



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
March 2016 Vol. 41, No. 1

Occupations

Glovers in the Family

Bar Pilots on Mobile Bay

Cutting Edge Workers

A Century of Shoemakers

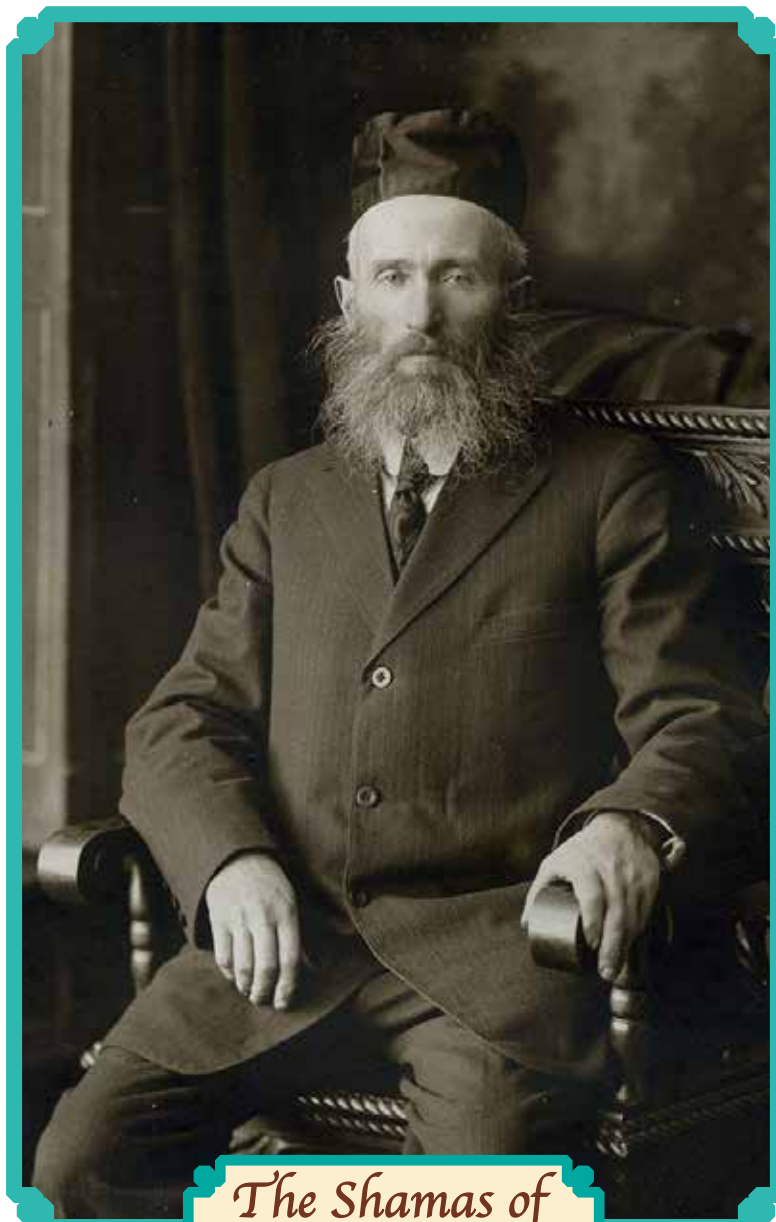
Tennis and Typewriters

No Farmers in THIS Family

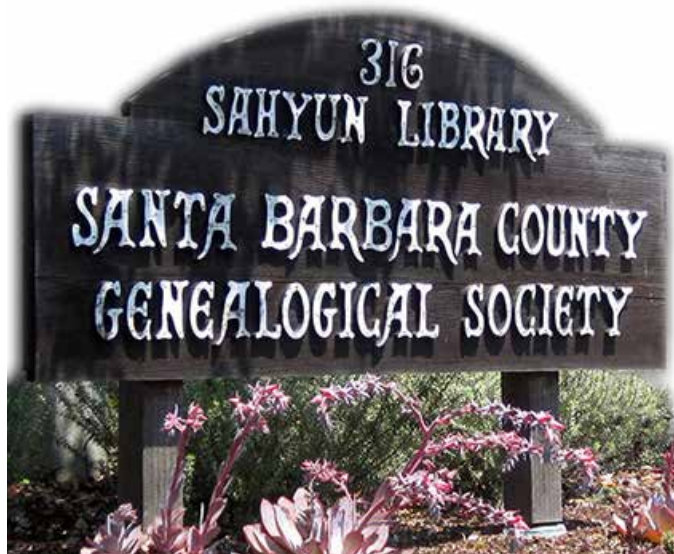
**The Armstrongs and the
Sawmill Business**

Herring Cause Train Wreck

The Career Soldier



*The Shamas of
Schara Tzedek*



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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 (SBCGS) incorporated as a nonprofit 501(c) (3) organization in 1986. Its aim is to promote genealogy by providing assistance and educational opportunities for those who are interested in pursuing their family history.

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

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From the Editor



THE REVENANT, a film that is not for the faint-hearted, opens a window onto the American wilderness in the 1820s. I viewed this film while in the midst of writing the column about the US census mortality schedules. The image that kept coming to mind was the 1498 woodcut by Albrecht Dürer, “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.” The horsemen – death, famine, war and pestilence – were never far from the minds of our ancestors. From the earliest explorers to the Pilgrims in 1620 and through to the immigrants of the 20th century, our ancestors often had a harsh welcome to America.

