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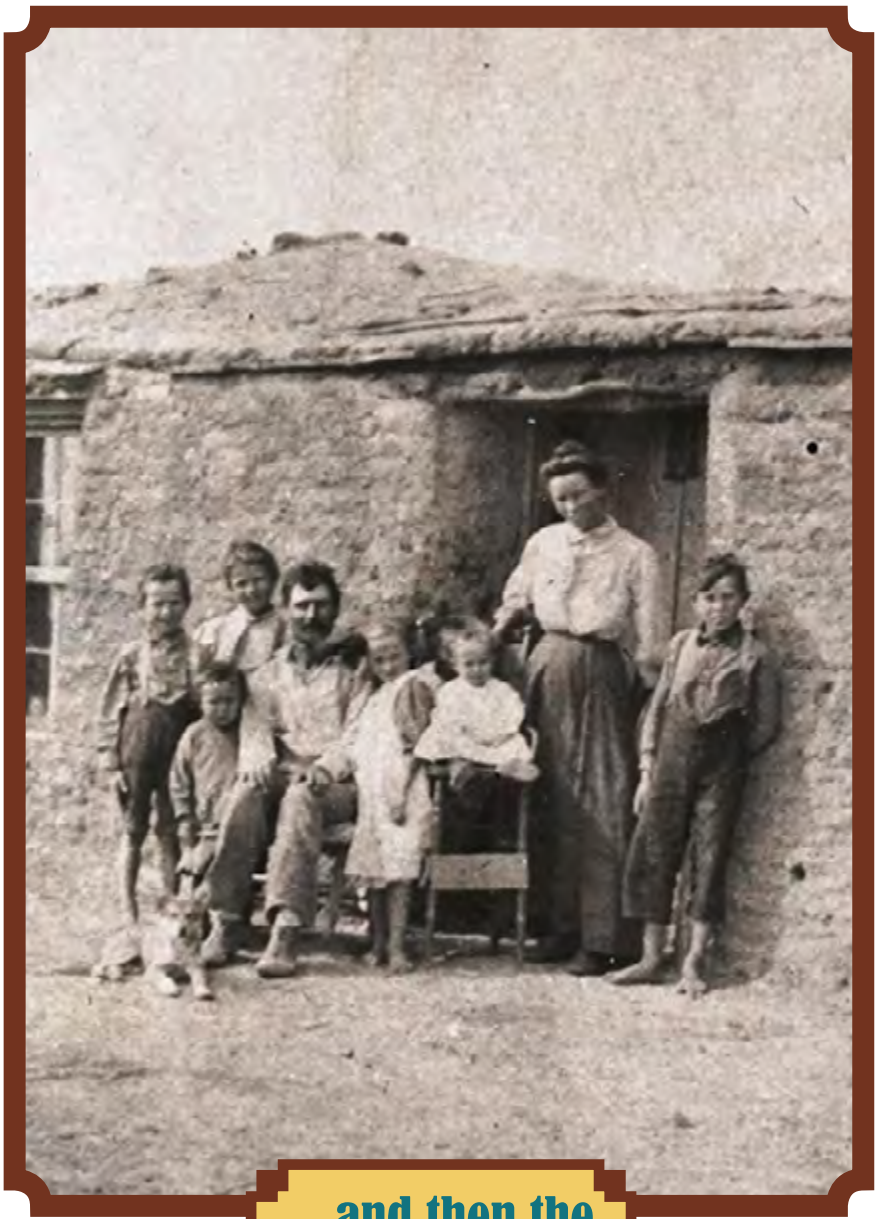
Ancestors West

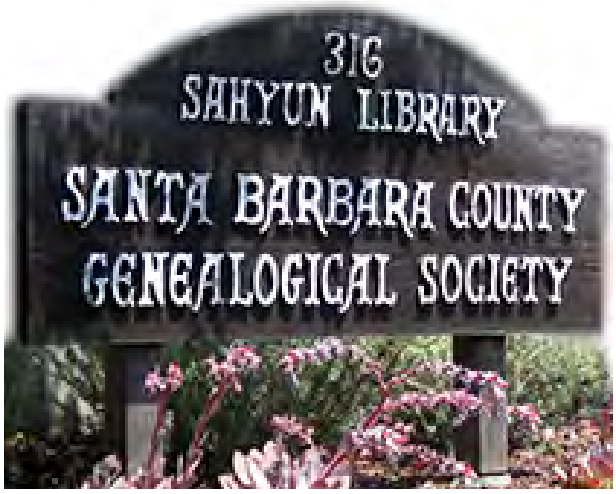
A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
August 2015 Vol. 40, No. 3

Immigration and Migration

Bewitched



…and then the cyclone hit!



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

www.sbgen.org E -mail: info@sbgen.org

Sahyun Genealogy Library

(SBCGS facility)
316 Castillo St., Santa Barbara

Phone: (805) 884-9909
Hours: Tuesday, Thursday, Friday
10:00 a.m. – 4:00 p.m.
Tuesday also from 5pm -8pm in the summer
3rd Saturday 1:00 – 4:00 p.m.
Sunday 1:00 – 4:00 p.m.

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

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

Meetings: Regular monthly meetings are held on the third Saturday of each month except August. Meetings begin at 10:30 a.m. at the First Presbyterian Church, 21 E. Constance Ave. at State Street in Santa Barbara. Prior to the meeting at 9:30 are sessions for Beginners, Help Wanted, Germanic Research, Italian Research, DNA Special Interest Group (SIG), and Genealogy and Technology.

Established in 1972, the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society (SBCGS) incorporated as a nonprofit 501(c) (3) organization in 1986. Its aim is to promote genealogy by providing assistance and educational opportunities for those who are interested in pursuing their family history.

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

inside this issue. . .

From the Editor

The joy of discovery

I WAS FASCINATED BY PLANTS AND ANIMALS even in grade school, so it was not surprising that biology became my field of study and eventually my career. Later when I began to explore my family history, I realized that these problem-solving disciplines are strikingly similar: formulate a question, gather information, evaluate, draw conclusions and then formulate the next question.

The joy of discovery is the attraction that lures most of us deeper and deeper into research, be it scientific or genealogical. Will the next experiment or pension file yield the information we are seeking? And like science, the study of our family history is never ending. The family tree gets wider and wider as we drop back in time with ever more collateral branches to explore and descendants to trace.

Travel is an important aspect of scientific research, i.e. conferences, workshops and collaborations with other laboratories. Likewise, some of the most rewarding genealogical experiences involve journeys to the towns where our ancestors lived – stepping into the church where they were baptized, married or buried - wandering in cemeteries - and visits to the Family History Library in Salt Lake City.

In the 1980s and 90s molecular biology revolutionized the life sciences, and today the advent of genetic genealogy has opened new horizons in the search for our ancestors. The power of DNA to reveal our geographic heritage and lineage – maternal, paternal and all the relatives in between - is staggering. We are witnessing a paradigm shift in the making!

The list of parallels between science and genealogy goes on – keeping accurate records, realizing your research is part of a much bigger picture, teaching others the skills you have mastered, and occasionally working far into the night. It is obvious to me why I find genealogy so enjoyable.

What were their hopes and dreams?

Identification is key. Exactly who were our ancestors? And yet their names and birth dates are only the beginning of what we can learn about our forefathers (and mothers). What were they like, what shaped their decisions, what were their hopes and dreams? The stern faces that look out at us from old photographs are fascinating to contemplate, but they are silent. It is our role as historians to discover the paths they chose.

One theme of this issue of *Ancestors West* is Immigration and Migration. The articles highlight some of the many reasons behind the journeys our ancestors undertook. Fear of persecution was not limited to the pilgrims who sailed to America in the 17th century. In the 19th century, the Mormons sought a place to practice their religion in peace. In the 20th century, conditions in Germany drove thousands to escape the storm that was approaching. For others, the opportunity to own land persuaded families to pack up their worldly goods and head west. The common threads in all the tales are hardship and courage. Too often hunger, disease, death and even cyclones awaited these travellers. Yet they persevered. It is good for us today to contemplate the depth of their commitment to each other and to their dreams.

The Bewitched

The celebration of Halloween on the night of October 31 is not complete without a few witches. In this issue of *Ancestors West* we also explore the surprising fact that a number of our society members are descended from ancestors associated with witchcraft in the 17th century. Witches, their accusers and their judges are all represented! A belief in witchcraft and magic is difficult to imagine today. Although children are still frightened by the wicked witches in the old fairy tales such as *Snow White, Hansel and Gretel*, and *Sleeping Beauty*, adults no longer fear witches and often find the concept a bit humorous, e.g. the ideal Halloween costume. In the 1600s however, witchcraft was a serious business and many afflictions or deaths of humans or animals, plus other unexplained phenomena were attributed to the practice of satanic witchcraft. Literally thousands of women and men, mostly elderly, were accused and, if convicted, met a hasty and violent end.

Many members of our Society make a pilgrimage each year to spend a week researching in the Family History Library in Salt Lake City, Utah. If you have par-

ticipated in one of these trips, you know why it is such a popular event. If you have never indulged in a week at this genealogical "paradise," some of the recent participants have shared their thoughts and success stories to pique your interest.

The report of a bicycle trip around the world in 1890 by David Herlihy is an extra treasure in this issue. It is not only an intriguing story of two men and their newfangled bikes, but the back story involved competent research by members of our own Society.

A Touch of Old Santa Barbara, a Mystery Photo and new columns: A Sense of the Census and Lineage Links, round out the issue.

The next Issue

In the next issue, the theme will be "Finding Family: adoptions and finding lost parents or grandparents." Most of us have run into "brick walls" in our genealogical research. But what if you encounter a "brick wall" as soon as you begin looking into your ancestry? What if a parent or grandparent is a total mystery. Sometimes, recent ancestors are more difficult to find than more distant generations. If your research has uncovered the identity of close relatives, readers would be interested to know how you did it. What roadblocks did you encounter? How did you overcome them?

A theme, however, is only a suggestion, not a restriction. All articles of genealogical interest are welcome!

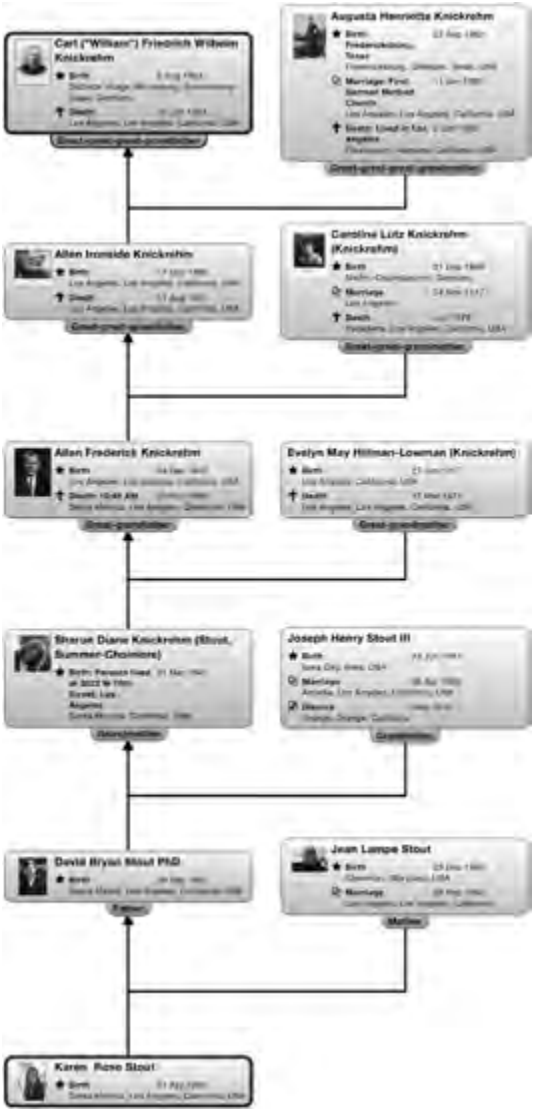
The submission deadline for the next issue is October 15, 2015.

As the new editor of *Ancestors West*, I have big shoes to fill. David Petry set a high standard and we are all very grateful for his expertise and the beautiful issues he edited. I have had the help of a superb committee of enthusiastic and talented editors. To them, to David Petry, and to all the authors I say, "Thank you!"

Debbie Kaska
Kaska@lifesci.ucsb.edu

Making a Relationship Chart

By Sharon Summer



You can illustrate the relationship of a descendent in relation to an ancestor with a Relationship Chart. This chart was created in MacFamilyTree7, the program I use, and saved as a PDF. You can probably make a similar chart in your own application, save it, and perhaps send it to a family member.

In MacFamilyTree, do the following:

1. Open the Family Tree program; select "Relationship Chart."
2. Select the person you want to be the Root Person. Now select the ancestor you want to be the Target Person. A chart will be created by the program.
3. Select a Share option (see bottom of main window) to share, print or save as a PDF.

A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA

State Street – That Great Street

By Margery Baragona

TODAY IF A FRIEND calls and asks me to shop and have lunch, she perhaps means Nordstroms and The California Pizza Kitchen.

Long, long ago she might have meant Andera's or Lou Rose and a snack at Kerry's.

State Street seemed magical: Andera's Department Store (1105 State Street – a SB landmark for 70 years), The Childrens Shop, Trenwiths, Silverwoods, Banks Stationery, Otts, The White House, and many more stores dotted its length. These were not chains but shopkeepers whom we knew and who were possibly our neighbors. The most prominent stores were on the right side toward the ocean, with their shady side desirable and seemingly more profitable.

I treasure the memory of shopping for school clothes usually at Andera's, where - if we were lucky - maybe a Shirley Temple dress would be found. The pneumatic tube that whisked the money overhead to the cashier fascinated me.

The Childrens Shop will always be my favorite; their wooden floors creaked as you browsed their bookshelves. How fortunate a child was, to give or receive a book. As I recall, each was fifty cents in those days.

After trudging from high school it was fun to stop and admire the display of new sweaters at Lou Rose. We loved holding up the brilliant colors; this was so enjoyable that Mr. Rose called our mothers and asked that we not mess up his merchandise!

Banks Stationery was a great place to browse. Instead of massive quantities of ink and paper one could select just a sheet or two as needed.

I remember vividly the smells of the fabrics in Trenwiths and the sound of the sales person ripping the material to a desired length.

One could linger when buying a birthday gift for one's father at Silverwoods (more pneumatic tubes).

Were there charge accounts? I don't remember; but there were certainly no credit cards. No stores anchoring a huge mall. No seasonal stores offering calendars only at Christmas time. There was little change, the seasons came and went on our great street, a treasured Santa Barbara memory.

Silverwood's in Santa Barbara in 1952 at the Corner of State and Canon Perdido. John Woodward Collection

Notes added by the editor:

Andera's Department Store, a SB landmark for over 60 years, was founded in 1920 by Charles Milton Andera, who purchased the land and built the store. The store closed in 1981. The building is still there. Charles Andera was the mayor of SB in 1925 when the earthquake struck.

Trenwiths closed in 1981, three years shy of its 100th birthday. Originally at 721 State street – it moved over the years. Founded by George F. Trenwith and N. P. Austin. Originally groceries, dry goods, clothing were all for sale there. From 1904 until 1960 Trenwith's occupied the new Howard Canfield Building at the corner of State and Canon Perdido Streets.

Silverwoods, founded in LA by F. B. Silverwood, had 18 stores in Southern California when it closed in 1991 after 70 years.

Kerry's Restaurant was located at 1230 State Street at State and Victoria. The building is still there and now houses three stores: Lily's nails, Saigon Vietnamese Restaurant, and Brasil Arts Café.

Otts began as the Ott Hardware Company, founded by Adam Ott, an immigrant from Germany in 1906! It ended up often called Ott's Department Store before its closing.

The growth of malls and huge franchise chains changed the world of retailing, and State Street as well.

Native Santa Barbaran, ***Margery Baragona****, SBCGS member since 2012, enjoys her family, travel, and the memory of many games of tennis. An avid reader, she delights in the nostalgia of Santa Barbara of yesteryear and her old friends.*

Sambo's and Santa Barbara – Tiger butter on your pancakes!

By Tim Putz

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN of Sambo's Restaurants, a business that originated in Santa Barbara and grew to become a national chain, written by photographer and SBCGS member Tim Putz who had a close association with the founders and handled their corporate photography of the restaurants and publicity throughout the country.

My story starts back in 1957 when my brother Rodney graduated from Santa Barbara High School. In his senior class that year one of his close friends was a young man named Sam Battistone. His parents were Sam and Ione Battistone, both 2nd generation Italians. They had been in the restaurant business for many years and had numerous suppliers calling on them. One of those people was an equipment supplier named H. Newell Bohnett.

Sam and Newell had an idea: Why not open their own place? They located a building on a beach boulevard in Santa Barbara with a great view of the wharf and harbor. They now needed a name. They came up with Sambo's, a combination of SAM and BO for Bohnett. Just by coincidence, it was also the name of a famous children's book about an Indian boy and tigers. They based the restaurant décor on this story, and menu items were named for parts of the story. They called the butter "Tiger Butter" and many of the pancake specials were named for characters or places in the story.

The new restaurant opened in June of 1957 and was called "Sambo's Pancakes." Sam was the cook and his wife, Ione, was one of the waitresses. Sam, Jr. worked that summer at the restaurant along with my brother.

Our family had just moved to Santa Barbara in September of 1956. I attended 6th grade at Montecito Union and then SBJHS. During my years in junior high, my dad gave me my first camera, an old large format view camera. This started my photographic career! I hauled this on the bus to school several times a week along with a large wooden tripod to take photographs for the yearbook. This is when the family lived in Montecito and the bus ride was 30–45 minutes.

