



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
November 2015 Vol. 40, No. 4



FINDING FAMILY

A Tale of Three Orphans

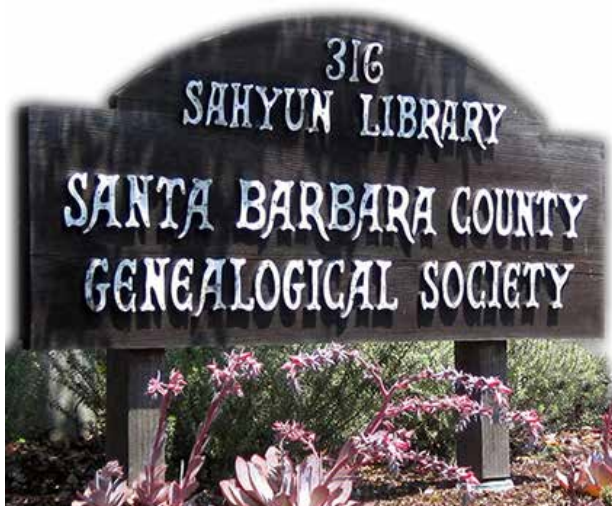
Finding a Birthmother

DNA: A Great Way to Find Family
Only Non-Identifying Information

Finding My Father

My Orphaned Grandmother

A Chosen One



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

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316 Castillo St., Santa Barbara 93101

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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;

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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 (SBCCGS) 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.

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From the Editor



*“Life starts all over again when it gets crisp in the fall.”~ F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby**

THIS ISSUE OF *ANCESTORS WEST* arrives during the last lingering days of autumn, just before the arrival of the holiday season. Even in southern California, fall is marked by changes. The days grow shorter and with the arrival of standard time we plunge quickly into dark late afternoons and evenings. Rainstorms soak the ground (we hope), which has been parched by drought. That hot summer sun of August and September gives way to cooler days.

Fall could be a season of slowing and slumber, but more often it is associated with renewed energy. After we were five years old, the fall became indelibly linked to the start of the school year. We entered a new grade with a new teacher(s) new challenges, new opportunities, and new clothes (since we had outgrown the old ones!). Those who grew up in cooler climates soon learned to associate the start of the academic year with a nip in the air and the warm colors of fall foliage. Some also remember the smell of smoke from chimneys or from piles of burning leaves. Autumn is also the appropriate time for reflection on days past, not only ours, but those of our ancestors as well. Thus it is not without reason that October is Family History Month.

Wandering spirits and turkey

As every child knows, October is capped by a fantastic night known as Halloween (All Hallows' Eve). The modern version, however, bears little resemblance to its origins.

Before the end of the first millennium, the Catholic Church began the practice of celebrating All Saints Day on November 1, and by the 16th century this was followed by All Soul's Day on November 2. Cultural traditions arose associated with these religious holidays. In Mexico it is the celebration of the Day of the Dead. In many European countries, people decorate the graves of their ancestors with flowers and in some cases with candles. The occasion is solemn.

The American custom of celebrating Halloween with costumes and children going door to door for "trick or treat" also has origins in medieval Europe, especially Britain. Costumes were once thought to prevent recognition by wandering spirits bent on seeking vengeance. The Catholic Church incorporated this pagan tradition by encouraging members to dress as saints and angels. The poor children of the village went door to door on All Hallows' Eve asking for food or money in exchange for saying prayers for the dead. The Puritans in colonial America opposed this practice, but the waves of Irish and Scottish immigrants in the 19th century reawakened the custom. By the early 20th century Halloween was celebrated coast to coast.

Another fall holiday, one that is North American in origin, is Thanksgiving. Abraham Lincoln set the date for this national holiday as the final Thursday in November. Although traditionally Thanksgiving revolves around giving thanks for a good harvest and other blessings, it is not a religious observance. The familiar line, "Over the river and through the woods to grandmother's house we go," tells the tale. Thanksgiving Day is a time for families to gather - often at grandpa and grandma's house. Thus the day before Thanksgiving is the most heavily traveled day of the year as relatives from far and near gather around one table to enjoy the turkey and stuffing. For genealogists this is the perfect time to share family stories and family history.



Finding Family

This brings us to one of the themes of this issue of *Ancestors West*, which is “Finding Family.” In these pages readers are invited by several authors to join them in their search for birth parents and other close family members. Each search is different and some span many years. The authors have all encountered “brick walls” that were almost insurmountable. In each case, however, they have ultimately been successful. Some are still works in progress. The purpose in presenting these amazing stories to encourage others with similar questions to persevere in their searches.

Some states still have laws on the books that block easy access to information regarding the birth parents of adoptees. It is possible to understand the rationale behind limiting access to this information. Women who bore children out of wedlock or those who for one reason or another simply could not care for their child sought anonymity along with the hope that adoptive parents could give the child what they could not. There was shame and disgrace to avoid and many women kept the situation a secret indefinitely.

At least two major changes have occurred in the past few decades that render these laws obsolete. One is the understanding that the causes of many health problems are genetic. Knowledge of the health of birth parents and grandparents can be critically important and may facilitate the diagnosis of health problems faced by the adoptee. The need to know one’s true heritage is now more than just curiosity.

The second change is the advent of genetic genealogy. We each carry information in our cells that can be used to link us to our parents, siblings, grandparents and cousins, among others. Currently there are three companies that specialize in DNA analysis and submitting a sample is easy and painless. In this issue, Mary Hall has written a cogent article delineating the power and scope of DNA analysis for finding close kin.

The Devil in New England and Horse Power

Rounding out this issue are fascinating accounts by descendants of witches and their accusers. If you had ancestors in 17th century New England, even if they were not directly involved, they certainly knew of the dangers of witchcraft. Life was hard in those days and often unpredictable. The added fear of the supernatural – the Devil and witches flying on broomsticks in the night sky – surely caused more stress and anxiety.

George Goodall brings us back down to earth and relates how the quest for better farmland brought his family and their horses to California. Regardless of its sleek design and “horsepower,” no car could perform the feat he describes in “A Good Horseman Knows His Horses.”

A delightful version of the famous poem “’Twas the Night Before Christmas (with apologies to the author Clement Clarke Moore) brings a dash of holiday humor. A new feature by Kristin Ingalls, “Have You Read This?” joins the columns: A Touch of Old Santa Barbara, Lineage Links, a Mystery Photo, and The Sense of the Census.

The next Issue

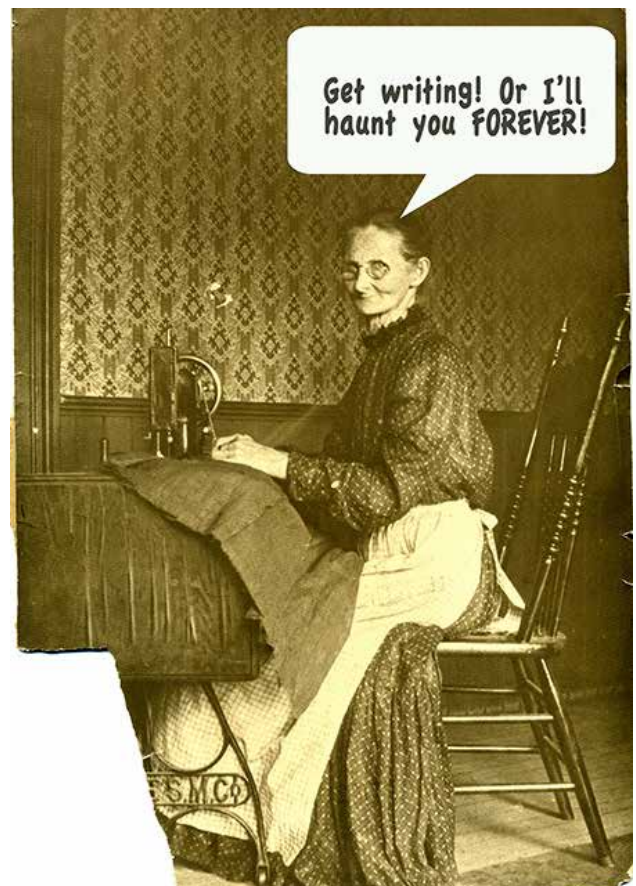
In the next issue, the theme will be “Occupations.” One of the more interesting facts we learn about our ancestors as we research our family history is what they did for a living. They often had skills that surprise us. How many of us today would have the faintest inkling how to shoe a horse or turn flax into linen cloth? In many cases, the occupations that families carried on for centuries no longer exist today. Some left their traditional occupation behind when they came to the new world, while others brought it with them and continued as before. Readers would be interested to know what you have uncovered about your family and their occupations!

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

The submission deadline for the next issue is February 1, 2016.

I want to thank my skillful and enthusiastic editorial team. This issue also includes a list of all authors who have contributed to *Ancestors West* Volume 40. A publication is only as good as its authors and I want to thank all of them for their interesting and thought-provoking articles. I’ll wager that everyone in the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society has a fascinating story to tell about his or her family history.

Debbie Kaska
Kaska@lifesci.ucsb.edu



A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA



In Sickness and In Health

By Margery Baragona

WITHOUT HESITATION Doctor Usher, at the Santa Barbara Medical Clinic, explained to my mother that my persistent cough was bronchitis and suggested I be taken to "The Ojai" for drier air. This lingering cough had even disrupted my dancing at the Sunken Gardens for Fiesta. A day later, we were in a rustic log cabin at Wheeler Hot Springs, a spa which opened in 1891 near Ojai. Having fun with new friends, I played in the plunge and carefully used the spit rail that circled the pool. Unfortunately, I didn't improve and on a subsequent doctor's visit, I was diagnosed with whooping cough. (And probably my Wheeler friends were also.) I finally got better but had lost 15



pounds and was weak. To help restore my strength, my mother went weekly to Corbellis Willow Brook Dairy and bought a quart of heavy cream. (Now the location of Wood Glen Hall). This was spooned down me as though fattening a goose. This memory made me recall the remedies of long ago before antibiotics, preventative shots, vitamins, steroids, vaccinations, and a myriad of pills.

Do you remember mustard plasters, Vicks Vapo rubs, or standing

shrouded hoping for the magic of steam for coughs and congestion? Or trying to choke down thick unpleasant cough syrup? Hot olive oil spooned into painful earaches? The panicky feeling of seeing the enema bag

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hanging from the bathroom door, dreading, dreading, dreading. Being given castor oil was a nasty experience. If ill, there were dietary restrictions: milk toast, junket, jello, hot lemonade, and Campbell's Chicken Soup. And icky Luden cough drops. Cuts and bruises were treated with mercurochrome and if serious the brown of iodine. Writhing with pain one was admonished, "If it doesn't hurt it wasn't doing any good." There were no Band-Aids or Q-tips. If a bandage was needed old sheets were torn up. Epsom salts were used for bodily pain; Vaseline for most everything else. Hot water bottles were ever present. The nightmare of insect bites or poison oak or the incessant itching of chicken pox was treated with calamine lotion. A long season of sickness called for massive doses of cod liver oil to ward off further ills. I can't decide, what do you think, was it better then or now?



Captain Antonio Maria De la Guerra, Company C, 1st Battalion, Native California Cavalry

Photo courtesy of the Santa Barbara County Historical Museum.

LINEAGE LINKS



William T. Sherman Camp 28 Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War

By Everett Lee and Alex Grzywacki

THE NATIONAL ORDER of The Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War (SUVCW) is a volunteer, non-profit, charitable, fraternal, patriotic and educational organization similar to the Grand Army of the Republic (GAR), which was the largest Union Civil War veterans organization. Originally founded in 1881 as the Sons of Veterans and chartered as The Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War by Congress in 1954, the SUVCW is officially recognized as the GAR's legal successor. The primary mission of the Order is to honor all who served our country in any war. It participates in observance of patriotic ceremonies and Memorial Day, which was established by the GAR in 1868, seeks out and marks the graves of Civil War veterans, performs care and upkeep of Civil War Memorials, and assists in preserving and making available documents and records of the GAR for research. Many Camps and Departments promote citizenship and patriotism by presenting awards to deserving Eagle Scouts and ROTC cadets.

Membership is open to male descendants of soldiers, sailors or marines who served honorably, were honorably discharged, or died in the service of the Union Army or Navy during the Civil War. Members must be age 14 or older and of good character who have not taken up arms against the United States. Applicants must provide copies of documents or records proving their lineage and direct blood relationship to the Civil War veteran and the veteran's honorable service to the Union. Junior membership for those under 14 and Associate Memberships for those who do not have a direct relationship to a Civil War veteran are also available.

The William T. Sherman Camp 28 is the local organization of the SUVCW that covers the geographical area of Santa Barbara County and parts of Ventura and San Luis Obispo Counties. It currently has approximately 20 members scattered from Simi Valley north to Atascadero as well as Santa Barbara. The camp was first formed and chartered by the National Organization and its Department of California and Pacific in 2006 through the efforts of Bob Duncan who served as its camp commander until his passing in 2013. The camp was named after the well-known Civil War General William Tecumseh Sherman. As a young Lieutenant, Sherman arrived in California in 1847 following the war with Mexico and had visited in Santa Barbara while serving as an aid to Gen. Kearney in a round trip to Los Angeles. In 1848 he wrote a letter from Monterey to his future wife describing the custom he observed at balls and dances of the ladies breaking egg shells filled with gilt and colored paper called "cascarones" over gentleman's heads. A gentleman receiving a cascarone is then bound to return it.

Camp activities and projects include participating and presenting wreaths at Memorial Day and Veterans Day patriotic ceremonies, participating in the 4th of July parade, locating and indexing the gravesites of Civil War veterans around this area, assisting in Civil War research, and assisting in the yearly cleanup and preservation of the Memorial to Santa Barbara's Company C of the 1st Battalion California Native Cavalry Volunteers at the old Cieneguitas Cemetery site.

Persons interested in joining the Camp and SUVCW or researching their Civil War ancestors may contact the Camp's current Senior Vice Commander and Membership Chair Alex Grzywacki, e-mail AlexgrZ1@cox.net. Alex also hosts a Civil War Special Interest Group and provides an information table about Camp 28 and the SUVCW prior to the monthly general meeting of the Santa Barbara Genealogical Society.



Annual Park Day cleanup of Cieneguitas Old Catholic Cemetery with memorial monuments to Civil War Veterans who were all born in California.

Photo by Alex Grzywacki

THE SENSE OF THE CENSUS

Maiden Name Unknown (MNU)

Using the US Census to Find a Maiden Name

WHAT'S IN A NAME? In Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," Juliet urges Romeo to reject his family name, and this question captures the central struggle of the play.

If you ask a genealogist "What's in a name?" the response is likely to be "Everything!" Surnames link the generations and are essential for building a family tree. Yet surnames are sometimes lost and finding them again can be a real challenge.

How to lose your surname

Surnames can be lost in several ways. Names can be changed by individuals to simplify the spelling or pronunciation, to avoid prejudice against certain nationalities, to hide from the authorities, or just to satisfy a whim. The surnames of the biological parents can be lost if a child is adopted, or in cases of illegitimacy. However the most common example of surname loss occurs when a woman marries. She often assumes the surname of her husband and her so-called "maiden name" is no longer used. This was truer in the past than in the present, but it is the past where genealogists usually find themselves.

What to do when the wife's surname is MNU (maiden name unknown)? There are many ways to discover the maiden name of female ancestors, but one that is sometimes overlooked is the US Census.

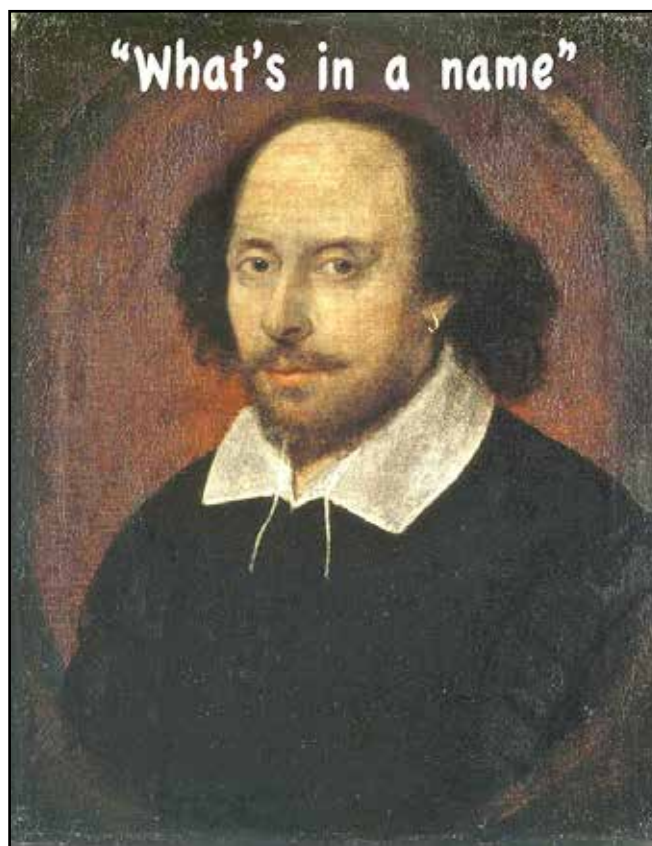
The value of the US Census is that it recorded names. After 1850, all members of a household were listed *by name*, and after 1880, the relationship to the head of the household was also recorded. What was almost never listed, however, was a married woman's maiden name!