Yet, we are here today because some of those hardy souls survived despite the ever-present dangers. One feature that almost all our ancestors shared over the centuries was hard work. Men, women and children too, as soon as they were old enough to be useful at simple tasks, all contributed to the survival of the settlers.

Like father, like son

The structure of communities in Europe differed from those in America. While professions were often passed on from father to son or sons, many villages stipulated that only one person of each trade could settle in the town; there was one miller, one saddle maker, one blacksmith, one shoemaker, etc. This policy eliminated competition and assured that the individual practicing that trade could earn a living. However, if a blacksmith had two sons, only the oldest could take over the father’s smithy; the second son had to become an itinerant smith until he found a village that needed his services. Regulations enforced by regional authorities also sometimes dictated which occupations men could take up based on their religion.

These limitations combined with a growing awareness of opportunities in the New World awakened in many the desire to seek their fortunes in a land far from their roots.

These people may have seemed like “poor, tired, huddled masses.” Many weeks “between decks” aboard a ship with no privacy, no sanitation, and regular bouts of seasickness together with stale and scanty provisions would convert most of us into an exhausted, ragged hoard. In reality, however, our immigrant forefathers and mothers were energetic, self-reliant, courageous and determined.



Woodcut by Albrecht Dürer, 1498, entitled The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. In the lower left Hell consumes its victims that come from all levels of society. An emaciated rider symbolizes death; famine is represented by a powerful rider with scales that indicate inflation; the third rider, war, carries a sword. The identity of the fourth rider is controversial and may signify conquest or pestilence.

The highest reward for man’s toil is not what he gets for it, but what he becomes by it. – John Ruskin

The articles in this issue of *Ancestors West* are a vibrant reflection of the American experience. What is so impressive is the diversity of occupations, which speaks to the manifold opportunities America offered. These ranged from the complex coastlines that required pilots in Mobile Bay, to the sawmills that prepared shingles from old growth white pines in central New York State. The abundant forests also provided the materials for furniture makers in Indiana. New technologies required telegraphers in Nebraska. During the American Civil War many soldiers answered the call to arms in defense of their states, both in the north and the south. Over a half-million men died in that war, which ended 151 years ago this April, but the country that emerged became a nation.

As villages grew into towns and cities, people needed the services of dentists. One dentist even had a secret recipe for peach ice cream! Prohibition stimulated the appearance of bootleggers and also the revenuers that raided their operations. And everywhere were the farmers. My own ancestors are almost exclusively farm workers who, once they arrived in the Midwest from England and the continent, relished the opportunity to

buy land they could call their own. Farmers and ranchers spread across the nation all the way to San Fernando Valley in Los Angeles, California.

Some immigrants learned their trades abroad and brought them to America. The glovers of Gloversville, New York, are an amazing example of a whole industry that transplanted itself from villages in England to New York State. Metal workers from Somerset England, found that edge tool makers and all kinds of forged metal products were needed in a land where tools and guns were used for nearly everything from tilling the soil to putting food on the table. German shoemakers settled in Illinois and made shoes for the farmers and townfolk. Churches and synagogues were built to serve the growing communities. These attracted religious leaders such as the rabbi Eliya Ahroni who traveled from Russia to New York and eventually to serve a congregation in Vancouver, British Columbia.

While men were the primary breadwinners for the family, women were also active. In addition to their employment 24-7 as homemakers, women in the families of glovers also helped in the production. When womens' hats were the fashion, women opened millinery shops where they sold this lovely accessory to women's apparel.

Sometimes the search for an ancestor's profession led to surprising and possibly even disconcerting discoveries. All these stories and more await readers on the pages of this issue of *Ancestors West*.

The next issue

In the next issue the theme will be "names" – First names, middle names, last names, names of towns, names that can be spelled multiple ways, misspelled names on the census and other documents, names that were changed, the challenge of ancestors named John Smith, naming patterns in families, ancestors named after famous people, tracing surnames with yDNA and all name-related topics. At one time or another, nearly all genealogists have struggled with names. Readers would be interested to know about the problems with names that you have encountered and how you solved them.

Once again, I emphasize that a theme is only a suggestion, not a restriction. All articles of genealogical interest are welcome.

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

I want to thank all the authors who wrote articles for this issue. The response was inspiring and so bountiful that a second Occupations Section will be printed in the May Issue. I also thank my dedicated and helpful editorial committee. *Ancestors West* is truly a team effort. I never cease to be amazed by the creative and skillful members of our society.

Debbie Kaska
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THE SENSE OF THE CENSUS

Death Sentences: The mortality schedules 1850-1885

By Deborah Kaska

Murder!

In January of 1870, Johnson J. Ramsey, 57, of Colbert County, Alabama, was murdered. He left a wife and several children. If you are a descendant of Johnson Ramsey you may have wondered what ever happened to him. Alabama did not record deaths until 1908, and there appears to be no gravestone. He is last listed in the 1860 census. His demise, however, is revealed in the 1870 mortality schedule.

ever know she had existed. She didn't live long enough to be listed in the US Census of 1850 and prior to 1850, only the heads of households were named. Most county clerks in Illinois only began to record deaths in 1877.

Diphtheria takes its toll!

The ravages of Diphtheria are evident in a 1880 Mortality Schedule of Rome, Minnesota, a small farming town near the Wisconsin border. (Shown below).

SCHEDULE 2.—Persons who Died during the Year ending 1st June, 1870, in Township 3 Range 14, in the County of Colbert, State of Alabama, enumerated by me, George J. Woodward, Ass't. Marshal.

