soda pop. Fifty cents were not going to buy me much, but it was better than nothing. At least that was what I told myself the next two or three times that I went back before I shrugged it off.

The next job that I had was a one-time deal, helping to streamline a creek in Elk River, on the outskirts of southern Eureka. I was about twelve years old, and I was hungry for money. My job was to cleave logs with the splitting maul and stack the processed wood into cords. It was an exhausting day of work, but I saw and learned things that stuck with me through the years, and I got through the day without quitting. The problem was that I only got paid fifty dollars for the whole day's work, even though I felt I should have gotten over two hundred. But again, I was unaware of the economics of labor at the time.

Later, when my family lived on G Street in Eureka, I had my very first real job. Our neighbor, Roy, had a Christmas tree lot in Henderson Center, Roy's Christmas Trees. He was kind enough to offer me a job at age fourteen, so I graciously accepted. The work was grunt labor, but after the initial hour of lugging the trees over, sawing and drilling the bases and attaching the temporary stands, it was intermittent. Needless to say, the job was seasonal, but he paid me four dollars an hour, and I was happy to have the money to spend on baseball cards.

My next job didn't come until I was sixteen years old. The Private Industry Council had a program to help those with no work experience to get jobs, so I applied for the program. Through them I landed a job at Winzler Children's Center, located at 717 Creighton Street in Eureka. I worked two hours per day after school, Monday through Thursday at the center. My responsibilities varied, but I mostly monitored the children while they were on the playground or did helpful little things like rinse and cut milk cartons or rinse out paintbrushes. Sometimes I helped the cook, who I also knew from school. It didn't take me long to burn out on the job, it didn't suit my interests or personality. I gave my notice and started looking for a new job.

With summer coming up, I landed a temporary job at the Sequoia Park Zoo taking care of some animals. The upside was that I could interact with and feed these animals. The downside was that I was responsible for cleaning up their feces and living areas. The good outweighed the bad, and I stuck the job out until the end of summer, which wasn't so bad considering the great coworkers and my love for animals. Plus, every day I was able to take my lunch break somewhere in the zoo, which was always a great experience.

By this time, I had gotten some work experience and was ready for a challenge. I enrolled in a Restaurant Training Program hosted by Humboldt Regional Occupational Training, a division of the county government. In the class, I received high school credits for learning safety and sanitation standards and being trained in proper restaurant foodservice techniques. Following completion of the

program, a paid internship was required to be completed by each student. The director of the program wanted to start me on an internship at the Red Lion Hotel, but I had already decided that I wanted to intern at Mazzotti's Ristorante Italiano, an Italian restaurant in downtown Eureka that my girlfriend, Effie, and I had recently frequented.

One day I walked into the front door of Mazzotti's and asked to see a manager. When the manager, Matt Shapiro, came out to meet me, I informed him about the program and my intent to pursue my internship at the restaurant. He graciously accepted me as part of the crew, and helped me to apply my skills to real world situations in the kitchen. I got along well at Mazzotti's, and worked there many years, working my way up from dishwasher/prep cook to the kitchen manager. Later, when I tired of the kitchen, I switched to the front of house, eventually managing that side as well. During this period, I also worked for about five other restaurants, including Roy's Club, another Italian restaurant, and Loring's Café in Henderson Center. I eventually quit the restaurant business to go back to school, since I had failed miserably when I attempted school while working nights.

Towards the end of my bachelor degree work, I once again began working summers at Mazzotti's as a line cook during the day. After two summers of cooking, I decided to stay on during my final year at Humboldt State University, but as a waiter instead of a cook. Within a couple of months, I was promoted to manager again, and stayed there about two and a half years. During that time, in August 2014, I got a job at the Clarke Historical Museum in Eureka, which fit well with my recently acquired bachelor degree in History. When the hours at the museum increased to full-time, I put in my notice at Mazzotti's and haven't worked there since.

Being employed at the Clarke Historical Museum, located at 240 E Street, has been a wonderful experience. As the only local museum that specifically focuses on the entire county, the museum houses and cares for a huge collection of local Humboldt County artifacts and Native American cultural objects. My duties at the museum run the gamut, from basic grunt work at events to refined graphic design and

publishing skills. Hired as a registrar and since being promoted to Museum Coordinator, my main responsibilities are tour docent training, volunteer and intern coordination, public assistance, newsletter production, website design, graphic production, and special events planning. In addition, also work with collections management software, provide technical support to the director, registrar, and office manager, coordinate archiving projects, give tours, and open/close the museum, among other things. Although we have a very capable director and group of volunteers, if something needs to be done, I do not usually mind doing it.

My Cousins

I couldn't resist. As I pushed her, I knew I was going to get in trouble, but it must have been a compulsion, because I couldn't stop myself. Just as I had feared, as soon as Angeli hit the cold water, causing her to scream, I could feel a hand on my back, pushing me forward. I plunged into the murky depths, fish swimming frantically to escape my contact. When I stood up, Angeli was already standing on the edge of the water, still sobbing over my impulsive move.

In my life, my cousins on my mother's side have always been very important to me. When I was born, I had three cousins: Danny, Jonathan, and Angeli. Danny, the first-born son of my eldest uncle, Dean, was six years older than me, so we didn't spend all that much time together, and when we did, it was always begrudgingly on his part. But Jonathan, Angeli, and I were like peas in a pod. We were always together, we come from a very tight-knit family and our mothers were, and still are, very close.

Then came a slew of new additions: my mother is the oldest sister in a family of twelve siblings, and I was her first-born, so I got to greet a lot of my baby cousins. Angeli's mother, my Aunt Lynn, had her second child and first son, Dusten. Then Jonathan's mother, my Aunt Pat, had another baby by her husband Paul: my cousin Jeffrey. And then the day that made me a big brother finally happened. My sister Rhyan was born to my mother and her partner Jim. After that, my cousins Crystal, Nathan, Jessica,

Bradley, Nick, Kami, and Bridget were born in rapid succession. It was with this group of playmates that I endured the twists and turns of my childhood, and I grew to love every one of them.

All of us cousins grew up together, and some ended up moving away, but the majority stayed in the area and are still here now. Staying in one area became far more common during my lifetime than ever in the past.² I spent a lot of time with my cousin Crystal, so I missed her when she moved away. I also looked up to her brother Danny, though he seemed to regard me as a pest. I remember being upset when Angeli moved to Florida, and then rejoicing when she and my little cousin Dusten came back to town to visit. He was so much bigger than the last time I had seen him. Little did I know that events would conspire to allow us to spend a considerable amount of time together in the future.