The view camera gave way to a medium format twin lens camera that I used in high school. At Santa Barbara High, I joined the "*FORGE*" newspaper and the "OLIVE & GOLD" yearbook staff. I became chief photographer in my sophomore year.

Sambo's Restaurant in Santa Barbara where it was founded. Photo by Tim Putz.

After high school, I attended Brooks Institute of Photography for a year, and after Brooks I started freelancing in photography. One of the prophecies in the "*FORGE*" was that I would have a photography studio on State Street some day. As predicted, about 7 years later I opened my photography studio at 2007 State St, above Mission Street.

In about 1965 or '66, I had a chance meeting with Sam Battistone, Jr. whom I had known since 1957. At this time there were only about 20 restaurants in the Sambo's chain. They had never had any professional photographs taken of the locations. The locations were all different and there was no uniformity. They also needed a record to show prospective landlords at new locations. At that time, the only restaurants were in California, Arizona, Oregon and Washington.

Starting in the mid 60s, after photographing the original locations, I started photographing all new locations as they opened. At that time, the night before the restaurants' official openings there was a party held for the local business people, chamber of commerce members and local V.I.P.s. Here the new manager/owner introduced himself to the local township. Sam Battistone, Sr. and Newell Bohnett, the two founders, usually attended.

When I first started the project I took to the road and photographed the restaurants in California and Arizona. The later trips were through Northern California and down the central valley of California. That was followed by a longer road trip to Washington and Oregon. As Sambo's expanded, several trips were made to Florida for openings, and for photographing the first Sambo's in Miami Beach.

Depending on the location of the restaurant, I would either photograph the exterior in the evening or early morning. In this way I could get the light of either a setting sun or sunrise. Most of the interiors were done in the early morning hours, usually between 4 – 5 A.M. when there were few customers. Most of the Sambo's were open 24 hours.

Sambo's became a restaurant chain that was known coast to coast! Colorful interior of Sambo's in Coral Gables, FL. Photo by Tim Putz

I considered these architectural images and kept everything level and straight. I wanted the overall image to show the full interior and fantastic color in the interior and exterior. Everything was photographed with no manipulation.

The company's expansion and development department used these images for display and presentation for prospective landlords around the country for buildings on their property and a record for their files.

You can view the images at www.sambosphotos.com

The original negatives are scanned to high resolution and there is some enhancement done to correct any loss over the last 35 years in storage. Most were in good condition. I have them all copyrighted.

Nostalgia is the reason I decided to market these images! There were almost 1200 Sambo's at one time. I photographed over 100 of the original restaurants in seven years. Now, Santa Barbara has the first and last Sambo's. Located at 216 W.Cabrillo St. it is owned and operated by Sam Battistone's grandson.

Ribbon Cutting at the grand opening of the Sambo's Restaurant at State and Hitchcock in Santa Barbara, CA. L/R - Sam Battistone (co-founder) Mayor Don MacGillivray, Harold Sumida, Stan Diemoz (restaurant manager) and F. Newell Bohnett (co-founder). SAMBO derives from the names of the two founders SAM and BOhnett. Photo by Tim Putz

The Census of 1790 How it all began!

By Deborah Kaska

This is the first of a series of short articles highlighting various aspects of the Federal Census Records.

1790, a year of great significance for genealogists

In 1790, Mozart's opera "Cosi Fan Tutte" had its premier in Vienna, Austria, Russian troops stormed the Turkish fortress of Ismail during the Russo-Turkish War, chrysanthemums from China were introduced into England, and Great Britain was fighting against the aboriginal nations in Australia.

Meanwhile, in the New World the United States of America was in its infancy. The previous year, 1789, George Washington had been inaugurated as our first president and less than two months after his first State of the Union Address, the Census act was signed into law on March 1, 1790. This initiated a collection of documents that is now considered *the greatest source of U.S. genealogical information.* However, the census was not designed for genealogists; it was to be used primarily for reasons of representation and taxation. This also explains why, for many years, native Americans who were not taxed were also not counted!

Census Day 1790

The nominal director of the 1790 census was the Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson, who sent a copy of the law to the 17 U.S. Marshals of the district courts instructing them to conduct the enumeration. Census day was the first Monday in August (August 2, 1790). The census takers had nine months to complete the census, post copies in two public places (so that people could check the entries for accuracy), and send the name lists to the U.S. Marshals. The original 13 states and the districts of Kentucky, Maine, Vermont and the Southwest Territory (Tennessee) were included. Six basic questions were asked in the 1790 census.

1. Names of heads of families
2. Number of free white males 16 years old and upwards
3. Number of free white males under 16
4. Number of free white females
5. Number of all other free persons
6. Number of slaves

The census takers were paid as much as a dollar per 50 persons, which was hardly sufficient considering the modes of transportation available in 1790 and travel conditions. Farms were often remote and after a long journey the census taker might find no one at home!

Portrait of Thomas Jefferson by Rembrandt Peale 1805

Was the 1790 count accurate?

Just under 4 million people (3,929,214 to be exact) were counted in 1790: 3.2 million free and 0.7 million slaves. However, both President Washington and Thomas Jefferson were skeptical about the final count; they expected a larger number.

One of the problems faced in 1790 still exists today: some people did not trust the government's motives. Would the answers to census questions be used against them? In 1790, people were especially concerned about issues of taxation and military service.

Honesty was another concern. Anyone who refused to answer or who provided false information was subject to a fine of $20. But census takers were not authorized to ask for proof of age or number of individuals in the household.

Did the 1790 census schedules survive?

The 1790 census results were reported in a pamphlet of fifty-six pages. Curiously, the total populations of the states were also featured as a decoration on a pitcher!

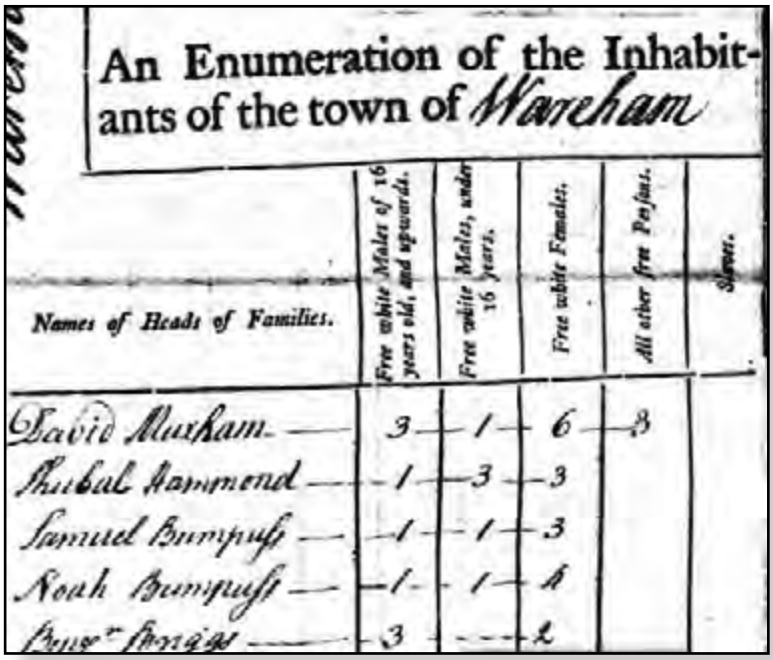
The Census name lists were to be stored in federal district courthouses. However during the next decades the 1790 census schedules of some counties and of several of the states were lost. These included New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, Georgia, the district of Kentucky and the Southwest Territory (Tennessee). The remaining original 1790 lists are available at the National Archives and other sites, such as Ancestry.com.

It has been repeatedly asserted that the British attack on the city of Washington in 1812 and the consequent fires destroyed some of the early census records. However, this may not be the case, as the original schedules were to be stored in federal courthouses, not in the capital. In 1830 Congress ordered the clerks of the district courts to send the old census lists to the State Department in Washington, DC. It then became apparent that some of the 1790 lists were missing.

Over the years substitute schedules for the missing states have been assembled primarily by using tax lists. The National Archives also issued a separate list, Special List 34, of "Free Black Heads of Families in the First Census of the U.S. 1790." This list is available free on the internet at the following url: www.africanafrican.com/negroartist/LIST%20OF%20FREE%20BLACK%20HEADS%20OF%20FAMILY%20IN%201ST%20CENSUS%201790.pdf

The significance of the data from the 1790 census

The enumeration of free white males who were at least sixteen years old helped to assess the country's economic and military potential. Moreover, based on the population numbers provided by the 1790 census, the 2nd Congress passed an act apportioning representatives among the several States: "…the House of Representatives shall be composed of members elected agreeably to a ratio of one member for every 33,000 persons in each state…." This increased the size of the House of Representatives from sixty-nine to 105 in the 3rd Congress.



An Enumeration of the Inhabitants of the town of Wareham

Names of Heads of Families.	Free white Males of 16 years old, and upwards.	Free white Males, under 16 years.	Free white Females.	All other free Persons.	Slaves.
David Muxham	3	1	6	3	
Thebal Hammond	1	3	3		
Samuel Bumpus	1	1	3		
Noah Bumpus	1	1	4		
[illegible]	3		2		

Detail from the original 1790 census schedule from the town of Wareham in Plymouth County, Massachusetts. Heads of family are listed with numbers of free white males 16 and older, free white males under 16, free white females, other free persons, and slaves.

Pitcher Commemorating the 1790 Census, an exhibit in the National Museum of American History, Washington D.C.

According to the census of 1790, Virginia was the largest state and had nineteen Representatives in the 3rd Congress. The smallest state was Delaware with only one.

The United States was the first nation to institute a regular census! Thus the census of 1790 is not only the oldest national census, but is also the humble beginning of a database that gradually evolved into a genealogical resource of unparalleled wealth.

LINEAGE LINKS

LINEAGE SOCIETIES HAVE A LONG and fascinating history that often centers around the military service of an ancestor, for example in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812 or the Civil War, or early American settlers, such as the General Society of Mayflower Descendants, Jamestowne Society or Colonial Dames, plus many others. Many people research their genealogy in order to qualify to join a lineage society, while others discover that they are eligible for membership after they have filled in the branches of their family tree. Lineage societies promote genealogical research, the study of history and the fellowship of members. Many groups offer scholarships and support local and national charities and civic organizations.

The SBCGS and the Sahyun library have a close relationship with lineage societies and have benefited from our support of their activities. Their generous donations, for example, have purchased several of our beautiful library tables.

To highlight the lineage societies that are active in Santa Barbara and Southern California, *Ancestors West* will feature one group in each issue. The articles will focus on their history, membership requirements and current activities. In honor of the sesquicentennial of the Civil War, which closes this year, this issue will introduce the Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War 1861-1865.

Members of Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War 1861-1865 Tent 22 visit Drum Barracks in Wilmington, CA, the last remaining Civil War Post in Southern California and a California Historical Monument. The original Junior Officers' Quarters are now a Civil War Museum. (photo by Dorothy Oksner)

Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War

1861 - 1865

Incorporated December 12, 1885
Federally Chartered December 9, 1985

Laura Belle Stoddard, Tent 22
Department of California/Nevada
Chartered 4 March 1921

The Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil war is a patriotic organization that promotes loyalty to the United States of American and its Constitution and honors the Veterans of the Civil War and all Veterans of our Armed Forces.

Founded in 1885 in Massillion, Ohio, membership in the Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War 1961-1865 is open to all daughters who descend from one or more honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served in the Union Army, Navy, or Marine Corps and Revenue Cutter Service between April 12, 1861 and April 9, 1865. Since the American Civil War ended 150 years ago this year, it might seem that no real daughters of Union Veterans are still alive, but indeed there are a few remaining!

The chapters of the Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War are known as tents. Nationwide there are over 100 tents organized into state Departments under the umbrella of the national organization, which is headquartered in Springfield, Illinois.

The Santa Barbara tent was founded in 1921 and named after Laura Belle Stoddard, the wife of Dr. Charles S. Stoddard, a Union Veteran who served in the 2nd Minnesota Calvary. The Stoddards moved to Santa Barbara in 1886, where he served the community as a physician. Laura Belle was very active in local charitable, church and musical circles.

Currently there are eighty-nine members in the Laura Bell Stoddard Tent. The members meet monthly for lunch and an educational program focused on the Civil War. These programs feature speakers from UCSB, local authors, music of the Civil War, letters from soldiers, talks about President Lincoln as well as the Union Veterans who are the ancestors of members. The organization contributes to many local and national charities, provides an annual scholarship as well as support for the ROTC program at UCSB.

The Laura Bell Stoddard Tent has their own website (duvcwsbar.org) which features a Veterans' Roll Call with links to biographies of all the Union Veterans who are the ancestors of tent members. One of these Veterans was Lt. William Harrison, Company H, 39th Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

Born in England, William and his wife emigrated to the United States in 1852.

William enlisted in Chicago on Nov 20, 1861, in the Mechanic's Fusiliers, a unit that disbanded in January 1862. One month later he enlisted in Company H, 39th Regiment Illinois Infantry Volunteers where he served through 1863 and was discharged in 1864. Upon discharge he reinlisted in the same unit as a Veteran Volunteer and was finally discharged on December 6, 1865. By then he had been promoted to 1st Lieutenant. He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, Col. John Bryner Post 67 in Peoria, Illinois, and in 1868 became a naturalized U.S. citizen. Moreover, between 1851 and 1877 William and his wife Mary had thirteen children, five boys and eight girls, of which five girls would survive to maturity. 1st Lt. William Harrison is just one example of the remarkable men who served our country.

While the purpose of the website is to remember and honor Veteran ancestors, it has also served to link members to relatives who discover a shared ancestor via the internet.

If you are a direct descendant of a Union Veteran, and would like more information about the Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War, please contact registrar Merna McClenathen at Mernamc@gmail.com

Mystery Photo

WE ALL HAVE THEM! Wonderful old photos of people we don't know. They have been in the family photo collection for years. If only someone had written the names on the back!

The mystery photo for this issue was submitted by SBCGS member Mary Mamalakis who estimates it dates from about 1921.

If you hail from Santa Barbara, look closely at this Hope School Photo. Recognize anyone?

Please send your ideas about the identity of any of the classmates to Info@sbgen.org.

If you have a mystery photo from Santa Barbara County that you would like to submit to *Ancestors West*, please forward it to Debbie Kaska, at Kaska@lifesci.ucsb.edu

A Week at the Family History Library in Salt Lake City: What more could a Genealogist ask for?

Every spring members of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society make a pilgrimage to the Family History Library in Salt Lake City. People return year after year and as new ones join the group, it keeps growing; 28 made the trip in 2015! In addition to the Society's trip, ably organized by Marj and Jim Friestad, other smaller groups and individuals travel there throughout the year to do research. Why drive or fly hundreds of miles to do genealogy in Salt Lake City?

To answer that question, members of the May 2015 group were asked to share their thoughts about "The Week in Salt Lake City."

The following are excerpts from their responses.

" I love having the opportunity to COMPLETELY FOCUS on my research. I have too many distractions at home."

"The trip to Salt Lake City was worthwhile because I did some research there into German records and got help from the staff in translating them and tips on further research. Through this I found where my 3rd great-grandparents were born, married, and who their parents were. I could not have done this on my own with films; I needed their help in reading these documents and their understanding of the region."

"This past May was my second trip to the genealogy library in Salt Lake City with the SBCGS. This time, I felt like a pro. I knew how the library was organized, how to use the microfilm machines, how to make copies of the microfilm, how to use the lockers and how to get to the break room. Traveling with other members of the Genealogy Society has been a real pleasure. Everyone

PHOTO: DOROTHY OSKNER

PHOTO: CHARMIEN CARRIER

is always so helpful, interested in hearing about your successes and struggles and eager to offer suggestions for new research strategies. I'm definitely planning on going back to Salt Lake next year."

"What more could a genealogist ask for? A week of uninterrupted research in the largest collection of genealogical records in the world and gathering each night to share the day's finds (or lack thereof) and the company of fun people who share your passion."

"My reason to go is to have one week to spend with friends who enjoy researching their family background. I have the ability to go straight to the drawers of microfilms, put the film on a machine and get help when needed to read or understand a film. No ordering, paying or waiting for the film to arrive or for a day when our local LDS library is open."

"The International Floor has many subscription websites, knowledgeable, helpful people to interpret or read difficult handwriting, with insight and experience with the country and customs. It is a luxury to have several days in a row immersed in genealogy 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. without the responsibilities at home and with fellow genealogists for support and to celebrate successes!"

The tulips and flower displays were "icing on the cake."

Several members reported more specific "finds" that made their week a success!

"The two most important discoveries that week" by Charlene Daly

I had several finds, but the two most important discoveries that week were a death certificate from 1936 and a German document from 1939.

1) According to her death certificate, my paternal great-grandmother, Fanny Rosenberg, died 6 days after sustaining multiple injuries from being hit by a car in Manhattan. This confirmed a story my own father had told me, except my dad had said the vehicle that struck his grandmother was a taxi. On reviewing Fanny's death certificate I noticed a curious thing. It had not been signed by my grandmother, Bella, Fanny's daughter. Rather, a man named Harry Rosenberg had signed the death certificate as "son." This was a new mystery for me to solve, since as far as I knew, my grandmother had never had any siblings!