Therefore, to discover the maiden name requires approaching the problem indirectly, i.e. via relatives.

In-laws are key

Just because a woman married didn't mean she always left home. Young couples may have lived with the wife's parents, or if the parents were dead, may have taken in the wife's younger siblings. The key word to look for is "in-law." If the husband is head of the household, then the wife's parents, or siblings are "in-laws." If the wife's father is the head of the household, then the husband becomes the "in-law." All these situations yield the same result – a wife's maiden name.

Even if the young couple struck out on their own, situations change and in later census records, one or both of the wife's parents or a sibling may move in. *Be sure to check all census years available throughout the life of the woman.* In her old age she might have moved in with



Portrait of William Shakespeare that hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, London, England. Shakespeare's play *Romeo and Juliet* believed to be written between 1591-1595.

a brother or an unmarried sister. These situations will yield the woman's maiden name.

A word of caution should be introduced at this point because the term "in-law" as used in the US Federal Censuses indicated the relationship of the individual to the head of the household. It would also refer to the relative of a previous wife if there had been one. Always confirm your census finding of a maiden name with another source.

Step-children can also be helpful in your quest for a maiden name. Step-children often bear the name of the wife's prior husband. This may allow her record in a previous census to be located, along with any other members of her family who were living with her then. Again, search for "in-laws!"

Other Clues

Some census entries give the researcher a clue to what the maiden name might be. These are helpful because they provide a thread to follow.

Tracking down my grandmother's second husband, August Bohnsack, I noted in the 1910 census in Chicago, IL, the following entry.

August Bohnsack was living with his widowed mother, Minnie Bohnsack, age 67, who had been born in Germany. In the household was a widower, Joachim Schumacher, age 74, who was also born in Germany. He was listed as a "boarder." It could very well have been the case that Minnie took in an older man as a boarder, but I was suspicious. Sure enough, when I finally

check the second page for a Pensioner or widow. If the surname of your ancestor does not match the surname of the Pensioner or his widow, consider that they might be the wife's parents.

Maiden names (and/or earlier family names) occasionally end up as middle names of children so consider these as possibilities if you come across children

11	Bohnsack Minnie August	Head	7	W	67	W	7	4	Ger. - German
	Son		7	W	38	S			Illinois
	Son		7	W	34	S			Illinois
	Schumacher Joachim	Boarder	7	W	74	W			Ger. - German

A copy of the 1910 US census entry for Minnie Bohnsack.

found her death record, her maiden name was listed as Schumacher. I have not yet discovered who Joachim Schumacher was, but it is likely that he was a relative, possibly an older brother.

If you know the woman's year of birth (from a census record) and the town she came from, it is possible to read the whole census for that town to see if you find a match to her first name and birth year in a census taken before she married. This works best if she had an unusual given name and came from a small town.

The early censuses, 1790 through 1840, list only the head of the household and thus offer no chance to discover a wife's maiden name or even her given name for that matter. The census of 1840, however, is worth a second look. On the second page that year, the full names and ages of Revolutionary War Pensioners or their widows in the household are listed. It is a long shot, but in 1840, there were still 25,000 pensioners or widows alive. Most were living with younger relatives. So if you have identified your ancestor in the 1840 census,

with unusual middle names. Examples of men who have their mother's maiden name as a middle name are Franklin Delano Roosevelt, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Richard Milhouse Nixon, and Lyndon Baines Johnson.

Were they in Iowa?

If your family happened to be in Iowa in 1925, you are in luck. The Iowa State census for that year specifically asked for the names of the wife's parents. And not only that, the maiden name of every person's mother was also listed! So you will find the maiden name of the wife from the name of her father and the maiden names of the husband's mother and of the wife's mother. Three maiden names in a single census!

Although the US Census schedules are only one of many tools that can be used to find a woman's maiden name, with thorough searching, the census records can sometimes yield solutions to an MNU puzzle.

HAVE YOU READ THIS ?

And then mother and father died and I was alone...

By Kristin Ingalls

OH, THE PLIGHT of the poor orphan! Much of what we know of them we have read in works of fiction. Orphans have a long history in literature. Remember *Oliver Twist*, *David Copperfield*, *Nell*, *Pip*? No one used orphans more than Charles Dickens did in his fiction. Who can forget *Jane Eyre*, *Heathcliff*, and *Tom Jones*? America has *Huck Finn*, *Tom Sawyer* and *Dorothy* (and perhaps her dog *Toto*). Certainly the most famous orphan of our time is *Harry Potter*. Authors, of course, could give their poor children a happy ending — or not — a luxury not afforded the real-life orphans.



Orphans have probably been around forever. In the “olden days” family members or community members would take them in. But, what if there are no family members? What happens when recent immigrants who left extended family behind in the old country have no one to care for their children if they die?

This was the problem facing 19th century America, particularly in the large, rapidly growing cities. New York City was especially plagued by the poor living in slums or on the streets. The population of the city was 60,000 in 1800, and over 300,000 by 1860. By 1900, the population had exploded to nearly 3.5 million. Orphan Homes soon became full of unwanted and orphaned youngsters. One “solution” to the problem was the Orphan Train movement which began in the mid 1800s.

Orphan Trains: the Story of Charles Loring Brace and the Children He Saved and Failed by Stephen O'Connor, is an in-depth look at this extraordinary man's life, his influences, the social and political evolution of Brace and his impact on attitudes towards societal problems.

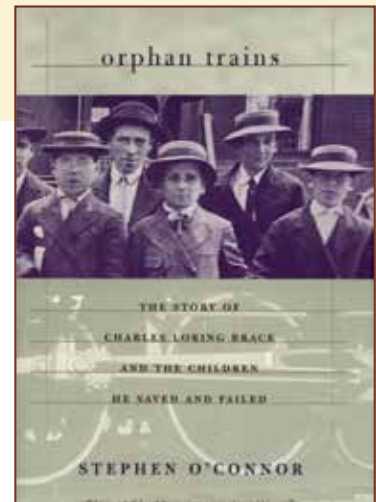
Charles Loring Brace is known as the father of the Orphan Train Movement.

Born in Connecticut, he was educated at Yale University and then came to New York to study theology. When he saw the poverty and neglect of children among New York's poor, he put aside his ambition of being a clergyman and dedicated his life to improving their lot. He founded The Children's Aid Society and is considered a father of the modern foster care movement. Not all those in orphan homes were orphans; many were not. Many were victims of poverty, abuse and neglect. They were the unwanted. Realizing that orphanages and reform schools did little to change the social problems, Brace advocated free kindergartens, free dental clinics, job placement, training programs, reading rooms, and lodging houses for boys.

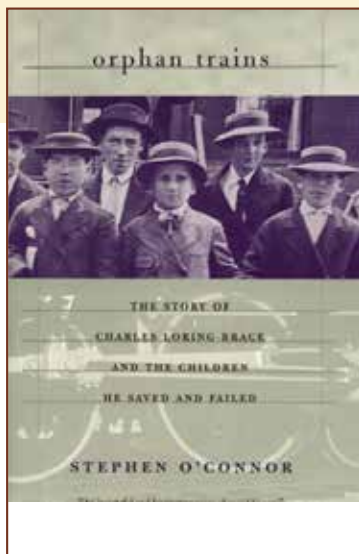
He started by placing children in homes in the eastern states. After the Civil War, the railroad system expanded, and this new method of transportation made it possible to deliver these youngsters further and further into the western territories. The further away they were placed, the less oversight there was to insure they were well cared for. An estimated 200,000 children were placed. Some suggest there were more. There were great successes and some failures.

Orphan Trains; Placing Out in America, by Marilyn Irvin Holt, steps back and looks at the larger historical and social picture of “placing out” from its beginnings in the 1850s until its demise in 1929, examining Brace's efforts and other agencies as well. These agencies were well intentioned for the most part, and it can be said that their attention to the problem of these children laid the groundwork for the emergence of progressive governmental programs of education and social work.

“Placing out” was not only an effort of American cities to alleviate the problem of the poor. England did a pretty spectacular job beginning in the seventeenth century, a practice which went on for 170 years until American independence. Authors Don Jordan and Michael Walsh shine a very bright light on the very dark story of more than 300,000 people, most young street urchins living in London, in their book *White Cargo: the Forgotten History of Britain's White Slaves in America*. Scooping up these children, authorities shipped them to the colonies where they were sold. Yes, sold.



Again, not all these children were orphans. Some had family in England who tried unsuccessfully to have them returned. Transportation of children proved so successful that the English next turned their attention to brothels and prisons. These were raided and the unfortunates living there were shipped to the colonies as well. Women became breeders and men became field hands. It has proven almost impossible



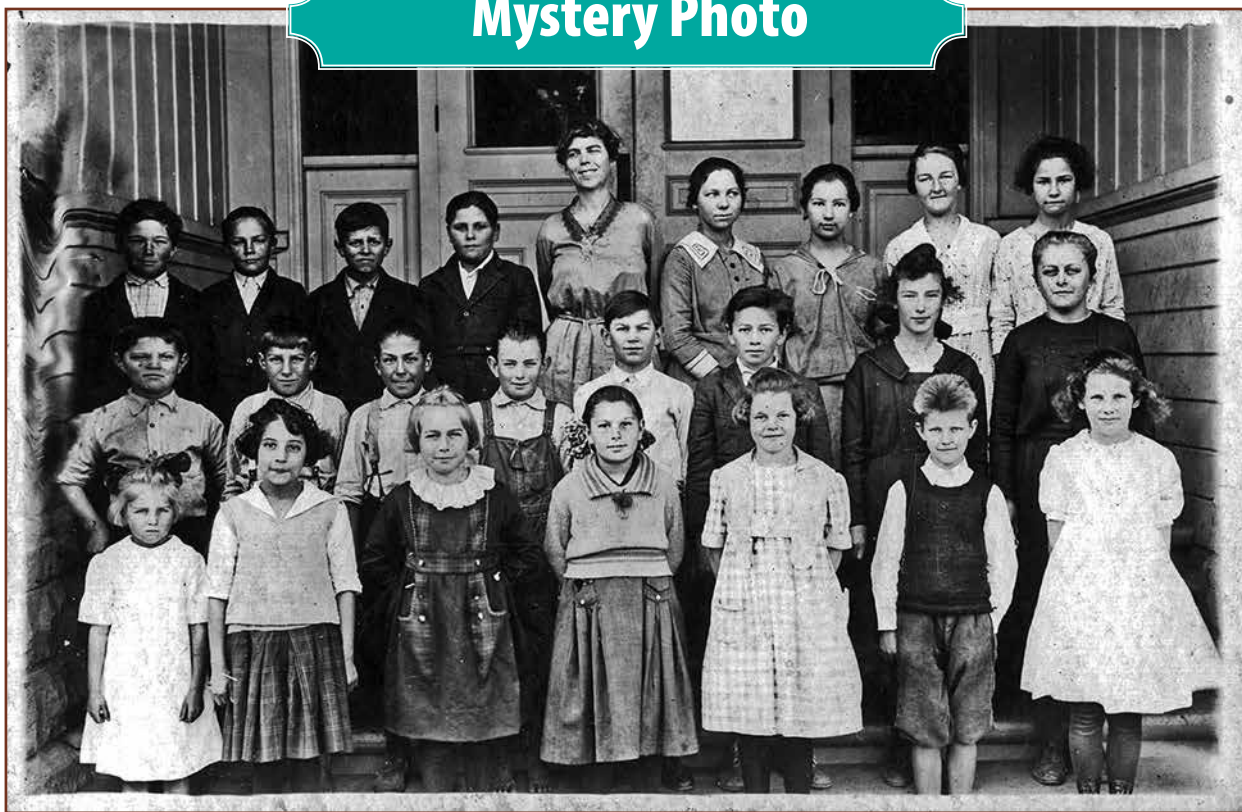
to trace these people once they landed in the colonies. Many died or disappeared from all records.

Some of the actual orphans have published their stories, such as *We Rode the Orphan Trains* by Andrea Warren.

Orphan Train by Christina Baker Kline is one of the books written on the subject, which would be categorized as historical fiction based on fact, with interpretation by the author – much as Charles Dickens did.

Before I read these books I had no idea of this chapter in our American history. It has been fascinating reading! Is there any group in the universe who loves history and learning quite as much as we genealogists do? So, pick up one of these books and have a good read!

Mystery Photo



ONE OF THE MOST FRUSTRATING MOMENTS for a genealogist is when you find a beautiful photo that family members have carefully preserved for years and you have no idea who is in it. Those who knew the people are long gone. Of course you can't throw it away, because some day you might come upon a clue to their identity. It becomes a "Mystery Photo."

The mystery photo for this issue was submitted by SBCGS member Mary Mamalakis and shows a school class. The photo was supposedly taken in Goleta about 1914 to 1917.

Look closely!

Do you recognize the school?

If you do and/or if you had ancestors who went to school in Goleta around this time and you recognize them in the photo, please send your ideas to aw-editor@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 aw-editor@sbgen.org.

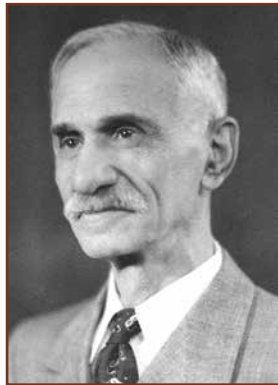
A Tale of Three Orphans

By Bonnie Raskin

ON A HOT, HUMID AFTERNOON IN JULY of 1924, three small, thin children stepped off the crowded 3 o'clock ferry from Ellis Island and onto the tip of Manhattan Island. Their brown eyes widened as they took in the sights and smells around them. Accompanied by an older man, they were shepherded toward a line of waiting taxicabs. Once inside a taxi, they drove off and soon disappeared into the maze of city streets. Who were they?

This story really begins with Joseph Lipman, a businessman and rancher living in Sheridan, Wyoming. Born in 1879 in Minsk, Russia, he was the first in his family of origin to come to the United States. Exactly when he left Russia isn't known, but he lived in England for a time, working to earn enough money to continue his journey westward. He arrived in New York in June of 1905, and went to Antigo, Wisconsin to live and work with an uncle, his father's brother. Joe quickly became a naturalized citizen. In 1910 he married Dora Cohn of Chicago, and together the couple moved to Sheridan, Wyoming, where Joe applied for homestead land. He also had a Singer Sewing Machine agency in town.

Joe and Dora loved children but had none of their own. When Joe learned that his brother and sister-in-law, living in Russia, had died after World War I leaving their six children orphaned, he took immediate steps to adopt all six and bring them to the United States. The adoption process was completed in May of 1923, but



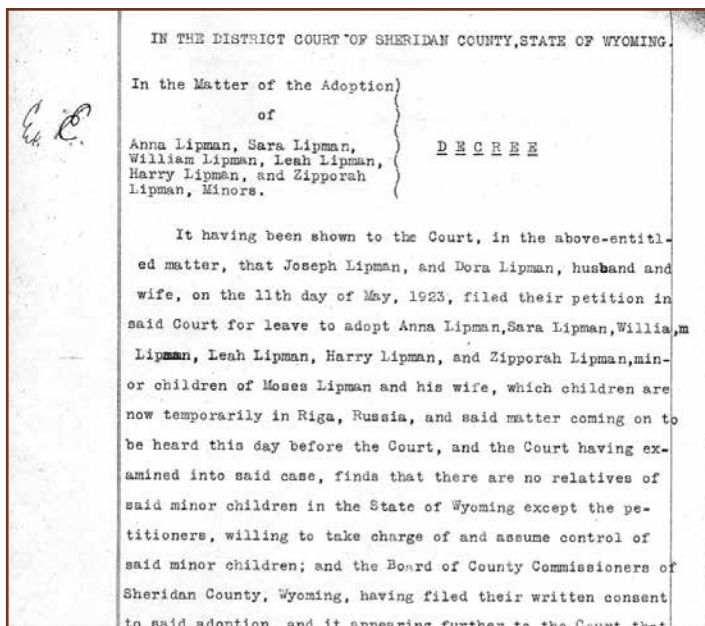
Joseph Lipman

Fate, in the form of government bureaucracy, intervened, and only the youngest three were allowed to leave Russia.

Leia, Gersh (later called Harry), and Civia (Sylvia) Lipman arrived in New York aboard the *S.S. Aquitania* on Christmas Eve of 1923. They were 13, 11, and 7 years of age, respectively. It did not take long for the immigration authorities at Ellis Island to declare that the trio had arrived in excess of the Russian quota and to begin deportation proceedings. Late in the afternoon on January 4, 1924, Joe Lipman received information that Leia, Harry, and Sylvia were to be deported the following day when the *S.S. Aquitania* sailed, less than 24 hours away. He immediately began legal proceedings to stop the deportation with a writ of *habeas corpus*.¹ Joe and his attorneys believed the children were being detained illegally because: first and foremost, the children had been adopted by an American citizen, and were therefore entitled to be admitted under the Emergency Quota Act of May 1921, and second, the rapid sequence of events had given him little time to prepare his defense. This suit was dismissed without prejudice and referred to the Bureau of Immigration and the Board of Special Inquiry.