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Number of the Family, as given in the 2d column of Schedule I.	Name of every person who died during the year ending June 1, 1870, whose place of abode at the time of death was in this family.	DESCRIPTION.				Marr'd (M) or Widowed (W)	Place of birth, naming the State or Territory of the U. S., or the country, if of foreign birth.	PARENTAGE.		The Month in which the person died.	Profession, Occupation, or Trade.	Disease or Cause of Death.
		Age, last day, if months for 12 years or up.	Sex—Male (M) or Female (F)	Color—White (W), Black (B), Chinese (C), Indian (I), Mulatto (L)	Place of birth of father (F) or mother (M)			Place of birth of mother (M)				
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
159	Ramsey Johnson J	57	M	W	M	Tennessee				January	Farmer	Murdered, by an unknown person.

The phrase, "by an unknown person," presumably indicates the murder had not been solved at the time of the census.

A tragic consequence of progress!

In 1848, construction started on the Galena and Chicago Railroad, the first railroad built to Chicago. The line passed through the suburb of Winfield, Illinois. This was progress! But for one family there was a tragic consequence; little Louisa Richardson, age 14, was killed while "at play on a turning table on the railroad" in August of 1849. Except for the report of her death in the 1850 mortality schedule, it is likely no one today would

Until the 20th century, diphtheria was a major cause of death among children; epidemics were often world-wide and swept across the US in 1850 and 1860, and again from 1876 to 1881. Note that most of the children were under the age of 10, so that the only federal document listing their names, ages, sex, birthplace and the birthplace of their parents is the mortality schedule. They were born after the 1870 census, and died before the population was enumerated in 1880.

Much of the information about the extent and frequency of diphtheria in the US was acquired from the US Mortality Schedules. And diphtheria was only one of many diseases that ravaged Americans in the 1800s.

Number of the Family, as given in the 2d column of Schedule I.	Name of every person who died during the year ending June 1, 1870, whose place of abode at the time of death was in this family.	PERSONAL DESCRIPTION.				MARRIED (M) OR WIDOWED (W)	PLACE OF BIRTH OF THIS PERSON, NAMING THE STATE OR TERRITORY OF THE U. S., OR THE COUNTRY, IF OF FOREIGN BIRTH.	WHERE WAS THE FATHER OF THIS PERSON BORN? (Do not estimate.)	WHERE WAS THE MOTHER OF THIS PERSON BORN? (Do not estimate.)	PROFESSION, OCCUPATION OR TRADE.	THE MONTH IN WHICH THE PERSON DIED.	DISEASE OR CAUSE OF DEATH.	IF THE DISEASE WAS NOT QUANTITATIVELY REPORTED IN THE MORTALITY SCHEDULE, STATE THE PLACE.	NAME OF ATTENDING PHYSICIAN.
		AGE, LAST DAY, IF MONTHS FOR 12 YEARS OR UP.	SEX—MALE (M) OR FEMALE (F)	COLOR—WHITE (W), BLACK (B), CHINESE (C), INDIAN (I), MULATTO (L)	PLACE OF BIRTH OF FATHER (F) OR MOTHER (M)									
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
2	Hauge Kalle	6	M	W		Minnesota	Norway	Norway		November	Diphtheria		None	
2	Egnumma	8	F	W		Minnesota	Norway	Norway		November	Diphtheria		None	
5	Egnumma Sorenson	6	M	W		Minnesota	Norway	Norway		August	Diphtheria		None	
	Bakke	7	F	W		Norway	Norway	Norway		August	Diphtheria		None	
8	Marcusson Erickson	10	M	W		Minnesota	Norway	Norway		June	Diphtheria		Hull	
	Jungbrot	7	F	W		Minnesota	Norway	Norway		June	Diphtheria		Hull	
9	Halopson Kalle	7	F	W		Minnesota	Norway	Norway		August	Diphtheria		Hull	
10	Chompson Salack	11	M	W		Minnesota	Norway	Norway		July	Diphtheria		Franklin	
	Serinef	7	F	W		Minnesota	Norway	Norway		July	Diphtheria		Franklin	
13	Mahl John	4	M	W		Minnesota	Norway	Norway		July	Diphtheria		Franklin	
15	Andersson Carl	4	M	W		Minnesota	Norway	Norway		July	Diphtheria		Franklin	

What are the Federal Mortality Schedules and how can they be accessed?

During the 1850, 1860, 1870, 1880, 1885, 1890 and 1900 censuses the enumerators were specifically requested to ask whether anyone in the household had died in the 12 months prior to the official census date (June 1). Thus those who died between June 1, 1849 and May 31, 1850 for the 1850 census, June 1, 1859 and May 31, 1860, etc. were to be listed in the Mortality Schedule.

Immediately one can ascertain possible reasons why the mortality schedules are incomplete.

1) If the individuals who died left no existing household members, their deaths might go unreported. This would also include persons formerly living in boarding houses or hotels.

2) Since the reporting relied on the memory of the person providing the information to the census taker, some individuals were inevitably forgotten.

3) The census taker sometimes forgot to ask the question about mortality.

4) Less well known is that cities that had other systems of registering deaths did not complete mortality schedules.

Indeed, analysis of the mortality schedules for the 12 months preceding the date of the 1870 census indicated, "...the number of deaths reported as having occurred in the period above referred to falls far short of the number which must have taken place." (1)

However, for the deaths that were reported, considerable information was collected.

The 1850 and 1860 mortality schedules included: the name of the deceased, age at death, sex, color, status (free or enslaved), marital status, occupation, cause of death or disease, and number of days ill.