2) Using Family Search, I found a Nazi document ordering all Jews residing in Offenbach, Germany to register or risk imprisonment. Although it was written in German, I was able to ask one of my fellow Santa Barbara researchers, Debbie Kaska, to translate some of this document for me. Along with this Nazi publication was a page listing the wife and son (Rosa Strauss Streitman and Alfred Streitman) of my three times great uncle, Max Streitman, as residing in Offenbach, Germany in 1939. Originally from Ostroweic, Poland, Max had come to Germany to find work. He died in 1932, before the war. I found Rosa and Alfred listed as missing/murdered in the Holocaust Yad Vashem database. Until beginning my family's genealogy, I had no idea I had lost family members in the Holocaust.

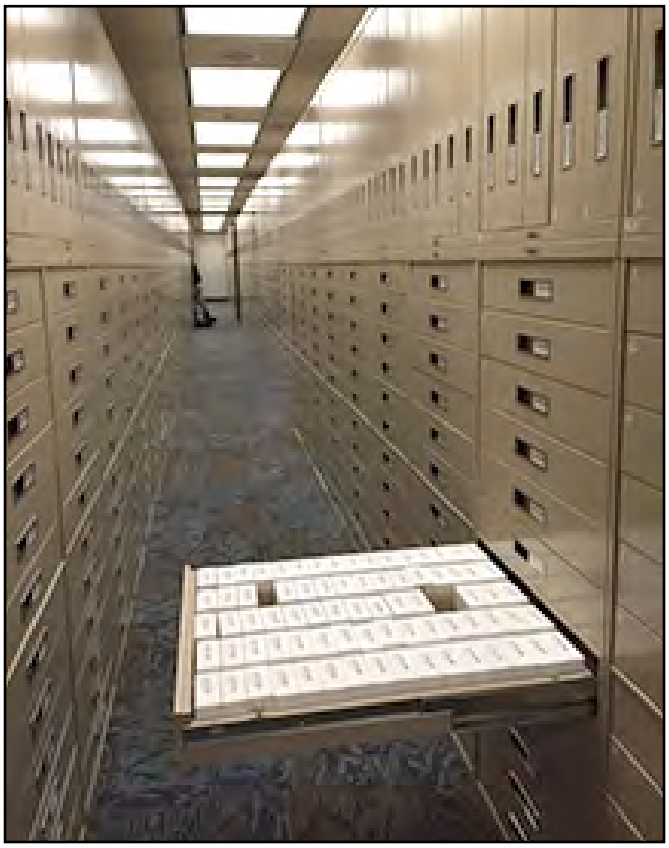


PHOTO: DOROTHY OSKNER

Things Learned at the Salt Lake Library by Jim Friestad

I had always thought that my mother's grandparents were Søren Berg and Sarah Norland, They had immigrated to Chicago from Stavanger, Norway in 1881. There is Norwegian Census data for 1865 and 1875 but I could not find them in the 1865 or 1875 Census. I felt fairly sure that I had their correct first names and birthdates (Søren 9/20/1844 and Sarah 9/3/1852).

PHOTO: DOROTHY OSKNER

So when I was in Salt Lake I pulled the census microfilms for Stavanger and started going through reel by reel, looking for the first names and birthdates. After about 10 reels, I found them and guess what! His name was not Søren Berg but was Søren Korneliussen Rakneberg. Rakneberg was the name of the farm he came from. I was able then to find his baptism in the parish where he was born. The parish name was Yttre Holmedal in the state of Sogn og Fjordane. The name Yttre Holmedal is now Fjaler.

I was then able to find him and three more generations of his family in the "Farm Book" (Like a county history) for that area. The book is called *Fjaler, Gards og Ættesoga.*

Since then I have been able to make contact with several other people researching Rakneberg.

Expect the Unexpected in the Library by Patsy Brock

Forrest Gump's mother would say the Family History Library in Salt Lake City is like a box of chocolates because you don't know what you are going to find. For this trip I expected a surprise that would be terrific and solve all my searching problems. I was fairly certain it would be on the International Floor and in the Swedish section.

However, I dutifully went first to the section of books because books do not circulate. I stopped at the shelf

for Sullivan County in Indiana. There never was a huge quantity of books there so I was somewhat familiar with the offering. I saw a bright green book that was new to me, and it had an intriguing, useful sounding title, *Obsequies, Obituaries and Notices of Death 1870-1905 Sullivan County, Indiana*. I have some Brocks there and they were (are) a continuing mystery.

Checking the index I found a listing for Mary Dawson, my great-grandmother. Mary was sometimes called "Polly" and her maiden name was Trinkle -- an easy one to spot in lists of names. Her first husband died in 1860 and she had since married Thomas Dawson. What happened to her?

According to the book, one Sunday morning in 1879 Mary and Thomas went to church at the Mount Tabor Presbyterian Church. While standing and visiting with friends at the door, Mary suddenly dropped dead from perhaps a massive heart attack or a stroke. She was buried at Mount Tabor Cemetery in Sullivan. Information from an unexpected source in the library solved a problem as I had hoped it would!

In the Swedish section of the International Floor I found my great-grandfather Sven Svenson (I have three ancestors with that name) and I expected to find his death date. I have been following him and his family in the Parish Survey, a kind of census done by the parish priest and summarized every 10 years. I noticed that even though he retained his parish address he had been listed as a resident of the fattighus, the local poorhouse and I didn't know why. Someone suggested that he might have had episodes of "drying out." But in fact he had dementia and then senility. His wife had died and the children were grown, married and living away from his community. Without someone to care for him and probably with little or no funding, he was housed in the nearest institution.

I found his death record, which states he died of old age conditions. This term is frequently used in Swedish records. I double-checked the census for his death, and not only did it give a death record, but also I found he had another wife who was not the mother of my grandfather and his brothers and sisters. Four years prior to his death she had left to go to North America! What happened here? Who is she? Who are her family members? Where is she going in North America? Who is she going to meet? This was not the chocolate I had expected because it is full of unanswered questions. As for the chocolates, one leads to another. Of course, the reward is that this certainly requires another trip to the library in Salt Lake City.

So, why go to Salt Lake? by Marie Sue Parsons

For me, it gives me a chance to devote an entire week to genealogy! Until I retire, my research is very sparse, that is, maybe once a month during my library volunteer shift if no one needs any help. Other than that, I rarely get a chance to check my computer when at home after a long day at the office. So, a trip to Salt Lake is such a joy! And I ALWAYS come home with treasures.

Take this last trip for example. I went with the idea of finally finding the parents of Kate Mattingly in Kentucky…at least I thought her maiden name was Mattingly, based on a death certificate dating from 1911 when she died in California. Obviously I have checked for different spellings of Mattingly, various forms of Katherine, Catherine, etc., but never any luck. No one to be found of the right age in Kentucky or in Kansas, which is where she married my g-g-grandfather Cornelius Erskine. But this year, an unknown cousin had just posted a photo—"Four generations" it read. And the attractive woman seated at the far right? Labeled Catherine Mattingly. But wait, yes, the right descendants are there…my g-grandmother, Nellie Erskine Tillie, my grandmother, Alma Tillie Raymond, and the baby? Why, it's Alma's daughter, Ruby Raymond, MY OWN MOTHER! Happy dance all over the library! The only early photo I have of her, and it's with her ancestors… four generations….Needless to say, I have reached out to the submitter, and have a new "cousin," another of Catherine's descendants, and we're arranging a reunion for September. We're both still looking for Kate's parents, but together maybe we'll find them!

Hooray for Salt Lake! Sign me up for next year!

Alas, after many years, Marj and Jim Friestad are stepping down as trip organizers. This is therefore an opportunity for you to volunteer! Twenty rooms are being held for our group at the Plaza Hotel in Salt Lake City for the nights of June 1-7th, 2016. The Plaza is directly adjacent to the Family History Library. SBCGS members can reserve one of the rooms by calling the hotel directly; members also make their own travel arrangements. The tasks of the new organizer would only involve keeping a list of the names of the participants and getting the group together before one or two of the monthly Saturday meetings of the Society to review planning for a visit to the library, especially to help new participants know what to bring. If you are interested in helping to coordinate the trip for 2016, please email Diane Sylvester, (fjordhest@cox.net)

Escape By the Eastern Route

By Gunther Marx

Ernest and Edith Marx with their children Gunther and Inge in Germany about 1930.

THE YEAR WAS 1923, the year of my birth, when Germany suffered its worst inflation ever. It took a wheelbarrow of money to buy a loaf of bread. As the only way to survive, people resorted to bartering. Mainz, the town where I was born, was founded by the Romans around the time of Christ. My father, Ernest, together with his brother, Eugene, owned a brick factory near the southern suburb of Hechtsheim (now incorporated into Mainz).

Politically, there was much turmoil after the end of WWI. The depression exacerbated the poor living conditions for the poorest people who could not find work to put food on the table. Germany was ripe for the Nazi Party, which promised work and food. Once the Nazi party was elected, people of the Jewish faith began looking for refuge in foreign countries. Due to world-wide bad economic conditions at the time, few countries were willing to accept refugees.

Krystallnacht

My own family was, of course, affected as well. The first experience occurred November 9 and 10 of the year 1938, now known infamously as "Krystallnacht," translated "Crystal Night." Even before that event, Jewish students were thrown out of public schools. In our area we had to attend a school in a building attached to the Synagogue in Mainz. On November 10th, as I was on my way to school, I found the Synagogue and the attached building in flames. That was the end of my formal education. Also, during the day a group of Nazis came to the house to force my father to sign a bill of sale to turn over his brick factory to the Nazi party.

The American consulate in Stuttgart was overwhelmed with requests for visas. All they could do under the American quota system was give out numbers. Once my father realized that it was impossible to stay in Germany, he received numbers for American visas, which would give us a chance to come to America, but it would take about two years. That would have meant a very long wait.

Fortunately my maternal grandmother was able to emigrate to New York at a slightly earlier date. Also, my father's brother, Eugene, escaped on Krystallnacht and after a while was able to make his way to Chicago. As luck would have it, there was a possibility of our family being accepted in the Dominican Republic, provided we would pay $500.00 per person, meaning $2,000.00 to cover mother, father, my sister and me. At that time that was a large sum of money. However my grandmother and my uncle were able to raise this amount and make it possible for us to apply for the visas.

It took some time to get the necessary papers to begin our journey. Fortunately, at that time, the Russians had agreed to a new non-aggression pact with the Nazis. Because of that, we were able to get Russian transit visas. We could pay for all our transit expenses in Germany.

The journey begins!

At last, in October of 1940 we were ready to leave our homeland. We were allowed only to take the equivalent of $4.00 per person, and at the last minute, before leaving from Berlin, the Russians kept stalling with the last papers permitting us to travel through the Soviet Union. At 10 o'clock on the night before departure from Tempelhof airport the Russians finally gave us the thumbs up.

The journey began with a flight on a DC3 plane from Berlin to Moscow, with stops in Koenigsberg (now Kaliningrad) and Minsk. In Moscow we stayed at the Hotel Metropol, at the time reputed to be the most luxurious hotel in the Russian capital - if you didn't mind torn sheets and roaches. At last we boarded the Trans-Siberia express train. The carriages were classified as first, second and third class. We had a cubicle

in the first class section with upholstered plush material of 19th century vintage. There seemed to be nothing egalitarian about these classifications. Third class consisted of wooden bunks, which did not look very comfortable. At night the top shelves in our compartment were converted to beds. Most fixtures looked like they had never been modernized since being installed.

My 17th Birthday

I celebrated my 17th birthday on that train. My father sacrificed some of his precious cash for a bottle of wine for celebration. The scenery along the route in Siberia consisted mostly of endless birch trees or aspens, interrupted by small primitive looking villages.

The Hotel Metropol in Moscow about 1934.

We left the train at the town of Manzouli on the border with northern China. At that time the Japanese had occupied that section of China and named the territory Manchukuo. We spent the night in an extremely primitive hotel. We left with souvenirs of bug bites after sleeping on straw pallets. The toilets consisted of holes in the ground. The men who on the evening before embarking in China offered to change our Russian coins into Japanese money, turned out to be officials that checked our credentials in the morning. Well, everybody has to make a living. At that particular border the paperwork was handled in a very informal manner. That lonely outpost was quite a distance from civilization.

The Japanese-run trains were a big contrast to the Russian trains. They were more modern and very clean. We did have to lower the window shades for quite a stretch lest we were spies.

Welcome to China

Our next major stop in Northern China was the town of Harbin. Our group of refugees was welcomed by representatives of the Jewish community - mostly White Russians who had fled the communist revolution. They fed us lunch in their community center. They also offered to help us change our first class train tickets into lower class ones so that we would have some extra change from the refunds.

From Harbin the trip continued to the Korean peninsula. The border town was Antung. From there we went south to the port of Fusan, now called Pusan. The crossing from there to the Japanese island of Honshu was my first experience with seasickness. We disembarked at Shimonoseki. Then a train took us to the port city of Yokohama with an overnight stop in Kobe, where again, the Jewish community made us feel welcome with meals and sleeping accommodations.

On board the Ginyo Maru

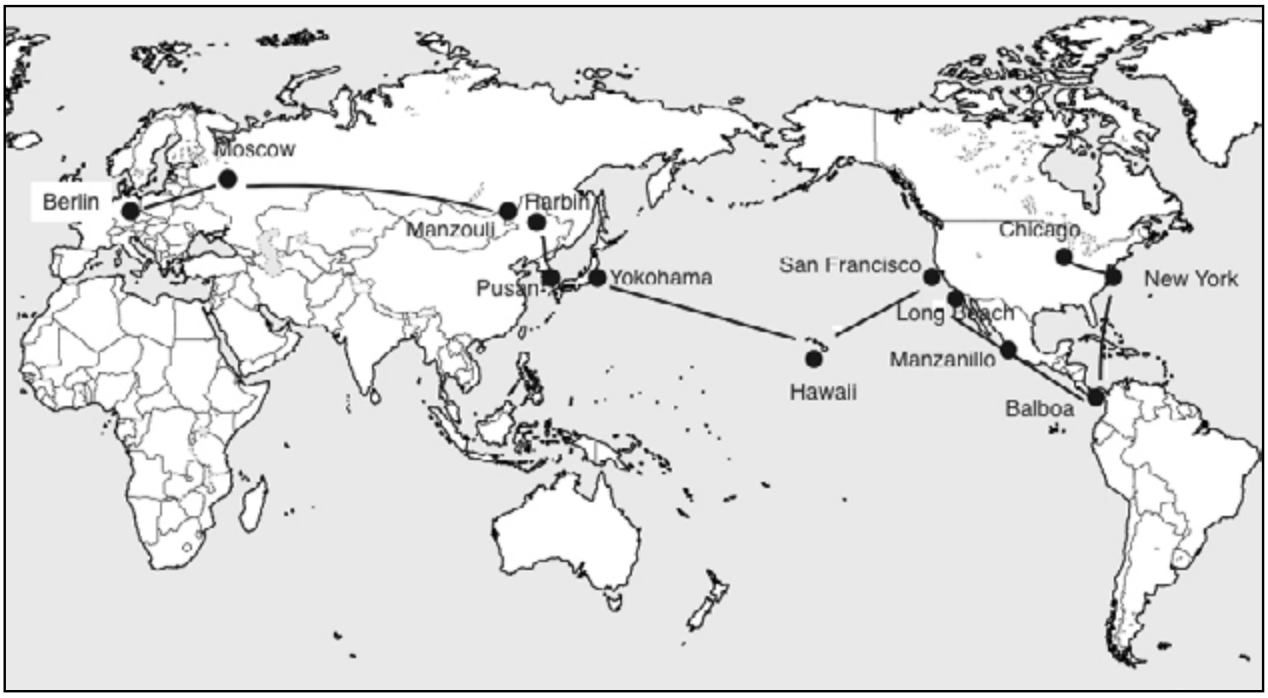
The ship awaiting us in Yokohama was the Ginyo Maru, an 8,000 ton freighter. One of the cargo holds had been converted to accommodate passengers. Since it was quite hot below deck, I spent most nights sleeping on deck. That meant I had to get up around 5 AM, the time the cleaning crew hosed down the deck. Since the bathroom facilities consisted of a square wooden tub filled with water I had the advantage of usually being the first one to bathe in the morning when the water was still clean.

While at sea the weather was pretty rough. My mother was seasick during the entire five weeks of that leg of the trip with the exception of the times we stopped to load or unload cargo. The small size of the ship allowed waves to wash over the deck at times.

The route of the trip took us first to Hawaii. We were not allowed to leave the ship since we were not American citizens. That was sad because we missed seeing some beautiful scenery. The ship stopped in Honolulu and Hilo. It took on copra, which is coconut shells made into sheets for purposes of insulation. After Hawaii we stopped in San Francisco where old friends from Germany met us. The US agent posted at the end of the gangplank was willing to close his eyes so we could visit with our friends at the bottom of the gangplank.

Our next stop was Long Beach and then Manzanillo, Mexico, which at that time was just a small fishing village. Next stop was La Union in the republic of El Salvador. We finally arrived in Balboa, the Panamanian port on the Pacific side.

The plan was to continue on to our final destination, the Dominican Republic. For reasons unknown to me, we were unable to get passage. Finally, we were able to stay temporarily in Panama City.



The route the Marx family travelled by plane, train, ship and bus from Berlin, Germany to Chicago, Illinois, October 1940 through May 1941.

We found housing in the suburb of Rio Abajo. Since there was no air conditioning many of the homes were built with open space underneath and living quarters on the second floor. The space below was pleasant after sundown. We all gathered for meals and after work there were stories told about the day's experiences. My sister got a job working as a waitress at Elvi's Ranchito, a restaurant located at the end of the road along the Panama Canal. At her job my sister met a man originally from Romania, via Venezuela. After a whirlwind courtship, they married.