Fast forward to April of 1924. The pace was picking up. By this time, Joe Lipman had assembled a massive amount of evidence to support his claim that his children should be granted admission. He also appealed for help to a friend and fellow Sheridanite, John Benjamin Kendrick, who happened to be a United States Senator from Wyoming. Senator Kendrick, himself orphaned at an early age, proved sympathetic and introduced a Joint Resolution in the Senate to allow Leia, Harry, and Sylvia to legally enter the United States. The bill sparked a lively debate almost to the point of filibuster, but it was ultimately passed and sent to the House Committee on Immigration.

The second writ of *habeas corpus* was filed on April 9, 1924, accompanied by affidavits attesting to the Lipmans' ability to care for the children, their adoption papers, documents citing similar prior cases, and a host of other supporting evidence. The case was heard by Judge Learned Hand, a noted jurist of the time. Two weeks later, Judge Hand dismissed the second writ of *habeas corpus*, and remanded the children back to custody at Ellis Island for deportation. In his four-page opinion he wrote that since the children were Russian subjects and were living in Russia at the time they were adopted by Joseph and Dora Lipman, the State of Wyoming did not have jurisdiction over them. In essence, he declared the adoption to be invalid, and he denied them admission to the US as the children of a US citizen.



Decree of Adoption

¹ "A writ or order requiring that a prisoner be brought before a court at a stated time and place to decide the legality of his detention or imprisonment." Webster, *Dictionary of the American Language*.

PROCEEDINGS AND DEBATES

OF THE
FIRST SESSION OF THE
SIXTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS

OF
THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA

AND INDEX

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APRIL 1 TO APRIL 14, 1924

(Pages 3223-3232)



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1924

1924 CONGRESSIONAL RECORD — SENATE 6001

from Arkansas will be entered.

LEIA, GERSCH, AND CIVIA LIPMAN

Mr. KENDRICK. Mr. President, I introduce a joint resolution and ask unanimous consent and immediate consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Secretary will read the joint resolution for the information of the Senate.

The joint resolution (S. J. Res. 110) to admit Leia, Gersch, and Civia Lipman, three Russian orphan children, to the United States, was read the first time by its title, and the second time at length, as follows:

Resolved, etc. That Leia, Gersch and Civia Lipman, three Russian orphan children, now detained at the port of New York, be admitted to the United States, and that the Immigration authorities of the United States permit the said Leia, Gersch, and Civia Lipman to enter the United States without regard to the immigration restrictions of law.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Is there objection to the immediate consideration of the joint resolution?

Mr. KENDRICK. Mr. President, I should like to offer a word of explanation. Among all the widespread tragedies of the World War, I know of no single instance that has ever contained more of the element of pathos than the particular case which the joint resolution which I introduced is designed to cover. The joint resolution concerns three little Russian children who have been detained in the port of New York since December, 1923. Both parents of those children perished by starvation during the famine in Russia. The father of the children had two brothers in this country, one of whom is a very much respected citizen of my town. The other brother lives in Pittsburgh. Both men are well-to-do and are easily able to take care of and provide for these children.

I may say that while the famine in Russia existed the brothers here in this country were making every possible effort to extend aid and assistance to their brother there. Those efforts, however, were ineffectual, so that the parents of these children perished of starvation, the one within a week of the other. After the death of the children's parents the brother and his wife living in my town of Sheridan and who were themselves childless, mutually agreed it would relieve their minds and lessen their grief to adopt, provide for, and become the parents of these orphan children. So under that

arrangement, supporting the children could be admitted, they sent them the means with which to reach this country. It happened that in the same family there were four or five children all told, including one whom was nearly grown. In the confusion at Riga, the port of embarkation, the three smaller children were separated from the older sister and, thus cast adrift, these little waifs made the long journey quite alone and unattended and have been alone ever since. Within the past few weeks one of the children has been critically ill and the other two, the eldest of whom, I believe, is about 10 years of age, have been trying to care for the youngest one, who is probably 6 years old. The only possible protectors on earth that these little waifs have are the two uncles in this country, one of whom, as I have said, is a citizen of my town, and one of my friends. He has legally, so far as the law of my State goes, adopted these children and is anxious to have them come to him to be educated.

Mr. WILLIS. Mr. President —
The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Does the Senator from Wyoming yield to the Senator from Ohio?

Mr. KENDRICK. I yield to the Senator from Ohio.

Mr. WILLIS. I wonder what the Senator would say as to this situation: I suppose I have in my files at least 25 cases which, while they are not exactly like the one brought to the attention of the Senate by the Senator from Wyoming, are as heart-rending in their character. Does the Senator think that the way to solve the immigration problem is to introduce joint resolutions and have them considered upon the floor of the Senate without reference to the committee or without reference to existing law? Does he not think that it would totally break down our immigration system if we undertake to handle the question in that way?

Mr. KENDRICK. Mr. President, I have no thought of withholding this joint resolution from the committee and have no disposition to do so if the Senator requires that it should be so referred, but this is a very urgent case. I wish to say here, so that there may be no mistake about it, that I do not consider this the best way to legislate. The proper way to correct this particular situation is provided in the bill which is now under consideration by the Senate, to have the visas of immigrants taken care of at the port of embarkation and not in New York. I wish, however, to disabuse the Senator's mind of any thought of this being an ordinary case.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

APRIL 11, 1924

Referred to the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization

JOINT RESOLUTION

To admit Leia, Gersch, and Civia Lipman, three Russian orphan children, to the United States

- Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives
- of the United States of America in Congress assembled,
- That Leia, Gersch, and Civia Lipman, three Russian orphan children, now detained at the port of New York, be admitted to the United States, and that the immigration authorities of the United States permit the said Leia, Gersch, and Civia Lipman to enter the United States without regard to the immigration restrictions of law.

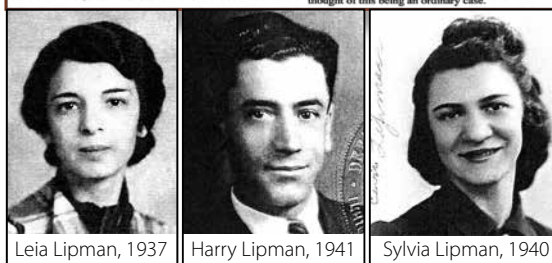
Passed the Senate April 10, 1924.

Attest: GEORGE A. SANDERSON,
Secretary.

Why weren't Leia, Harry and Sylvia deported immediately? When there is a huge mass of information, as there was in this case, some bits inevitably fall through the cracks. On sifting through the records again, a little telegram surfaced and things started to come together. It was from the Assistant Secretary of Labor in Washington, DC, to the Commissioner of Immigration in New York, and was dated April 9th, the same day as the filing of the second writ. The telegram ordered a stay of the deportation of Leia, Harry, and Sylvia until further notice. Judge Hand might be able to deny them admission, but he couldn't deport them.

How then, did they finally gain admission to the United States? An intense letter-writing campaign by Senator Kendrick and some of his Congressional colleagues bombarded the Department of Labor, urging them to find a way to admit Leia, Harry and Sylvia. The Department finally relented, and allowed the children to enter the US on condition that a bond be posted in the amount of \$500.00 for each child. That's more than \$6,000.00 each in today's dollars!

Letter from Assistant Secretary of Labor authorizing permanent admission



POSTAL TELEGRAPH — COMMERCIAL CABLES
CLARENCE H. MACKEY, PRESIDENT.

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED:
FAST DAY TELEGRAM
DAY LETTER
NIGHT TELEGRAM
NIGHT LETTERGRAM

RECEIVED NUMBER
CHECK
TIME PAID
STANDARD TIME

Send the following Telegram, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to.

RECEIVED
To 4 ny pn 2p 18 govt 2x
(Street and No.)
(Place) DX Washington DC Apl 9th 1924
Commr of Imgrn

Stay deportation Leia and Gersch and Civia Lipman your number nine hundred sub five fourteen until otherwise ordered.

FJ HENNING
Asst Secy

Telegram from the Assistant Secretary of Labor to the Commissioner of Immigration.

55590/484 April 13, 1924.

Honorable Albert Johnson, M. C.,
House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. Johnson:

With further reference to your interest in the case of Leia, Gersch and Civia Lipman, it gives me pleasure to inform you that the Department has found it possible to authorize permanent admission of these aliens and cancellation of the outstanding bonds filed in their behalf.

Very truly yours,

ROSE CARL WHITE,
Second Assistant Secretary.

Relatives in Pennsylvania offered their homes as collateral to assure the government that the children would not become public charges. A release document was issued by the Department of Labor in July, 1924 authorizing the temporary admission of Leia, Harry and Sylvia Lipman for a period of three months, followed a short time later by a letter from the Department of Labor to the Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration in which the children were granted permanent admission to the United States.

A Tale of Three Orphans is as much about journeys as it is about adoption. Leia, Harry and Sylvia Lipman were three young children who endured a long and harrowing ordeal, including a six-month detention on Ellis Island, to find a new and better life in America. The personal journey of Joseph Lipman was to discover some of his own strengths - courage, resourcefulness and tenacity, as he challenged the United States government in a cause that he knew to be just.

Bonnie Raskin is an SBCGS member whose research journeys span the United States, Europe and South America. She is related to the Lipman family by marriage - Joseph Lipman was her husband's uncle

Finding a Birthmother: How Genealogical Research Helped One Adoptee

By Laurie Hannah

THE GENEALOGY BUG has bitten me. Like many of you, I search late into the night, following up on the tiniest clues, hoping they will open new doors. Unlike you, perhaps, I have family tree envy, because I am adopted and I am only beginning to put a family history together after many years of feeling like I didn't have a "real" one. Like many adoptees, I struggled with the fact that the records regarding my birth and adoption were sealed and not accessible to me. I was born during the 1950s when it was shameful to be an unmarried pregnant woman and women were sent away to have their babies.

All I ever knew about my origins was that I was born outside of Chicago and my birth mother's name was listed as Jean Scott on my adoption papers, which my adoptive family shared with me when I was about 20 years old. I have always enjoyed research, so for a number of years pre-internet, I made several attempts at locating her and doing research on the small town I was born in. I spent a great day at the Newberry Library searching newspapers, city directories, city histories, and Scott family histories, and came to the conclusion that it was going to be hard to find MY Jean Scott with such a common name.

Once I had children of my own, I felt both braver and more compelled to try and find my birth mother. I took advantage of the search services offered by the agency that handled my adoption. Not surprisingly, they located my birth mother fairly easily, and I was happy to learn she was still alive. On my behalf, they made several attempts to contact her, yet she communicated very clearly that she wanted no contact with me at all. I took that to heart and let the matter rest.

Fast forward almost 15 years. In 2011 I had a break when Illinois began offering certified, original copies of adoptees' birth certificates. As soon as the application period opened, I had mine in the mail. After six excruciatingly long weeks of waiting, my certificate arrived.

As we all know, finding a birth certificate for an ancestor can be very enlightening, so you can imagine how excited I was that I would finally see my REAL birth certificate and not the modified one with my adoptive parents' names on it. As I expected, my birth mother's name was confirmed as Jean Scott, her age was 19 and she was born in Illinois, and her address at the time of my birth was listed. She had signed the certificate, so I had a sample of her handwriting. No birth father was listed.

Just having an address gave me two new ways I could search: a Google search and more importantly, the highly anticipated US 1940 Census records that were just about to be published. I began by looking up



Laurie, left, at her reunion with her new half sister in 2014.

online the address on my birth certificate to see where my mother once lived. The address led to a large old Victorian estate in a very wealthy neighborhood near the hospital where I was born. Could my mother have grown up there or was she just residing there during the pregnancy? From a recent real estate sale, I found out some history of the house, its original owner, and who most recently owned it, but there was no information about the 1950s when my mom would have lived there. When the census became available, I searched the correct neighborhood, but the house number was not listed. I had no way of knowing who lived there or who owned the house in 1940 or earlier. (Subsequent recent property research has revealed that the addresses on that street were changed in the 1950s.)

I next searched the 1940 census for all people named Jean Scott born in Illinois between 1933 and 1935, based on her age on my birth certificate. I came up with about three possibilities and several others born outside of Illinois. One at a time, I began tracking those women. One woman ended up moving to California and living within 15 miles of where I grew up. Could she be my mother? Her photo was even posted online for a high school reunion. Another was the granddaughter of a famous writer from Vermont, whose husband was a scientist. They had lived in Maine and then moved to Bowling Green, Indiana, where he worked at the university. One clue given to me by the adoption agency during my previous search attempt was that my

maternal grandmother lived and died in a very small Midwest town, where everyone knew her, and it was through her obituary that the adoption agency had located my birth mother. After many days and nights of online searching, I was still swirling around unable to home in on a possible candidate. Either the maternal grandmother had lived in a big city, the birth dates didn't quite match the age of my birth mother, or, in one case, the handwriting I found on a marriage certificate for one Jean(ne) Scott did not match my mother's. The facts didn't add up to confirm any one of them. I needed expert help and headed off immediately to the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society's Sahyun Library.

It was a quiet summer evening and I remember several very helpful volunteers were there with no other library patrons. I described my research so far, and they each began to search the databases. They had the same problem I had, in trying to find a plausible person that might be my birth mother. I told them that the adoption agency had verified my birth mother's location through my maternal grandmother's obituary. One of the volunteers suggested I call the adoption agency directly and ask them for the city it was published in (non-identifying information, right?). Though I had doubts, as the agency had never before given me any identifying information, what could it hurt to ask? The next day I called and asked very nicely if they could just tell me the city where the obituary was published or perhaps the name of the paper. No way, José. I have to admit I was near tears because I was so frustrated with the dead ends I was facing in my search. I told them I had done a lot of research and things just weren't adding up. Couldn't they help me at all? The agency director must have felt a bit of sympathy for me, because she revealed that the name Jean Scott was an alias — both first name and last name. I was devastated. "What can I do then?" I asked the agency director. Fortunately, she told me about the Confidential Intermediary service available in Illinois to adoptees (<http://www.ci-illinois.org/>). For no cost, one can petition the court to appoint a social worker to search for a relative. I figured that this was my best option, so I plunged ahead and committed to a search.

It succeeded. Within several months, the CI located my birth mother, who was still alive. Sadly, due to health issues, my mother said she was still not willing to have contact with me, and unfortunately, she has recently passed away. The CI told me she had also identified several siblings, so I decided and she agreed that I had no other option but to try to contact one of them. We settled on a brother, because his name would not have changed due to marriage, so he might be easier to find. Two months later, my brother was contacted, asked if he would be willing to have contact with me and he said "YES!" I have now spoken with my brother and two sisters on the phone, met one of the sisters in person, along with her two children, and have received some answers to my many questions about where I come from. Based on several factors, we have come to

the conclusion that their father is not my birth father.

Through our limited conversations, I have been fed little morsels of ancestral information by my siblings, but they have grown into a small but sturdy one-sided family tree going back six generations. I am fairly certain I know more now about my ancestors than any of my siblings. While I may never learn anything about my birth father or his family, I also have done DNA testing and have added my results to several databases in the hope that someday I might find clues to his ancestors. In the meantime, I still have people to search for and mysteries to solve, keeping me excited and motivated.

I wouldn't be where I am without the help of the wonderful resources of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, especially its library volunteers and those members who took the time to teach me new skills in genealogical research. I am grateful to you all.

Laurie Hannah is a librarian and archivist at the Presidio Research Center.

Adoption Discussion Group

Many adoptees have experienced the challenges of finding their birth families and might benefit from the support and knowledge of others. Would you be interested in starting a genealogy discussion group for adoptees and members of the adoption triad? Perhaps we could meet occasionally on Tuesdays for a "Lunch and Learn" event. If you are interested, please contact Laurie Hannah at lauriehannah@cox.net.

putting all of our living family history (and activities) in a semi-public sphere. Privacy considerations are paramount, for many reasons. Anyone who tests for genetic genealogy at your request should know that while you will do everything to protect their privacy, it cannot be guaranteed. But it can be managed.

If you have already tested with one of the genetic genealogy companies (23andMe, AncestryDNA, Family Tree DNA) you may have been contacted by someone who is an adoptee or otherwise has unknown parentage. In most of these cases, you are a 4th, 5th or even 8th cousin relative. The common ancestry in these types of kinships is difficult to determine even between two people with extensive paper pedigrees. For someone who doesn't know half or all of their biological history, it's practically impossible to help them with their biological heritage. But you can use some of the tools that each testing company has, along with your knowledge of your own well-researched pedigree, to give them some assistance.

What do you do if you discover an unexpected test result—a close relative that you had no idea existed, a first cousin who isn't showing up on your match list, or a sibling that doesn't match as they should for a full sibling?

When this occurs, first: take a deep breath; next: start to gather facts. Some close relationships can have a range of DNA inheritance and, therefore, explanations. There are lots of resources to help you understand what a close relationship (or lack thereof) can mean. At some point, you will need to talk to the person who suddenly appears as a close relative, or the person who tested for you that does not match as you both expected. It's an uncharted area for most of us as family historians and we're dealing with fairly recent events that could impact other living individuals and their lives.

Ultimately, the truth contained within our family history is usually better known. We, as genealogists, know this, even when it's recent. We know we are connected to the past and our ancestors by events out of our control and influence, but our future and our relationships today are ours to choose.