My Kid Sister Rhyan

We pulled up to the wedding late. Just as my mother, Karen Elizabeth Sjoquist Pino (1949-), was beginning to get out of the car, we saw the church doors swing open and the bride and groom start down the stairs. My mother seemed upset, but I didn't realize what was going on. She grabbed my hand and led me out of the car quickly, hurriedly walking toward my grandfather. She said a few words to him out of earshot, then returned to me and told me I would be staying with my grandfather, Norman John Sjoquist, that night. In shock, I watched her get in the car and drive off and leave me at the church. Although I knew that she was expecting the baby soon, I didn't realize what was happening until later.

After the festivities, my grandfather and I headed back to his place of residence, a weathered but functional mobile home in a trailer park in Eureka, California. He owned a house and a nice piece of land about five miles away in Cutten, California, but since he and his wife Bertha Grace Hedenstaerna Sjoquist had separated, he decided to take the higher ground and let her live in the house. I was not used to such a smelly and oppressive environment, with not much natural light, no fresh air, and

² Claude S. Fischer and Michael Hout, *Century of Difference: How America Changed in the Last 100 Years* (New York: Russel Sage Foundation, 2006), 164.

cigarette smoke and nicotine stains everywhere. Even worse to a three-year-old kid: no toys, books or good television programs to entertain myself with. I was a fish out of water without my mother, and I was miserable for those few days with Grandpa.

My sister, Rhyan Autumn Pino was born on July 1, 1979, the same day as my Uncle Andrew Sjoquist was married to Linda Bartoli. The couple would go on to have three children: my cousins Nathan, Nicholas, and Brigitte. I don't remember much about the expectant period preceding the birth of my sister, but I remember the love I felt when I first got to see her innocent little face. When Rhyan came home from the hospital I constantly doted over her, always trying to hold her or feed her when Mom did. This was the start of a beautiful friendship, not the traditional stereotype of sibling rivalry, although there was inevitably some of that dynamic involved.

Growing up, I was always happy to have a sister, and she was always like a friend to me. We didn't always get along, but we (almost) always respected each other, if not each other's space. And of course, we tattled on each other and screamed as much as most other siblings. But we also played together, with Barbie and G.I. Joe getting along just fine, although the grouping led to some quite odd tea parties. We rode bikes and skateboards together, and we cherished our cats and dogs, snuggling with them whenever possible. We are very similar, yet worlds of difference are found in our outlooks on life and our chosen paths. There is nothing in the world for which I would trade my sister.

My Little Brother Tyler

My brother, Tyler Joseph Pino was born on June 5, 1981 in Eureka, CA, to **John Anthony Pino (1947- 2007)** and Charlotte Freed. As soon as my brother was born I felt compelled to spend as much time as possible with him. Though our time together in Eureka was short, it was also very sweet. Still, when my brother and Charlotte moved to Ukiah, I lost two of the most important people in my life, along with my Dad, whom I had been feeling rejected by for some time. Losing all three of them at the

same time made me feel terrible, no matter how many times my mother assured me that we would visit them as often as we could.

My Mom kept good on her promise of keeping us in touch. We visited Charlotte and Tyler down in Ukiah every chance we got. Although we didn't have much money at the time, my mother made sure that Tyler and I stayed close. Also, my sister Rhyan did and always has considered Tyler to be her brother and he feels the same way. Charlotte is like a second mother to me, just like my mother is to Tyler. We are all a big family, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

From 1982-1986, we used to drive down to Ukiah and spend weekends with Charlotte and Tyler at his grandparents' house. I remember that we sat together at the table for every meal and spent a lot of time in the back yard, running through the sprinkler. I also remember watching MTV on George and Helen's television set in the living room as much as humanly possible.

After a few years, Charlotte and Tyler moved even further south to Santa Rosa, California, to care for her great-grandmother on her father's side. Great-grandma's caretaker had been abusing her for a time, and Charlotte declared the end of the situation by stepping in and caring for her. Surprisingly, even though they were an hour further away than before, we visited them even more than we did when they lived in Ukiah. My sister and I enjoyed the house and back yard, and it was always fun to play with our little brother Tyler. As a bonus, they always had pets, a succession of dogs and cats, including Smoky, a Siamese cat who I remembered from when they lived in Eureka, and Rex, a hyper little Chihuahua who was always fun to play with. Over the years, we would visit them countless times, and the family still lives there today.

Tears for Angeli

One day after school at Winship Junior High School, my cousin Jonathan and I were picked up by his mother, my Aunt Pat, which was odd because we always walked home, usually in a hurry to catch the Most Requested Videos program on MTV. When we got to his house, we knew something was amiss

because we could see that some of the adults had been crying. Amidst this feeling of discomfort and angst, we were led, along with my sister and our cousins Jeffery and Jessica, into one of the rooms in the interior of the house. There, with three of our aunts, my mother and our Grandma, we were told what happened in Florida that morning.

On October 6, 1987, at approximately 9:15 a.m., my cousin Angeli Bare was brutally raped and murdered by a man named Robert Beeler Power in Orlando, Florida. Of course, they only told us that she had been killed by a man, and over the years I have pieced things together. Angeli was alone at home when Powers gained entry to the house. In retrospect, my Aunt Lynn believes that he must have been living in the attic based on an incident which she brushed off at the time of a strange sound in the attic one night that creeped her out.³ At about ten minutes to eight o'clock in the morning, the father of Angeli's friend, a man named Frank Miller, arrived at the house with his daughter to give Angeli a ride to school. After honking the horn to signal his arrival, he saw a strange man on the porch. Shortly thereafter, Angeli came out to the car and told them that there was a man inside that would shoot them all if they did not drive off right away. Miller urged Angeli to get into the car, but she was mortified, and so refused to comply with his requests. Miller told Angeli that he would call the police. He left and did so, but it was too late for Angeli. She was found dead in the field behind her house the very next morning. I can only imagine what that night must have been like for my Aunt Lynn, her husband Butch, and, most importantly to me, her little brother Dusten. When he came back for the funeral, and later to live in Eureka again, I always tried to talk about it with him, but he always shut me out. Who could blame him? Nobody should have to face such a tragedy.