April 1941 we sail to the United States!

My new brother-in-law, Carlos, was able to get permission for the family to spend more time in Panama and thus get us on a Panamanian quota to obtain earlier entry into the United States. By April 1941 we secured passage on a Grace Line cruise ship, which took us through the canal with a stop in Barranquilla, Columbia and then to New York.

Once we arrived in New York, we were welcomed by my grandmother who lived in Washington Heights, a section where many German Jewish refugees had settled. We found temporary quarters in a house owned by HIAS (Hebrew Immigration Aid Society) where we also got our meals. We stayed there for about four weeks. It was April 1941 and we had the privilege of participating at a Seder conducted by well-known Rabbi Steven Weiss.

Finally, we were able to secure Greyhound bus tickets, paid for by our sponsor, Sig Straus, who lived in Cincinnati. The destination was Chicago where my uncle, Eugene, and his family had settled.

We arrived in Chicago in May 1941. My uncle secured an apartment next to his. It made things easier, since we were able to communicate in the German language. I decided to at least finish the three years of high school, which were denied me in Germany. By the summer of 1942 I received a draft notice, which would have cut short my education. I was advised to petition the draft board for deferment until graduation. That was granted. Since I was able to skip a year of school it was possible to graduate in June 1943. So as soon as schooling was finished I found myself in the army.

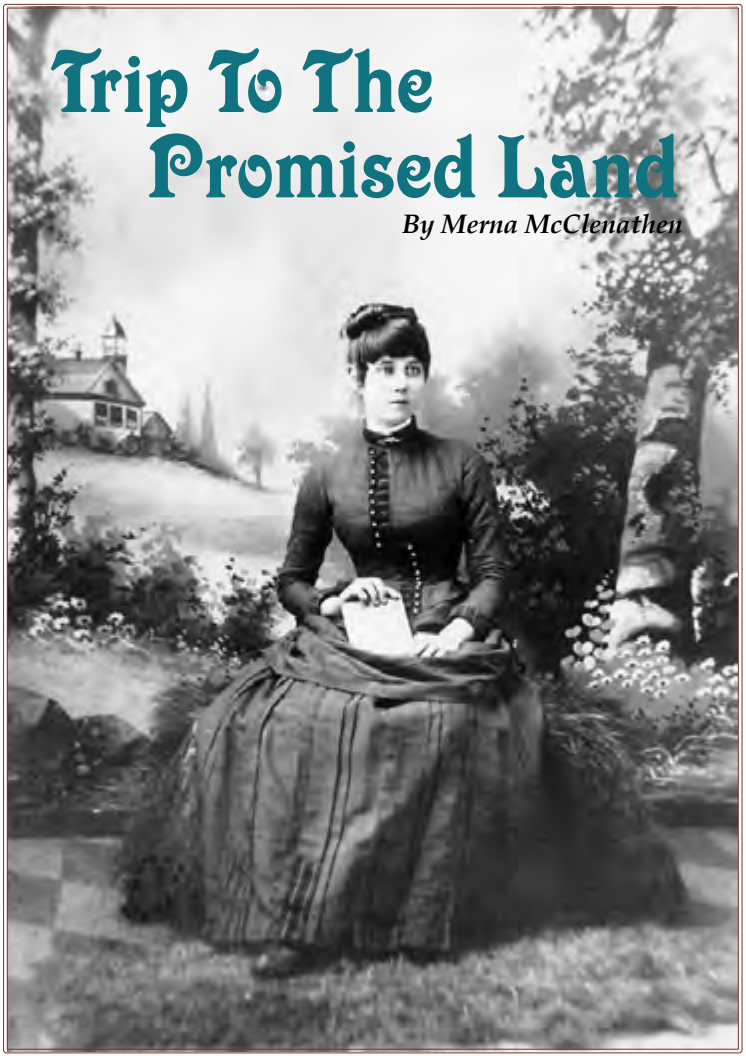
Basic training was at camp McQuade near Watsonville, CA. It had been a CCC camp that was converted to a coast artillery training camp. While at camp McQuade, a notice came that I was to be sworn in as a U.S. citizen in San Francisco, CA. That experience was one of the highlights of my life.

Observations over the years have proven that no matter where you are in the world you find people who behave in the same patterns: "the good, the bad and the ugly." It is a matter of choice to look for the beauty in nature, take pleasure in relationships with good humor and good feelings. Practice the good part of any religion and don't let prejudice cloud your day. Show kindness to your neighbors and follow the Ten Commandments.

Gunther Marx *traveled around the world going east to wind up in the USA, and to complete the circle he was invited in 1993 by the town of Mainz for a week of reminiscence and sightseeing. During his service in the U.S. Army he travelled around the world in the opposite direction! He is now retired after 47 years in the jewelry business in Chicago. His cousin by marriage, Barbara Marx, is a member of the SBCGS.*

Trip To The Promised Land

By Merna McClenathen



Margaret Robertson McKeand (1868-1948) in about 1890. She apprenticed as a dressmaker and was an amazing seamstress. She may have made the dress she is wearing.

IN 1869 MY GRANDMOTHER, Margaret Robertson McKeand, traveled by wagon from her home in Springdale in Dane County, Wisconsin, to a homestead near Stockham in Hamilton County, Nebraska. Unfortunately she was unable to tell me her personal recollections about this trip. She was only 13 months old at that time!

Granny died when I was 14 years old and, regrettably, in keeping with the old saying that genealogists never ask questions of people until they are no longer living, I hadn't asked her about details she had been told about the trip. I had questions about how long it took, what route they followed, how they crossed the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, who traveled with them, and on and on. My mother and uncle told me stories of what they had heard as they were growing up, but with none of the details. I had resigned myself to the fact I might never have the answers.

Imagine my delight when, during a visit to the "Plainsman Museum" in Aurora, Nebraska (the county seat of Hamilton County), I found an old newspaper article that described the trip in great detail and gave me the answers to most of my questions. Further, the following article made my granny's trip come alive in my mind as I pictured this little band of settlers making their way across the prairie to their personal "promised land."

THE TRAIL INTO NEBRASKA - 1869

As told to Mrs. Lila Collins Crounse of McCool by her uncle, W.E. Collins (From newspaper article, date and place unknown)

"And now had come the great day. *The day long looked forward to when we were to set out upon our great adventure. Surely Christopher Columbus had little on us when he started out upon uncharted seas, for were not we to embark upon a perilous voyage? True, a brave little band of four boys from our neighborhood had 'blazed the trail' two years before by starting for the same goal to which we were bound.*

In the opinion of some, and rightly so, a land peopled only by savages and herds of buffalo and other wild animals, to quote the geographies of that day, "The Great American Desert," a land where nothing grew or ever could grow. But to us the land of promise. In other words, Nebraska. Even the very name thrilled us. After an exciting six weeks of preparation we were at last to make the glorious start.

In our band were seven sturdy, lighthearted and dauntless young fellows. Jack Stewart who had two teams with wagon and spring wagon, Roland Shepard with team and wagon, Jim McCann [my great-grandfather James McKeand] who was accompanied by his wife [Rachel Henderson McKeand] and little family [children James Jr, Alexander, and Margaret Robertson McKeand], Alex Steward, Bill Young, George Proud and myself. Dear old companions. Only Roland Shepard who is now in Belleville, Wis., and I are now living. The others have made the last great adventure and are perhaps now pioneering in another land . . who knows?

Even today that glorious morning, November 3, 1869 stands on bright in my memory. We gathered at a country store about two miles west of Verona, Wis., and I was only able to make the trip because Jack Stewart had two teams and I could make myself useful by driving one of them.

I had been helping to farm my mother's place during the summer and when settling up time came then was not a great deal to settle and I who asked for little, got even less than that. But that was nothing to worry over. In that respect I was only little less fortunate than the others of our party. To paraphrase Harry Lauder, we never had much money, but we always had lots of fun.

To be sure I was not entirely without funds. I had a few dollars and an uncle who had profited by my summer's labor had a change of heart at the last and came to me several times during the day with a dollar or half a dollar so was really getting rich. I stopped at Dodgeville, Wis., about thirty miles on our journey to say good bye to Aunt Katie Thompson. She seemed by some supernatural power to sense my financial condition. "Willie", said she, "have you plenty of money?"

Oh, yes, Aunt Katie, I have a lot of money," I declared, and I believed it true. She disappeared into her bedroom and come out with a five dollar bill which she pressed into my

hand. I was astounded and declared I never could use so much money. "Just put it into your pocketbook Willie," said Aunt Katie. Pocketbook! I never had one. Seldom had I ever had need for such a thing and surely I'd never spend all I had to get one and then have nothing left to put in it. Much after the manner of the old man of Arkansas who needed no roof until it rained then found it a little inconvenient to acquire the roof.

Again Aunt Katie disappeared into her bedroom and came out with a pocketbook into which she put my money. Dear old Aunt Katie. She knew more of the ways of the world than I did. My heart was as light as thistledown which is ever the way with youth. And I sadly fear my head was about as light.

Our trip thru Wisconsin was thru a rugged, wooded but beautiful country, but was rather uneventful, but when we reached the Mississippi river I was awed by the beauty and grandeur of the bluffs on the west side. We crossed the Father of Waters at Dubuque and entered into Iowa for our long drive across the state. Here we began to experience some of the hardships which were to be ours. And again like Columbus, we found we had set sail in rather unseaworthy craft. McCann [McKeand], who had the dignity of having a house built on his wagon, found that he had constructed it rather poorly, for seldom did a day pass when he was not compelled to cut one or more saplings to brace his sagging roof.

Then, too, my wagon had a canvas top but no side coverings whatever and never have I traveled in so cold a place. Across the entire state of Iowa we were discomforted by a bitter, cold wind and rough and at times almost impassable roads. I was forced many times to leave my wagon and walk beside my team on account of the stinging chill. Until we arrived at Des Moines we passed thru towns frequently so that we could buy provisions as we needed them, but after leaving Des Moines we would travel for a half day without seeing a settlement.

Vast tracts of unsettled land stretched on either hand as far as the eye could see, but we spurred on partly by wanderlust and lured by our own great imaginations had no thought of stopping. For were we not bound for Nebraska? At last we arrived at the Big Muddy. Night was coming down and a cold, chilly night was evident. We spied the ferryboat coming from the opposite side and our hearts sang. We would soon cross into Nebraska.

Upon his arrival we were told by the captain that he had made his last trip for the season and was ready to tie up for the winter. We could not have our hopes thus dashed and we begged the captain to take us across. He was adamant, and declared that the slush ice on the west side made it impossible for a landing. We were equally insistent that we be taken across and he finally consented only with the provision that we take our own chance on getting ashore.

There was a large amount of lumber lying about and we fell to and loaded up all that could be taken and upon our arrival at the west shore we were enabled to make the landing. Here, the road cut into the bluff and following the river was so steep we were forced to unhitch our horses and lead them one by one to the top - then lift our wagons by manpower. By much heaving, shoving and blocking of wheels this was finally accomplished. Then as we followed the bluff - the pounding and crashing of the slush ice in the river below so frightened our horses that one man was forced to walk between the team and the bluff.

"Then as we followed the bluff - the pounding and crashing of the slush ice in the river below so frightened our horses that one man was forced to walk between the team and the bluff."

However, we arrived in Nebraska City, found food and shelter and were ready for rest by midnight. We stayed in Nebraska City a day and a half. After all our troubles and hardships in arriving, Nebraska, as if in answer to our fond hopes, had put on her most beautiful Indiana summer mood. The skies were beautifully bright and clear, the air soft and balmy and we truly felt as if we were in a paradise.

We came on thru Lincoln which was then a small village, Thence on to the little Blue river, fifty miles west of Lincoln, and on November 27, 1869, in the afternoon, we drew up at the bachelor home of our friends and brothers who had made the trip two years before. My brother, John Collins, and Tom Stewart, brother of Jack, were at the home to greet us. And such a reunion, such rejoicing as was theirs and ours. Such recounting of events, such asking and answering of questions. There was scant time for sleep that night but nothing mattered, our trip was over, our harts (sic) were glad, hardships, trials, sacrifices were forgotten.

Happiness, high hopes, bright visions were ours for we had arrived. We were in Nebraska."

So, after reading the newspaper article I know this small wagon train group of seven young men, along with my great-grandfather's family of five, spent twenty-four days traveling a distance of approximately 550 miles. They averaged about twenty-three miles a day. Today this trip would take roughly eight hours driving on modern highways. Instead of by ferryboat, the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers could be crossed going over wide bridges. How surprised my ancestors would be to find out how quickly we travel that distance today!

My family has passed down stories that my great-grandfather endured a great deal of "razzing" from the other men about the wooden "house" he had constructed on his wagon, turning it into an early version of an RV. Each evening, he was kept busy re-nailing the boards that had worked themselves loose on the bumpy, rutted trail. However, when they arrived at their final destination, they saw there were no trees suitable for building material anywhere. My crafty grandfather did have the last laugh, though, as he was able to disassemble his little "house" into a good stack of usable lumber. This wood was then used to reinforce the sides of the little dugout in the river bank where the family spent their first winter, and first Christmas, in Nebraska.

"Well we have had a pretty hard time for a while and are in a hell of a shape just now."
Leroy Benshoof, in a letter to his parents, 31 May 1909.

The Benshoofs Go West and Then the Cyclone Hit

By Bob Bason

The Leroy Benshoof family in their new two-room sod shanty, built after the cyclone destroyed their first one.

IT BEGAN AS A WONDERFUL NEW START, as many ideas do. The government had just amended the original Homestead Act of 1862, and now farmers could get up to 320 acres of land if they continuously cultivated it for agricultural crops.

In Grant County, in eastern South Dakota, the news hit the Benshoof boys like a thunderstorm. The land there had all been taken by earlier settlers. They wanted their own piece of the American dream, and this was now their chance. They had successfully operated one of the first steam threshing machines in South Dakota and they knew just what to do. Roy and his younger brother Guy would leave Revillo, South Dakota, and their rented farms, and go west to the new land that had just opened up. They would each get a piece to homestead and then others would join them. It was a grand idea. Everyone was thinking about it, but they would do it.

The biggest hitch was Roy's family. He and his wife Nellie had five children, with another on the way. But it would be all right. Nellie and the children would stay with Roy's mother and father on their farm. She would come as soon as the baby was old enough and Roy had built a home.

They Would Work Hard....Make Something of the Land

In late 1908, Roy, Guy, and a young neighbor, John Gearman, took off in a wagon with what they thought they would need - tools, some lumber, clothing and the barest number of personal amenities. They could get everything else they needed later. The drive across South Dakota was beautiful and exciting. A whole new world was opening up to them. They would have their own land; no more renting. They would work hard. They would make something of the land. It would produce wheat. They could raise their families by their own hard labor.

The land they found was several miles south of the nearest town of Lemmon, in Perkins County, in the northwest corner of South Dakota, bordering North Dakota and only one county away from Montana. It bore the hopeful name of Chance Township. They staked out the land, filed their claim with the government authorities and got to work turning the sod and "proving" their claim.

The first thing to be done was to build a house – or, in treeless western South Dakota, a sod shanty. Lumber was scarce and expensive and was only used for window frames, doors and ceiling rafters. The house was

not much – only one room – but it was a beginning, a home. Things could be added later.

That first winter of 1908 was a cold one for Roy, alone in his sod shanty. The winds were fierce and the snow deep. But, in February he received the good news that his new son, Oliver Worth, had been born, and all was well back East. Soon his family could join him and they would all be together again.