Resources:

SBCGS DNA Interest Group (DIG) meets every 4th Friday from noon - 2:00 at the Sahyun Library, 316 Castillo Street (bring lunch and questions!). Check SBCGS website - <http://sbgen.org/> - for current DNA handouts and SBCGS Calendar for DNA Interest group meeting schedule and topics.

International Society of Genetic Genealogists (ISOGG): <http://www.isogg.org>

Mary E. Hall has been an avid genealogist for 14 years, and was bitten by the DNA bug in 2009. She co-leads the DNA Interest Group for the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, where she is a past President, VP Programs and a former board member. Mary is also a member of the Association of Professional Genealogists, many national and regional genealogical societies, and several lineage organizations.

Authors featured in Ancestors West Volume 40

The following have contributed to the issues of *Ancestors West* in 2015. Thank you to all of you for sharing your stories.

Baragona, Margery
Bason, Bob
Block, Shiela MacAvoy
Brock, Patsy
Colgan, Michol
Crawford, Melinda Yamane
Daly, Charlene
Friestad, Jim
Friestad, Margory
Goodall, George
Gryzwacki, Alex
Hall, Mary
Hamber, Janet
Hannah, Laurie
Harris, Karen
Herlihy, David V.
House, Larry
Hurst, Margaret Apgar
Ingalls, Kristin
Jensen, Cheryl Fitzsimmons
Jordan, Cathy
Kaska, Deborah
Lee, Everett
Lima, Kate
Mamalakis, Mary
Marx, Gunther
Matz, Louise
McClenathen, Merna Wallace
Nellis, Michel Cooper
Oftebro, Dale
Parsons, Marie Sue
Patterson, Gwen
Petry, David
Pettitt, Jean
Putz, Tim
Raskin, Bonnie
Sahyun, M.R.V.
Summer, Sharon
Thomas, Cari
Thompson, Willard
Wilson, Jim

Only Non-Identifying Information

By Margaret Hurst and Debbie Kaska

PART OF THE FUN of being a librarian at the Sahyun library is the fascinating people who come in with significant genealogical questions! For example, one day last year Peggy Hurst introduced herself and asked if I could help her discover the identity of her biological mother!

Peggy had been adopted in 1931, shortly after her first birthday. While she did not know the names of her birth parents, she did not come to the Sahyun library empty handed that day. She had been searching already for a few years and had been able to determine which agency had handled her adoption. After several inquiries and long delays, the Children's Aid Society in New York City finally provided her with a document containing a significant amount of information regard-



Federal Census records, but without a first and last name, could the census records be of any value?

The search begins

Based on the information provided by the Children's Aid Society, Peggy and I were able to predict the structure of her birth mother's family as it would have appeared on the 1920 census. The family at that time would have been composed of six persons: a 6-year old girl (who in 10 years would be Peggy's birth mother), the girl's mother in her mid 20s, her father, a man in his early 30s, a 3-year old sister, a 1-year old brother and the paternal grandmother. Although Peggy herself was born in New York City, she thought her birth family might have been from Massachusetts, which is one of the New England states that border New York. We decided

88		Millicent Williams	Head	1	W	31	M			No	No	Massachusetts
89	10	Hunt Harrison M.	Head	1	M	31	M			Yes	Yes	Massachusetts
90		Bessie M.	Wife		F	24	M			Yes	Yes	New York
91		Dorothy L.	Daughter		F	6	S			Yes	Yes	Massachusetts
92		Ruth E.	Daughter		F	3	S					Massachusetts
93		Donald F.	Son		M	1 1/2	S					Massachusetts
94		Laura L.	Mother		F	73	Wd.			No	No	Massachusetts
95		Nichols Henry A.	Head	1	M	59	M			Yes	Yes	Vermont
96	12	Selina W.	Wife		F	54	M			Yes	Yes	New York

Copy of the 1920 census record for the Hunt family in Massachusetts.

ing her birth family's circumstances. However, the names of the family members were not stated because the State of New York only permits adoption agencies to share *non-identifying information*.

According to the Children's Aid Society, the birth mother was 16 years old at the time of Peggy's birth in 1930. She had been born in New England and had a younger sister who was 13 in 1930 and a brother who was 11. In 1930, the ages of the parents were early 40s for the father and mid 30s for the mother. As a child the birth mother had lived with her parents and siblings and her paternal grandmother until the grandmother died, and then her parents separated about 1924. The father was left with the children but could not care for them and work too, so the children were placed in a boarding home.

Near the end of the document was the statement; "Enclosed is a photograph of you when you were a little more than one year old." This photo was a key piece of the puzzle, for on the back was penciled the name "Millicent Hunt."

My experience solving a genealogical problem of this nature was nil. However, my approach to almost all genealogical problems was to begin in the US

to try the surname that was written on the back of the baby picture.

We searched the 1920 census on Ancestry.com using the exact surname Hunt, the birth year of the birth mother (1914), the exact state Massachusetts and found there were 451 possibilities. One by one we worked through them trying to find a family that matched our predicted structure.

The 20th record was for a Dorothy L. Hunt, age 6, with siblings Ruth, age 3, Donald, age 1, with a grandmother Laura L. Hunt, age 73 in Berkshire Co. Massachusetts. The parents were Harrison Hunt age 31, and Bessie M. Hunt age 24. Could this be the correct family?

It was a shot in the dark, but now we had possible names and could test other aspects of the information provided by the Children's Aid Society, such as the death of the grandmother, the break up of the family before 1930 and the placement of the children in a foster boarding home.

By 1930, Peggy had been born to the 16 year-old birth mother (possibly Dorothy L Hunt?), but we found no record of either of them in the 1930 census. We also found no record for either of Dorothy's parents. How-

ever, a search for the other two children, Ruth and Donald Hunt, showed them boarding in the home of Harry and Ethelyn M. Grindle in Hampshire Co., MA. According to findagrave.com, the grandmother, Laura L. Hunt, died in 1922. This was evidence that we were on the right track.

Tracing the collaterals

The documents provided by the Children's Aid Society stated that the birth mother married in 1931. Thus she no longer had the name Hunt and the name of the new husband was not provided. We did not find a record in Massachusetts for her marriage. However, since information can often be obtained indirectly, we tried to trace the fate of her siblings, Ruth and Donald Hunt. Sadly, we came upon the death record of Donald Hunt in the Massachusetts Town and Vital Records on Ancestry.com. He had drowned at age 18 in 1936 in Greenwich, Massachusetts. With Ruth Hunt, however, we were more fortunate. Marriage records showed that she had married a man named Richard Bartlett.

In the 1940 census, Ruth L. Bartlett, the wife of Richard Bartlett, was living in Northampton, in Hampshire, Co. Massachusetts, with children Richard Jr., David, and Robert. A search for the death of Ruth L. Bartlett was unsuccessful, but genealogybank.com had a June 14, 2000, obituary for Richard Bartlett, which listed the children, Richard Jr, David, Robert, as well as Donald, Mary and Carolyn and several stepchildren. The wife listed was not Ruth, but it was clear from the mention of stepchildren, that Richard had been married a second time.

The obituary listed the funeral home in charge of the services and a call to the funeral home yielded the name and phone number of the stepdaughter who made the arrangements. A phone call to this individual was another key to the puzzle. She was able to put Peggy in touch with Ruth's children!

The story unfolds

Peggy learned from Ruth's children that while Ruth and Dorothy had not been close, they stayed in touch over the years and got together again before Ruth died in 1992. Ruth had divorced Richard Bartlett about 1945 and remarried a man named Hayward. Thus her death record was listed under the name of Ruth L. Hayward. They told Peggy that Dorothy L. Hunt had married Winthrop Prince Baker around 1934 and they had a son, Charles. This meant Peggy possibly had a half-brother! Unfortunately Charles had died in 2004. But what had happened to Dorothy?

Dorothy and Winthrop Baker had moved to California where Winthrop died in 1980. Dorothy lived on in a mobile home park in San Marcos, CA until her death at age 92 in 2005. Peggy called the Mobile Home Park and was given the names of her mother's close friends who were still living in the park. She went to visit them and obtained photos of her mother and information about her.



Lawrence Memorial Hall where Dorothy, Ruth and Donald Hunt attended school as foster children in Belchertown, MA.

Final proof

Over the course of about a year, Peggy had unraveled the mystery of her birth mother's identity, but the story was based on several assumptions and coincidences. Ruth's children were not aware that Dorothy had given up a child for adoption. How was it possible to verify her relationship to Dorothy L. Hunt?

Although by State Law in New York, the Adoption Agency was not allowed to provide identifying information about birth parents, when Peggy spoke to them and told them what she had found about Dorothy L. Hunt, they confirmed that the information was correct. But without documentation, such as an unaltered birth certificate, Peggy was not entirely satisfied.

The final proof came when Peggy submitted her DNA to AncestryDNA. She matched several individuals whose shared ancestry confirmed her descent from Dorothy Hunt's grandparents.

Peggy has shared this information with her own children who are delighted and have been very helpful in the search. The successful outcome of a long search has answered many questions, which, of course, have led to yet more questions. Peggy has now begun to trace her maternal line and has already followed the Hunt line back to the 18th century in Massachusetts.

Conclusion

The quest for the identity of Peggy's birth mother involved her letters to the State of New York and the Adoption agency, assistance at the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, the use of many on-line resources, phone calls to individuals to ask for more information and finally DNA testing and help with the analysis by Mary Hall. At any point she could have hit a brick wall or encountered individuals unwilling to discuss the situation she described to them. But she was fortunate and she persevered. Emboldened by her success she would also like to uncover the identity of her birth father, a more difficult endeavor. Stay tuned for a sequel.

Finding My Father

By Dale Oftebro

THE YEAR 2013 WAS QUITE A RIDE, genealogically speaking. Revelation followed revelation after many years of looking on Ancestry.com, RootsWeb, and Family Search, at census and Army enlistment records, and the National Archives and Records Administration, in an attempt to identify my biological father. But I had no way of knowing which of three men with the name Arthur Duncan of Illinois, who were about the same age as my mother, might possibly be my father. I did know that he had been in Korea, but beyond that and his name and approximate age, I knew nothing.

To set the stage, I will begin at the beginning. My mother at the age of 29, having graduated from the Bible Institute of Los Angeles (Biola), dreamed of becoming a missionary for the China Inland Mission. Being denied on medical grounds, she applied both to China and Korea for a secretarial job as a civilian employee for the US Army. Her goal was to reach China this way and learn the language. She was hired to work at the Korean Base Command as secretary to a woman in charge of Civilian Personnel. Up until this time she had lived a very sheltered life with her parents in Whittier, California, even while in college. An only child with a gift for music, she had a lovely soprano voice and played both piano and organ. As an active member of a church with no drinking, no dancing, no smoking, no card playing, and having little dating experience, she was not worldly wise in any sense of the term.

All of the information I have of her time in Korea comes from pictures and letters she faithfully wrote to her parents back home, and which my adoptive father's older sister had tied up with ribbon in a trunk I inherited when she died in 2003. They provided a picture of my mother's life while there. How they came to be preserved by my adoptive aunt and came into my possession is a serendipitous mystery. There are 14 lengthy letters describing her work, the food, the people, and Army life, beginning in February of 1947 and ending in mid September of that year.

Once in Korea, in her time off from her work, she fell in love with the country and its people even as she adjusted, as well as she was able, to the atmosphere of an Army base with "around 5000 men and only 50 women," most of whom were Army nurses, Red Cross, social and civilian workers. She described it as an "old maid's paradise!" But she was also unprepared for the heavy drinking and gambling, the women living openly with married men, and commented, "This is the most ungodly place I have ever seen." She also commented, "Everyone here hates Korea, but I find it fascinating and beautiful."

As she was learning to live without the conveniences of home, she continued to try to find a way to get to China. She very much wanted to share her faith with the people around her but found little interest and was

frustrated that the language barrier kept her from communicating with the Korean people. To keep her spirits up, she attended chapel and became friends with the various chaplains, playing for services, joining the extremely small choirs and Bible studies, visiting patients in the hospital, volunteering with the Red Cross and later visiting orphans at the Catholic orphanage.



My mother

At some point she met the man who was to become my father, a Captain Duncan, always referred to by his last name. Not much was written about him other than that he was a gentleman when they were set up on a date, and the few times she mentioned they were together, she made a point of the fact that he didn't drink alcohol when he was with her, even though she had heard he was a regular drinker. She was able to get him to go to two Sunday and two Wednesday services, but wrote that he was angry with God that his mother had died when he was a teenager. He said he felt like such a failure and sinner, although his mother told him this was the first step in the right direction. My mother, Mama, wrote, "He wished he was happy like I am and had a purpose and goal in life." He said he was in an unhappy marriage, and Mama asked her parents to have the church pray for him. When I read the unhappy marriage part, I took it with a large grain of salt but later found there was some truth to this.

My earliest attempts, through Ancestry.com, to find Arthur Duncan, as I mentioned earlier, led me to three men of approximately the right age. There was one with an enlistment record that seemed promising. In 1940, Arthur Lee Duncan enlisted as a private for the Philippine Dept. He was 22 at the time, 66 inches tall and weighed 119 pounds! Prior to finding these letters, the only clues I had were my original birth certificate with the name of the father listed as Arthur L. Duncan and a birthplace of St. Louis, Missouri, which was the location where this particular Arthur Duncan had enlisted. I also found a slip of paper in my mother's handwriting with an Army serial number, but when I researched it, it was short a number. It also had a different location, Du Quoin, IL. This seemed to be a bit of a dead end, especially as I couldn't understand how a man enlisting as a private could become an Army captain. However, my husband explained that in time of war, length of service alone led to promotions, so it became at least a possibility. I decided to put him into my Ancestry family tree as being the most likely of the three Arthurs I was able to find, based on his time in the service and his date of birth. But just because he was the most likely candidate didn't mean he was the person I was looking for.

The few times as a child that I asked about my father, my mother said he had died in the war. When I was

almost five she married my dad, Papa, and my father in every sense of the word who legally adopted me, which changed my legal birth certificate as well. So I always had a father, I was busy with school, college, getting married, having children—living my life and giving little if any thought to this unknown man. When friends asked if I wasn't curious, I could truly say "No." And knowing my mother to be a woman of integrity and faith, I respected her right to privacy, feeling that if she ever wanted me to know more she would tell me. She died at the too young age of 70, on Memorial Day of 1989. The amazing thing, in retrospect, is that she did not give me up for adoption. She returned to the states sometime after September 1947. I have a picture of her and her mother dated January 1948 in front of a home in Phoenix, presumably a home for unwed mothers. I was born at St. Joseph's hospital, and a few weeks after my birth she returned with me to Whittier to live with her parents until she married Papa. I have an album with pictures of me from the age of two days through my early childhood and boxes of slides, many pictures with my mother, Grandpa and Nana from those years. I was an unanticipated grandchild who was thoroughly loved.

My children would periodically ask about my biological father, and of course by this time I recognized that my mother's explanation was not the whole story; there should have been pictures and mementos of some sort. In all probability not only had he not died in the war, but also despite the names on the birth certificate, it was highly unlikely they had been married. Knowing her as I did, I felt nothing but compassion for the situation in which she found herself, and for what she must have faced as an obviously unwed mother in the late 40s. Nevertheless, I was not yet ready to tell my children the obvious, with no good explanation, and taint their image of Grandma, whom they loved and looked up to and knew to be a very special person.

In 2013 I decided to submit my DNA to Ancestry.com, not to find my biological father but to see what, if anything, the test could tell me, primarily whether my research up to this point into my countries of origin was

at all accurate. When the results came back, my genetic makeup was more or less what I expected, except for 30% Scandinavian (my husband is 100% Norwegian)! Since then the results have been refined, and now that I know more than I did at that time, it has changed to more accurately depict what I now believe are truly my countries of origin.

A few years ago there was a "shaking leaf" on Ancestry.com for the Arthur Duncan I was following most closely, the one with the enlistment record. And up popped a record from "FindaGrave.com," with Arthur Duncan's death date, buried at Du Quoin, IL, son of Clem and Sarah (Dudley) Duncan. Having the mother's maiden name of Dudley provided an additional possible clue. The Ancestry.com autosomal DNA results also showed I had three matches under one administrator as being possible second cousins. In early July of 2013 I wrote to ask if this person, "ratdog," would be will-



My mother in Korea in 1947.

ing to share family trees to find our connection, which we did. "Ratdog" wrote, "Looks like Clem Duncan was married to my great aunt, Sarah J. Dudley, sister of my grandfather, Clyde Earl Dudley." Dudley! I then asked if she knew anything about an Arthur Duncan who would have been in the Army in Korea in 1947. The response was from a Karen Dudley Sluder, and although she was not familiar with the



Grandpa, Nana with me on her lap and my mother

name but with the connection of Dudley, I felt reasonably sure I was on the right track. It was disappointing in one sense not to know more, but at least I could put aside the other two Arthurs. I shared with her why I was researching this, she was very encouraging and we now correspond by email and Facebook.

Knowing the Dudley connection, I began to enter census records from Ancestry.com for this Arthur, going back, and back, and back. A few weeks later, the weekend before my daughter's wedding, I had my iPad on the couch and was watching TV when I received a message from someone wanting to get in touch regarding Arthur Duncan. Her name was also Karen, and I asked if she had any information related to Arthur Duncan, son of Clem and Sarah Dudley Duncan. She replied, "I just spoke with my dad, David Duncan, who is Clem's grandson," and she asked if we could speak on the phone. I explained my challenge with the phone due to my hearing loss, but suggested we could use Facetime, as I was able to see from her Ancestry info that she had an iPhone from which she posted pictures. I then asked her the same question and received the response that, yes, Arthur Duncan was her father's uncle and had been a Captain in the Engineering Corps in Korea in 1947, and then she asked if I had any photos or information on any of Art's siblings or parents.