On a personal level, it changed my outlook on life considerably. As I assimilated the small bits of information that I could glean from conversations that I had heard, the anger and resentment swirled about in my mind, mixed together with grief in some kind of volatile cocktail waiting to explode. Never

³ Lynn Bare, personal communication, November, 2015.

before had I fantasized about killing another person, but I was convinced that the murderer of my dear cousin deserved to die a slow, agonizing death for what he had taken from my family, from Angeli: her life and innocence. The grief still reappears today, just as I begin to believe that I am over it, the emotions come out of the woodwork like an infestation, and will not be ignored. The loss took a huge toll on my Aunt Lynn and her husband Butch.⁴ They both drifted into alcoholism and, although I know that they tried to make things work, they ended up getting a divorce soon after. Aunt Lynn and my cousin Dusten brought what was left of their former lives and came back to Humboldt County to scratch out a new beginning, amongst the fog of grief, guilt, and alcoholism which consumed Lynn daily for over two decades.

Despite our family's wish to see him executed, Robert Power ended up dying in prison in 2010. Although he was sentenced to death and eight consecutive life sentences, he ended up living for twenty-three years on the taxpayer's dime because he had not yet exhausted all his appeals. At the time of his sentencing, there was a surge of support for the death penalty for these type of offenses, but the state couldn't carry them out properly.⁵ Again, in twenty- three years! He was one of five other inmates on death row in Florida who died while awaiting execution that year.⁶ He never received the justice that he so richly deserved, as those who hurt children are the lowest type of being.

The Story of Sweetness

Sweetness wagged her tail and jumped up, her front feet resting on the chain-link gate. From her viewpoint in the back yard of my mother's house, she could see one of her favorite people in the world, the mail lady. Formerly working the mail route in the neighborhood which we had recently

⁴ Bob Levinson, "Angeli Bare's Mom Testifies Amid Sobs," *Orlando Sentinel*, May 26, 1990, accessed November 20, 2016, http://articles.orlandosentinel.com/1990-05-26/news/9005260789_1_angeli-butch-bare.

⁵ Fischer and Hout, *Century of Difference*, 226.

⁶ "Death Row Inmate Dies in Florida," *UPI Top News*, December 4, 2010, accessed November 2, 2016, <http://library.pittstate.edu:2918/ehost/detail/detail?sid=077d174c-4c05-4e9e-811e-1ca8366d562c%40sessionmgr107&vid=0&hid=125&bdata=JkF1dGhUeXBIPWlwJnNpdGU9ZWwhvc3QtbGl2ZQ%3d%3d#AN=B92W3753685779&db=n5h>.

vacated, she was now assigned to a route in my mother's neighborhood, and this made my beautiful ten-year-old black Labrador retriever go nuts. The mail lady was excited too, as she had formed a bond with Sweetness over the two years we had lived on West Avenue. The dog biscuits that she carried in her mail delivery bag prompted Sweetness to await her arrival every day, and Sweetness would be visibly disappointed if, due to being stuck inside, or on a dreaded day off, she missed her daily visit. But now, here was her favorite postal carrier, complete with a warm greeting and a bag full of biscuits. Sweetness was ecstatic.

Those who have never enjoyed the companionship of a devoted dog might not understand the responsibility of dog ownership, nor the amount of patience and devotion necessary to raise it from a pup into its geriatric years. It was all worth it. The short amount of time that I was allowed with my dog Sweetness was a blessing in my life, a blessing that almost passed me by.

In March 2003, a few days before I brought Sweetness into my home, I went to the Sequoia Humane Society to inquire about adopting a dog. After being led back to the holding area, I spent some time walking around the kennels until I found a wonderful little Jack Russell terrier. He had a great personality, chased a ball and didn't bark much, key requirements of my canine selection criteria. As I had only had experience with larger dogs, I also liked that he was small. This was the dog for me! I quickly informed the staff that I would like to adopt him, got the paperwork in order, and arranged to come back the next day and pick him up. I was excited to finally have my own dog, since any dog I could previously claim had been the family dog, for whom I never got to make any decisions regarding their food quality, housing options, training regimen or general welfare. This dog would be my responsibility alone.

After a night of anticipation, the next day I headed to the humane society to pick up my new pal. As I walked in and told her I had come to pick up "Buddy," as he had been named by one of the volunteers, I was met by a nervous look. After several minutes of awkward silence, I was informed that

Buddy had been adopted by someone else, shortly after I had left the previous afternoon. Apparently, another client had already arranged to adopt the terrier before I arrived at the facility the day before. There was nothing the staff or I could do about it, Buddy was gone forever. Feeling a bit heartbroken, I walked out to my Buick to head home empty-handed.

As I started the engine to leave, still not feeling right about the situation, I had a sudden urge to go back in and browse the kennels again. This time, out of about forty dogs there were three that were not barking, which narrowed the field down nicely. I arranged to have a visit with each of these three dogs in a large kennel which allowed the dogs to chase a ball, my next test. All three dogs were kind and sweet-natured, but only two out of the three would chase a tennis ball when I threw it. The one who would not fetch was effectively out of the running. As the final candidate, "Sarah," was being led in to the visitation area, I noticed that she ignored me to run to the far side of the kennel. The next thing I knew she was urinating and defecating in the corner. When she finished, she ran over to me and started frolicking. I then realized that while walking around the holding area I had noticed excrement in nearly every kennel, but this dog was extremely dedicated to holding it in until she made it to a proper outside spot. She was sweet, not overly verbose, chased a ball, and was basically housebroken. I loved her from that moment, and I was determined to take her home that day. After signing her out and paying the humane society ninety-five dollars, she was my responsibility, one that I would relish for over ten years, and will always remember fondly.

My new best friend was extremely happy to see the humane society in the rear-view mirror. She was so excited on the ride home, repeatedly bouncing from the front seat to the back and getting into my driving space several times. Upon arrival at home, she raced through the door and bounded up the stairs, to my ten-year-old cat Shai's abruptly declared disapproval. It would not be the last time she had her nose pulverized by Shai. After a bit of exploration in the house, I took her for our first walk. I was so excited to be with my new six-month old pup that we walked several miles and visited a few homes and

businesses so that I could show her off to friends and family. After securing dinner for both, we headed home to eat and both fell asleep on the couch while I was watching a movie.