In 1870 and 1880, in addition to the information gathered in 1850 and 1860, the family number as shown on the population schedule, whether father was foreign born, whether mother was foreign born, month of death, and name of attending physician were added. (The number of days ill was deleted.)

The 1885 mortality schedules exist for Colorado, Florida, Nebraska and the Dakota and New Mexico territories.

Unfortunately, the 1890 mortality schedules were destroyed along with the 1890 population schedules.

All that remains of the 1900 mortality schedules are those of Minnesota, which survived despite a congressional order to destroy them.

The mortality schedules that still exist are presented in a table by year and state at <www.census.gov/history/pdf/mortality.pdf>. Some of these schedules are only available in book form and some are only in manuscript form. The latter are available only at the source listed.

Many of the mortality schedules are available at Ancestry.com <search.ancestry.com/search/db.aspx?dbid=8756>. One can search directly for a name or browse the collection by selecting a census date, state, and county. By scrolling to the very bottom of the page at Ancestry there is a table of the years and states for which mortality schedules exist and what data Ancestry.com has posted. Ancestry.com is seeking to acquire the remaining data.

Be sure to examine the census image, because the index record does not include all the data that is recorded on the actual mortality schedule. View all the way to the bottom of the census image as well, where notes were sometimes added to provide more details regarding the death of certain individuals.

A directory to indexes or transcriptions of mortality schedules by state and county is available at <mortality-schedules.com>. Some data is available at this site that is not yet indexed on Ancestry.com.

New York State Census death records for 1865

New York also collected mortality information for the 12 months preceding the 1865 state census and transcriptions of that data is also available at <mortality-schedules.com>. Full names, age, sex, color, married or single, day and month of death, place of birth, occupation, and cause of death are given.

Civil war deaths in New York in 1865

A separate schedule was used to record the deaths in military service in the same time period. A wealth of information was collected on this schedule, including the name of the deceased, age, married or single, whether a citizen or an alien upon enlistment, date entering service, regiment first entered, original rank, regiment at time of death, rank at time of death, whether a volunteer/drafted/substitute/representative/colored, promotions while in service, date of death, place of death, died after leaving service, died while prisoner of war, manner of death, surviving friends (widow/parents/children/relatives, and place of burial.

These New York 1865 death schedules can be found on <Ancestry.com> and at <Familysearch.org> on the last pages of the census for each city.

Benefits of Mortality Schedules to genealogists

The value of mortality schedules to genealogists is enormous! For pre-1850 research the mortality schedules are especially important because prior to that date, family members were not listed in the census; only the head of household was named. Even after 1850, children under 10 years of age who are listed on the mortality schedules may leave no other written record unless possibly a tombstone.

The mortality schedules include information that was not included on the general population schedules. In

the 1850 and 1860 mortality schedules, slaves are named in some cases.

One of the most important inclusions on the mortality schedule was the cause of death. Even if you do not find your family members listed, perusal of the causes of death in the town or region where they lived provides a glimpse into the uncertainty of life in those times. Loss of family and friends to childbed fever, consumption (tuberculosis), diphtheria, cholera, typhus and malaria were all too familiar to our ancestors.

Statistical Analysis of the mortality data- Frances Amasa Walker

Until 1870, little of the information collected in the US census was analyzed statistically. However, in 1870, the new superintendent of the census was Francis Amasa Walker. The US was nearly 100 years old and he planned to mark the event with a report of the progress of the United States over the century. In 1874 he published the *Statistical Atlas of the United States*.⁽¹⁾ This book was a landmark for the country for it presented a clear and easily understood visualization of the census data. Mortality statistics were included in the third part of the Atlas.

For example, tabulating the deaths attributed to malarial diseases and then plotting them on the map of the country in 1870 revealed the concentration of this malady in the southern states. Remember that the cause of malaria was not recognized until 1880, and the fact that mosquitoes transmit the disease was only

discovered in 1898.

The relative paucity of the disease in the northern states undoubtedly is related to fact that colder weather in the north shortened the period of months when mosquitos were active each year.

Thus the US census data provided information that was important for the young nation on its 100th birthday and the mortality schedules contributed significantly to the value of that data. For the genealogist, mortality schedules can sometimes answer questions and fill in missing family members. If you have ancestors that were in the US in the 19th century, be sure to examine these "death sentences."

1) Statistical Atlas of the United States based on the results of the ninth census 1870, compiled under authority of Congress by Frances A. Walker, M.A. Published by Julius Bien, Lith. New York, 1874.

A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA



My Old Santa Barbara Home

By Margery Baragona

IF ONE CAN FEEL NOSTALGIA for old loves, or books, or friends, think of the feelings for a long ago childhood home. Recently the house my parents bought new in 1937 for \$5,000 came on the market. There had been a succession of owners. When I heard there was an open house, I went quickly. I introduced myself to the real estate agent and made a tour of the small house now artfully "staged." I stood at the kitchen sink with 78-year-old cracked tile and reminisced. I gasped at the small bathroom mirror; a teenager today would see more on an iPhone. The porch by the front door where I had received goodnight pecks from hesitant young boys was visible to the world.

As the realtor left, I realized the owner was standing by the garage door (where I had spent many hours hitting tennis balls.) I pointed out to him at length the changes and improvements my mother had made and also many things that had been neglected.