It seemed that Karen was far enough removed from any immediate family Art might have that it would be safe to share with her why I was interested in him. With the above response, I decided to take the plunge and wrote back, "This is amazing news for me. I have no photos or any information on him, other than a few facts I found in letters my mother wrote. I hope it's not going to be too much of a shock or cause any pain for his family, but I believe Art is my biological father."

I explained the situation as I understood it of their relationship and closed with, "I got into genealogy after my mother died and just recently submitted a sample

of DNA to Ancestry, and was able to clarify which Arthur Lee Duncan was my father, as I have a very close match to someone on his mother's line. I do hope that this will not be a problem for your dad; it was never my intention to look up the family, but since this opportunity has come my way, I'm interested in finding out anything your family might be willing to share.

As an only child,

and my mom was an only child, it's pretty amazing to me to know there are people living who share my DNA besides my three children. I'm grateful for the life I've had, and as I said, have no interest in causing problems for any family members."

And her response was this, "Oh Dale, I am sitting here with tears in my eyes. I want to help you as much as I possibly can. My dad is Art's nephew from southern Illinois. Although I know little of my great uncle Art, I only joined Ancestry a couple months ago because I am the inquisitive one in the family with a passion for genealogy. I know how even this small amount of info means to you because I gave a daughter up for adoption 28 years ago and we were reunited in 2008 after searching for her for six years. So this ancestry, which started as a hobby to leave for my kids has now touched your life. This was no mistake you found me but rather a gift from God answering a desire of your heart. Thank you for sharing your story and your heart. I guess this now makes you a second uncle to me! Welcome to the family!"

To which I replied, "Actually, I'm female and would be your dad's first cousin!"

And so we agreed to a phone call the next day. It was an amazing call, jerky, but we were able to communicate, ask and answer questions. I asked about nationality, and she said she was always told they were Scottish and Irish. At the end of the call she mentioned that the family knew about me—his wife and sisters and some of her cousins! To say I was blown away is putting it mildly. I had always assumed that my biological father had never even known my mother was pregnant, but apparently he did. She also told me that my father had loved my mother very much, which was a precious gift. She warmly welcomed me to the family and was excited about sharing the news with the Duncan clan, which is large, close, and populated mostly with females!

Shortly after this her Aunt Barbara, another first

cousin, began to send me pictures of my father, and I began an email communication with her that gave me more information, including that indeed he did not have the happiest marriage. Interestingly, he had no children with his wife, and from what I could gather did not even know if the child he had fathered was a boy or girl. I asked about Art, as the family called him, being such a lightweight on his enlistment record and was told all the Duncan men are short and have white hair! I also learned he was the fourth of five children, with older brothers Charles and William, sister Mary, Art, and younger sister Suzy, who have blessed me with quite a number of cousins!

I've discovered I have at least six living first cousins and am now in contact with two of them, and many first cousins once removed as well as second cousins on the Duncan side, and a few on the Dudley, Art's mother's, side. I've written to Art's only surviving sibling, Suzy, who is over 90 and lives in Illinois. Fortunately many are on Facebook, so I've been able to see what they look like, where they live and I've begun relationships with some that have quickly become close. They have rejoiced with me over our daughter's wedding and sent prayers and support and rejoicing over our grandson's early birth and challenges.

I have gone from having a very small nuclear family, being an only child of an only child, with my adoptive dad's family all living in the Midwest, to having an extensive family of blood relatives. They have all warmly welcomed me into the family where I thought I might be an uncomfortable intrusion. It has truly been amazing to feel so connected to people who until recently I didn't know, and to realize I have, still living, an aunt and many, many cousins.

When I discovered I had two male Duncan first cousins, I was able to arrange for cousin Chuck (Charles) to submit his DNA to FamilyTreeDNA, so I now have that information available, and our match shows many similarities. Cousin Barbara asked if this test proved Art was my father and I told her I believe it does. Our shared cM (centimorgans, a unit used to measure genetic linkage), are 893.82, which meant nothing to me. So I checked with Mary Hall, our DNA expert for the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society, and she replied, "Congratulations! This is spot on for first cousins—850 being the norm." SO we are definitely related!

My research into the family origins leads me to England for the Duncans, not Scotland; possibly the Dudleys are Irish. I haven't gotten out of the US with this branch yet. However, a close friend who is a Scot through and through said that Duncan was definitely a Scottish name and if I could get farther back I would find them there—she also sent me a picture of the Duncan tartan plaid and a whole site devoted to Duncan. I love the Clan crest and motto, "Savour the moment."



Arthur Lee Duncan

I joined the Clan Donnachaidh (Duncan) research project through FTDNA, and at one of the genealogy society DNA meetings I attended, I asked Mary about what the Y DNA on the Donnachaidh project was telling me, and I showed her where we were as K1 (with K being genetically linked to Scotland)—there are only three names in this sub-group at this time. Again, this shows a genetic relationship according to the DNA testing. On June 13, 2014 I received an email to "Mr. Duncan" from a Linda Jones saying we were related through FTDNA via the Duncan project. After some exchanges of information and comparing our family trees, (she is the sister of one of the three

K1 Duncans), we discovered we share a

fourth great grandfather, our third great-grandfathers were brothers, making us fifth cousins!

Linda mentioned she had been in contact with the third person in the K1 lineage, Lani Duncan (Glasser), but had not gotten much information. So I contacted her and she responded in July. Sharing Ancestry family trees led us to the discovery that Linda and I share with Lani a sixth great-grandfather, making the two of us seventh cousins to Lani! Probably the most interesting and helpful part of this connection through the Y DNA and Duncan database is that even if we don't have historical documentation to prove it, we are indeed genetically related and hopefully can look for further proof that our lineage goes back at least to John Duncan, born 1659 in Woburn, Middlesex, Massachusetts, died 1690 in Billerica, Massachusetts. Going further, but I still need to evaluate the reams of sources I've printed but not analyzed, this indicates his father, Samuel, born in 1614 in Sandwich, Kent, England, would be the Duncan who first emigrated to the United States.

I would not have believed that the first DNA sample I sent in would begin this amazing journey of finding not only my biological father but also his family, being welcomed, and greatly enlarging my family circle. The Duncans will be having a family reunion in Cincinnati in July of 2016; I've already been invited and plan to go!

On Father's Day, 2014, I posted the following message on Facebook: I have been so blessed by my Papa, Charles Mapp, who modeled and taught me persistence, perseverance, common sense and how to love and be loved. He loved my Mama, one of the greatest gifts a child can have, and he loved me from the time I was three until the day he died. I didn't know it at the time, but his last words to me were, "I love you."

And now in this past year I have been blessed to discover my biological father, Arthur Lee Duncan, no longer living but bequeathing me an astonishing array of newly found relatives, who have shared pictures and stories and warmly welcomed me into the Duncan and Dudley families. Although I never knew him, I am so grateful he gave me the gift of life.

Dale Oftebro grew up in Whittier; her family moved to the Santa Ynez Valley when she started high school. As a graduate of Santa Ynez Valley High School and Cal Poly SLO, she worked in the library of both schools. When her oldest son started high school at Dos Pueblos, she worked part time in their library for 20 years. Logically, as a member for some years of the Santa Barbara County Genealogy Society, she is now a volunteer in the Sahyun library.

After the death of her mother in 1989, she came home with family pictures, documents, and birthday books kept by her

A Genealogist's Christmas

"A Genealogist's Christmas Eve" section: Author Unknown
Found on *Eastman's Online Genealogy Newsletter* of 15 December 1997
revised by Cari Thomas, December 1997 "Christmas Day" section
original by Cari Thomas, 12/1997-11/1998

'Twas the night, before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even my spouse.
The dining room table with clutter was spread
With pedigree charts, and with letters that said,

"Too bad! The data for which you wrote
Sank in a storm on an ill-fated boat."

Stacks of old copies of wills and such
Were proof that my 'hobby' had become just too much.
Our daughters were nestled all snug in their beds
While visions of Barbie dolls danced in their heads;
But I, at my table, was ready to drop
From work on my album, with more photos to crop.
Christmas was here, and such was my lot
That presents and goodies and toys I'd forgot!

Had I not been busy with grandparents' wills,
I'd not have forgotten to shop for such thrills.
Though others bought gifts to bring Christmas cheer,

I'd spent my time researching each birthdate and year.
While I was thus musing about my sad plight,
A clamor outside brought me a heart-stopping fright.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
I tore open the drapes and yanked up the sash.
And there to my unbelieving eyes did appear
An overstuffed sleigh and some outsized reindeer!

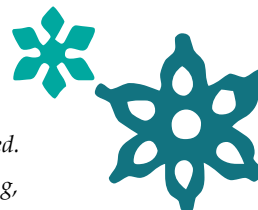
Up to our rooftop those eight animals flew
With that sleigh full of toys and plump Santa Claus too.
A short second later I started to quake
I knew what I heard was our tiles start to break.

I drew in my head – ouch! – it hit hard on the sash...
Then, down our cold chimney fell Santa – KER-RASH!
'Dear' Santa had come from the roof like a wreck,
Tracking soot on my carpet (I could just wring his neck!)
Spotting my face, good old Santa could see
I had NO Christmas spirit. You'd even agree!

He said not a thing but went straight to his work
And filled all our stockings. (I felt like a jerk...
Here was Santa, bringing us gladness and joy;
And I'd been too busy to buy even one toy!)

THEN – he spied my research on the table all spread.
"A genealogist!" he cried. (My face turned all red!)
"Tonight I've met many like you." Santa grinned,
As he pulled from his sack a large book he had penned.

grandmother and great-grandmother. Knowing she had an adoptive father, over the years, using the few bits of information from her mother's papers, Ancestry.com and other readily available genealogy tools and techniques, she began a search to identify her biological father. "Finding My Father" is the story of the fits and starts, brick walls encountered and blind alleys pursued, and the resource that put the last pieces of the puzzle in place to produce a meaningful, beautiful and complete picture.



I gazed with delight! The cover, it read:
Genealogy Lines for Which You Have Pled.

He said – as he gave me a great Santa hug,
"I know what it's like for a genealogy bug.
While the elves made the sleighful of toys I now carry,
I did some research in the North Pole Library.
This wonderful treat I'm now able to bring
To genealogy folk who just can't find a thing.
So, off you must go to your bed for a rest.
I'll clean up for you this 'history-cal' mess."
I climbed up the stairs full of gladness and glee
And I smiled back at Santa, who'd brought something – for me!

As I settled in bed, I heard Santa's clear whistle
To those deer – who left our roof like the down of a thistle.
And I heard him exclaim as he flew out of sight,
"Family hist'ry is FUN! Merry Christmas! Good night!

That night I slept tight in my warm little bed
While ship lists and land grants danced round in my head.
The morn fin'ly came and I dashed down the stair
To the first floor, to stop...and then...to just stare!
From the top of our tree to the toe of the mistle –
My house, roof to floor, was as clean as a whistle!

And sitting right there on the dining room table
Were proofs for Gram's story I'd thought just a fable!

And on the sideboard in a beautiful frame
Was a portrait of my great-grandfather, Jacob by name!

'Side my computer, a new manual I thought I could see...?
Yes-s-s! Dear Santa had brought a gen upgrade to me!
On the wall above that a chart was affixed
With my pedigree on it! Back to ten-sixty-six!

And there, 'neath the tree, was Dear Santa's book
With a gift tag that said, "Little 'Bug', take a look
And see, if you may, just what you will find here:
Things of all kinds from your ancestor's day! Dear-r-r-r
'Bug', you'll even see (in my book) that I've laid in
Some of your surnames, the ones that are 'maiden'!
And to show that I understand you, of course,
I've included for each fact its own complete source.

Last but not least, "...oh dear, the suspense is...
(What I read then completely shattered my senses,
For Santa's last words, written in all the right tenses):
"You'll find there the entire eighteen-ninety census!"

Hours later while we relaxed round the tree,
I wondered, as my daughters each tried to thank me
For their Barbies, their sweaters, their stockings and such,
And my spouse, for the gifts that had pleased HIM so much –
Just how could I tell them – it's really no spoof –
That Santa Claus LIVES! And **that** is the truth!

My Orphaned Grandmother

By Michol Colgan

MY STORY IS MY SEARCH TO FIND out about the early years and the family of my orphaned grandmother, Lillian Hern/Bruce/Sargent/Beck. She maintained that she and her twin brother William were born in White Oaks, New Mexico in 1886 but I haven't found any documentation to verify this. Lillian's many names come from Lena Hern, the woman she said was her mother, James Bruce, the man who fathered her half sister, Margaret Sargent, the woman who adopted her from the St. Vincent's Orphanage in Santa Fe, New Mexico and Joseph W. Beck, the man she married in 1906. White Oaks was a mining boomtown 12 miles northeast of Carrizozo, Lincoln County, New Mexico. Gold was discovered there in 1879 and the town was named after the white oaks found around the springs nearby. By 1884 White Oaks was a town of over 1000 and among the businesses in town were the Ozanne Hotel owned by Urbain Ozanne and the Southwest owned by John A. Brothers with his wife America (Bruce) Brothers. Today, White Oaks can be considered a "ghost town" with only a few hardy souls in residence.

Because I haven't been able to locate specific records relating to Lillian and her twin brother from the New Mexico Territory, I have only the remembrances of a four year old Lillian that are recounted in the stories she told her family many years later. Her remembrances included: Lena Hern her mother; a twin brother named William and a younger sister names Bessie; she and William going to whom she thought were their "grandparents" for dinner, where there were two

high chairs for them to sit on; hearing her "mother and father" arguing about "his drunken ways"; the night James entered the room where William, Lillian and Bessie slept, James picking Bessie up and carrying her out of the room and leaving the house, essentially abandoning Lena and the twins. Other remembrances included: Lillian and William riding in the foot well of a stagecoach and being given glasses of milk when the coach stopped to change horses; Lillian going to what she thought was to be a "fancy girl's school" where she remembered seeing red flocked wallpaper on the walls; the last memory of her mother was at the "school" when she and her mother were playing "hide and seek." However, when it was Lily's turn to be the seeker — when she opened her eyes her mother was gone. That was the last time she saw her mother. Another remembrance was the arrival of a priest who took Lillian to the St. Vincent's Hospital and Orphanage in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Lillian never knew what happened to her twin brother and spent the rest of her life trying to locate him but was never successful.

Lillian left some clues about her history in her Family Bible. In it she notes James Bruce and Lena Hern as her mother and father. Lillian states her name as Lillian Bruce Sargent, born 30 June 1886 (but no place of birth is noted). She notes Joseph Warren Beck, born on 30 Aug 1879 in Mankato, Kansas in 1906. Then she lists the births of 15 children, some stillbirths and some children who did not survive for more than one day and two children who died of scarlet fever at the age of six and eight. Of the 15 total births only nine survived to adulthood. Other than the reference to Lena Hern as her mother, I haven't been able to locate any records to verify this in New Mexico for the time period. Because it has been next to impossible to verify a Lena Hern in Lillian's early years, I turned my search to James Bruce. In the 1870 US Census for Oakwoods

1870 US Census Oakwood Township, Vermilion County, Illinois

Page No. 116 } Inquiries numbered 7, 16, and 17 are not to be asked in respect to infants. Inquiries numbered 11, 12, 15, 16, 17, 19, and 20 are to be answered (if at all) merely by an affirmative mark, as /.

SCHEDULE 1.—Inhabitants in Oakwood Township, in the County of Vermilion, State of Illinois, enumerated by me on the 16 day of August, 1870.

Post Office: Oakwood Illinois William M Ray, Ass't Marshal.

1	2	3	4			7	8		10	11		13	14	15		17	18	19		20
			4	5	6		8	9		11	12			15	16			19	20	
25	356, 285	Bruce, James	49	M	W	Farmer	1200	500	Ohio											
26		Mary A	54	F	W	Housewife			Pennsylvania											
27		America	26	F	W				Indiana											
28		James	17	M	W	Farmer			Indiana											
29		Abigail	15	F	W				Indiana											
30		William L	11	M	W				Illinois											

**1880 US Census
Lone Oak Township, Bates County, Missouri**

Page No. 23
 Supervisor's Dist. No. 6
 Enumeration Dist. No. 189

Note A.—The Census Year begins June 1, 1879, and ends May 31, 1880.
 Note B.—All persons will be included in the Enumeration who were living on the 1st day of June, 1880. No others will. Children BORN SINCE June 1, 1880, will be OMITTED. Members of Families who have DIED SINCE June 1, 1880, will be INCLUDED.
 Note C.—Questions Nos. 13, 14, 22 and 23 are not to be asked in respect to persons under 10 years of age.

SCHEDULE I.—Inhabitants in Lone Oak Township, in the County of Bates, State of Missouri
 enumerated by me on the 17th day of June, 1880.