The next morning, I awoke from a dream that I was at a concert in the park a few blocks from my house to find that the music I had heard in my dream was really happening. I had to see where it was coming from, so with minimal preparation my new buddy and I sprang out of the house in search of clarification. As I rounded the corner, I saw a crowd on the sidewalk and realized that the music was coming from a float in our annual Rhododendron Parade in Eureka.⁷ Since I had not realized that the parade was happening, it was a pleasant surprise. For no apparent reason, other than being happy to be alive and excited about finally having a dog to take on walks, we followed along with the parade, walking alongside and ahead of most of the floats on the way to the parade's terminus at the Eureka Mall, four or five miles from our house. After going back home to eat breakfast, we proceeded to walk all around town that day, exhausting my new pup to the point where she, at one point, just laid down in the middle of a crosswalk. I was having a blast with my new dog, and getting closer to coming up with a name for her.

After some strange ideas and others that seemed too plain, I remembered that I had intended to name my first dog after my favorite football player of all time, Walter Payton of the Chicago Bears. Since Walter would not do, and Payton was becoming a popular first name at the time, I settled on his nickname: Sweetness. After experimenting with the name for a few days, it was deemed suitable and it stuck. Anybody who knew her agreed that she lived up to the name. She would heartily greet anybody who came around, and was extremely gentle around cats and small children, especially babies. Although Shai kept Sweetness at arm's distance, when Sassy arrived as a six-month old feline addition to the household, Sweetness instantly adopted her as a kid sister. They would frolic around the house together, up and down stairs, round and round in the yard, and sleep curled up together on a daily basis.

⁷ It was the KHUM float playing Jack Johnson's *Campfire Stories*.

When Sassy had a litter of kittens, she was so exhausted that she gave up mid-birth. Sweetness gnawed open two of the kittens' birth sacs and licked the afterbirth from the remaining newborn kittens' furry little bodies. From that day on she treated them like they were her kittens, and the love between them was palpable.

When she was young she seemed to have endless energy. I recall a day trip we took during the first week with a friend of mine, Chris and his dog, Scrappy. We drove north about six miles to a wilderness area that straddles Jacoby Creek, near Arcata. Panting heartily, Sweetness kept up with Scrappy as she confidently led the way on the trail above the creek bed. As the trail ended, we were forced to cross the creek several times in order to continue our journey upstream. Little did I know that the water and the friction were joining together to wreak havoc on her tender, young skin. When we got home, she had some of the worst chafing on her neck and under her chest and armpits. With ointments and frequent washings, it took about a week to heal. I also sustained minor injuries from that 20-mile hike. There was some slight chafing and a couple of blisters, but the thing that hurt the most was the wrenching of my back, as well as my knee. As I was carrying Sweetness across a log, high above the creek, she decided that she didn't trust me in this situation and started wiggling. As I was in the middle of the log, with next to no footing on the slippery surface, I began to lose my balance. I decided to jump into the creek bed rather than land with my face on the log as I fell into the creek. The lesser of two consequences resulted in a hard landing which resulted in an inflamed sciatica and a twisted knee. Although Sweetness had not yet invested her trust in me in a situation so foreign and frightening to her, that would change soon enough.

As an avid disc golfer, it was important that my dog did not chase and chew discs. As it turned out, when Sweetness came disc golfing she would help my companions and I spot our discs, which was extremely helpful when they were in the river or the bushes. Being able to mark the landing spot of the disc to a general area (by noting the tree or bush she was next to directly after the disc completed its

descent) would cut quite a bit of search time required to find it. It was especially helpful when we played Bryar's Patch, an improvised course that runs along the Mad River between Arcata and Blue Lake. Water is a factor on all holes at this course, but the first nine are truly treacherous. Sometimes it seems that the probability of throwing it in the water is much higher than actually getting on the green. On these holes, Sweetness would run to the edge of the water directly in line with where the disc entered the water. This was convenient because when a disc enters the water it is considered out-of-bounds, a one-stroke penalty. The disc golfer then plays from a lie which is determined by the spot which the disc exited the boundaries, which Sweetness assisted with frequently. She loved being with me on disc golf adventures, especially when we played the rural courses, as those were some of the only times I would be able to just let her run free. At least that was my excuse for going all of the time.

As great as she was out in the world, Sweetness was a wonderful friend to have around the house. She had this special way, as dogs do, of being there for their companions when nobody and nothing else is. When nobody would listen, or if somebody was lonely or frightened, Sweetness would be there for them. Her presence was very calming and reassuring in those sorts of situations. And she was gentle.

When my son was born, she would only leave his side for meals and restroom breaks. I am not sure what sort of information Sweetness could glean through her sense of smell, but I could tell that she knew that he was an important part of her family. Her instincts kicked in and she protected him like he was part of the pack. When he got older, he would tug on her lips and ears, legs and tail, and everywhere else he could reach. Sweetness never even so much as growled at him, though he did pull hard enough on her whiskers to make her yelp, more than a few times. She always treated him extremely gently, and as he grew older they developed quite a special bond. But as he grew older, she did also.

Not too long after Sweetness had her eleventh birthday, she started showing signs of her age. When I would take her on walks, she would instantly lag. When she looked at me, her eyes would show obvious signs of wanting to return home. Right when I would decide to take her to the vet, she would suddenly show signs of improvement. I now believe this to be a product of my own wishful thinking. Over the months, she continued to exhibit this cycle until I realized that she was in near-constant pain. After a few weeks of prescription pills, Sweetness was feeling a bit better, but her lifestyle was greatly diminished. And then we got the news. Our wonderful, irreplaceable family member had been diagnosed with terminal pancreatic cancer. After the diagnosis, her condition continued to worsen to a point where she was in pain all the time. Though she had been prescribed medications to lessen the pain, her formerly joyous face stared at me unhappily, and I could see the pain and exhaustion in her eyes. Not willing to allow my best friend to live in pain and unhappiness any longer, I reluctantly asked my mother to arrange for her to be euthanized at Myrtlewood Veterinary Hospital in Eureka. As I carried Sweetness to the car that waited to take her on her final trip, her favorite postal worker, who we had not seen for some time, walked up to us. When we explained the situation, she could hardly hold back her tears. When her friend asked if she could try to give Sweetness a dog biscuit, I answered in the affirmative. Though Sweetness always wanted to please everyone around her, she was too weak and couldn't summon the energy to eat it. It was chance that the postal carrier would happen upon us like that, but it made the moment much more bearable knowing that somebody else cared about the loss of such a sensitive, sentient being. Although the trip is a blur, I can remember sitting at the office and regretting my decision as the action was being carried out, but I knew it was her time. Her body went limp, and her pain was gone. Sweetness had completed her time on earth. She passed peacefully with me holding her sweet little paw.