In my childhood years there the backyard was wondrous. An apple tree, a cherry tree (needed another one for cherries), a nectarine (the fruit was wonderful!) a fig tree and lemons and oranges. My mother had had a flagstone patio laid in the fashion of the day and a cement barbecue. My parents entertained there frequently; people gently swung in the glider. Today no trees remain; there are only dead grasses and a wooden deck. I remember trudging to the back clothesline with wet laundry and realized now it was only a few yards away.

After I left, my parents remained in their home for 43 years. As the task of mowing lawns became a chore for my father, they retreated to a mobile home. When they sold the house for \$83,000 my father exclaimed, "Why would anyone pay that much?" With the current asking price of \$899,000, the house sold in five days, with four offers, for \$975,000.





United Daughters of the Confederacy Phoebe Yates Pember Chapter 2532

By Mary Hall

SEPTEMBER 10, 1894 marked the founding of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, an organization whose primary purpose at that time was mostly born of necessity. The most devastating and significant war ever fought in America's history – resulting in over 600,000 deaths -- took place on American soil, and overwhelmingly in the Southern states.



Phoebe Yates Pember
about 1855

Southerners experienced the crushing and demoralizing destruction of homes, farm crops, livestock, urban infrastructure, economy and even entire towns. During the war period, women of the South – individually and collectively – assisted in the efforts by providing food, clothing, nursing aid, and medical supply relief.

They also prayed and mourned, as no Southern family was without loss. They tried to find their sons, husbands, brothers who went missing or had fallen on a battlefield. If they were “fortunate” enough to find their fallen loved one, and they could afford to do so, they brought him home for burial. Given the financial hardships suffered by the vast majority of Southern families, many were never able to retrieve their dead and bring them home.

After the war, and once “Reconstruction” ended, much aid was desperately needed for the families whose lives were shattered. Individual state governments offered aid for indigent veterans who survived, or the widows and orphans of those who did not. Ladies Auxiliary relief organizations in various southern communities and states raised funds to purchase and manage homes for Confederate veterans, their widows, wives and children, and to assist in their burial.

These individual localized and states’ efforts by many remarkable ladies were the genesis for the formation of a national United Daughters of the Confederacy – 30 years – or a generation or so, after the end of the war. By 1894 the surviving soldiers, wives and widow were 30 years older and in growing need of assistance associated with aging, and often exacerbated by greatly reduced financial circumstances.

Today the United Daughters of the Confederacy remains vital and active, through numerous endeavors supporting the objectives of the organization: Historical, Benevolent, Educational, Memorial and Patriotic.

UDC projects include the historic preservation of Confederate States artifacts – rare books, documents, diaries, letters, personal records, and other papers of historical importance – relating to the period 1861 to 1865. The

Goodlett Memorial Library, located at the UDC Memorial Building in Richmond, Va., is the repository for this collection.

Marking graves, creating memorials and monuments have also been perpetual projects for UDC. In the past, UDC has been referred to as “Monument Builders,” successful in raising funds for memorials when others failed. Monuments, like tombstones, speak more quickly and impressively to the eye and heart than printed words, and attract more attention. Even today we know this to be very much so, as we consider the Vietnam Wall Memorial. UDC continues to strongly support military veterans of all United States wars, embodying the term, “Patriotic.”

Scholarship, education and, in particular, literacy have been key objectives of UDC, in keeping with Southern tradition. UDC sponsors scholarships and historical essay awards for youth and adults, with emphasis on study of the Confederate states’ experience. A local example of Southern ladies high regard for literacy and scholarly achievement can be found in the formation of the Carpinteria Literary Society, also established in 1894 by the wives of former Confederate veterans who located in Carpinteria Valley following the war. In 1910 these Carpinteria Southern ladies created the first branch library in California.

Eligibility for UDC membership is open to women sixteen years of age or older, who are lineal or collateral blood descendants of men and women who served honorably in the Army, Navy or Civil Service of the Confederate States of America, or gave Material Aid to the Cause.

Women join a local UDC chapter, of which there are 15 in California, with approximately 320 members. In the Santa Barbara area, the local chapter is Phoebe Yates Pember #2532 (known as PYP), organized in 1987. Phoebe Yates Pember was the daughter of a prominent Charleston, South Carolina Jewish merchant who, after losing her husband, became the chief “matron” - a paid administrative position unprecedented for its time - of Chimborazo Hospital at Richmond, Virginia – the largest military hospital in the world. She described these unforgettable times in her memoir, *A Southern Woman's Story: Life in Confederate Richmond*, published in book format in 1879.

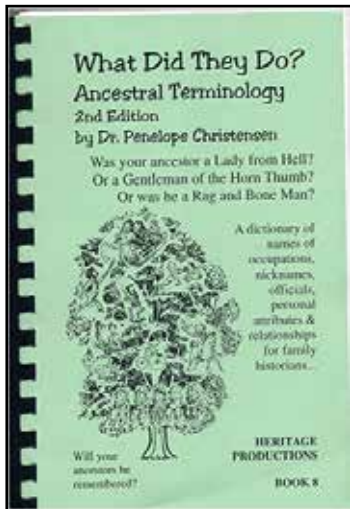
The chapter supports Veterans groups and the battle land preservation efforts of the Civil War Trust. Recent meeting programs include Southern Arts & Literature, history of Confederate Flags and their usage, and the Memorial Day origins by Friendship Cemetery of Mississippi.

To learn more about UDC Phoebe Yates Pember chapter, please contact Mary E. Hall at just23gen@gmail.com or visit the United Daughters of the Confederacy website: <http://www.hqudc.org/>

HAVE YOU READ THIS ?

Grandpa was a what??????