James M. Cooper
 Enumerator

In Cities	Name of Street	House Number	Name of each Person whose place of abode, on 1st day of June, 1880, was in this family	Personal Description			Relationship of each person to the head of this family—whether wife, wife, daughter, servant, boarder, or other	Civil Condition	Occupation	Health	Education	Nativity		
				Color	Sex	Age						Place of Birth of this person, naming State or Territory of United States, or the Country, if of foreign birth	Place of Birth of the Father of this person, naming State or Territory of United States, or the Country, if of foreign birth	Place of Birth of the Mother of this person, naming State or Territory of United States, or the Country, if of foreign birth
			<u>Mc Innis Perry</u>	<u>w</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>son</u>					<u>mo</u>	<u>Ill.</u>	<u>Ill.</u>
	<u>199 214</u>		<u>Bruce Samuel</u>	<u>w</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>58</u>		<u>1</u>	<u>Farmer</u>			<u>this</u>	<u>Ill.</u>	<u>Ill.</u>
			<u>Mary Ann</u>	<u>w</u>	<u>f</u>	<u>48</u>	<u>wife</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>Keeping house</u>			<u>Ill.</u>	<u>Ill.</u>	<u>Ill.</u>
			<u>William L</u>	<u>w</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>son</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>Wark on farm</u>			<u>Kansas</u>	<u>this</u>	<u>"</u>
	<u>211</u>		<u>Brother John A</u>	<u>w</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>40</u>		<u>1</u>	<u>Farmer</u>			<u>this</u>	<u>Ill.</u>	<u>"</u>
			<u>America</u>	<u>w</u>	<u>f</u>	<u>26</u>	<u>wife</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>Keeping house</u>			<u>Ira</u>	<u>this</u>	<u>"</u>

Township in Vermilion County, Illinois, the household of Samuel Bruce, 49 yrs. has a James Bruce, 17 yrs. and an America Bruce, 26 yrs. listed. This verifies that James and America Bruce were brother and sister with America being almost 10 years older than James.

The 1880 US Census for Lone Oaks, Bates County, Missouri helps to illuminate the Bruce/Brothers relationship even more. Here the families of Samuel Bruce and John Brothers have not only moved to Missouri but the farms are found next to one another. America is listed as the wife of John Brothers, making him the brother-in-law of James Bruce. James Bruce is no longer listed in the household of Samuel Bruce but other

records will show that he has moved on to White Oaks, Lincoln County, New Mexico.

Further evidence showing James Bruce in White Oaks, Lincoln County, New Mexico, is found in the 1880 US Census, a Mining Record for 1880, a Voter Registration for 1882, an Assessment Roll for 1883, and a Voting Roll for 1884. In the US Census, James Bruce is listed as head of a household containing Henry Elfers, 27 yrs. and James Book, 26 yrs.

Taking the 1880 US Census into account, the relationship of James Bruce to John Brothers would appear to be that of "brother-in-law." As the ages of John and America are 20 yrs. and 10 yrs. older than James and to

**1880 US Census
White Oaks, Lincoln County, New Mexico**

Page No. 10
 Supervisor's Dist. No. 86
 Enumeration Dist. No.

Note A.—The Census Year begins June 1, 1879, and ends May 31, 1880.
 Note B.—All persons will be included in the Enumeration who were living on the 1st day of June, 1880. No others will. Children BORN SINCE June 1, 1880, will be OMITTED. Members of Families who have DIED SINCE June 1, 1880, will be INCLUDED.
 Note C.—Questions Nos. 13, 14, 22 and 23 are not to be asked in respect to persons under 10 years of age.

SCHEDULE I.—Inhabitants in White Oaks, in the County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico
 enumerated by me on the 18 day of June, 1880.

Phos C. Pittston
 Enumerator

In Cities	Name of Street	House Number	Name of each Person whose place of abode, on 1st day of June, 1880, was in this family	Personal Description			Relationship of each person to the head of this family—whether wife, wife, daughter, servant, boarder, or other	Civil Condition	Occupation	Health	Education	Nativity		
				Color	Sex	Age						Place of Birth of this person, naming State or Territory of United States, or the Country, if of foreign birth	Place of Birth of the Father of this person, naming State or Territory of United States, or the Country, if of foreign birth	Place of Birth of the Mother of this person, naming State or Territory of United States, or the Country, if of foreign birth
			<u>James Bruce</u>	<u>w</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>27</u>		<u>1</u>	<u>Miner</u>			<u>Indiana</u>	<u>Ohio</u>	<u>Ill.</u>
			<u>Henry Elfers</u>	<u>w</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>27</u>		<u>1</u>	<u>Miner</u>			<u>Kansas</u>	<u>Ill.</u>	<u>Ill.</u>
			<u>James Book</u>	<u>w</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>26</u>		<u>1</u>	<u>Miner</u>			<u>Ill.</u>	<u>Ill.</u>	<u>Ill.</u>

1885 New Mexico State Census
White Oaks, Lincoln County, New Mexico

Page No. 1
Supervisor's Dist. No. _____
Enumeration Dist. No. 13

Note A.—The Census Year begins June 1, 1884, and ends June 30, 1885.
Note B.—All persons will be included in the Enumeration who were living on the 1st day of June, 1885. No others will. Children BORN SINCE June 1, 1885, will be OMITTED. Members of Families who have DIED SINCE June 1, 1885, will be INCLUDED.
Note C.—Questions Nos. 13, 14, 28 and 29 are not to be asked in respect to persons under 10 years of age.

SCHEDULE I.—Inhabitants in Precinct No 8, in the County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico
enumerated by me on the 18th day of June, 1885.

W. F. Blanchard

In Cities	Name of Person	Sex	Age	Color	Marital Status	Profession, Occupation or Trade	Place of Birth	Place of Birth of Parents	Place of Birth of Grandparents	Education		Literacy	Blind	Deaf	Mentally Deficient
										Years	Months				
	Brother Johann	M	31		Married	Hotel Keeper	Ohio	Ohio	Ohio	10	0				
	Wife	F	41		Married		Ohio	Ohio	Ohio	10	0				
	Emma	F	7		Single		Kansas	Ohio	Ohio	0	0				

a small child could conceivably be construed as "grandma and grandpa," these could be the grandparents in Lillian's story. I couldn't find any documentation to verify a Lena Hern in White Oaks, New Mexico but did find both John Brothers, A.V. (America?) and Emma in the 1885 Territorial Census for White Oaks, Lincoln County, New Mexico.

Name: Bruce, Lillie Elizabeth
Where born: unknown
When born: 1886
Parents: unknown
When Baptized: 21 May 1893
Where: Chapel of Sanitarium
By Rev. J. Dereches

Because I haven't been able to locate documents listing either Lena Hern, Lillian or William Hern in White Oaks in any civil records, I turned to Catholic Archdiocese records for help. Searching the Archdiocese records for Santa Fe I was able to locate a baptismal record for Lillian at the St. Vincent's Hospital and Orphanage.

Lillian doesn't reappear until the 1900 US Census for El Rito (Precinct No. 10), Rio Arriba County, where she is found in the household of Maggie Sargent, listed as 13 yrs. and "adopted."

Unfortunately the record wasn't very informative but it did give a date when Lillian was there. The record contained the following:

The elusive Lena Hern still remains to be found. One Hern family can be found in the 1880 US Census for Mora County, New Mexico that can be traced back to Missouri but I was only interested in the Herns in New

1900 USCensus
El Rito Precinct No. 10, Rio Arriba County, New Mexico

7-224.

TWELFTH CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES.

B

State New Mexico
County Rio Arriba

SCHEDULE No. 1.—POPULATION.

Supervisor's District No. 470 Sheet No. _____
Enumeration District No. 85 11

Township or other division of county Precinct No 10 Name of Institution _____
Name of incorporated city, town, or village, within the above-named division El Rito Ward of city _____
Enumerated by me on the 27th day of July 1900. Jos. Arcadio Tolaguez Enumerator.

IN CITIES	NAME	RELATION	PERSONAL DESCRIPTION	NATIVITY			CITIZENSHIP	OCCUPATION, TRADE, OR PROFESSION	EDUCATION	OWNERSHIP OF HOME
				Place of Birth of this Person	Place of Birth of Father	Place of Birth of Mother				
	Sergeant Maggie	Head	W. B. May 1881 42 2 33 4 3	Ireland	Ireland	Ireland			yes	
	Wife	Wife	W. M. Apr 1868 32 0	Wisconsin	England	Ireland		Merchant	yes	
	John H.	Son	W. M. May 1873 27 0	Wisconsin	England	Ireland		Merchant	yes	
	Edward	Son	W. M. Apr 1877 23 0	Wisconsin	England	Ireland		Merchant	yes	
	Lillian B.	Adopted	W. F. Jun 1886 14 0	New Mexico	New Mexico	New Mexico			yes	

Mexico. Unfortunately, the 1880 Census only shows initials instead of names and none of the names begin with the letter "L." There is only:

M.J. Hern, household, 55 yrs, carpenter, born in MO, father born in KY, mother born in KY

M.E. Hern, 28 yrs, keeping house, born in MO, father born in MO, mother born in MO

A.J. Hern, 13 yrs, son, at home, born in NM, father born in MO, mother born in MO

C.K. Hern, 11 yrs, daughter, born in NM, father born in MO, mother born in MO

F.E. Hern, 7 yrs, daughter, born in NM, father born in MO, mother born in MO

E.F. Hern, 5 yrs, daughter, born in NM, father born in MO, mother born in MO

G.M. Hern, 3 yrs, daughter, born in NM, father born in MO, mother born in MO

The 1885 New Mexico State Census however, does provide names for the Hern family and here I found a Mary Ellen married to Milton Hern in Precinct 11 in Mora County along with their children: Andrew J. (b.

1864), Cora K. (b 1869), Flora E. (b 1871), Emily J. (b 1874), Gertrude M. (b. 1879), Samuel O. (b. 1882), Nellie E. (b. 1885) and Robert C. (b 1889). Mary Ellen as the possible "Lena" is very intriguing due to the fact that in a Spanish speaking territory Mary Ellen would have been Maria Elena - "Lena"? If this is indeed Lillian's "Lena," she would have had to leave Milton right after Nellie's birth in 1885 (an unexpected pregnancy with Lillian and William may have been a reason to leave), then becoming pregnant with Mary Bessie sometime in 1889. But then she would have to return to Milton and give birth to Robert Clay Hern sometime in 1889. All of these pregnancies in a very short period of time leave me suspicious that this is indeed Lillian's mother but then again dates can be vague. But until I can find documentation this will remain a real puzzle.

So, the search goes on for Lillian's early years and hopefully as more and more documentation becomes available and with the use of DNA I can locate Lena Hern and the Hern family. I await.

1880 US Census
Precinct 11, Mora County, New Mexico

[7-296.]

Page No. 11 Note A.—The Census Year begins June 1, 1879, and ends May 31, 1880. **87**
 Supervisor's Dist. No. 36 Note B.—All persons will be included in the Enumeration who were living on the 1st day of June, 1880. No others will. Children BORN SINCE
 Enumeration Dist. No. 23 June 1, 1880, will be OMITTED. Members of Families who have DIED SINCE June 1, 1880, will be INCLUDED.
 Note C.—Questions Nos. 13, 14, 22 and 23 are not to be asked in respect to persons under 10 years of age.

SCHEDULE 1.—Inhabitants in Precinct No. 11th, in the County of Mora, State of New Mexico
 enumerated by me on the 5th day of June, 1880.

Samuel O. Colgan Enumerator.

Name	Sex	Age	Personal Description	Color	Married	Occupation	Health	Education	Nativity		
									Place of Birth of this person, Territory or Country, if of foreign birth.	Place of Birth of the Mother of this person, Territory or Country, if of foreign birth.	Place of Birth of the Mother of this person, Territory or Country, if of foreign birth.
Milton M. J.	M	55	carpenter	W	1				Missouri	Ky	Ky
M. E.	F	28	keeping house	W	1				Missouri	Mo	Mo
A. J.	M	13	at home	W	1				New Mexico	Mo	Mo
C. K.	F	11	at home	W	1				New Mexico	Mo	Mo
F. E.	F	7		W	1				New Mexico	Mo	Mo
E. F.	F	5		W	1				New Mexico	Mo	Mo
G. M.	F	3		W	1				New Mexico	Mo	Mo

Michol Colgan has been a member of SBCGS for 25 years. She has served as president of the society and currently serves on the Board of Directors. Along with Jan Cloud she led the capital campaign for the expansion and renovation of the Sahyun library. She is also a library volunteer and is involved with preservation of records.

A Chosen One

By Deborah Kaska as told by Larry House

WAS “CHOSEN,” and thus “special,” my parents told me. My sister and I were both adopted and grew up in Syracuse, New York, with a wonderful mother and father.

My curiosity about my birth parents was aroused off and on, especially as I got older and wondered about my heritage and any possible health issues. But many years passed before I actually began to search for them.

Gathering Puzzle Pieces

In the early 1990s, I learned that I could write to the adoption agency in New York State for the so-called non-identifying information about my birth parents. My sister has already found out that the agency for both our adoptions was the Onondaga County Child and Family Services.

The information the agency sent back was quite detailed regarding my birth mother and father and their families, but obviously listed no names. According to this information, the birth mother had not told her parents about her pregnancy, but had gone to Syracuse to stay with her sister and her husband until the birth. This information was the first piece of the puzzle.

The second piece of the puzzle was found in the safe after my parents passed away. It was my original adoption documentation, which listed my full name at birth. The year was now 1997. Based on this information, my wife Jennifer and I went online and searched for that surname, but found nothing definitive. We searched online off and on for the next 10 years.

Once we moved to Santa Barbara, my wife Jennifer joined the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society and began to do research on her family. I was stimulated again to join in the search and took the next step. I wrote letters to people with the surname listed on my adoption papers. A few people responded but no one had relevant information. I also registered on various adoptive websites, but this too yielded no “hits.”

A chance encounter starts the wheels turning

At this point I had been searching for about 20 years. In the spring of 2013, Jennifer and I attended the SB-CCGS Seminar held at the Goleta Presbyterian Church. During a lunch break we happened to sit at a table with two SBCGS members, Chris Klukkert and Alicia Watt. Jen, Alicia and Chris got to talking about their research and then Chris asked me about my family history. I explained that I was adopted in New York State where the records are sealed and I probably was never going to be able to discover who my birth parents were. Chris, not at all convinced the situation was hopeless, stated emphatically, “I know we are going to be able to find it!”

I explained all the approaches I had already explored. Chris said she was going to talk to people and look into it. In fact, Chris remembered that a woman had a show on TV where she reunited people with their birth par-

ents. The woman in question was Pam Slaton. Chris also noted that Pam Slaton had written a book entitled *Reunited: An Investigative Genealogist Unlocks Some of Life's Greatest Family Mysteries* and urged me to read it.

Soon after this, Jennifer and I were about to leave on a trip to Africa. The day before our departure, Chris called and said that she had now read the book – that it was incredible what this woman had done – and that Larry HAD TO READ THE BOOK! She met Jennifer at the library, gave her the book and we left on our safari.

In Africa, I read the book and had time to think about it. We became convinced that Pam Slaton could also help us. Pam herself was an adoptee from New York and had been able to “crack the code” so to speak and find her own birth parents.

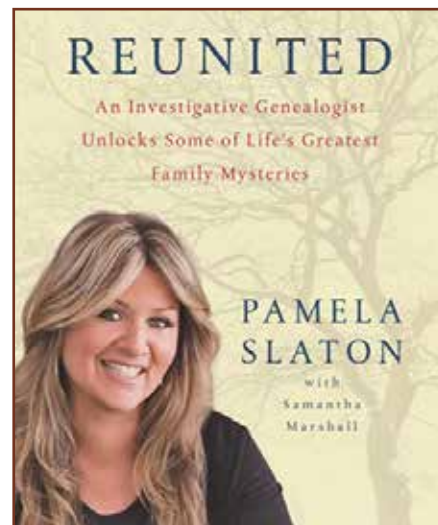
Reunited

So on June 2, 2013, I emailed Pam Slaton and sent her a copy of the adoption papers that were found in the safe with the original birth name as well as the information the adoption agency provided.

On June 6, four days later, Pam responded. “Dear Larry, The search for your birth mother has been completed.” A few days later the complete information arrived. “I am very happy to share the following information.” She gave the name and birth date of my mother. She listed my mother’s several marriages, the fact that she never had other children, her current address and finally several family photographs. Moreover Pam related further information about my birth uncle and grandparents, now all deceased. Interesting was the fact that my birthmother did not have a sister, so the story that she told the adoption agency about living with her sister in Syracuse was a slight fabrication.

The birth mother had expressed to Pam a desire to communicate at first via email. She revealed she had kept Larry’s birth a total secret for 58 years.

The emails led to plans for a reunion in the fall of 2013. So within a few months after that chance encounter with Chris Klukkert, I was having dinner with my birth mother. She was a lovely person, very artistic, and we got along well. The dessert was a surprise birthday cake – it was my 59th birthday!



A Good Horseman Trusts His Horses

By George Goodall

IN THE EARLY WEST there were two types of horse-men – cowboys and workhorse drivers. Cowboys got all the publicity, especially in the movies. Those who trained and drove the workhorses were the unsung heroes and really developed the West into world leading agricultural production regions and urban centers. They have gone unheralded for the most part, but there are some amazing stories that can be told. Several are about my grandfather, Frank Goodall.

