



Ernest A. Bryant III

October 23, 1931 - March 30, 2013

Ernest A. Bryant III (Ernie), 81, passed away in his sleep Saturday, March 30, 2013, at his home in Santa Barbara, California. Mr. Bryant was a true gentleman who touched many people with his kindness and good heart. Ernie was born in Pasadena on October 23, 1931, to Ernest Albert Bryant, Jr. and Judith Tilt Bryant. Ernie attended Cate Boarding School in Carpinteria, CA. He then went on to Princeton University graduating in 1953 with a Bachelor of Arts. Following his college career, he joined the United States Marine Corps at Quantico, Virginia, as a commissioned officer and served in Korea during the Korean War.

He married Josephine Motley Cole in 1956, the mother of his five children, Sarah, Stephen, Matthew, Peter and John. His home during these years was the family ranch, Rancho Santa Ana, in Orange County.

In 1969 he married Gloria (Gay) White and became a stepfather to her daughter, Rebecca Brant. Ernie and Gay moved to Santa Barbara in 1988.

During his 57-year ranching career as a fourth generation rancher in California Ernie was associated with various ranches. Following the sale of the Rancho Santa Ana family ranch, he acquired several ranches in Idaho, including Barbara Farms and the Fairfield Ranch, where he raised cattle and grew organic potatoes. After settling in Santa Barbara, he acquired his present ranch, Las Piletas Ranch, in San Luis Obispo County. Ernie was always involved with horses and enjoyed driving vintage horse drawn carriages. To augment his ranching activities, he joined the El Viaje de Portola in 1964 and the Rancheros Visitadores in 1967, giving him extensive opportunities to trail ride and drive horses in the spirit of early California traditions arising from the Spanish and Mexican rancheros lifestyles.

One of Ernie's lifetime achievements was serving 46 years on the Board of Trustees for the Rancho Santa Ana Botanic Garden in Claremont, CA. Founded in 1927 by his grandmother, Susanna Bixby Bryant, Ernie was dedicated to the Garden's mission his grandmother had established. Another foundation Ernie was truly dedicated to is the Good Hope Medical Foundation,

founded in 1925. One of the two founders was Dr. Ernest A. BrYant, Ernie's grandfather. The foundation encourages healthcare in the Los Angeles area by making grants to charitable organizations in the healthcare service. Ernie served on the Foundation's Board since 1974.

He was a longtime member of the Bohemian Club in San Francisco, the California Club in Los Angeles, the Men's Garden Club of Los Angeles, the Sunset Club in Los Angeles, the Valley Club of Montecito, and other groups related directly with ranching operations

His mother and father preceded Ernie in death. He is survived by his loving wife Gay, his five children and their spouses, Sarah Motley Bryant. Poulsbo WA; Stephen Bixby Bryant (Leslie), San Clemente, CA; Matthew Elliot Bryant (Florine), Longmont, CO; Peter Alden Bryant (Rosanna), Mercer Island, WA; John Bradford Bryant, Oaxaca, Mexico; his stepdaughter and her spouse, Rebecca Brant (Kenny), Santa Barbara, CA; his grandchildren, Ross, Sara Rose, Nathan, Kyle, Natalie, and Cole; and his sisters Judith Friend of Cambria. CA, and Martha Bonzi of Rockport. ME.

A memorial will be held at the Santa Barbara Zoo on Tuesday, April 30 3:00 - 5:30 Donations in lieu of flowers should be made to a charity of your choice.