The Family Arrives In Chance

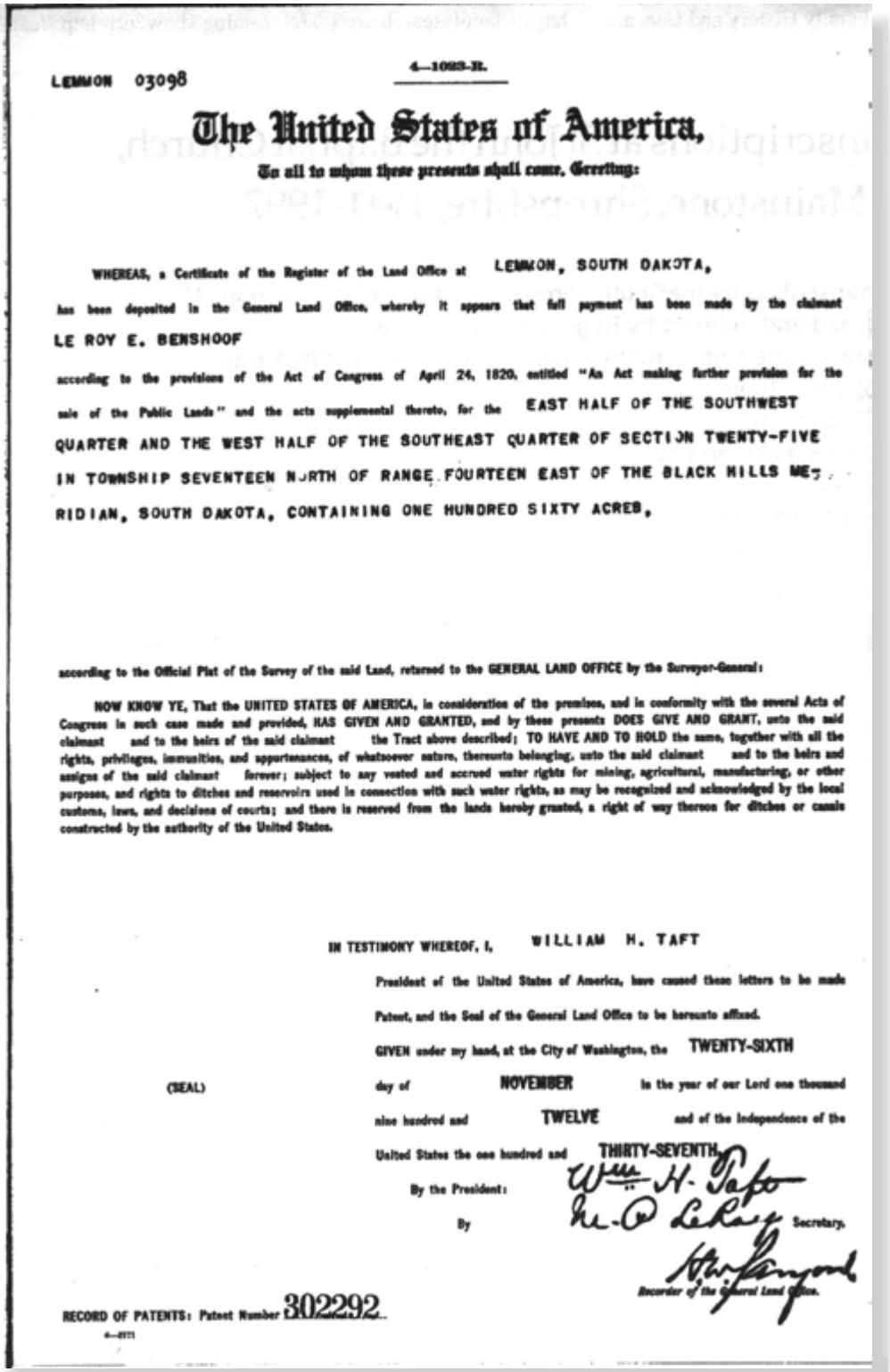
In the Spring he planted his first real crops and prayed that rain would come in sufficient quantity to water and sustain them. In the meantime, Nellie was packing up the family's belongings for their trip west. Mack, the oldest boy, was nine and he could help some. Guy, a year younger, trailed behind his brother. Then came Lee Roy, age six; their little sister, Addie, who was four; Howard, only two and still in diapers; and, finally, their new baby, Oliver.

When all was ready, the family gathered at the train station in Milbank to send Nellie and the children on their way west, loaded down with all their clothing and boxes of household items – pictures, mirrors, dishes, bedding, even a crate of chickens. Amidst much shouting and hilarity, they were met at the other end of their trip by their father and uncle, who piled everyone into the buckboard and drove them to their new sod home.

The children ran wildly around the new land, while the parents settled into their routines. "Watch out for the rattlesnakes," Nellie would call after them as they headed for the buttes. Just making meals for eight was enough to keep Nellie busy, but there was also the matter trying to keep a house clean that was made out of dirt, trying to keep five little children clean who were playing in the dirt, to say nothing of their clothes. Education was something that was put on the back burner.

Meanwhile, Roy hooked up the horses to the plow and walked along behind, turning over the new sod, getting the land ready for planting. There was fencing to be put up. They needed a chicken shed but, with no wood at hand, Roy just dug a large hole in the ground and covered it. The vegetables needed to be tended when Nellie couldn't get to it.

For the cold nights, the children would gather buffalo chips, stuffing them into a bag slung over a cow pony's back for the kitchen stove. The chips made a surprisingly good fire - and they were free. Money was a terrifying problem. They had saved up the smallest of nest eggs back in Milbank and it was dwindling quickly



LEMMON 03098

4—1062—H.

The United States of America,

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

WHEREAS, a Certificate of the Register of the Land Office at LEMMON, SOUTH DAKOTA, has been deposited in the General Land Office, whereby it appears that full payment has been made by the claimant LE ROY E. BENSHOOF according to the provisions of the Act of Congress of April 24, 1820, entitled "An Act making further provision for the sale of the Public Lands" and the acts supplemental thereto, for the EAST HALF OF THE SOUTHWEST QUARTER AND THE WEST HALF OF THE SOUTHEAST QUARTER OF SECTION TWENTY-FIVE IN TOWNSHIP SEVENTEEN NORTH OF RANGE FOURTEEN EAST OF THE BLACK HILLS MERIDIAN, SOUTH DAKOTA, CONTAINING ONE HUNDRED SIXTY ACRES,

according to the Official Plat of the Survey of the said Land, returned to the GENERAL LAND OFFICE by the Surveyor-General:

NOW KNOW YE, That the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in consideration of the premises, and in conformity with the several Acts of Congress in such case made and provided, HAS GIVEN AND GRANTED, and by these presents DOES GIVE AND GRANT, unto the said claimant and to the heirs of the said claimant the Tract above described; TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the same, together with all the rights, privileges, immunities, and appurtenances, of whatsoever nature, thereunto belonging, unto the said claimant and to the heirs and assigns of the said claimant forever; subject to any vested and accrued water rights for mining, agricultural, manufacturing, or other purposes, and rights to ditches and reservoirs used in connection with such water rights, as may be recognized and acknowledged by the local customs, laws, and decisions of courts; and there is reserved from the lands hereby granted, a right of way thereon for ditches or canals constructed by the authority of the United States.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I, WILLIAM H. TAFT President of the United States of America, have caused these letters to be made Patent, and the Seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed.

GIVEN under my hand, at the City of Washington, the TWENTY-SIXTH day of NOVEMBER in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and TWELVE and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and THIRTY-SEVENTH.

(SEAL)

By the President:

By Wm. H. Taft

Secretary.

Recorder of the General Land Office.

RECORD OF PATENTS: Patent Number 302292

The land grant to Leroy Benshoof for 160 acres near Lemmon, South Dakota, signed on behalf of President William H. Taft.

as they bought supplies and seed. If they could get a good crop in the ground and make it through the first harvest they would be all right. If not, well, better not to think about that.

It was a clear, bright day that Thursday when the entire family drove north to Lemmon, the nearest town. They picked up the mail at the post office, bought seeds, both for the vegetable garden and for the newly-plowed fields, and a load of food. It was a joyous ride home, full of fun and laughter.

When they awoke on Friday, the sky was clouded over, a dull gray. Rain was on its way. That night they settled in for a wet night. Nellie and Roy had a bed, the baby had a cradle and the other six children were fitted out with warm pallets. By 9:30 they were all asleep.

A Letter From Chance

Chance, S. D. *May 29.*

Dear folks:

I will drop you a few lines this morning as we are all alive to tell the tale, we was sweep off the face of the earth last night. Of corss we aught to be Thankful that we are all alive and diden't eny of us get hurt. we was hit with a cyclone and tore our house all to peaces, and distroyed every thing that we got, and burnt some things up. we was all in bed when it hit us, and there wasen't eny of us got dressed. it hit us about 10 oclock, and after it quit Howling we went to the chicken house and we was lucky to have some little place to get in till it was over some. we stayed in there till about 11 and Roy went over to one of the neighbors and got him to come over and help us get over there with the kids and we was all played out when we got there. it was about a mile to walk. and it started to rain again before we got there....I tell you it was awfful to see things going the way they did. you dident know what minute some thing was going to hit you

From daughter. Nellie B."

They were all alive, but virtually everything they had was gone or ruined. Of the groceries that they had gotten the day before, "there wasint hardley enything left to eat. flouer and sugar and all such things was wet." The seeds that were so desperately needed were all "planted on the prairy." Nellie had little hope for her chickens: "I expect they are all drounded by this time." Roy found her copper boiler "about a quarter of a mile from the house all smashed to peaces." In her own words, things could hardly be worse: "I tell you it is hard luck. We have both been working hard to keep things agoing and then have it distroyed like this. with a lot of little one to feed and clothe and home distroyed. only ten cents to your name left. I tell you it is discurging."

Bob Bason with his cousin, Dorothy (Benshoof) Wendland (age 99), the last child born in the sod house in Chance, South Dakota.

With almost unbelievable tenacity, the little family rebuilt - this time a two-room sod shanty with two windows, but no floor - and they hung on for two more years on their homestead. In April, 1911, a baby girl was born and two weeks later they decided that homesteading was not for them. They packed their family and meager possessions into a covered wagon and, trailing a couple of cows, headed back home. They reached Lake Kampeska on the 4th of July, celebrated the independence of our nation and the birth of a colt. Continuing their journey, several of the children had to walk behind the wagon so that the colt could ride.

That last little girl to be born in the sod house on the prairie lived to age ninety-nine and kept the memories of her family alive: "Even though we were always terribly poor, we were always a happy and loving family."

Leroy Benshoof (1877-1917) and Nellie (Freestone) Benshoof (1879-1932) are Bob Bason's aunt and uncle.They are both buried in Grandview Cemetery, Gary, Deuel, South Dakota.

***Bob Bason**, a former president of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, began doing genealogy when he "inherited" 300 letters from his relatives dated from 1840 to 1910. Today he has over 15,000 relatives on his public ancestry. com tree, as well as 3,000 family pictures. He and his wife, Carol, now split their retirement years between Montecito, California and Grafton, Vermont.*

Full circle: searching for mementos from an historic "round the world" bicycle ride

By David V. Herlihy

THE *ROUND TRIP* EXHIBITION, currently at the Asia Society in Houston, features over forty photographs of Asia Minor taken in 1891 with an early Kodak camera by two American "round the world" cyclists: William Sachtleben and Thomas G. Allen, Jr. The original nitrate negatives are held by UCLA Special Collections and are part of the Sachtleben Collection, which includes almost 400 images from the bicycle tour, along with numerous papers relating to that cyclist, many having to do with the plight of Armenians under Ottoman rule.

Almost as remarkable as the collection itself is the "back story," that is, how this collection came to reside at UCLA. As the guest curator of *Round Trip*, I naturally asked that question. But I quickly discovered that very little was known about the collection's provenance, other than that it was allegedly salvaged from a bonfire in Houston in the 1960s and donated by one Jean Zakarian of Carpinteria, California in the early 1980s (Zakarian died in 2001, so I could not interview her directly). With the help of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Historical Society, however, I was able to piece together the entire story, which I will relate here.

First, though, let me explain how I learned about the Sachtleben collection in the first place, and how the *Round Trip* exhibition came about.

In 2009, I was putting the final touches on my book *The Lost Cyclist*, a non-fiction work about Frank Lenz, a forgotten cycling pioneer who helped to spark the great bicycle boom of the 1890s. In May 1892, young Lenz set off from his home in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to circle the globe on a new-fangled "safety" bicycle with inflatable tires, the prototype of the present day vehicle.

Another period cyclist, William Sachtleben, also interested me since he was the one *Outing Magazine* (Lenz's sponsor) would send to Turkey in 1895 to search for Lenz, after the latter disappeared there two years into his journey. A famous wheelman himself, Sachtleben, of Alton, Illinois, had already completed his own "round the world" ride with a fellow graduate of Washington University in St. Louis, Thomas G. Allen, Jr. (I chronicled their trip as well in *The Lost Cyclist*.)

When I was researching the book, I would periodically plug "Sachtleben" into Google books to see if any new leads appeared. One day I stumbled on a reference to the book *Armenian Karin/Erzerum*, published in 2003. The online snippet suggested that UCLA had a substantial collection of papers relating to Sachtleben. Naturally, I was eager to find out more. After I obtained a copy of the actual book, I found a chapter by Gia Aivazian, then a cataloguer at UCLA's Special Collections, alluding to the "back story" and giving a detailed breakdown of the collection.

Thomas Allen and William Sachtleben on the bicycles they used to circle the globe.

The chapter opens as follows:

"In the 1960s, a man was driving along one of the residential streets of Houston Texas, when he noticed a rather strange sight in front of a house. A bonfire was raging in the yard, and a workman was tossing boxes filled with unwanted things from an attic window into the fire. As the driver slowed down to watch, he saw one box fall away from the fire and its contents spill all around. These seemed to be sheaves of paper and photographs. Being a photography buff, he stopped the car to see what was in the box. …Excited, he asked the workman if he could have them and upon receiving an affirmative response he rewarded the workman and took off with the rescued box."

Aivazian went on to describe the collection, noting, among other elements, the hundreds nitrate negatives of unknown content (they were then in storage), several diaries from the bicycle ride, and numerous papers relating to Sachtleben's trip to Turkey to search for Lenz. Aivazian also stated that the collection wound up in the hands of Jean Zakarian, who, at Aivazian's behest, ultimately donated the materials to UCLA.

I promptly contacted UCLA Special Collections to ask to see the collection. I was informed, however, that, with the exception of the nitrate negatives, all the

papers remained in Aivazian's personal possession. After several futile trips to Los Angeles, I was able to consult the papers at the library, where they were at last consigned.

Especially intriguing to me was a tiny diary packed with miniscule cursive lines. Written by Sachtleben in early 1891, it chronicled the winter he and Allen spent in Athens while preparing for their epic ride across Asia. In vivid detail, he recounted both the routine (e.g. visits to cafes) and the sensational (such as the elaborate funeral of Heinrich Schliemann, who discovered Troy).

Sachtleben also described a colorful cast of characters that came into their lives, such as Seropé Gürdjian, an Armenian rebel who had just been expelled from Constantinople, and Winnie Manatt, the winsome daughter of the American consul who plucked Sachtleben's heart strings. These revelations offered tremendous insights into a primary character in my book.

Sachtleben's bicycle in Constantinople with the famed Hagia Sophia in the background.

One question, however, still dogged me: what exactly did the hundreds of nitrate negatives in storage entail? Since no known set of prints existed, and they had yet to be scanned, one could only guess. I was fairly certain, however, that they must be scenes from Sachtleben's own "round the world" bicycle ride, because I knew that Allen and Sachtleben, at the start of their journey in London, had obtained Kodak cameras, which used this same sort of film.

Simon Elliott, UCLA Special Collections photo archivist, informed me that on account of the fragile and combustible state of the negatives, they would have to be sent to a special laboratory for scanning. He warned me that it might be years before the library obtained the means to digitize this collection. Although I realized that I would not have access to these images in time for my book, I remained eager to see what these negatives would ultimately reveal and did my best to encourage UCLA to give this collection priority consideration.

Finally, about two years ago, Elliott informed me that the scanning process was underway. Once again the results proved worth my persistence. As it turned out, the images were indeed from the "round the world" bicycle ride. Curiously, however, they spanned only one year, 1891, of the three-year journey, when the cyclists migrated from Athens, Greece, to Tashkent, Uzbekistan. What had happened to the negatives previously taken in Europe or subsequently in China? Had they literally gone up in smoke?

At any rate, the circular black and white images in hand were, for the most part, remarkably crisp and well composed. Moreover, each negative had been enclosed in a small envelope with Sachtleben's detailed notes scrawled on the outside, enabling me to discern where the photographs were taken and precisely what they depicted.

Despite the gaps, this was clearly a remarkable collection of images. I approached Sebastian Clough, the exhibitions director at UCLA's Fowler Museum, offering to guest curate an exhibition of select images for the museum. Clough responded enthusiastically, and in December 2014, *Round Trip* opened, featuring forty-three images scanned from the original negatives and reproduced at 20" diameter, rather than the original negative diameter of 3.5", for better viewing. Divided into four sections, they fairly equally represent the territories the cyclists crossed that year: Greece, Turkey, Persia, and the Russian Empire.

As I was preparing the exhibition, however, another question still haunted me: who was the individual who allegedly saved the Sachtleben Collection a half-century ago? I reasoned that he might still be alive, and if so, he could provide the full "back story" that I could relate in conjunction with the exhibition.

Aivazian's account, though sketchy, seemed most remarkable. And it had a ring of truth to it. Sachtleben, after all, had settled in Houston around 1912 to manage the Majestic Theater and lived there almost until his death in 1953. So it seemed quite plausible that his papers wound up in Houston, especially if the old house in question had been his former residence.

One big problem, though: without knowing the name of the rescuer, or his connection to the donor, I had very little to go on. And not only was the donor deceased, she also did not appear to have any direct living relatives who might be in a position to shed some light on the matter.

I pressed Aivazian for any more information she might have. At last, I learned an important clue: the man in question was the donor's ex-husband. If I could find a record of his marriage to Jean Zakarian, I would learn his name.

I managed to find an electronic record of the Zakarian's estate, which listed several trustees. One of those individuals, Liz Mann, appeared to be living in Carpinteria, so I called the number I found on the

Internet. When the recipient confirmed that she was in fact the individual I was looking for, I asked Liz if she had known Jean Zakarian. Yes, she confirmed, Jean had been a neighbor. I asked her if she knew the name of Jean's former husband. Liz could recall only that his first name was Paul. She confirmed, however, that he was from Texas so I was confident that I was on the right track.

Liz also gave me some helpful background information. Paul was Jean's second husband, her first husband, an Armenian American named George Zakarian, having pre-deceased her. Jean married Paul in the late 1970s, and moved to Texas to live with him, but retained her home in Carpinteria. The marriage did not last long, and within a few years Jean was divorced and back in her home in Carpinteria.

At that point I figured I had enough information to enlist the help of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society to find out Paul's full name. Dorothy Oksner promptly answered my email and offered to consult city directories and court records for clues.

The initial search, however, failed to find any trace of Paul. Though the result was disappointing, it was not entirely unexpected. I could not be sure, after all, that Paul and Jean were married or divorced in the county of Santa Barbara.