Frank Goodall came to California in 1875 as a single, 19 year old young man and made a good living driving workhorses to plow fields, to haul lumber down from Mt. Palomar to build early urban centers, to excavate and fill dirt for the new railroads, and to drive 26-horse teams to pull grain threshing machines. Stop and think for a minute about how much work it would be to breed, harness, train, and feed 26 horses and then to control them to pull together to do a full day's work. My grandfather even formed the San Fernando Horse Company to raise, break, sell, and buy work horses, but it didn't have a long life due to the advent of tractors and trucks in the early 20th century.

Frank was a peace loving, God-fearing man who did not wear a six-shooter pistol. He did have a rifle pouch on his saddle so he could shoot deer for food and rattlesnakes for protection. He operated from successively better and larger farms near Temecula, Downey, and Calabasas.

To give you an idea of how up close and personal Frank got to the horses he worked with every day, let me tell of my reactions when I was reading his journals. I was surprised to read "Took Mary to the doctor." We didn't have anyone in the family named Mary. I could only assume he was referring to one of his horses. Other times it was "Bessie was ill today," or "shod Carl." But the entry that really shocked me was "castrated George today." After I caught my breath, I realized he

had neutered a young stallion named George.

Our favorite family story is how Frank relied on horses during a flood emergency. On the night of December 25th, 1889, their farm on the west side of Downey, 12 miles southeast of Los Angeles, was flooded. The farm had excellent soil but was subject to flooding. On this night, after several days of continual rains, the San Gabriel River broke its banks upstream and formed a new channel, now called the Rio Hondo. This new channel went right through their farm in what Frank described in his journals as "washed my place all to pieces." He and my grandmother were trying to salvage as much from their home and personal things as possible. Frank had all their horses hitched up to wagons and buggies to haul their things out. My father, Erle Goodall, was just over a year old and was in their way as they were rushing to save as much as they could. Frank, fortuitously, had a horse stabled in his barn that belonged to his father-in-law, the Rev. S. M. Adams, who lived about a mile away on higher ground. Frank knew the horse would find its way home through the flood to the grandparents. So he carefully wrapped the baby in a gunny sack (burlap), tied him to the horn of the saddle, and sent the horse off through the flooded night. The horse and prized package arrived safely and "all lived happily ever after." We descendants are very thankful that my grandfather, Frank Goodall, knew how horses acted in emergency situations and trusted one of them with such a precious cargo as his own son.



Fig 1. Frank Goodall in his wedding suit in 1887 for his marriage to Sue Adams in Downey, CA.

Goodall, G – "The Journals of Frank Goodall," self publ, May 2014, 18 pgs.

George Goodall has been a member of the Society since 1988. He is a fourth generation southern Californian with degrees from UCLA and Univ. of Wisconsin. He is the retired University of California County Director & Farm Advisor in Santa Barbara County, specializing in Avocados, Citrus, Wine Grapes, and Farmland Preservation. The principle surnames he is researching are Abercrombie, Adams, Goodall, Gordon, Helter, Irvine, Mangin, Schildmeyer, and Williams.



Frank Goodall riding and driving an 8-horse team harrowing-in a field of newly broadcast wheat seed on El Escorpion Ranch in west end of the San Fernando Valley in the late 1800s

Seeking Better Farmland Drives Migration

By George Goodall



Frank Goodall driving a 26-hour team pulling a grain thresher in the early 1900s west of Canoga Park, CA.

THE QUEST FOR BETTER FARMLAND has been the main driving force for migration in my family lines. As with many families in past centuries the hope for better farming opportunities has been one of the most important reasons for moving on. Other reasons were the desire for a more healthful climate, new career opportunities, and loss of farmland when it was converted to urban land uses. Spending more than 25 years researching my family lines, I find this theme of seeking better farmland has predominated.

Let me start with my Adams family line. In southern Scotland during medieval times they were tenant farmers. The early Adams kin were moved to Northern Ireland as tenant farmers as part of the Plantation of Ireland by the British in 1609 - 1613.¹ Francis Adams, my emigrating ancestor, was born in 1763 on a tenant farm near Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ulster, in Northern Ireland. The soil was very poor in this wind-swept area where they raised cereal grains, so it was really hard scabble. His family and their neighbors rebelled against the high rents charged by the absentee British landlords. The pastor of their Covenanter Presbyterian Church arranged for the whole congregation to emigrate to South Carolina in 1772 where they were promised free land.² The land given to them was in northern South Carolina. These hardy Scot farmers were expected to clear and settle the land to better protect the earlier British residents from Indian raids in this southern coastal area around Charleston. After fighting in the Revolutionary War against the hated English, these farmers worked hard to make something of their land, but it was difficult. After the war when the new US government allowed veterans to claim land in the new territories of Alabama and Mississippi, the Adams moved to Mississippi. Francis's son, Abram Adams, who had served in the War of 1812, established a very profitable cotton farm in 1821 near Macon, Mississippi, using Negro slaves for labor.

As happens in large families, some children prefer other vocations to farming. This was the case with

married Jane Meek Williams, daughter of another cotton growing family who had come from Ulster, Ireland to South Carolina. He met her when he was serving the church in Eutaw, Green County, Alabama. When they came to California they brought two young daughters with them, one of whom was my grandmother, Sue Adams. After establishing many new churches³ Rev Samuel found that he could augment his meager church income by teaching and farming during the weekdays. Among his church assignments was to serve a church in Carpinteria, near Santa Barbara, from 1876 to 1878. Later the family moved again. With the wonderful climate, good land, and irrigation water Samuel Adams began to operate a profitable farm in Downey, in Los Angeles County. They lived in Downey from 1880 until his death in 1894.⁴

Another family line begins with Frank Goodall. Frank came to California from Kansas as a young 19 year old, seeking his fortune as a farmer. In 1875 he started farming in Temecula, in Riverside County. But by 1882 he had moved to Downey for better land, water, and climate. It is here he met his wife. Frank Goodall married Sue Adams in 1887 on his farm. After being flooded out in 1891, they moved to the west end of the San Fernando Valley. Frank established a very large and successful ranch growing mainly wheat.

Frank's son, Erle Goodall, graduated from the College of Agriculture at the University of California, Berkeley, in 1913. Upon graduation he established a new farm near his father's. Erle had better soil and a good water supply from a source near Canoga Park. One of the many crops Erle grew was bean seeds, which he sold worldwide. Erle Goodall established this farm after he married Martha Schildmeyer in 1921. His farm was in the San Fernando Valley, a part of Los Angeles, which was where I was raised. With World War II and increased urban subdivision pressures on these ranches, they were sold during the 1940s. Now the area is all houses.

Abram Adams. Two of his younger sons became Methodist ministers and moved their families to California after the Civil War. However, before their move to California, Rev. Samuel McKee Adams, my ancestor,



Anton Schildmeyer's farm near Orange, CA with oranges on the left and walnuts on the right about 1912.

For many hundreds of years my mother's family line, the Schildmeyers, had a large farm near Minden in north central Germany. It had excellent bottom land soil where they raised cereal grains to feed hogs for sausage making. They raised the hogs in large barns that were very sanitary, to keep them out of the sun so they could get a premium price for light colored pork. In Germany, farms were inherited by the eldest son, so my grandfather, Anton Schildmeyer, a third son, emigrated to America in 1880. His first farm was in Nebraska, where he married Louisa Brunko from a nearby farm. Later they sought better farmland in Orange County, California. Anton first grew walnuts near Santa Ana, then he traded for a better farm near the town of Orange, growing walnuts, apricots, and Valencia oranges. This very successful farm was where my mother Martha Schildmeyer was raised. She became a registered nurse before marrying my dad, Erle Goodall, in 1921. My mother's brother farmed this farm in Orange for many years until it was sold for urban uses in the 1970s.

After graduating from UCLA as an "Ag" major, service in the Army Engineers in WWII, and no farm to go back to, I went to work for the University of California in agricultural research and education as a Farm Advisor in Santa Barbara. In order to "practice what I was preaching" I developed a small avocado orchard

around our home in Hope Ranch. So, I am the last of two long family lines of farmers.

During the time period of the six or eight generations of our family, the United States has shifted occupations from 95% of the population being farmers to present day farmers who are merely 1% of our population in California, producing more than enough food for all of us. Additionally, increasing amounts of food are imported from foreign countries, especially from Latin America. This change has been one of our world's greatest economic revolutions - the increase in food production with less labor. Although my ancestors migrated mainly to better their farmlands, their siblings shifted to other careers, as did many others. Some of us may lament the loss of farmland and farmers in our family, but social and economic pressures have pushed us out of agriculture into other occupations, while still having an ample food supply.

1 Wormold, J. Ed. - "Scotland - A History," Oxford Press.

2 Stephenson, J. - "Scotch-Irish Migration to South Carolina, 1772," Clearfield, Washington D. C., 1971.

3 Simmons, J. Rev. - "History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast," Southern Methodist Publ., Nashville, 1886, p. 377-378.

4 Lewis Publishing Company, Chicago - "Illustrated History of Los Angeles Co, CA," 1889.

5 Goodall, G - "The Journals of Frank Goodall," self-published, 2014, 18 pages.

Tangled Family Ties Now Tangled Further

Karen Harris came across this small item in the Friday, June 28, 1940 edition of the *Santa Ynez Valley News*.

"Whitehall, Wis. The relationships of the Holmen family are now slightly confused.

Harry M. Holmen, 55 years old, married his widowed stepmother, Mrs. Agnes E. Holmen, 58. They were attended by the son and daughter-in-law of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Kerwin Holmen, who were the half-brother and sister-in-law of the groom. It is reliably reported that this makes the groom's half-brother his stepson and his sister-in-law, his daughter-in-law."

A Different View of the Salem Witch Trials

By Gwen Patterson

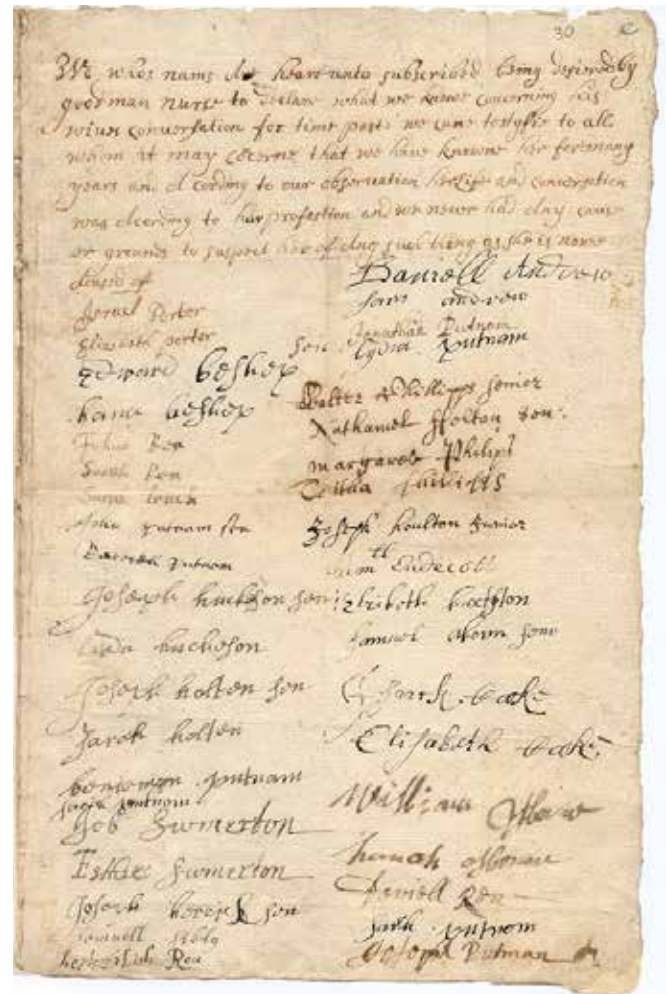
MY WITCH TRIAL STORY is a bit different from all the others I have read so far, as I am a direct descendant of the Putnams. If you are not sure why my family is significant to this historic event, you will shortly. Here is my side through research and family folklore.

Captain John Putnam and Pricilla Gould were the first to come to America. They emigrated from England to Massachusetts in 1634, bringing with them three of their sons: Thomas; Nathaniel, my 9th great-grandfather; and John. Together they established the town of Salem Village. The sons of Thomas, Nathaniel and John aided in the commencement and ceasing of the witch trials.

The families of Nathaniel and John were peaceful people and always tried to keep things harmonious. Mopping up Thomas's family rifts was an everyday occurrence.

Thomas Jr., the eldest son of Thomas, was not well liked in Salem Village. He had many feuds with his family and neighbors, mostly over land he felt should be his. Both sides of his family as well as his wife's family all disinherited him due to his behavior. He was also dismissed from the church for the same reasons. This led him and his brother Edward to open their own church so that he could still practice religion. His brother Edward was named deacon of this church. This too was looked down upon by the town. Thomas blamed everyone in the town for his misfortunes, not realizing he caused his own fate.

Thomas Jr.'s daughter Ann Jr., as she was known, was the granddaughter of Thomas. Ann Jr. began playing at her cousin's house and listening to stories told by Tituba, the family slave. Tituba came from Africa and studied Voodoo. She regularly talked with the girls about Voodoo and even showed them how to do a few things. She was the first person accused of witchcraft and was hung when the girls started having "fits," as her father thought she had possessed them. When the "fits" continued after Tituba's death, Thomas Jr. felt it must have been someone else who was causing them. He saw this as an opportunity to get revenge on many of the people whom he blamed for his misfortunes. He and his brother Deacon Edward Putnam were in cahoots. Thomas would accuse people of being a witch and Deacon Edward would confirm that they were. His Cousin John had the misfortune of being the constable of the town and was pulled into their ploy because he had to sign all the papers of blame for the court. Thomas Jr.'s biggest enemies were the Porter and the Church families, as he felt they both had land that was rightfully his.



Petition to free Rebecca Nurse

We whos nams are hear unto subscribed being desired by Goodman Nurse to Declare what we know concerning his wives conversation for time past: we can testify to all whom it may concern that we have known for many years and according to our observation her life and conversation was acording to her profestion and we never had any cause or grounds to suspect her of any such thing as she is now accused of

Now while Thomas Jr. and Deacon Edward were causing such a ruckus, my 8th great-grandfather Benjamin Putnam (son of Nathaniel Putnam) tried relentlessly to get the accused acquitted. Benjamin and a lot of other family members testified at the trials and he even got a great portion of the town to sign a petition to free Rebecca Church. Due to his actions, Rebecca was acquitted at her first trial. Unfortunately, Rebecca was again brought before the judge and this time was found guilty. She was hung July 19, 1692.

Not too long after Rebecca's death the hysteria died down and all the prisoners were released from prison. History makes it seem like this was a long drawn out part of Salem's history, but in reality it was only about a year and half long. Over 200 people were accused and 20 people were hung. Sadly so many were affected due to one person's greed.

The story doesn't end there. In 1699 Thomas Jr. and his wife Ann Sr. died. Ann Jr.'s guilt got the best of her and she now felt that she could come clean with her

Witches? Witches?

By Janet Hamber

I ALWAYS READ TREE TIPS from front cover to back cover. When I came to the announcement that the next issue of *Ancestor's West* would include stories about witches, a tickle went off in the back of my brain. Witches? Witches? Wasn't there something about witches in my father's book *A Genealogy and History of the Families of Robert P. Armstrong and Lucile May Coulter Armstrong*? I was quite sure the story didn't come from the Coulter side, but which family on the Armstrong side had included a story about witches? Was it Brownell, Thayer, Comstock Gott, Benners, Davidson, or some other relative? All those pages to pore over in search of witches.

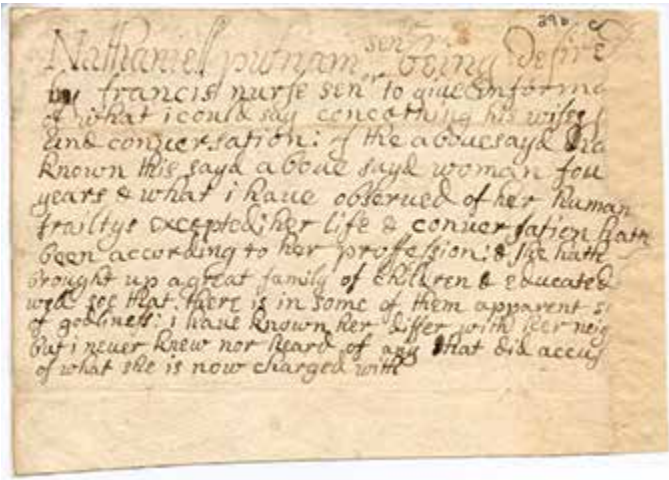
My first thought was that the comment was surely in the part devoted to the first Gott to arrive in the new world, Charles Gott, Sr. my 7th great-grandfather, who arrived in New England aboard the ship *Abigail*, in 1628. He became a pastor of the Salem, Massachusetts church from 1628 to 1653. With all the history of witch trials in Salem, I was sure I'd find some witches in his biography. It turned out that was not the case. So now what to do?