Events

APR **Memorial Service** 03:00AM - 05:30PM

30

Santa Barbara Zoo

500 Ninos Drive, Santa Barbara, CA, US

Comments



“ Ernie is all about weaponry. It isn't that he is paranoid; he just really likes explosions. By way of example, I understand he has a cannon which he uses to fire boldly colored bowling balls at Easter which the kids would then track using whatever transport might be available, which would range from gold carts and willy's jeeps to large armored military personel carriers. Anyway, a few decades ago Ernie showed up for cocktails at my parents' (JJ & Barbara Hollister) house one summer weekend which has a large deck overlooking the Sheffield Reservoir and, more important to Ernie, the local fire department who as I recall were on high alert due to the dry conditions. Us kids were all there, so he brought with him a small ten gauge cannon and a box of ammunition for us to play around with. Like the Field Commander he always was, he set up my Dad's spotting scope on the point of the deck and ordered us to commence firing, which we did. It wasn't long before one of the firefighters a couple miles across the canyon poked his head out the door of the station in an effort to locate the source of the conflaguration. It was at this point we were ordered to stand down, which we did. When the officer returned inside the firing commenced anew. Out comes the officer this time with binoculars and a couple other members of the squad to scan the hills, to no avail since the firing ceased. Eventually they became discouraged and went back in only to be called back out with another barrage. Of course, all this was funny as Hell to all involved. Tears were squirting out of Ernie's eyes in fact, which is a bona fide indication of a good time. Anyway, eventually they got a rough read on where the percussions were coming from and dispatched an engine to patrol the hills. We would give them a few hints over time just for sport. Over time we could hear the engine within a few hundred yards and it was time to circle the perimeter. My older brother was instructed to hide the canon, which he did, and he chose to put it under some laundry in the dryer. When the engine headed off my brother, who was probably around 15 or 16, was instructed to retrieve the weapon he inadvertently grabbed it by the detonation cord and the cannon went off unexpectedly, blowing a hole clean through a shelf and setting it on fire. My brother staggered out looking like Wily Coyote after a run in with the Road Runner, his hair all singed and soot all over his face and we put out the fire and had a fine laugh. That was Ernie. Always something different, always a grand time.

The Inestimable "EAB3" we called him and always will. He will always be with us, never fail.

George Hollister, Sacramento, California

George Hollister - April 08, 2013 at 01:12 PM



“ My Mother and father worked for Ernie out on the Westwind Duck Club for quiet a few years. Bill and Sandra Moore. They have so many stories like that and tell of your father JJ and Ernie always cutting it up. Mom refers to those years as a kids summer camp... and to tells of Ernie firing that Cannon in the clubhouse... Thank You Ernie for always treating my folks with love and respect. The few times I met you ,you where good to me .Peace and love to your family Dave Moore Vancouver Wa

Dave Moore - April 08, 2013 at 09:05 PM



“ Earnest Albert Bryant.....I miss you. I miss your laugh, your spirit, your larger than life personality. Our birthdays were one day apart and every year it was about who could send the best fart cards. So simple. I know it doesn't sound very sophisticated, but that was what I loved about you - we laughed about all the things we weren't supposed to, we did all the things we weren't supposed to, we broke all the "rules". It was so fun, life was an adventure with you. We laughed a lot - we laughed till we cried - everything was so funny. You taught us to live life freely and enjoy the humor in everything.

Those early years at the ranch were memories from another life time, we experienced freedom as youth that is rarely seen or experienced any more. The huge bunk house, the reservoir, dove hunting, cooking rabbit, crawdads, jeep rides, amazing dinners, kids, kids everywhere. Freedom. Omg.....remember the farting tape during those huge dinners we had? The "grown ups" would play it over and over and laugh and laugh. We couldn't believe "adults" would partake in such forbidden humor!

You always remained true to our family, you were my dads best friend and you were always so good to him, to our family. You always included us in on the fun that you created and we will never forget it. How lucky we were to have you in our life. You mark the end of an era. Thank God for the memories. You will be truly missed. I will always adore you.

Much love,

Cate

Cate Hollister Wallenfels - April 08, 2013 at 11:32 PM



“ Ernie, I was a wrangler at RV , he let me help with Bowling Ball cannon. That was as much fun as you could have. He loved mules and was as nice a man as I've ever met. Wr

wr - September 26, 2013 at 05:08 PM