By Kristin Ingalls

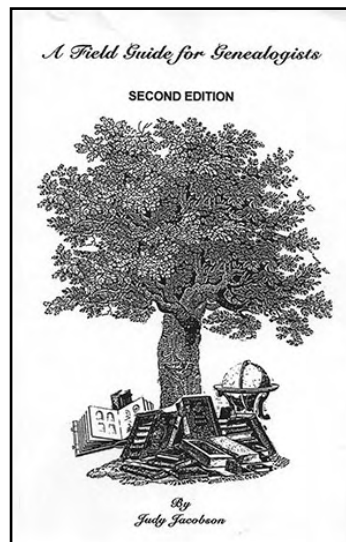


HE WAS A GLIMMER MAN. At first, Grandpa was employed to be sure the gas streetlights were turned down or turned off. During World War II, he also had to make sure house lights were out during air raids. He became somewhat unpopular when he had to ensure no one was using more than his or her gas ration. He was often expected to make surprise visits to townfolk's homes.

Uncle Walt was a butner.

He worked in the garment industry – making buttons. Buttons have been around for at least four thousand years. They were first made as decoration, not as fasteners. Early buttons were made of bone, horn, wood, and even seashells. In the 13th century, buttons were important enough to command their own guild. Only the very rich could afford buttons, and the commoners were forbidden any but cloth buttons. Royalty began wearing buttons made with precious metals, fabrics and studded with jewels. Eventually, buttons were mass produced and used by everyone. Today, buttons come in an array of materials - metal, plastic, fabric, glass, shell, and are as decorative as they are functional.

I am sad to admit, I have a distant relative who was a puggard. And if that is not bad enough, he was also a copeman. He was a thief and a dealer in stolen goods – now known as a fence. I shall say no more about him, except the family eschews any mention of him and the word puggard is not yet a valid Scrabble word. Just as well.



All of this and more are contained in a book by Dr. Penelope Christensen, "*What Did They Do? Ancestral Terminology.*"

If you think English occupations are a hoot, take a gander at the Danish ones. This is another book in the same series, "*What Did They Do? In Danish...*" by John E. Herl. I love this book. Who knew there

were words such as fuglegoenger? Or fyrassistent? The first was a bird catcher; the latter was "the second in charge at a lighthouse." Might you have had an ak-carelmaler, an aftoegtsand, or maybe a lirrekassemand in your family? I shall not tell you what these are – you must come look for these books on the BookNook shelves at the library to find out.

Another source for fascinating historical details is "*A Field Guide for Genealogists*" by Judy Jacobson. Chapters cover Names, Clothing, Hair Styles, Diseases and Calamities, and much, much more. A word of caution. This book could have used a proofreader and editor. There are some typographical and spelling errors. One citation has 1816 as "The Year of Summer" rather than "The Year of NO Summer." If one can overlook these errors, this book has quite a bit to offer genealogists who want information about where, when and how their ancestors lived, and what might have impacted their lives. All these books – and more – are available at the BookNook at the Sahyun Library.



Lazy, Loves Strong Drink, and is a Glutton!

By Rosa Avolio

White Pennsylvania Runaways 1720 to 1749: "Lazy, Loves Strong Drink, And is a Glutton"

Compiled by Joseph Lee Boyle

Sahyun library call number 974.8 H2 BOY

The runaways referred to in this book are primarily whites, rather than black slaves, and are not limited to Pennsylvania. Indentured servants were very common during the colonial days; many could not afford passage and became servants for a period of years to colonial masters.

Pennsylvania received one-tenth of all male indentured servants from the 1720s through the 1740s, and about one-fifth of the women in that period. According to one authority, over 67,000 German immigrants arrived at the busy port of Philadelphia from 1720 through 1760, at least half of whom were servants. Mr. Boyle's transcription of the runaway ads, taken from

seventeen different colonial newspapers (and not just Pennsylvania ones), provide valuable demographic information on more than 3,000 individuals, with name, age, sex, height, plate of origin, clothing, occupation, speech, physical imperfections, and sometimes personal vignettes. For this compilation the author has listed only white male and female runaways; however, for those ads where white and black runaways are listed together, blacks are so identified in the index at the back of the volume.

This book contains transcriptions of the original ads placed in newspapers. An example is: *"Run away from John Bentley of Burminghan, and Richard Clayton of Concord, both of the same county two Servant Men, the one named John Gray, an Englishman, of a short stature, dark complexion, short curl'd hair, a Mole upon his right cheek..."*

White Pennsylvania Runaways 1720-1749 is an excellent resource for those with ancestors in the colonies during 1720 to 1749. The book is indexed by the name of the servant and the master who ran the ad.

What a Pair!

By Gwen Patterson

IN GEORGIA, IN THE 1900s, my grandpa was a policeman. Not just any policeman, though; he busted bootleggers. His name was Charles Lee Jackson, but all my relatives knew him as Gil. Not one family member knows why, but we figured it had to do with his work.

By 1915, he had left Georgia and ended up in Wichita, Kansas. There he met my grandma, Margaret McCorgary, and a year later they were married. In the 1920 census, my grandfather's occupation was listed as State Detective, although my aunt said he was a Revenuer. I am not sure what either of those jobs is, and neither did the State of Kansas when I called to enquire about it. They said they would look into it and get back to me, although I heard neither hide nor hair from them. If anyone has an idea about what these job are, I'd love to hear from you. All I know is that this job took him to different states, busting clubs and people who sold alcohol.