I started at the beginning of the book and continued to read up on to page 20, where I came upon the following information: Family 2: Christopher Comstock. Probably born in England and one of the children arriving in Boston with his mother and father. Lived in Wethersfield, Fairfield and Norwalk where he died. On May 29, 1654, he made affidavit about visiting good wife Knapp, charged with witchcraft. Later she was executed after a trial. He served on grand juries trying witches.

From *History of Stratford, Conn.* p. 152

Janet Hamber's father was the genealogist in the family. She is the guardian of his work, and occasionally undertakes a small effort to understand and relate to the localities and people mentioned in his unpublished book, "A Genealogy and History of the Families of Robert P. Armstrong and Lucile May Coulter."

When she was young, the family often spent part of the summer at Arnold's Lake near Milford. Her father would take her on tours through the small hamlets of Otsego County pointing out the cellar hole of Ashbel Armstrong's farm house in Mt. Vision, the remains of old dams that provided energy to saw and grist mills operated by John Armstrong 4th, the houses her relatives inhabited including the Milford house where her father was born and the tombstones that marked their graves. Thus was born her interest in genealogy. She has been a member of SBCGS for many years.



Nathan Putnam's testimony in the trial of Rebecca Nurse

Nathaniel Putnam being desired by Francis Nurse to give information of what I could say concerning his wife – and conversation: if the above said thia- known this said above woman fou- frailty's excepted i her life & conversation hath been according to her profession: & she hath brought up a great family of children & educated well soe that there is in some of them apparent s- of godliness: I have known her differ with her neig- but I never knew nor heard of any that did accus- of what she is now charged with

part of this farce. She was a reluctant participant in the whole scheme, but being a respectful daughter she did as her parents told her to do. The whole experience scarred Ann Jr. for the rest of her life. She never married or had children of her own.

Luckily, the evil of Thomas Jr. and Deacon Edward did not affect their families too badly. Thomas Sr.'s third son, Joseph, was the father of Israel Putnam, who was a Major General in the Revolutionary War. He has eight counties named after him in the United States. These include the states of Georgia, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Tennessee, and West Virginia. Moreover, Israel's 5th great-grandson was Royal Porter Putnam. Porter, as he was known to everyone, is the founder of Porterville California. I still have family living there to this day.

In 1999 Gwen Patterson's daughter was given a school assignment about her family's heritage. Unfortunately Gwen had no answers for her. This was the beginning of her obsession with genealogy, to find as many stories as she could before it was her son's turn to do this assignment.

She did a lot of research on her own, but in about 2008 she joined the Santa Barbara County Genealogy Society, to see if they could help her break through some walls. They did, and continue to do just that. She has found many interesting family stories, including the one on her Putnam line.

About five years ago she realized she could do more than research her own family; she could help others with their families. At that time she started as a librarian and a document transcriber. She has also done many trees and research for other people, just for the fun of it.

There is never a dull moment in this hobby, which is why she foresees doing it for many more years to come.

Witchcraft, Ghosts, Jurors and Accusers Our Family's Story

By Jean Pettitt

WITCHCRAFT HAD A MAJOR IMPACT on our family's history as it has for practically all families who can trace their American origins to 17th century New England. The supernatural was considered a part of everyday life. The religious climate was such that people actually believed the devil was lurking nearby waiting to tempt people into sin and eternal hellfire. Sadly an accusation of witchcraft was a serious matter that could lead to imprisonment, banishment and death. It made no difference if a person, more often than not a woman, had wealth and prestige or if she was a poor lowly beggar. A witch, Puritans believed, could be anyone who made a pact with the devil to gain supernatural powers; powers that could be used to destroy their neighbors' crops and animals, kill and disfigure babies, bring harm and affliction to others, and cause the innocent to have unholy thoughts and actions.

WITCHES

Mary Bliss Parsons, Mary Lovett Tyler and Margaret Stevenson Scott

Mary Bliss Parsons: Our family descends from at least three women accused of witchcraft. The first to be charged was Mary Bliss Parsons (8th great-grandmother), an attractive woman with a background of wealth and prestige. She was also known for her intelligence, strong opinions, snobbery, and bad temper. It is not surprising that her fellow townspeople would dislike her and believe her possessed. In fact Mary was typical of the type of woman persecuted in Puritan New England before the mass hysteria of the famous Salem Witch Trials that would occur 17 years later. She was wealthy, outspoken and had a mind of her own, all qualities that were suspect in women of her time. Mary was accused several times with the most serious occurring in March of 1675 when a neighbor claimed she was a witch. She was indicted and sent to Boston to await trial. With testimony from her husband and friends, all respected and influential members of the community, she was found not guilty. Mary would live to be an old woman but was never able to escape the rumors that plagued her the rest of her life.

Mary Lovett Tyler: The second woman accused was Mary Lovett Tyler of Andover (8th great-grandmother). As the witch hysteria that began in Salem in early 1692 spread to neighboring communities dozens were accused including our ancestor Mary Tyler and her daughter Hannah. Mary was a pious highly respected member of the community so at first she was unafraid and certain she would be found innocent of a crime as hideous as witchcraft and that nothing could cause her to confess.



Woodcut from the 1489 book "Von den Unholden and Hexen" by Ulrich Moliter showing the Devil seducing a witch.

At the time Mary was accused, the wife of her neighbor Joseph Ballard fell sick. Believing her illness was caused by witchcraft, Ballard decided to conduct a test to identify the witches among them. It was believed that if the hand of a witch touched the afflicted he/she would immediately become well again. So the authorities

sent word to Salem to bring two of the afflicted girls to Andover to conduct an examination of the accused witches. When the accused, which included both Mary and her daughter Hannah, were brought into the room the Salem girls fell into sudden horrific fits. Then the hand of each of the accused witch was placed on the girls. When Mary and Hannah touched the girls they immediately came out of their fit and identified Mary and her daughter as the ones who afflicted them. This evidence was considered cause for arrest.

Mary could hardly believe what was happening to her. Her own brother-in-law, Bridges, and many of her friends now believed she was a witch. During the ride to Salem where she was to be jailed and tried, Bridges rode next to her begging along the way for her to confess. When they reached Salem, Mary was taken to a room with Bridges occupying the room on one side and a John Emerson on the other. These two men hounded Mary for weeks urging her to confess. Emerson even beat her declaring he saw the Devil upon her eyes. It is clear they believed her a witch but also possible they were trying to save her life as those who confessed were spared the death penalty.

After weeks of declaring her innocence and telling Bridges, "Good brother, do not say so, for I shall lie if I confess, and then who shall answer unto God for my Lie?" Mary was too worn down to protest. She told Bridges she would prefer a dungeon rather than spend another minute being so treated. When her situation went from bad to worse with further accusations of witchcraft by the young daughters of neighbor Abigail Faulkner, Mary was ready to confess to anything. Finally after weeks of torment Mary confessed to making a covenant with the Devil and signing the Devil's book. Soon after she regretted her confession, believing she had committed a terrible sin in the presence of God by telling such an egregious lie.

While Mary was in Salem, her husband Hopestill Tyler worked tirelessly to clear her name. He procured the help of the Rev. Increase Mather who in turn spent

many hours with Mary hearing her side of the story. Rev. Mather subsequently represented Mary at trial and because of his stature as a renowned minister and his eloquent defense Mary was found not guilty.

Margaret Stevenson Scott of Rowley, our third ancestor to be accused (9th great-grandmother of our daughter-in-law) was not as fortunate as Mary Parsons and Mary Tyler. Sadly she would be part of the last group to be executed by hanging during the notorious Salem Witch Trials. She was poor and alone with no one to come to her defense after she was accused of witchcraft by members of several prominent families in Rowley. For most of her life Margaret lived an ordinary existence but due to misfortune, she became a likely candidate as a witch suspect. She was a widow of twenty-one years, was poor and had few children who lived to adulthood. Since she had no one to look after her she resorted to begging. This made her vulnerable to witchcraft suspicions, what has subsequently been called the "refusal guilt syndrome" when a beggar's needs are refused causing feelings of guilt on the refusers part. Margaret was one of the last to be charged during the Salem Witch Trials. During her trial, six depositions were presented, all based on "spectral evidence" – testimony that the accused witch's spirit appeared in a dream or vision tormenting the witness. Mary was found guilty and on September 22, 1692 she was hanged by the neck on Gallows Hill in Salem, the last of 20 to be executed. By the spring of 1693 people became tired of the witchcraft frenzy and began speaking out against the validity of "spectral evidence." Within months "spectral evidence" was disallowed and soon after the accused, not yet executed but still in prison, were pardoned. By 1697 the hysteria of the times was recognized by the General Court when they ordered a day of fasting, declaring the 1692 trials unlawful; sadly too late for poor Mary Scott and the other 200 poor souls accused of witchcraft.

THE GOODALE FAMILY OF SALEM

Our Goodale family of Salem is of particular interest to the story of witchcraft, as they and their friends and neighbors would become central characters during the hysteria of the Salem Witch Trials. They also represent the complexity of relationships that would connect our family down the generations. My 2nd great-grandparents descend from two separate branches of the Goodale Family, Zachariah and his sister Sarah, the children of the first settler Robert. My grandparents as well as my husband descend from two other branches of the Goodall family, Robert the father and his sister Mary.

Robert Goodale (1604-1682) arrived in Salem around 1636 with his wife, Katherine, and three children purchasing land near a spring now known as Liberty Hill Park that would eventually grow to 1000 acres. They had four more children, Jacob, Hannah, Zachariah and Sarah. Katherine died shortly after the birth of Sarah leaving Robert with four small children. Robert then married Margaret Lazenby who raised the children with as much affection as her own. Margaret was particularly close to Robert's son Jacob who was slow and



"Knight, Death and the Devil" engraving by Albrecht Dürer, 1513.
National Gallery of Art, Washington DC

what some of the day would call dimwitted.

Around 1660 Giles Corey (of Salem Witch Trial Fame) bought land from Robert and became his neighbor. Giles subsequently hired young Jacob who went to live on the Corey farm as an indentured servant, a tragic decision for poor slow Jacob as Giles was known to be extremely strong with little patience and a bad temper. One day in 1675 Giles became so enraged with Jacob that he took a stick and beat him over 100 times in the presence of Elisha Kebee who told Giles "that he would knock him down if he did not forebear." Giles let Jacob languish for ten days before he went to the house of Jacob's brother Zachariah Goodale to tell him that Jacob had taken a fall and might have a broken arm. Zachariah rushed to the Corey home to find Jacob pale, unable to walk and in a state of confusion.

Zachariah asked Giles to help him take Jacob to see Mrs. Mole, a local healer but being stubborn and ornery he refused. Instead Giles's wife, Mary, helped get Jacob on a horse and into town. On the way they stopped at John Proctor's house. John would later testify as to Jacob's condition. By the time they reached Mrs. Mole's Jacob was barely alive and sadly died several days later. An autopsy was performed by Dr. Endicot where they found "cladders of blood about his heart." A coroner's jury, which included Dr. Endicot and Frances Nurse declared Jacob murdered. At the ensuing trial Dr. Endicot, Frances Nurse, John Proctor and Elisha Kebee, who witnessed the beating, testified. The trial ended without a murder conviction because the laws at the time permitted beatings of indentured servants. It would be another 17 years before Jacob would receive the justice that so many in Salem thought he deserved.

Many of those who took part in the tragedy of Jacob Goodale were subsequently caught up in the events that took place in Salem in the year 1692 known as the Salem Witch Trials. The roots of the tragedy of the Salem witch hysteria had been brewing for years. The

area was known for its many internal disputes over property lines, grazing rights and church privileges. Those in neighboring towns considered the people "quarrelsome." So it didn't take much to fuel the hysteria that led to neighbor turning against neighbor. It was also the perfect opportunity for the Goodale Family to exact revenge for the death of poor Jacob.

The actual event that set the hysteria in motion began when several adolescent girls exhibited strange behavior by experiencing nightmares, suffering fits and going into trances. The town doctor and other adults saw these symptoms as signs of being possessed by the devil. Soon the girls were accusing town folk of witchcraft; people they said were causing them physical harm and making them act in strange ways. The first to be charged were town outcasts but within weeks the number of citizens charged grew as people were coerced into a confession naming others as accomplices.

Martha Corey, who had helped Jacob those many years before, was arrested as was her husband Giles. So was Rebecca, the wife of Frances Nurse. One of

the young accusers was Mary Warren, a maidservant in the home of John Proctor. When asked who was tormenting her she accused John Proctor's wife. When John came to the defense of his wife he was charged as a witch. The Proctors went to trial August 5th and were found guilty. John was hung on Aug. 25th. While in jail the sheriff came and confiscated all the Proctor's belongings, sold their cattle and took the beer barrels from his tavern. Their children were left penniless. Elizabeth's sentence was never carried out. While in prison she gave birth to a child she named John. Later she was set free and finally pardoned in 1697.

Rebecca Nurse was one of the oldest accused. At 71 she was a respected member of the community. Ann Putman, the young daughter of a family who often had disputes with the Nurse family over land issues, made the charges against Rebecca. She was found guilty and hung July 19th. Because she was held in high regard during her life and showed dignity during death people began to question the accusers and the reliability of their testimony.

Rebecca Nurse, Yarmouth, England 1621.
Salem, Mass., 1692.

*O Christian Martyr who for Truth could die
When all about thee owned the hideous lie!
The world redeemed from Superstition's sway
Is breathing freer for thy sake today.
(From the poem "Christian Martyr," by John
Greenleaf Whittier)*

As for my Goodale family, Jacob played a prominent role during the Salem Witch Trials, at least his ghost did. There were many instances since the time of his death when people reported seeing his ghost crying out

about his "foul murder." The young girls who set these events in motion would refer to the ghost of Jacob as a source of their accusations.

*Look! Look! It is the ghost of Jacob Goodale
Whom fifteen years ago this man did murder,
By stomping on his body! In his shroud
He comes here to bear witness to this crime.
(Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "New England
Tragedies.")*

Jacob's widowed stepmother Margaret, his brother Zachariah and family friends took the opportunity to testify against Giles Corey during his trial. But Giles could not be convicted or punished as a "warlock" because he refused to plead (guilty or not guilty). According to the law at the time a person who refused to plead could not be tried. To force a plea the court ordered the sheriff to take Giles to a pit in an open field near the jail where he was stripped, laid on the ground and covered with boards. Stones were then stacked on the boards. With each additional stone the weight must have

become unbearable. Giles, stubborn as he was, endured the torture for two days crying out "more weight" until he died. But before his death

he cursed the sheriff and the entire town. Hopefully the curse did not extend to future generations as our family descends from not just the Goodales but other Salem families who profited from the purchase of land once owned by Giles Corey.

Sarah Goodale, sister to Jacob and Zachariah, married John Batchelder who served on the Salem jury that determined guilt or innocence of those accused of witchcraft. After the trials ended, along with other members of the jury, John signed a statement asking for forgiveness for the "error of their judgment." The document stated that while they thought they were performing their duty according to law they now understood that they were not "capable to understand, nor able to withstand, the mysterious delusions of the powers of darkness. On further consideration and better information we fear we have been instrumental, with others though ignorantly and unwittingly, to bring upon ourselves and this people of the Lord the guilt of innocent blood. We do hereby ask forgiveness of you all, whom we have justly offended, and do declare, according to our present minds, we would none of us do such things again."

DUDLEY BRADSTREET

The witchcraft hysteria was not confined to Salem and soon spread to other Massachusetts towns. Our ancestor Dudley Bradstreet (8th great-grandfather), grandson of Massachusetts co-founder Thomas Dudley and the son of Gov. Simon Bradstreet and Ann Dudley, New England's first published poet was soon caught up in the whole sordid affair. While Bradstreet was opposed to the entire witchcraft proceedings, he felt

The religious climate was such that people actually believed the devil was lurking nearby waiting to tempt people into sin and eternal hellfire.

duty bound as Justice of the Peace in Andover to issue arrest warrants against Andover persons accused of witchcraft. Finally, in September of 1692, after issuing 48 warrants (including our ancestor Mary Lovett Tyler) he had had enough and refused to issue more. Like many who opposed the witchcraft trials he and his wife Ann were themselves accused of witchcraft, with the afflicted claiming that Bradstreet had killed at least nine people. In response he and his wife fled. Bradstreet later returned to Andover in late December, and along with other prominent citizens, signed a petition on behalf of six fellow church members who had also been accused.

While several of our ancestors showed remorse for their actions during the Salem Witch Trials they were the exception. Only one of the six accusing teenage girls ever apologized. She was Ann Putman, the accuser of Rebecca Nurse and 62 others. In fact she was the only accuser to publicly apologize. Many families spent generations trying to clear the name of their family member convicted of witchcraft. It would take generations (not until 1957) before Salem cleared their names and not until 1992 that the town recognized them as victims by building a memorial to honor their suffering and injustice.

Jean Pettitt first became interested in genealogy after she rescued from the trash (not her mother's interest) the family history files that were compiled by her grandmother. She joined the SBCGS when she moved to Santa Barbara in the late 90s. Her primary interest is in the historical context of the times and places in which her people lived. Those places include the British Isles, New England, the Mid-Atlantic States and the Mid-West.

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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

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Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War, William T. Sherman Camp 28, at their establishment in 2006.

Left to right: Alex Grzywacki, Tad D. Campbell (Commander – Dept. of California & Pacific),
Tom McCullough, Everett Lee, Bob Duncan and Bill Stewart. Photo by Susan T. Cook.