It has been almost four years since Sweetness passed, but we still haven't gotten another dog. Although the end was heartbreaking, I will never regret my choice to adopt her or the dogs I adopt in

the future. Although it was hard on him, my son, who was six years old at the time, had never faced the concept of death, and it helped him understand the cycles of life. Although Sweetness will not be replaced in our hearts, it is time for us to find another canine friend to adopt into the family, which in the meantime has blossomed. I am now married to a wonderful woman who brought two children into the marriage, and I claim them as my own children. My sons need a dog like Sweetness remind them to be patient, to give them a sense of what devotion means, and to help instill a sense of responsibility that cannot be taught. And it doesn't hurt that dogs love to clean up the food messes that my boys always seem to leave behind.

Jerab Abraham Pino, Junior

Jerab Abraham Pino, Jr., was born to myself and Kristin Frances Kaye on November 2, 2007 at St. Joseph Hospital, located at 2700 Dolbeer Street in Eureka, California. He was delivered via Caesarean-section at 9:21 p.m. Upon entry to the world, he weighed nine pounds, twelve ounces and measured 22 inches long. The moment the doctor placed him in my arms, my life changed forever. Never again could I factor only myself into any of my decision-making. My days of making irresponsible decisions, time and again, were not gone, but numbered. Although the practical side came a bit slower, the mental transition was instant, although I did have about eight months beforehand to prepare for it. I had a living, breathing son, and I was committed to being a good father.

In preparation for the birth of my son, his mother and I had made checklists and enrolled in registers to make sure we had everything we would need to take care of our cherished new baby. We purchased quite a few things before we had the baby shower, where our generous friends and family presented us with most of the things on our checklist and more. After that display of kindness by our circle of friends and family, we secured the remainder of needed supplies and waited for our baby to arrive.

When he was born, we lived in a one-bedroom apartment that we rented from Gary Kittleson at 2022 ½ I Street in Eureka, just two doors down from my mother's place at 2012 I Street. Though we had a small place, we could stretch out in my mother's back yard and frequently bring Jerab Junior over to visit with his Grandmother. We were also able to have with three cats and a dog, which otherwise would not have worked out well in an apartment. Our cats Sassy, Chihiro, and Megosh loved to frolic on our roof and scramble down the tree into the yard, and we would frequently take our dog Sweetness on walks around the neighborhood, followed by a visit to the yard. Sweetness would stay over at Mom's for hours on end, just having a great time being a dog. Sassy would act like a social butterfly, buzzing everybody who walked past my mother's porch, where she would spend most of her days, convincing many of them to stop and pet her.

Almost two years after Junior was born, we moved to a new neighborhood, to a house at 1545 West Avenue. The house was small, but there was a single-car garage and a yard that was big enough to build two more houses. We had a great time in that yard, and the house was cozy too. One of the only problems was that Sweetness kept getting sprayed by skunks that would come out of the gulley located about a half block away from our house. Another issue was when an earthquake struck while I was out of town. Away in San Diego attending the 2010 American Historical Association Conference, a colleague of mine pointed out a mention of Eureka on Headline News Network. On January 10, 2010, while I was attending a conference session, my home town had experienced a serious earthquake which had toppled many chimneys, broken hundreds of windows, and destroyed a few buildings outright. When I made the call home, I was glad to hear that everyone was safe. On a whim, I talked Kristin into checking the garage to see if the water heater had made it through the ordeal. She put me on hold and checked. Sure enough, it was in the process of filling the garage with water that was spilling out of the broken plastic pipe. My mother went to the house and turned the water off for Kristin, who couldn't figure it out, and we were without water until I got back into town and began the process of fixing the broken

lines. Overall, with the exception of natural events, the West Avenue house was a great place to raise my son and keep pets. My time there will always provide me with lasting, worthwhile memories of the people who were there and the events that occurred there.

Charity and the Kids

It was on St. Patrick's Day in 2012 when I met Charity for the second time. The relationship I had with Kristin, the mother of my son Jerab Junior, had recently dissolved, and although I was not interested in meeting anybody, it happened anyway. When I saw Charity that night she was an absolute vision of beauty, and the fact that I knew her but did not remember exactly where we had met made me want to further explore our connection, so I asked her for her telephone number. I also remember at some point in the conversation telling her that I thought she was beautiful, which is out of character for me.

As my situation was less than desirable and I had no business dating at that point, several weeks went by before I called her. I was deep into my studies at Humboldt State University and living with my mother, having left the house to Junior's mother Kristin. Our breakup resulted in some of the first times I was ever forced to be away from my son, and I was suffering because of it. Being away from my four-year-old son when I was not used to missing a single morning was terrible at first. Also, because of my impermanent situation, I had to leave my dog, Sweetness, behind with Jerab Junior and his mother. This was better for my son, who had just experienced his father moving out of his mother's house, and for Sweetness, who still had her yard and people to protect. To be sure, there were many trips to the bar during that period of my life. Many tears slipped into my beers, but there were also some good times. It was a pleasure to spend time with my mother and sister, and when Junior was with me he loved to sleep with his Grammie.

Our first date was at Charity's apartment in Eureka at 1039 I Street Apartment B. We didn't have much time, as we were both parents that went to college, similar to how we still are now. We decided

on a weeknight rendezvous, so once she had put her children, Skylar and Greydon, to bed, I came over to get to know her better. We talked for several hours until we realized that it was getting late and it was a school night. We said our goodbyes and I departed. It only took a few more dates before we were joined at the hip, spending a lot of time together. At first, we were both leery of introducing our children in case things didn't work out, but we quickly got past that. The children all met on a Saturday afternoon at the beach in King Salmon, California, about two blocks from my first childhood home. The kids clicked instantly and the two boys have been best friends ever since, and are now stepbrothers, with a wonderful big sister to look up to.