Bootleggers were pretty smart. They knew where to hide the stills and what roads to take, so as not to get caught. That is until my grandparents came to town. As a team they busted more bootleggers than any other people in his profession did. Why, because my grandma was a little innocent looking woman, just trying to feed her children. She would catch wind of bootleggers in need of sugar. Then she would

offer to sell it to them, find out where they lived and then grandpa would go in for the bust. He would, of course, do it fast enough to get the sugar back, so that they could do it all over again in the next state. My aunt said they did this for about 10-15 years, the last bust being in 1935 in California.

While driving back home to Kansas, they both decided that was not where they wanted to be anymore; California was the place to be! When they arrived in Kansas, they immediately packed what they needed from their house, said their goodbyes and headed to the Golden State, where my family has been ever since.

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 5 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.

Wesley Herbert Pritchard, D.D.S.

By Art Sylvester

MY MATERNAL GRANDFATHER, Wes Pritchard, was a general practice dentist in the towns of Newark Valley and Homer, New York, in the early 1900s. As such, he was the first to step out of a long line of Pritchard farmers, going back to the immigrant Roger Pritchard (abt 1600-1671), who came to the Colonies in 1634.⁽¹⁾

Wes was educated at the Philadelphia Dental Academy, Pennsylvania, and Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire.⁽²⁾ He put himself through school by making and selling ice cream and was most famous for his peach ice cream using peaches from his own backyard trees. His recipe for peach ice cream is a Pritchard family secret to this day that is passed from fathers to sons only when the fathers are near death.⁽³⁾

The Pritchard farm in Newark Valley came into the family with Wes's grandfather, Sylvester Hamilton Pritchard, who, with his wife, Martha Bradley, had five sons. This was too many to subdivide the farm equitably, so the sons went to Reed City on the Michigan Peninsula across Lake Michigan from Green Bay and Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to seek their fortune. Wes was born there 29

September 1882,⁽⁴⁾ but farming didn't work out for his father, Hulburt Romeo Pritchard, who returned with his family to farm some marginal land adjacent to the Pritchard farm in Newark Valley.

A shy, five foot four inch redhead, Wes wasn't built to be a farmer, so that may be why he turned to dentistry. Once he and his brother Edson completed their stud-

ies, they purchased the business of Dr. Wm. Hastings in Newark Valley and opened an office in what had been the telephone central.⁽²⁾ Edson later sold out to Wes and removed to practice in Hancock, NY. Wes later purchased the home on Main Street adjacent to the Odd Fellows building and conducted his practice in his home after his marriage to Dorothy Agnes Gibbs (aka Dot).

Wes was the first dentist in his community to use nitrous oxide, also known as laughing gas, as an anesthesia. He taught Dot how to administer it, and sometimes she worked as his assistant.⁽³⁾

While in Newark Valley, Wesley was a Mason in the Newark Valley Lodge, later transferring to Homer; he took a prominent part in all public affairs of the Congregational Church, the school, the Boy Scouts, and the fire department.⁽²⁾

Every year the Pritchards spent summers at a cottage on the shore of Lake Skaneateles, one of the five Finger Lakes in western New York. Wes worked at his practice in Newark Valley during the week and went to the lake on the weekends with a load of fruit and vegetables from his garden.⁽³⁾ Dot wasn't too pleased with this arrangement, because during the week she had to feed and entertain the floods of visitors who came to the lake.⁽³⁾

Because WWI took so many dentists for wartime duty, Wes had an offer that he couldn't refuse to set up practice in Homer, NY. So in September 1918, he put his home in Newark Valley up for sale and moved his family and business. His business prospered in Homer until his health began to fail around 1923 when he contracted tuberculosis, an occupational disease for dentists in those days.⁽⁴⁾ My aunt Jane remembered how he was tied to a plank, loaded through a train window in Chicago, and "shipped" to Altadena, California, where it was hoped that the good air and weather would allow him to regain his health. His health did improve over about a year, but his was a rare and virulent form of tuberculosis of the spine, and he died in Altadena on 26 July 1925 at the young age of 43.⁽⁵⁾ He is buried in Altadena with my mother.



Wes Pritchard, dentist in Newark Valley, New York, about 1916.



Wes Pritchard feeding peach ice cream to son Arthur and daughter Dorothy, about 1916.



Wes Pritchard with his family, son Arthur on Dot's lap and daughter Dorothy (standing),

Years later, Newark Valley historian, Virginia Mullin, found the following letter in the local newspaper (6), which gives some insight into my grandfather's later life and times:

A Letter from California

We received last week a letter from Dr. W. H. Pritchard now with his family, at Altadena, Cal. His many old friends in this section will be interested in extracts and especially in the fact that he appears to be well on the road to renewed health, when at one time his case appeared well nigh hopeless.

Altadena, Cal., Feb. 7, '25

Dear People,

I have long talked about writing you and the old friends East, but many times I have not felt equal to it. Today I feel quite like my old self. The x-rays show that the "heliotherapy," or sunshine treatment I have had has brought marvelous results.

To begin at the beginning, we left Homer, N.Y., on June 25 last for "the Land of Sun shine," and truly it is, for there are only about twenty cloudy days in the year here. In our trip out the first thing of interest was the observation of the harvest of the mighty wheat crop, which is bringing millions of dollars to the west. As we left the plains the scene gradually changed to that of the desert. As one sees mile after mile of nothing but sand one is led to wonder why God ever made it.