William Sachtleben rides his bicycle through the Acropolis. The guards allowed the bicycles in the ancient monument after being promised riding lessons.

Dorothy then enlisted the help of a friend, Mary Mamalakis, an expert in Greek genealogy, in hopes that Mary might be able to find helpful information from a local Greek or Armenian church. Although that line of inquiry proved equally fruitless, Mary found information about the extended Zakarian family that would yield important results.

On November 13, 2014 Mary sent me digital copies of several newspaper articles from the early 1970s citing Jean Zakarian and her then-husband George. Published in the *California Courier of Fresno* (which has a large Armenian community), the articles noted that the Zakarians were staying in Honolulu, Hawaii at the home of George's cousin Beatrice Cahoon.

Figuring that Jean's in-laws from her first marriage might know the name of her second husband, I attempted to contact Mrs. Cahoon, who appeared to be still living in Honolulu. Although I failed to reach her, I did manage to connect electronically with her daughter Dana.

Dana confirmed that Jean had married a Paul after having married her uncle George, but she did not give me a last name. She added that she was not in contact with Paul, and indeed had heard rumors to the effect that he had died a few years back. Her information was not entirely disappointing, however. Dana revealed to me that Jean had not, in fact, given all her Sachtleben-related papers to UCLA. And when Jean realized that she was dying, she gave the remaining materials to Dana, who still had them in her possession.

This was most intriguing news indeed, but I was not quite ready to give up the quest to find Paul's identify. After all, he may have kept some of the collection himself, for all I knew, and perhaps that material had wound up with his relatives.

Once again, Mary came through for me. She found a document on Ancestry.com that had eluded me, but one that seemed most promising: A 1981 divorce record from Texas between Paul Montague, Jr. and "Jean Z.", ending a two-year marriage. I could not be certain that this was the right couple, but the data certainly fit the known parameters.

Encouraged, I searched online for a Paul Montague, Jr. Much to my surprise, I discovered a man with that name living in Blanco, Texas, about an hour outside of Austin. Moreover, he appeared to be in his eighties, the right age for my man.

I was fairly confident that this individual was the one that I was looking for. Rather than give him a cold call, however, I thought it might be better to see if I could find a younger family member who could confirm that I was on the right track before I approached Paul directly.

I found a recent obituary online for Paul's sister. It listed Paul's four children as survivors, including a daughter Meredith living in the Boston area, my base. I decided to try to contact Meredith. I could not find an email address for her online, but I did find an email address for a man who appeared to be her husband. So I emailed him and explained my project.

A few days later, I heard back from Meredith's husband, and he confirmed that his father-in-law was indeed the individual that I was looking for. Meredith then emailed me directly, and told be that she had briefed her father about my project. Although Meredith herself had not been aware of the Sachtleben papers,

her father confirmed the story and told her that he would be happy to hear from me.

I immediately called Paul and found that he had clear and vivid memories of the rescue operation in Houston all those years ago. After I requested a face-to-face interview, Paul graciously invited me to his ranch, and on December 10, 2014, just days before Round Trip opened at the Fowler, I flew to Austin. My friend William Hudson drove me to Paul's home in Blanco and recorded the interview.

Paul confirmed the gist of Aivazian's account, but he also clarified key details. He explained that he was living in Houston in the mid-1960s. One day in 1966, driving down a residential road near downtown Houston, he noticed a demolition site. Workmen were gradually tearing down an old home, and extracting the valuable lumber from the frame, selling it curbside. Having an occasional need for lumber for various construction projects, Paul would stop by the site from time to time to replenish his supply of wood.

On one such occasion, while waiting his turn in the lumber line, Paul looked up at the old house and noticed a workman behind a dormer, holding a small valise. The man pitched it out the window toward a bonfire raging in the backyard where the crew was incinerating unwanted materials such as wallpaper. The valise missed its target and broke open once it hit the ground. Out spewed a number of old photographs. Paul, a photography and history buff, sensed that the contents could be of some interest. So he bolted from the line toward a workman on ground level who had begun to grab fistfuls of the material to toss into the bonfire.

After quickly examining the materials and satisfying himself that they were indeed worth salvaging, Paul reached into his pocket and pulled out all he had— a $20 bill. The workman accepted the payoff and allowed Paul to collect the valise and the remaining materials.

Paul did not know whose mementos these were, but he reasoned that they must have belonged to a reporter who had spent time in Armenia around the turn of the century, judging from the gritty photos of a mass burial in the aftermath of a massacre. He also noted photos that appeared to have been taken during the Klondike gold rush (though he was unaware of the bicycle images on the dark negatives). Having a busy life and no access to the Internet at the time, Paul never dug deeper into the matter and simply stored the valise in his own attic.

Years later when Paul remarried, he retrieved the collection to show it to his new wife, Jean Zakarian. He knew that she had an interest in Armenia, having previously married an Armenian-American. Jean did indeed find the materials captivating, so much so that when her marriage to Paul ended, she took the entire collection with her. The two agreed that it meant more to her than it did to him.

Shortly thereafter, Aivazian learned about Jean's collection through mutual contacts at an Armenian church in the Los Angeles area. Finding the material of historical importance, Aivazian persuaded Jean to donate at least a portion of it to UCLA. UCLA, in turn, has now scanned a number of the documents from its Sachtleben Collection in addition to the photos to encourage scholarly inquiries.

On January 11, 2015, with *Round Trip* installed at UCLA's Fowler Museum, I was pleased to show the audience a portion of my interview with Paul, in which he recounted this amazing rescue story. About five months later, I gave a similar lecture at the Asia Society-Texas Center, where the exhibition runs through this September. Ironically, the photos are now displayed just a few blocks from the demolition site where Paul rescued those negatives decades ago (and, yes, it seems that the doomed house was indeed Sachtleben's old residence at 4819 San Jacinto Street).

I am pleased that the exhibition will travel to Washington University in St. Louis (the alma mater of Allen and Sachtleben) in the fall of 2015, and I hope that it will continue to travel during 2016.

Obviously, this exhibition would not have been possible without Paul's intervention and Jean's donation as well as the collective efforts of UCLA. And yet I have showcased only a small portion of this important collection, which is of great interest not only to bicycle historians but also to Armenian scholars.

I am also grateful to Dorothy, Mary, Meredith, Paul and all those who helped me piece together the remarkable "back story." It truly underscores how close all these important materials came to being lost forever. And I hope it will encourage others to think twice before they destroy any old and unwanted documents that they might happen to come across.

Now only one major mystery remains: what does the "missing" complementary material entail? Perhaps there is more information about the "round the world" bicycle ride such as the negatives taken in China or more trip diaries or perhaps more material related to Sachtleben's search for Lenz.

In any case, let us hope that these too will be made available to scholars and will ultimately be consigned to a secure archival facility for safekeeping.

David V. Herlihy *is the author of* The Lost Cyclist *(Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2010) and* Bicycle: The History *(Yale University Press), winner of the 2004 Award for Excellence in the History of Science. A leading authority in his field, he has been interviewed by numerous television, radio, and newspaper reporters in the U.S. and abroad, and his work has appeared in a wide variety of general interest and specialty magazines. He is currently serving as the guest curator of* Round Trip, *an exhibition featuring unpublished photographs of Asia Minor taken in 1891 during Allen and Sachtleben's historic "round the world" bicycle tour.*

Round Trip Bicycling Asia Minor, 1891 will be on display through September 27, 2015, at the Asia Society-Texas, open Tuesday through Sunday at 1370 Southmore Boulevard. Visit www.asiasociety.org/texas or call 713-496-9901 for more information.

Lost Saints on the Mormon Migration Trail

By Kristin Ingalls

PRESENT ESTIMATES of the number of Mormon pioneers who came with the wagon trains to Utah are between 60,000 and 70,000. The estimated deaths are between 4,600 and 6,000. Of course, if yours was one of those who died, even one is a huge number. My family lost seven direct ancestors, a number of collateral relatives, and quite a few children of these pioneers who called themselves Saints.

The seven direct ancestors who died on the trail were Martha Dickson Bickmore, her son Isaac Motor Bickmore; Mary Heald Bradshaw, son Charles Bradshaw and his wife, Ann Nuttall; Lydia Bilyeu Workman; and Nancy Reeder Workman.

Two very separate streams of Mormon converts are found in my family: those who came from England, Scotland and Wales in response to the early and very successful missionary work that began there in the 1830s, and those who had lived in this country for many generations and converted here.

Mormon Converts from England, Scotland, and Wales

From the shipbuilding docks of Wales came the O'Brays; James McArthur, a tailor, was from Scotland. From England came the Bradshaw and Nuttall families, workers at the textile mills in Manchester. Henry Hollist was a carpenter from Sussex, England. These were all working-class people. I doubt any were homeowners. The promise of land and property must have been part of the incentive to leave Europe. But still, after making the decision to emigrate to the United States, they had to sell most of what they owned and raise enough money for the trip. As they boarded the ships, I am sure that they knew they would never see the families they left behind. It was a totally new beginning.

So, in ships they crossed the Atlantic and then in wagon trains they crossed the continent, much of it on foot. On these trips, these new transplants would join with those converts with long ties to this country.

Mormon converts among my early New England colonial families were Abbott, Bickmore, and Oviatt, all originally from England. The Woertman/Workman family originated in the Netherlands. The Bilyeu family descended from French Huguenots or Belgian Walloons. Both families, like the "Pilgrims," had come here from the Netherlands in the 1600s. They settled in New Netherland, now New York. Their ancestors came to this country for much the same reason the Mormon converts did: religious and economic freedoms and opportunities they did not have in Europe. Like the European families they would marry into later, they too made the months-long perilous overland trek to Zion.

These brave souls suffered the vicissitudes of weather, shortages of food and clean water, hostile natives, fatigue and disease. When they arrived, many of the European converts were at a disadvantage because they had never owned land, never farmed, milked a cow or relied on the land to feed their families. For most of the new Saints, farming was essential, especially for those who had multiple families to feed.

This is their story.

I find my Bradshaw family in the Lancashire parish in northern England beginning in 1709. William Bradshaw was born in Manchester in 1787, as was his wife, Mary Heald. They are my 4th great-grandparents. They married there in 1837, at the beginning of the industrial revolution. William Bradshaw and his son, William H., died in 1837. William Sr. was fifty; his son was just twenty. His wife Mary was left with eight children, ages four – twenty four.

The Nuttall family was also living in the Manchester area. Haman Nuttall, the son of Thomas Nuttall, was born in 1789 and married Elizabeth Toll in 1811. Haman was employed in the cotton factory as a warper. His daughter, Ann Nuttall, married Charles Bradshaw in 1841. They had both converted to the LDS faith in 1840. At some time the rest of the Bradshaw family also embraced the religion, including Mama Mary Heald. The oldest daughters of the family were married by this time and stayed in England. I do not know if they too converted.

Beginning in 1851, the Bradshaws began coming to America with boatloads of other converted Saints with the vision of building and settling in Zion. Thomas Bradshaw came in 1851; Mom Mary Heald Bradshaw and her youngest sons, Fredric and George, came in 1852; James came in 1853, and finally Charles, wife Ann and their family in 1854.

St. Louis became an important city to these early Mormons. Thousands of LDS emigrants landed in America at New Orleans and then traveled up the Mississippi by riverboat and located temporarily at St. Louis until they earned means to take them to the Salt Lake Valley.

This is the route the Bradshaw family followed. The men worked in the coal pits to earn enough money to pay for the rest of the trip west. It was here the matriarch, Mary, died in October 1853, a year after her arrival, never seeing Zion. She was sixty three. Her son, James, died in December 1853, just six months after he arrived; he was thirty four. Mary's son Charles Bradshaw, and his wife, Ann Nuttall, my 3rd great-grandparents, arrived in New Orleans in July 1854. With them were their three children, Elizabeth, eleven, Ruth, eight, and Thomas, four. They too sailed to St. Louis. It was here, not even three weeks after their arrival, they were both taken ill with cholera and died one day apart. Charles was thirty two, Ann was thirty six. This left the care of their children to the two brothers, Thomas and George. After working a number of years in Missouri and Nebraska, the assorted surviving Bradshaws, then numbering fourteen, joined the James D. Ross Company and journeyed to Zion. They left in June 14–17, 1860 arriving September 3.

We know that Ruth Nuttall Bradshaw, my 2nd great-grandmother was raised by Uncle George and his wife, Eliza. She was fourteen when she reached Salt Lake. In 1864, when she was eighteen, she became the third (polygamist) wife of Thomas O'Bray.

Thomas O'Bray [also Aubrey] was born in Pembrokeshire, Wales sometime between 1821 and 1824. He was christened at St. Mary's Church there and sang in the boy's Welch choir. Like his father he worked in the shipyards there.

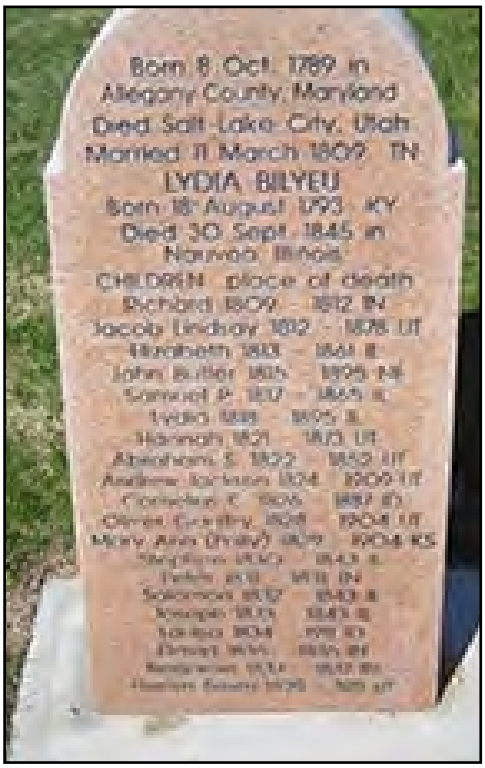
Thomas converted in 1844 at Sheerness, Kent, England where he served as a missionary for six years. He was ordained a Priest in 1849, an elder in 1850, a high priest in 1852. He went on a mission to the island of Malta.

On March 22, 1854, Thomas emigrated to the U.S. on board the steamship "City of Manchester." The ship stopped at New Brunswick, Canada and picked up other converts, among them the Shelton family. Thomas joined the Sheltons as they made their way to St. Louis, then on to Fort Leavenworth, another camping ground of the Saints. Here on June 24, 1854, Thomas O'Bray married Louisa Shelton. Dysentery and cholera broke out, and three weeks after her wedding Louise Shelton O'Bray died.

Thomas's brother-in-law, Charles Shelton, lost most of his family within a short time while at the camp. He writes, "Thus I left on the way to Zion my wife and five children." One son survived.

Upon arriving in Salt Lake, in 1854, Thomas O'Bray married his deceased wife's sister, Martha Shelton. On August 2, 1857, Thomas married Caroline Benchley. He had converted the Benchley family in England. On April 30, 1864, Thomas married Ruth Nuttall Bradshaw as his third wife.

Thomas and his brother Sam were among the thousands of Welsh converts that immigrated to America. Today it is estimated that approximately twenty percent of the population of Utah is of Welsh descent. Thomas, the father of thirty three children by his three wives, diligently made his contribution to those figures. In fact, Thomas, and his brother Sam, were imprisoned for polygamy after Utah joined the Union. There are family stories of the children of these three families, all who lived in close proximity to each other, though in separate houses, who would be on the lookout for the sheriff and warn their fathers to hide. What do you do with three wives after it becomes illegal to have them? In Thomas and Sam's case, they went to jail!



Headstone of John Workman listing wife Lydia Bilyeu and their children.

Not all my Mormon ancestors came directly from Europe. Some had been here for ages.

The Woertman/Workman family arrived in New Netherland in 1647 from Amsterdam. Four generations later, John Workman, born in 1787 in Maryland, was the first of the family to join the LDS Church. The Huguenot Bilyeu family came from France to New Netherland in 1661, and five generations later, Lydia Bilyeu married John Workman in Tennessee in 1809. It seems these two New Netherland families kept in close touch throughout the generations.

John, it seems, was a very devout and it seems a rigid man in his religious beliefs. A member of the Dunkard Church (I first misread this as the Drunkard Church!!), he quarreled with members about their interpretation of scriptures. This caused friction in his community and he left that group. He farmed, built a grist mill and had a distillery of whiskey and brandy and was quite well off. John was known to sample his own wares. In 1839 two Mormon missionaries needing lodgings were welcomed by the family and soon John, Lydia and some of their children converted. Again, they were ostracized by the community; they abandoned their holdings and removed to Nauvoo, Illinois. According to family legend, the mob tyranny in Nauvoo proved too much for Lydia and she died in 1845 at age 52.

Whichever biblical translation of Genesis 9:7, "…be ye fruitful, and multiply…" you prefer, it was one John Workman really believed, because he and Lydia had twenty two children. I am thinking this may have contributed to her early


Thomas O'Bray in Federal Prison for polygamy – second from left with a little mustache! Brother Sam is somewhere….

death as much as the travails the family faced in Nauvoo…but that's just my opinion.

John later did cross the plains in 1852, and lived in Salt Lake until his death, ten years later at age sixty-five. He remained a devout and ardent convert.