As a family, we have cohered tremendously in the past five years. We moved out of the small, cramped, two-bedroom apartment to a comfortable (though still a bit too small) three-bedroom house in Myrtle town. There is a yard with a tree that I outfitted with a rope swing so that the boys have some incentive to get away from the video games and get outside and play. We have a little patio with a nice three-burner propane grill that Charity thoroughly researched pre-purchase. I love being a husband, father, and step-father, and I would not give my family up for any reason, ever.

I think that it's great that I was able to declare my new family at the mid-point between the 2010 and 2020 censuses. I recently completed the American Community Survey after the Census Bureau sent three survey packets in the mail. These packets were followed by a home visit from a census worker, then a postcard and another packet and, finally, another visit from the same census worker. Luckily, the second time she arrived on my doorstep I was able to inform her that I had sent the packet to her home base. This all happened over the course of two weeks, a very busy two-week period in my household. I wanted to get it finished sooner, but it caught me by surprise and kept getting put off. Luckily for the end users of the demographic information provided by these surveys, the Census Bureau actively (and aggressively) seeks out and secures this information on a neighborhood level.⁸

⁸ Margo J. Anderson, *The American Census: A Social History* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2015), 263.

When perusing the information on the U.S. Census American Community Survey website, I decided to compare my family's information with our regional demographic data, as well as with national percentages. As a "Married-couple family" with children under 18 in our household, we are similar to 13.7% of other households in Humboldt County, where a majority of households, 43% are considered "non-family households." Our family size of five is above the Humboldt County average of 3.07, and well over the national average of 2.63.⁹

After reading the ACS employment statistics, I feel very fortunate to be currently employed. Our household income is in the range of 15.2% of other households in our area, which, although seemingly meager, is almost four times as much as 7.8% households in the lowest bracket. The county has an 11.3% unemployment rate, and 20.8% of its residents fall below the poverty line, over seven percentage points above the national average. Much of this poverty is experienced by those relying on social and supplemental security payments as their only source of income. A large group of Humboldt County residents receive social security payments: 29.7%. Another statistic that stood out to me as problematic. With the epidemic of homelessness sweeping through our region, it is a shame to see that 14.3% of housing units are vacant while hundreds of desperate people sleep in the cold forests and marshes.¹⁰

⁹ "Occupancy Characteristics," 2010-2014 American Community Survey 5-Year Estimates, accessed September 20, 2016, <http://factfinder.census.gov/faces/tableservices/jsf/pages/productview.xhtml?src=CF>.

¹⁰ Selected Economic Characteristics: 2010-2014 American Community Survey 5-Year Estimates, accessed September 18, 2016, <http://factfinder.census.gov/faces/tableservices/jsf/pages/productview.xhtml?src=CF>.

GENERATION TWO

A1a. John Anthony Pino (1947-)

A1b. Karen Elizabeth Pino (1949-)

My father, **John Anthony Pino (1947-)**, was born in Utah on April 22, 1947 to **Francisco Batista Pino (1925-1986)** and **Madge Nelson Hadden (1931-2008)**. My father was raised by Madge and her husband, Glen Hadden. They were married when John Anthony was three years old, and the couple went on to have six more children. These children, all step-siblings of John Anthony, were Kay, Glen, Denzel, David, Billy, and Cindy.

John Anthony, known as Tony, was a free-spirited person who wanted to experience, sometimes seemingly at any cost, what life had to offer. By the time **Karen Elizabeth Pino (1949-)** met him, he already had one child who he had abandoned. Introduced to each other by their mutual friend Tom, after a whirlwind romance Tony and Karen got married in Reno on July 12, 1974 and had **Jerab Abraham Pino (1975-)**, their one and only child together. Due to Tony's alcoholic tendencies and lack of ability to be faithful to anybody but himself, the marriage did not last very long. Tony walked out on Karen and Jerab in 1978, and not willing to subject herself and her child to the whims of a narcissistic alcoholic any longer, Karen filed for divorce. At the time, in 1978, it was more acceptable for a woman to seek out a divorce than in generations past, and divorce rates were close over seven times what they had been in 1900, when only men could petition for a divorce.¹¹ Tony never returned to the household, although he did later move back into the neighborhood, allowing Jerab to be around his father for a little while longer.

After moving out of the home that he shared with his wife and son, Tony moved down to an apartment above a business in Old Town, Eureka. Jerab was able to stay over for a few nights while Tony

¹¹ Claude S. Fischer, *Made in America: A Social History of American Culture and Character* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2010), 138.

lived there. Little Jerab was especially fond of Tony's new girlfriend Charlotte. She would play games with him and make him snacks, and basically make his time at the apartment wonderful every time. Only later did Karen find out that Tony was not even there most of the time that Jerab was visiting. He was at the bars drinking the majority of that time. Charlotte was destined to have her first child with Tony, the last child he would ever sire, Tyler Joseph Pino.

Charlotte and Tony moved into a little house on the other side of the trailer park that the house that Karen and Jerab occupied also skirted. Jerab would visit frequently, always asking to stay the night just to try to be close to Tyler and to try to maintain a connection with his father, who was seemingly never around. Eventually, there came a point when Charlotte had enough of my father's mistreatment of her, and she took Tyler to live with her parents, George and Helen Freed, in Ukiah, California, where Charlotte had grown up.

After that point, Jerab only saw his Dad once in a great while, although Tony would frequently call Jerab and make false promises regarding gifts and visits that never materialized. A few times during Jerab's childhood, Tony actually made good on his promises to visit. One time when he earnestly wanted to attempt to make up for lost time, he drove his truck with a camper unit out to the coast to pick Jerab up and take him to Utah for the summer. They meandered back to Payson, Utah, taking about six days to make it there. When Jerab went to stay the summer with him, he lived in a house that he bought with his wife Denise Young Pino at 215 E 200 N # B in Payson, Utah. It was a large house, with a basement that had a separate kitchen, bathroom, laundry room, family room, and two bedrooms. The ground floor also had these rooms, plus a dining room. There were also stairs which led to an upstairs office and attic, though it was far too hot to spend any time up there. Just being on the ground floor was hot enough, even with the swamp cooler running full-blast.

That summer was full of camping trips, swimming, fishing, tall tales around the campfire with a bunch of old cowboys, and beer. A lot of beer. Even though Jerab was underage in one of the strictest

areas in the nation, Utah County, he had no problem getting his inexperienced hands on beer that summer. Tony's friends in Utah all had kids that were around the same age as Jerab, and he ran around with them quite a bit that summer, enjoying the fresh perspective he had never imagined. Jerab even dated a couple of different girls while he was there for the summer, though neither of the flings got even remotely serious.

Mom

Karen Elizabeth Sjoquist Pino (1949-), was born in Tolley, North Dakota, on October 1, 1949 to Norman John Sjoquist and Bertha Grace Hedenstierna Sjoquist. Her earliest memory, at about 15 months of age, is seeing a Christmas Tree in the house that she lived in with her extended family. She has two other memories of her days in North Dakota. She remembers walking through the snow corridors from the house to the outhouse in the middle of winter, reaching up as high as she could to hold my tall grandfather's hand. She also remembers the time when her older brother Dean Sjoquist, who was four or five years old at the time, took my grandfather's holster, containing two revolvers, and threw them down into the outhouse. She remembers that Grandpa was understandably upset by that. One morning, she also remembers walking down the steps from the finished attic room that she lived in with her mother and father and pulling aside the blanket which was hung to keep the heat in the main part of the house. As she pulled the blanket aside, she saw her favorite uncle Gordon kicked back with his boots on the wood stove and his hands behind his head. When he saw her, he quickly jumped up, grabbed her and lifted her up into the air playfully, a moment that she still remembers vividly sixty-three years later.

Karen's parents Bertha and Norman brought their family out to California in the summer of 1952. They drove out via the northern route in a 1948 Ford, a luxury that the low-income family would never been able to attain just thirty years before, when fewer than one-third of middle-class families

were able to purchase an automobile.¹² But by mid-century, well over half of American families had at least one car that they could depend on to get them around. At the time of the journey, the couple had their son Dean, daughter Karen, son Gregory, and they were expecting another daughter: Patricia. Karen doesn't remember much about the trip from North Dakota until they reached Crescent City, California and she saw the Pacific Ocean for the first time. Surprised as a two-year-old that there could be so much water in one place, she remembers asking her father if it was a giant bathtub, although he informed her that it was the ocean. She also remembers that her mischievous older brother Dean opened one of the jar of preserves that were in the back seat with the kids. They both got scolded for that mistake.

Her family lived in a small house at 5628 Walnut Drive in Ridgewood, California. There was an entry to a seemingly endless, dense redwood forest in their backyard. Although at the turn of the century many community governments across America had begun to implement clean water, sewer, and gas delivery systems, at the time Karen's family had none of these services in their part of the county.¹³ The family collected water to drink, to cook, and to bathe in, from a spring on their property. They used an outhouse, and chopped firewood for heating and cooking purposes. She remembers returning home and chopping wood immediately after school every day when she was about nine years old.

Karen started school in 1954, when she was almost five years old. She attended the first year of the newly built Cutten School which replaced the one-room schoolhouse down the street. She frequently rode the bus to school, and remembers enjoying the ride. The baseball fields and playground that her Grandson, nieces and nephews now enjoy (several family members attend Cutten School right now), along with the area that the library and bus garage currently occupy, were at that time part of the sprawling redwood forest that has been disappearing in our area since the 1850s. At recess time,

¹² Fischer, *Made in America*, 67.

¹³ Fischer, *Made in America*, 26.

students would play on the small playground or frolic among the trees and stumps in the forest. Imagine something like that happening today, the insurance companies would have a fit!

In the mid-1950s, thanks in part to programs enacted to finance rural water and sewer projects, Walnut Drive was redone and the county fitted the neighborhood with water lines, so that made for one less chore for the family to deal with, which was good because the family just kept growing.¹⁴ Along with my mother Karen, at this point there were five other children in the household, bringing the total to six. There was the aforementioned Edward Dean, Gregory John, and Patricia Teresa, along with the three newest additions: Susan Ann, Margaret Lynn, and Andrew William. Later came Robert Norman, Gordon James, Eunice Christine, Bert Timothy, and Debra Kay, bringing the total to twelve.

To finance this veritable domestic breeding operation, Karen's father Norman worked at a succession of lumber mill and automobile mechanic jobs over the years. When he worked at the mill across the bay on the Samoa Peninsula, he had to make it to the foot of Del Norte Street in Eureka every day. From there he would take a ferry with the other millworkers across Humboldt Bay. Once at the job site, he would sometimes work twelve hours strong, and then wait for the ferry to get him back across the bay so he could start the journey home. He was living proof that Post-War "prosperity had not reached all Americans."¹⁵ This was a common story in and around Eureka, and throughout most of Humboldt County. The three main industries in this area at that time were logging, fishing, and agriculture. Norman did everything he could to keep his family housed, fed, and clothed, and he and my grandmother raised all twelve of their children to adulthood. As a matter of fact, they are all still alive today. The eldest, Dean, turned sixty-nine years old this year and the youngest, Debbie, turned forty-eight.

¹⁴ Anderson, *The American Census*, 209.

¹⁵ Anderson, *The American Census*, 212.

When Karen was seven years old, her family house burned down. The whole backside of the house was in flames when her mother woke her and told her to take her sister Patricia out to the street in front of the house. After the fire, Karen and her older brother Dean had to live with neighbors for a brief time after the fire, while her four younger siblings stayed with her parents at a friend's house. Hard living and tragedy aside, my Karen remembers being happy as a child. She remembers frequent camping trips down on the Van Duzen River, which runs parallel to Highway 36 about an hour drive to the southwest from Eureka, a place which the entire extended family on my mother's side still frequents. To this day, the family still has family get-togethers, or spontaneous swim and picnic days on the Van Duzen, especially at Swimmer's Delight, a Humboldt County Park which Jerab has been visiting since he was a week old.

As Grandpa Sjoquist was good with mechanical objects, there were many makeshift toys and play structures implemented in the back yard of the Sjoquist residence. One of these was a slide that Grandpa made from a sheet of plywood propped up on a stump. The top edge of that particular slide was a bit rough, but the kids used it anyway. The trick was to avoid the top edge, because the rest of the surface was smooth. Karen remembers one time that her brother Greg missed the spot he was aiming for and got slivers in his rear end and was howling and crying until they were removed.