John and Lydia's son, Jacob Lindsay Workman, was born in 1812 in Tennessee and also joined the Church. He married Nancy Reeder/Reader in 1834 in Tennessee. In his diary, he remembers seeing the evils of drink and the damage it did to families. By age twenty-one, Jacob, forswore drink, had a house of his own and a prosperous farm. Nancy and Jacob and their children moved to Nauvoo in 1842 where his parents were then living. In the spring of 1846 Jacob and Nancy and their six children, left for Mt. Pisgah, another temporary Mormon way station. Jacob recalls there they suffered much sickness and affliction. Their baby son Samuel died October 11, 1846 and Nancy Reeder Workman died November 23, in her thirty-sixth year.

Mt. Pisgah Monument to Saints who died there.

Their names are inscribed on the Monument erected there in 1888 by the LDS Church. There are sixty names in all. Jacob was left now with five children, the youngest being my 2nd great-grandmother Josephine, who was six months old. He married a widow, Fannie Harris, three months later.

Thus, it was that Jacob's mother Lydia Bilyeu Workman and his wife Nancy Reeder Workman died just a year apart.

In 1848, now with another infant born to Fannie, the Workman family finally set off for Zion. Their first leg was to Winter Quarters in what is now Omaha Nebraska and went from there with the Brigham Young Company to Utah. In 1850 they had a daughter, Lydia Workman. On that wagon train was a 13-year old girl, Rebecca Willard Turner. Jacob married Rebecca in 1852 when she was eighteen. He was forty. By my count, Jacob was father to twenty-seven children by his three wives. His tombstone reads, "From this old oak sprang many branches."Indeed!!

In 1862, Jacob was among those sent by the Church to settle the southern part of Utah and raise cotton. There they found an arid landscape, an unpredictable river and hostile Indians. Jacob, stubborn to the end, stayed until his dying day. The population of Virgin at the last census was 596. They still don't grow cotton.

Jacob Lindsay Workman's daughter with his first wife, Nancy Reeder, Josephine, is my 2nd great-grandmother. Born in 1845 in Nauvoo, she crossed the plains with the family when she was just three years old. She married D. Oviatt in 1865 in Farmington, Utah, and died there in 1886 at the age of forty-one. They had eleven children. He died the following year.

The Bickmore family came to Massachusetts, probably with the early settlers, certainly by 1638 when my 9th great-grandfather was born. Early on, the Bickmore family removed from Massachusetts to that area now known as Maine. Skip down to my 4th great grandfather, Isaac Motor Bickmore, who was born in Friendship, Maine in 1789, the son of David and Martha Dickey/Dix Bickmore. This family moved to Illinois about the same time as the Harville family came there from North Carolina. Some time before 1820, David died, leaving a large family for Martha to care for. At least some of the family became Mormons – we find four sons on the wagon trains west.

Isaac Bickmore married Martha Harville in 1829 and they became a prosperous farming family. They had seven children and moved to Iowa. Early on Isaac converted to the LDS faith; it would be twelve years later that Martha did. We know that his mother, Martha Dickey/Dix, also converted. Driven from their home by anti-Mormon sentiment, they made their way from Iowa to join the wagon trains west.

In mid-June 1852, the family consisting of Isaac, Martha, their six children and Isaac's mother Martha left Council Bluffs for Zion. Isaac was fifty-five and his mother was eighty-four. On July 6th during an outbreak of "black cholera" both Isaac and his mother died. They were buried in the same grave in Loup Fork, Nebraska.

The widow, Martha, had several wagons of goods and five children ages five to fourteen to care for. With the help of her son-in-law Jacob Abbott, she was able to bring her family to Salt Lake, arriving in September 1852. In 1856, Martha remarried to a widower, Timothy Parkinson, and they operated a prosperous dairy farm in Wellsville, Cache County, Utah. She was also a midwife and nurse. Martha died in 1883 at the age of seventy-five. I visited her grave in Wellsville with my sweet aunties.

For many years, the question that looms large in my mind is this: how did these people maintain their faith in the face of all this loss? To have left your native religion, your home and family, travel across the sea, or leave comfortable homes here, to live in temporary camps while trying to eke out a living and saving for the next leg of the journey to Zion…and then die before getting there. How did Saints like Charles Shelton, who, in a matter of weeks, lost a wife and five children, find the strength to go on? How do you bury your loved ones in shallow graves and walk away? Where do you find comfort and the will to go on? How do you still believe?

Kristin Ingalls *has been a member of SBCGS for sixteen years and currently buys the new genealogy and history books for the Book Nook. She loves the fun of volunteering at the library and all the friends she has made there. She has found a half-dozen cousins among our members!*

Westward by Covered Wagon and by Train

By Sharon Summer

Edith M. Hillman came west through the Donner Pass to Los Angeles in a covered wagon.

WEST WAS THE direction, the way for immigrants to go in search of a better life. Large numbers of people migrated westward to the United States from the Old World to the New, from the East Coast to the Midwest, and on to the West.

Sitting on a comfortable sofa a mere mile and a half from the Pacific Ocean, I pondered my own family's westward migration. The Hillmans had come from New York to South Dakota, and then to Los Angeles. Great-grandmother Augusta Vater had traveled from Texas to Los Angeles. Great-grandfather William Knickrehm had come from Germany to Illinois and on to Los Angeles.

Talking with my son and his family about how the Knickrehms and Hillmans had typified this western migration, I was delighted to hear my fifteen-year-old granddaughter Karen propose an entire outline for how I might write this article for *Ancestors West*. Remarkably, she remembered important things I had told her several years ago about our family's travels by covered wagon, the courage it must have taken, the hardships they must have encountered, and how much we yearned to know more of their stories. (As you might guess, I was delighted to consider the possibility that there might be a budding genealogist in the family.)

Karen's second great-grandmother, Edith M. Hillman, was the daughter of parents who had immigrated to New York, then came west to South Dakota where she was born in 1886. When still very young Edith traveled with her parents and new little brother to Southern California by covered wagon. The family passed through the Donner Pass in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, near present-day Truckee. When I was young, grandmother Edith told me several times of her journey through the Donner Pass. Every time she mentioned that journey she immediately turned to my grandfather and commented in a hushed and serious tone about another wagon party that had also come through Donner Pass. It was the legendary Donner Party of 1847; some of these pioneers resorted to cannibalism to stay alive. Had she seen evidence of this group in her own travels? It was something that many people talked about back then but I never asked her about it. From a Voters Registration list for 1890 I know that the Hillmans came to own a farm in Port Hueneme, California. Six years later another Voters Registration shows that Edith, then ten years old, lived with her family in Los Angeles. She would continue live there all her life.

Augusta Vater Knickrehm traveled from Fredericksburg in the Texas Hill Country to Los Angeles by covered wagon.

William Knickrehm came west by train from Illinois when a transcontinental railroad was offering one way tickets for only $1.

My granddaughter Karen's third great-grandmother on my father's side of the family was Augusta Vater. Augusta came to Los Angeles from Fredericksburg, Texas, to which her parents had migrated from Germany. Augusta also came in a covered wagon. She traveled with her mother's sister's family to help care for their eight children along the way. The family stayed in Los Angeles for only six months, but Augusta decided to stay, having met there her future husband, William Knickrehm. They married in the First German Methodist Church in downtown Los Angeles in 1890. Many years later a family member told me about Augusta being taken by her son Allen to Knott's Berry Farm in Buena Park, California. In those early days the amusement park had a western display which housed a number of covered wagons, and Augusta grew very excited when she saw a wagon just like the one she had traveled in on that dusty westward journey.

Karen's third great-grandfather William Knickrehm emigrated from Germany, landed in Baltimore, Maryland, and migrated west. William's father, Carl Knickrehm left Germany with his wife, two sons (including William) and two daughters in 1871. He did not want his sons to be conscripted into Otto von Bismarck's army during the Franco-Prussian War. Once in the United States they settled in Elgin, Illinois near many other German settlers. When second son William turned eighteen he continued further west to seek his fortune. One of the transcontinental railroads competing for passengers offered a one-way ticket west for only $1. William bought a ticket. Though I do not know exactly where his train ended up I do know his westward journey ended in Los Angeles. There he met his future wife, Augusta Vater. The couple lived in Los Angeles where William established a successful business moving houses and other structures to different locations as the city grew.

Now their third great-granddaughter (my granddaughter) Karen, whose interest prompted this article, lives with her family in Los Angeles County.

*By SBCGS member **Sharon Knickrehm Summer**, who remains fascinated by what can be learned through genealogy.*

Rebecca Towne Nurse Victim of Witchcraft Craze

By Marjory Friestad

The home of Rebecca Towne Nurse, Salem, Massachusetts, photographed in 1892.

MARCUS RUSSELL, MY GRANDFATHER, came to Walworth County, Wisconsin, as a young man with his sister Emeline. Records I found related to Emeline revealed that they had come from the Shaker community in Cuyahoga County, Ohio. With that information I made a trip to Cuyahoga County, to research these Shaker ancestors. At the public library in Cleveland I came across a reference to the book "Descendants of William Russell of Salem, Mass., 1674" Middletown, Maryland, Catoctin Press. 1989) In that book I discovered that William's wife was Elizabeth Nurse, a daughter of the famous Rebecca Nurse who was hanged as a witch in Salem, Massachusetts. Rebecca Towne Nurse was my 8th great-grandmother!

On the 21st of March 1692, 70-year-old Rebecca Towne Nurse, the wife of Francis Nurse, was taken by officers from her sickbed to be tried for having been accused of being a witch. The mother of eight children, four sons and four daughters, was much loved by the village people as she was considered a "woman of good deeds."[1] She was charged with afflicting Ann Putnam Jr. and Abigail Williams. At the trial, these girls made accusations that Rebecca bit and pinched them as they mimicked her movements. Ann Putnam's mother claimed she had seen several ghosts who cried for justice for being murdered by Rebecca Nurse. Being a strong Puritan, Rebecca refused to say she was a witch but professed herself a Christian. While others admitted to being witches, which saved them from the gallows, she would not budge but stood strong and renounced the accusations. The jury found her innocent but was asked to reconsider in response to renewed fits by the girls! Their second verdict was guilty. Thus on 19 July 1692 she was hung on Gallows Hill in Salem, Massachusetts.

On 1 October 1992, when I visited Salem to ascertain an understanding of what and where those events took place, I found that the Nurse home and property owned by the family was being developed into a museum and memorial grounds. In addition to the home of Francis and Rebecca (her bed in the upper room) there was a replica of the church where the witch trials took place, having been built to make a movie about the trials, and a cemetery with a memorial stone naming those who were hanged as witches and buried there. The remains of a person, believed to have been hanged, was found at an excavation site the month before our visit. These were buried in the cemetery as continues to be the custom for any such findings. Rebecca is buried on the property; her sons and husband, having traveled by boat down the stream, retrieved her body after dark the night of her hanging.

After it was determined that the witch events were caused either by drug affects, boredom, or by jealousies held against families, Ann Putnam Jr., having lived a life of regret, got up in the meeting house and listened while the minister read her confession, part of which follows: "And particularly, as I was a chief instrument of accusing Goodwife Nurse and her two sisters (Sarah Cloyce and Mary Easty inserted by author), I desire to

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They Called It Witchcraft: The Trials of Mary Bliss Parsons

By Karen Harris

WHILE RESEARCHING my mother's western Massachusetts family roots at the Sahyun Library, I came across a fascinating story about one of my female ancestors, Mary Bliss Parsons, who was accused of witchcraft in the 17th century, a number of years before the notorious trials of Salem in 1692. Having seen Arthur Miller's play, *The Crucible*, I was under the mistaken notion that accusations of witchcraft occurred only in Salem. To describe the events of this article, I relied on the *The Goody Parsons Witchcraft Case: A Journey to 17th Century Northampton*, and would highly recommend this source for a good survey of her story.

Who was Mary Bliss Parsons?

Mary was the daughter of Thomas Bliss and his wife, Margaret Hulins. She was born in Gloucestershire, England in 1628, the sixth child and the second daughter of their nine children. The family came to Massachusetts and later settled in Hartford, Connecticut.

On November 26, 1646 Mary Bliss married Joseph Parsons in Hartford. He had come to New England in 1635 on the ship, Transport. In the following year, he witnessed the Springfield Indian deed given by the tribe to William Pynchon, conveying a large tract of land on both sides of the Connecticut River, including what is now Springfield, for eighteen yards of Wampum, eighteen coats, eighteen hatchets, eighteen hoes, and eighteen knives. In 1655 Joseph Parsons with others, bought land from the Indians at "Noltwog" now called Northampton, Massachusetts.

The Parsons and the Bridgmans

After Mary and Joseph Parsons moved to Northampton, James and Sarah Lyman Bridgman removed from Springfield to the same location. Joseph and Mary earned the distinction of having the first child, Ebenezer Parsons, born in this new community in 1656, while the Bridgmans had the misfortune of losing their son, born a month later. After the loss of her child, Sarah Bridgman began to spread gossip about her prosperous neighbor, accusing Mary Parsons of witchcraft.

To quell these rumors, Joseph Parsons initiated a slander case and in August of 1656 a trial, Parsons v Bridgman, was heard in Springfield. Three months later, the case was brought before the Magistrates Court at Cambridge. During the trial, thirty-three depositions were given, with almost half of the thirty-two households of Northampton sending a witness. Testimony was given by neighbors of Mary, describing the malicious statements made by Sarah Bridgman, while those supporting Sarah offered testimony about strange occurrences attributed to Mary Parsons.

Knotted Yarn and Dead Cows

For example, a woman reported that the yarn she spun for Mary Parsons ended up full of knots, due to Mary's witchcraft. A second blamed Mary when her own daughter became ill after she refused to let the girl work for the Parsons family. Another of Mary's offensive acts attributed to witchcraft involved the death of William Hannum's cow. He reported that after a visit by Mary to his home, one of his healthy cows became lame and died two weeks later. Because this was a slander case and not a witchcraft case, Sarah, not Mary, was on trial. Sarah's testimony was considered damaging because she accused Mary of harming her child by simply walking past Sarah's house. Several of those who

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NURSE, CONTINUED FROM P. 30

lie in the dust,... of so sad a calamity to them and their families,... earnestly beg forgiveness of God, and from those unto whom I have given just cause of sorrow and offense,..." Read 25 Aug. 1706.[2]

On 5 Feb 1699 at the First Church of Salem, Rebecca's son Samuel Nurse and his wife were allowed to join in the Lord's Supper having "a long time been so offended as that they could not comfortably join with us" and on the 12th of March 1712, the excommunication of Rebecca Nurse from the church was revoked. (2 p. 142) Family members of those convicted received recompense of $25 each but had lost most of their assets as they had been required to pay for the keep of family members imprisoned. The Nurse home was kept in the family until 1784 and later returned to a grandson down the line. It presently is the property of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities.[3]

Ancestors of Marjory Friestad who spoke out against the witchcraft craze were: Judge Nathaniel Saltonstall, who resigned discontented with how the trials were being conducted (2, p. 94); John Alden who was arrested, jailed, escaped and hid in Duxbury (1, p. 19 and 21); and uncle, Judge Robert Pike, who wrote against the trials.

Marcus Russell (1815 -1876) was the son of Elijah Russell (1773 -1857), who was the son of Jacob Russell (1746 -1821), the son of Samuel Russell (1716 -1780), the son of Ebenezer Russell (1688 -1761) , the son of William Russell (1647 -1733) and Elizabeth Nurse.

1. *The Story of the Salem Witch Trials* by Zachary Kent, Children's Press, Chicago, p. 15.
2. *1692 Witch Hunt The Layman's Guide to the Salem Witchcraft Trials* by George Heritage Books, Inc., 1992, p. 147.
3. *Rebecca Nurse Saint but Witch Victim* by Charles Sutherland Tapley, Marshall Jones Company, Boston MA, 1930. p. 101.

The devil and witches trampling a cross. Wood cut from the 1608 edition of *Malleus Maleficarum (the Hammer of Witches)*, by Inquisitors, Henry Kramer and James Sprenger, a book detailing how to identify witches, counter their magic and prosecute them to the fullest extent of the law.

defended Mary testified that Sarah's child had been born sickly, and a neighbor reported that Mr. Hannum's cow died of "water in the belly."

As the trial continued, some of those who had testified on behalf of Sarah recanted their previous testimony, including William Hannum. Because the stories being told during the trial were either recanted or stretched plausibility, the magistrates issued a decision in favor of Mary Parsons and against Sarah Bridgman, who was required to make a public apology for her slander in both Northampton and Springfield or to pay a fine. She chose to pay the fine, although this was a financial burden to her family, rather than suffer the embarrassing consequences of a public apology.

The Second Trial

Sarah Bridgman died twelve years later, in 1668, at age forty-seven. Her family continued to resent the Parsons family. These feelings resulted in the second trial, this time for witchcraft, in 1676. Testimony from the slander trial would later be used in the next case involving members of both these families.

In August of 1674, Mary Bridgman Bartlett, wife of Samuel Bartlett and daughter of Sarah and James Bridgman, died unexpectedly at the age of twenty-two. Samuel Bartlett filed a complaint at the urging of his father-in-law, James Bridgman. The Hampshire County Court heard testimony in September. Five months later, the county magistrates conducted a hearing, which involved Mary's own testimony, and a physical examination by women of her body for signs of "witches teats." (These marks were protrusions where "imps" were said to suck.) The magistrate in Springfield decided that this was beyond his jurisdiction, so the case was sent to the Court of Assistants in Boston. Mary was imprisoned during the trial from March until May when she was acquitted by a jury of twelve men.