In 1961 the family moved about three miles away to 1884 Campton Road, still located in Cutten. At present this property is held in joint custody as a family property. The family kept growing until there were twelve children. Karen graduated from Eureka High School in June of 1967 and briefly attended College of the Redwoods, along with the 28.2% of the local population that tried their hand at college for a couple of semesters and never went back.¹⁶ She married **John Anthony Pino (1947-)** on July 12, 1974, and had a son, **Jerab Abraham Pino (1975-)**, the next year. Later marital problems led to a

¹⁶ Educational Attainment: 2010-2014 American Community Survey 5-Year Estimates, accessed September 18, 2016, <http://factfinder.census.gov/faces/tableservices/jsf/pages/productview.xhtml?src=CF>.

divorce between Karen and Tony, but as Karen has always been an independent woman, she rose to the challenge of becoming a single mother. She held part-time jobs at House of Fabrics, Longs Drugs, and Cutten-Ridgewood School District, among others, and did everything, including odd jobs to support her children and raise them well. She will always be loved and appreciated by them, as well as by many others in her life.

GENERATION THREE

A1a1. Norman John Sjoquist (1926-1983)

A1a2. Bertha Grace Hedenstaerna Sauer Sjoquist (1928-2008)

A1b1. Francisco Batista Pino (1925-1986)

A1b2. Madge Nelson Hadden (1931-2008)

Grandpa Sjoquist

The sheriff deputy grimaced as he walked back into the local bar. He couldn't conceal his surprise when he saw the two adolescent men seated at the bar, drinking and laughing heartily with their rowdy group of friends. The deputy had just returned from a long trip into the farmlands that surrounded the town of Tolley, North Dakota to drop these two off, confident that by the time they returned to town, the brothers would be sober enough to conduct themselves with dignity and stop causing him problems, if only for the night. Although the plan was reasonable, the deputy obviously underestimated my grandfather and his brother. As soon as he headed back to town a friend of theirs noticed them walking down the road and offered them a ride into town. They arrived before the deputy, who had to tend to other business on the way back to the town watering hole. Although he kept a close eye on the boys for several weeks afterward, they were somehow able to stay out of trouble that night.

Apparently, my Grandfather, **Norman John Sjoquist (1926-1983)**, and his brother, Gordon D. Sjoquist, were wild in their youth. Stories of their exploits always involve some sort of brush with an authority figure or being caught somewhere that they should not have been. I guess it can come with the territory in certain situations. The brothers grew up in an exceedingly rural area, on the outskirts of a small town in which the current population, per the 2010 Census, is forty-seven. The long distances traveled to and from town, coupled with the necessity of being independent when saddled with an alcoholic father, made these boys feel the need to grow up fast. And of course, boys who feel like they are men make one suspect choice after another. One of these choices was to pay back the school principal for all the years of perceived mistreatment. But that is another story.

Norman was born on April 9, 1928 in Tolley, North Dakota to **John Ragnar Julius Sjoquist (1898-1970)** and **Bernice M. Alexander (1903-1969)**. He was married to **Bertha Grace Hedenstaerna Sauer Sjoquist (1928-2008)** on March 31, 1948 in Tolley, North Dakota. The couple would go on to have twelve children together. Norman passed away surrounded by family members in Eureka, California on October 16, 1984.

Grandma Sjoquist

Bertha Grace Hedenstaerna Sauer Sjoquist (1928-2008) was born on October 17, 1928 to in Washington, D.C. to **Henry William Hedenstaerna (1909-unknown)** and **Bertha H. Comstock Hedenstaerna Sauer (1905-1976)**. It is uncertain what happened to Henry, but there is speculation in the family that he may have passed away while Bertha was very young. Her mother later married Andy Sauer, an environmental engineer who designed the Garrison Dam, an earth-fill embankment dam on the Missouri River in North Dakota. This is how Bertha came to be in North Dakota, where she met **Norman John Sjoquist (1926-1983)**.

Bertha married Norman on March 31, 1948 and they had twelve children between the years of 1948 and 1968. They, in turn supplied her with more grandchildren than anybody could hope for. She always had a kind smile to offer, and was never seen without her crochet bag. Every year she managed to crochet an ornament for each person in the entire extended family, which by the time I was around had grown to over thirty people, accounting for all of the spouses and offspring of her children. Over the years, the family kept growing and she kept producing gifts for us. It was truly amazing, she had to plan several years in advance. When she finally got too sore from her arthritis, she would send each of her family members five dollars in the mail on our birthdays, and another five dollars at Christmas time, as a token of apology for not being capable of crocheting anymore. After being so committed to her craft, Bertha had a hard time with the loss of her crocheting ability. Bertha lived well past the age of retirement and was quite happy in her final years, something generations before her were not always as

lucky to experience. Just forty years earlier, many folks over sixty-five had to work long after retirement age.¹⁷ Surrounded by three generations of loved ones, Bertha passed away on June 25, 2009.

Grandfather Pino

Francisco Batista Pino (1925-1986) was born in Sunnyside, Utah on January 6, 1925 to Giambattista Pino and Theresa Alice Salvatore. According to an aunt on my father's side, after Francisco returned from serving in the Navy during World War II, he had a short romance with my grandmother **Madge Nelson Hadden (1931-2008)**, which produced my father, **John Anthony Pino (1947- 2007)**. John Anthony had limited contact with Francisco over the course of his young life. John Anthony was raised by Madge and her husband, Glen Hadden. They were married when John Anthony was three years old, and went on to have six more children.¹⁸ Francisco passed away on August 4, 1986, at the age of 61.

Grandma Madge

Madge Nelson Hadden (1931-2008) was born on November 15, 1931 in Utah to **Franklin Peter Nelson (1895-1967)** and **Estella Lewis (1912-1976)**. She had a son, **John Anthony Pino (1947- 2007)**, with **Francisco Batista Pino (1925-1986)** during a brief period which the two shared immediately following his return home from World War II. Afterward, when her firstborn son was three years old, she married Glen Hadden, whom John Anthony, known as Tony, called Pop throughout his life. Madge and Glen would proceed to have six more children together. Madge passed away on January 7, 2008 in Peoria, Arizona at the age of 76.

¹⁷ Fischer and Hout, *Century of Difference*, 105.

¹⁸ Kaye Hadden Moody, personal communication, November 16, 2016.