When Mary and Joseph's son, Ebenezer, was killed in September of 1675 in a battle with Native Americans at Northfield, some of their Northampton neighbors felt this was God's vengeance upon their family and punishment for her wickedness. In 1679 Mary and Joseph left Northampton and returned to Springfield while their son Samuel maintained the family home in Northampton. Joseph Parsons died on October 9th 1683, leaving an estate valued at 2000 pounds. Mary lived almost thirty more years, continuing to prosper and add to the family fortune. She died in Springfield on January 29, 1712. Five of her eleven children survived her: Joseph, John, Samuel, Hannah and Esther. Mary's granddaughter, Mary Parsons, married Ebenezer Bridgman, grandson of her accuser, Sarah Bridgman. The couple relocated to Belchertown and had three children: Joseph, Ebenezer and Mary.

Mary Bliss Parsons' daughter, Mary Parsons Ashley Williston (1661-1711), is my seventh great-grandmother through her second marriage to Joseph Williston. Their son Nathanial was the father of Israel Sr., who was the father of Israel Jr., who was the father of Lorenzo, Sr., who was the father of Lorenzo, Jr., who was the father of Roland, who was the father of Clifton, who was the father of my mother, Virginia Williston.

Why did it happen?

Historians and scholars have examined the New England witch trials, most specifically, those in Salem, and have developed various theories as to the causes of these events. Although Mary's case was an isolated example and the events in Salem reflected different circumstances, connections could be drawn from both situations. The Goody Parsons Witchcraft Case website has identified a number of sources for further reading on the subject of New England witchcraft.

It was the opinion of John Demos, in his book, *Entertaining Satan: Witchcraft and the Culture of Early New England*, that jealousy contributed to the rivalry between the Parsons and Bridgman families. The Parsons were an extremely prosperous family, blessed with eleven healthy children, who survived to adulthood, while the Bridgman family suffered the loss of many children who died in infancy or from childhood diseases. Their inferior financial status in the local community may have also fueled this festering resentment.

Laurie Winn Carlson's *A Fever In Salem: A New Interpretation of the New England Witch Trials*, published in 1999, proposed a medical causation of the strange behavior: encephalitis; by analyzing the behavior which was described in the testimony, she concluded that there may have been an outbreak of this infection which would also account for diseased livestock.

Another theory was proposed by Linda R. Caporael in her article in *Science* magazine in 1976, "Ergotism: The Satan Loosed in Salem?" She suggested the eating of poisoned rye grain, which had been infected with the ergot fungus. The symptoms of behavior as well as the climactic and agricultural conditions in Salem matched those in Europe where similar cases of ergot poisoning and witchcraft had been reported. Later, that same year, her theory was refuted by Spanos and Gottlieb, also published in *Science* in their article, "Ergotism and the Salem Village Witch Trials."

Carol F. Karlsen looked at gender and economic influences in her book: *The Devil in the Shape of Woman: Witchcraft in Colonial New England*. She analyzed statistics to develop a profile of the typical New England witch. She found that middle-aged women alone were most vulnerable to prosecution, especially those who were in a position to inherit or potentially inherit property. Although being married did not prevent women from being accused, it did offer some protection from prosecution, especially if her husband was a prominent member of the community with ties to those in power, which certainly was the case with Mary Bliss Parsons.

Paul Boyer and Steven Nissenbaum have written two books on the Salem trials. Their first, *Salem-Village Witchcraft: A Documentary Record of Local Conflict in Colonial New England* is considered a classic resource filled with the best primary source material on this subject. Their next volume, *Salem Possessed: The Social Origins of Witchcraft*, explores the role of community and the broader Puritan culture of New England.

The recently published In the *Devil's Snare, The Salem Witchcraft Crisis of 1692* by Mary Beth Norton, examines the influence of the ongoing conflicts between the Puritans and Native Americans. The defeat of the Puritan colonial settlers required an explanation, which the suspected practice of witchcraft supplied.

Karen Harris *lives in Solvang with her husband, Paul Roark, and their golden retriever, Carly. They are the parents of two daughters, Elaine and Audrey. Karen began her family history research fifteen years ago and has been a member of the SBCGS for almost that long. When not doing personal genealogy, she has been reading historical editions of the weekly* Santa Ynez Valley News *from 1925 to 1955 and compiling yearly lists of the death notices and obituaries, plus engagement and wedding announcements that were printed in the newspaper. She is almost done!*

Appolonia's Stockings

By Merna Wallace McClenathen

WITCHES WERE really scary characters to me as a child. They always seem to be shriveled old women who were frequently crippled or deformed. Who wasn't terrified by the wicked witch in the Disney movie of *Snow White*? The image of her with the hooked nose, wart and cackle caused me many nightmares as I was growing up.

When we studied about the Salem witch trials in school, I found it hard to believe people had been hanged, burned and even pressed to death in the 1690s in Massachusetts. Twenty people, mostly women, were found guilty of witchcraft and were executed in Salem during the period of February 1692 and May 1693. In all over 200 individuals were convicted, but most either died in prison or escaped before they could be hanged.

Photo of the Historic City Hall of Oberursel (Oberstedten is now part of the village of Oberursel), built in 1663, less than 10 years after Else Blum was convicted of witchcraft and executed.

It was said that many were accused just because they owned a black cat! In Europe, a similar sort of witch hysteria was going on in the 1600s.

One of my grandmothers is German and her family was from Oberstedten, Germany. For a number of years I have been in email contact with a distant cousin whose parents still live in this little village near Frankfurt am Main. Cousin Karl has found many interesting records and stories from earlier days in the area. Imagine my surprise when he sent the following account connecting my eight times great-grandmother, Appolonia Nothnagel, with a witch!

From: Günther Spahn, ***A Study of the Witchhunts in Hessen-Homburg after the 30 Years War:***

"On June 12, 1655, Appolonia Nothnagel, the elderly wife of Valentin Nothnagel, who was a charcoal burner, appeared as a witness in the witch trial of Else Blum and brought further charges. She stated that Else Blum had borrowed a pair of stockings from her about four years earlier. After her visit, Frau Nothnagel's cows had been so unruly that she couldn't do anything with them. A wise man visiting from Holtzhausen knew about magic and cures. He was consulted and said he knew what to do and could take counter measures against the magic. After he placed some herbs under the threshold of the Nothnagel's stall door, the cows were cured."

A second account about the same event by August Korf in ***Chronicles of Oberstedten*** (1928), says this about the witness statement of Appolonia Nothnagel:

"Two years earlier Else Blum (the accused witch) borrowed a pair of stockings from her (Appolonia Nothnagel) and, as thanks, she milked Appolonia's cows in a magical way. After this her cows gave no more milk and became very wild. Therefore she took a wise man from Holzhausen, who happened to be in Oberstedten at the time, into her confidence. He immediately said, 'You must have loaned something to her and you should place some herbs under the stall door'. After she followed his instructions, and also demanded her stockings back, the cows gave milk again. On February 14, 1656, she (Else Blum) was tortured, killed with a sword and her body burned to ashes."

***Merna McClenathen**, is a native Californian and a SBCGS member since 1978. She chairs the "Genealogy & Technology" SIG group and resides in Goleta, California. Surnames of interest are Wallace, Oakes, Boggs and McDaniel in Maine, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois and Nebraska.*

The Marks of a Witch!

The Trials of Deputy Governor Roger Ludlow

By Kate Lima

MY NINE TIMES GREAT-GRANDFATHER, Roger Ludlow, presided over a witch trial and also started a rumor that another woman was a witch.

Roger Ludlow came to the New World in 1630 as a magistrate for the Massachusetts Bay Colony. In 1636 he worked with the local Indians to purchase what would become Connecticut. He founded many Connecticut towns and created Connecticut's Code of Law, which became known as Ludlow's law. Roger became quite the large figure in 17th century New England; towns and schools bear his name.

But Ludlow was also a product of his time. People around the world believed in witches during the 1600s. There was a panic about witches in England in the middle of the century resulting in an ungodly number of people being accused and brought to trial as witches. Not surprisingly, the panic spread to the New World. It was not confined to Massachusetts. In New Haven, Connecticut, Goodwife Knapp was accused in 1653.

The Trial of Goody Knapp

Goodwife Knapp's trial was presided over by Deputy Governor Roger Ludlow. Unfortunately, no actual documents from the trial have survived, but we know that the Goodwife was found guilty and sentenced to hang. The entire town escorted her "to Try's field beyond the Indian field," and just before her sentence was carried out, Goodwife Knapp came down from the ladder and whispered something in Ludlow's ear.

Some time later, while visiting a well-to-do family named Davenport in New Haven, Ludlow told them what Goodwife Knapp whispered to him at the gallows; she named Goodwife Staples a witch. Was this true? What she said was only heard by Roger Ludlow, and only Ludlow would ever know the truth. But naturally the rumor spread like wildfire, with inevitable fear and speculation. Before things got out of hand, Staples' husband, Thomas, went to court to vindicate his wife's name. He filed a suit against Ludlow.

Ludlow is sued for slander

There were many witnesses for the both the plaintiff and the defendant during the 1654 trial against Ludlow. The court examined Goodwife Staples' words and actions during Goodwife Knapp's imprisonment and after her hanging. What was revealed was how people like Goodwife Staples came to be considered witches by their own actions and words as well as those of others.

According to the *New Haven Record*, Mr. Davenport swore under oath that Mr. Ludlow told him and his wife that Goodwife Knapp came down the ladder and named Goodwife Staples as a witch. The evidence against Staples apparently revolved about two events, the examination of Goodwife Knapps' body after her death and the gift of an "Indian God."

A W.P.A. Mural in the Norwalk City Hall painted by Harry Townsend in 1937. The caption in the mural reads "The Purchase of Norwalk from Mahackamo-Chief of the Norwalk Indians – by Roger Ludlow-in 1640"

Witches teats and Indian Gods

One sign of a witch was the presence somewhere on the body of "teats" from which the "imp" would suck blood or milk. Suspected witches were often searched by women for the presence of these teats to prove or disprove an accusation. Goodwife Staples participated in the search for teats on Knapp's body." As stated in the New Haven Record, "She tumbled the corpse of the witch up and down after her death, before sundrie women and spake to this effect, if these be the marks of a witch I am one, or I have such marks!" However, after other women told Staples that no honest woman had such teats and any who had them deserved to be hanged, Goodwife Staples gave in under pressure from these women and called them witch's teats. Now that's some serious 17th century peer pressure! It is amazing that the courts were listening to the argument that because Goody Staples didn't think Goody Knapp had teats that must make her a witch as well!

Several women also testified that an Indian had given Goodwife Staples "two little things brighter than the light of day" and that these objects were Indian gods. Apparently, having an Indian god was something only witches would have.

Lucretia Pell (my nine times great-grandmother from another ancestral line) testified that Goodwife Knapp had told her about the Indian bright god also. She went on to testify that Knapp named Staples as a witch, as did another accused witch named Goodwife Basset a year earlier.

The entire trial is described in John Taylor's book *The Witchcraft Delusion in Colonial Connecticut (1647-1697)*, which relates a tantalizing tale of the people's fear of witches and also the ability to accuse someone without much ado. In the end, Staples won the case against Ludlow. Ludlow left New England shortly thereafter to work for Cromwell in Ireland (a story for another day!). Goodwife Staples, who had been a bit of "a mischief-maker and busybody in witchcraft matters," continued on in the same manner. In 1692 she was once again accused as a witch, but this time she went on trial (and was acquitted).

It must've been a frightening time, the 17th century in New England. I'm fortunate to live in the 21st century. Like Goody Staples, I've been known to cause a bit of mischief, and I love talking about witches. I just may have caused enough of a stir to be considered one!

Kate Lima *became a member of SBCGS just one year ago, though she's been fascinated with genealogy for quite a while. After the introductory course she is reorganizing her goals to include worksheets and definitive proof for all people in all branches. Between researching ancestry, raising a grandchild, and working a great job, her life is full of fun.*

"Thou...dust give Entertainment of Sathan"

Lydia Gilbert and the Connecticut Witch Trials

By Cheryl Fitzsimmons Jensen

WITCH TRIALS BEGAN in Connecticut in 1647, long before the more famous Salem Village, Massachusetts trials that took place from 1692 through mid-1693. In Connecticut, thirty-five people, both men and women, were accused of witchcraft, and between 1647 and 1661 and a total of eleven people were executed. No executions took place after 1662 in Connecticut, although accusations of witchcraft continued until 1697. Of the eleven executed, nine were women, and two were men. Of the remaining thirty five accused of witchcraft, some were acquitted, some cases were dismissed, and several fled the colony.

One of those put on trial in Connecticut was Lydia Gilbert. Lydia is always identified with her married name of Gilbert, as her maiden name has not been positively determined. There is also some discussion as to whether she was married to Thomas Gilbert senior or junior; however, a strong case is made for Lydia being the wife of Thomas Jr. First, after Thomas Jr. immigrated to New England from England, he purchased land in Windsor,

Male and female witches flying on broomsticks as seen in a woodcut in a 1720 collection by William Dodd. Photo: Wellcome Library, London.

Connecticut in January 1644/45, while Thomas Gilbert Sr. lived in Braintree, Massachusetts. Second, Thomas Jr. purchased the land in Windsor from Francis Stiles, and the Stiles family figures in the story of Lydia's conviction for witchcraft.

The story of how and why Lydia was accused of witchcraft is strange and unbelievable. In 1651 during a militia drill a young man named Thomas Allen accidentally shot another man named Henry Stiles. Stiles died a few days later, and Thomas Allen was found guilty of "misadventure through homicide," fined 20 pounds, sentenced to be bound to good behavior for a twelve month period and was not allowed to bear arms for the same term. This would seem the end of the case, but three years later questions about Henry Stiles death and accusations of witchcraft brought the case to the courts again. The question was: Did Lydia Gilbert cause Thomas Allen's gun to go off and kill Henry Stiles?

Apparently Henry Stiles boarded with the Gilberts and sometimes loaned money or borrowed money from them. Neighbors testified they often heard quarreling between Stiles and the Gilberts. This conflict could have been at least one reason that rumors and finally accusations pointed to Lydia Gilbert as the true cause of the death of Henry Stiles, three years after Stiles death.

Connecticut had been under the spell of witchcraft hysteria for several years when Lydia was targeted as a witch, accused of conspiring with Satan to cause the stray bullet to kill Henry Stiles. The indictment read:

"Lydea Gilburt thou are here indited by that name of Lydea Gilburt that not having the feare of god before thy Eyes thou hast of late years or still dust give Entertainment of Sathan the great Enemy of god and mankind and by his helpe hast killed the Body of Henry Styles besides other witchcrafts for which according to the law of god and the Established Law of this commonwealth thou Deservest to Dye."

Lydia Gilbert was tried in September or November, 1654. Despite the fact that Thomas Allen had been convicted of killing Henry Stiles, a special session of the court began, heard evidence, and determined that Lydia Gilbert:

"Ye party above mentioned is found guilty of witchcraft by ye jury."

Lydia Gilbert was the fifth person convicted in Connecticut of witchcraft. Although no record of her fate has been found, witchcraft experts agree that she was most likely hanged in Hartford in 1654 shortly after the verdict. Thomas Gilbert, her husband, left Windsor shortly after Lydia 's trial, relocating to Nayaug, Connecticut, where he died in 1659.

Note: I plan to do further research on Thomas Gilbert to determine which of his three wives was the mother of his children. A settlement of the estate of Thomas Gilbert indicated he had the following sons: Jonathan, Josiah, Obadiah, John, Ezekiel, and Thomas, and a daughter, Sarah. I descend from his son, Thomas.

Cheryl Fitzsimmons Jensen *has been a SBCGS member since 1985 and is a life member. She served as president of the Society from 1994 -1996 and was on the board of directors for seven years. Currently Cheryl serves as the Garden Committee Chair. Cheryl's interest in family history began as a child listening to her grandmother's stories about her life and her family. This led to an addiction that continues today.*

SURNAME INDEX

Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated July 2015

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

Manuscripts

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

Images

Any piece is enhanced by images. Please provide images if you can to support your piece. The images in general must be over 1MB, and preferably over 2MB, with good quality resolution (300 dpi) – clear and sharp to the naked eye when printed at a reasonable size (e.g., 3" x 4" - plus). Please include a caption for each picture, a photo credit or source, and insert the caption in the location in the document where it should appear. The images must be sent as separate files.

Author information

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

Deadlines

Submissions with images are due the 1st of the month in February, May, and August, and October 15 for the November Issue. Address submissions to the editor, Deborah Kaska, at kaska@lifesci.ucsb.edu

Contributor copies

Authors and other special contributors receive a printed copy of the issue by mail. This is in addition to the copy you receive as a member of the Society. In addition, *Ancestors West* encourages contributors (and other interested readers) to share articles online via social media, email, etc. The entire back catalog of *Ancestors West*, all the way up through the current version, is available online, and text inside the journals can be located in Google searches that originate outside the sbgen.org website.

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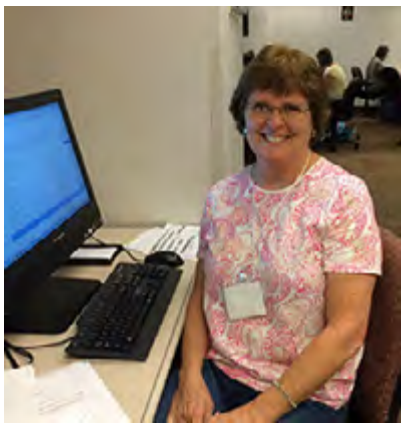

The Happiest Place for a Genealogist is the Family History Library in Salt Lake City. It was all smiles for members of the SBCGS participating in our annual trip this year in May.