There are thrills a plenty as one watches from a train. One which interested me occurred one morning as we neared the mountains and I saw the remains of the deep cut ruts of the old Santa Fe Trail and beside it two grim reminders - two lonely grave stones. You who have seen the picture or read the book can appreciate my thoughts.

The write up you published of the Joslin tour tells better than I can of the beauties of nature one sees on the trip across the continent. Every person who possibly can, and especially the younger generation, should take the trip either alone or delightfully with a conducted party, like the Joslin's. The education is worth many times the cost.

We arrived in Pasadena in the hottest and driest time of the year, but even then, in the land that was forty years ago a sandy desert it was most beautiful; made so by modern reclamation. Sub-tropical fruits, including about 80 per cent of the world citrus crop, are grown in this wonderful valley.

The climate and living conditions being of interest to all, I will say a word of both and let you draw your own conclusions. The mean temperature for January was 54 degrees - a bit different from York state by what I read. It differs from Florida also in the fact that we have cool nights giving strength to the sick and weary. Rent is high - \$50 per month for a five room bungalow. Food from the store is about the same as in the East. Potatoes, 8 lbs. for 25¢; milk, 15¢ qt.; butter, 57¢ lb.; eggs 50¢ doz. Wood is \$30 a cord, and coal - I haven't seen any. Gas is used. December was a cold month, it being below 40 degrees most of the time, yet our gas bill was only \$11. Not bad when you consider we have two gas furnaces, hot water heater and gas range.

Automobile licenses are \$3; the real tax is on gasoline, where it belongs. The roads are wonderful. Of course you say they have no frost or snow to contend with. True, but they have repairs, but a 10-ton roller goes with the tar and stone and when the work is done the road is as smooth as new.

A word about farming. I talked with a man who has a ranch in the government-irrigated project at Yuma, Arizona. He grows seven crops of alfalfa a year. When seed is raised the cutting is not so frequent, but the seed harvest brings \$100 an acre. The reclaimed soil, which is free from alkali, will grow almost any plant.

The one great lesson I have learned, and many others might profit by it, is more reverence for God's fresh air and sunshine.

Yours as ever,
Wesley H. Pritchard

Arthur Sylvester has been a member of the SBCGS since 1992, its president 2006-2010, and member of the Board of Directors since 2004. His latest literary venture is geological, not genealogical: "Roadside Geology of Southern California."

ENDNOTES

- 1) Descendants of Roger Pritchard by Arthur Herbert Pritchard, with modifications by Arthur Gibbs Sylvester, unpublished.
- 2) Obituary, Tioga County Herald, 1925
- 3) Jane Moye Pritchard Chard, oral communication, 2000.
- 4) Lloyd Suzuki, DDS, oral communication 30 November 2015; various scientific papers accessed on the Internet, 25 November 2015.
- 5) Death certificate.
- 6) Tioga County Herald, Friday, February 20, 1925

Glovers In The Family: My Ancestors and Their Craft

By Cheryl Jensen



The Lewis Family

Standing, left to right: Algernon, Frank, Frederick, Alice. Seated, center, left to right: Julia Day Lewis, James Lewis. Seated, in front: Hecla, Flora, William
James Lewis was a Worcester, England glover who immigrated to Gloversville, New York. Five of his children were also in the glove trade.

Photo taken in Gloversville, New York between 1900-1903

NO ONE WHO LIVED IN THE TOWNS [Johnstown and Gloversville, New York] was very far away from the ubiquitous glove shops and large wooden tanneries and skin mills that produced leather for the glove shops. They were everywhere – some clustered near the center of town, others scattered in residential areas, never more than a few blocks from workers' homes. Interspersed were the small shops and factories that supported glove making..." (McMartin, Barbara. *The Glove Cities, How a people and their craft built two cities*, Caroga, New York: Lake View Press, 1999).

From the early 1800s to the mid 1900s the city of Gloversville, Fulton County, New York, grew into the capital of leather glove making in America. Even as late as 1949, the Gloversville phone book listed over 150 glove manufacturers, from large companies to individual glovers. Some companies advertised specific types of gloves: men's dress and semi-dress gloves, ladies' gloves; some advertised the type of leather used in their gloves: cape, pigskin, deerskin, goatskin. In addition to the glove manufacturers, leather companies supplied the tanned leather to glove manufacturers, while larger glove manufacturers had their own leather preparation departments. Other businesses related to glove making supplied the sewing machines, the boxes for shipping,

buttons for gloves, and sewing machine repair. Left over materials from the leather and glove companies went to the famous Knox Gelatin Company in neighboring Johnstown.

Many who lived in Gloversville were in the glove industry. In 1905, the population of Gloversville stood at 18,500. The population of Johnstown, the neighboring city and also a gloving center, was 10,000, with the total population for Fulton County being 42,900. It was reported that 82.4 percent of all workers in Fulton County were employed in the glove and leather industry. By 1940, the Gloversville population was 23,400, with another 10,600 in Johnstown.

Generally men cut the leather gloves, but many women also worked in the industry sewing gloves either at a glove company or from home. Two-income families were common in Gloversville, and nearly every women with a husband in the trade worked sewing gloves.

My family included many glove makers. All four of my grandparents worked in glove making, as did six of my eight great-grandparents. There were different types of glove cutting. My paternal grandfather, John J. Fitzsimmons, was a "pull down" cutter, while my maternal

grandfather, Edwin Abbott, was a "table cutter." Both grandfathers had one brother each and they too were glove cutters. My paternal grandmother, Nellie Bowler, sewed the "gauge" stitch, while my maternal grandmother, Alice Lewis, sewed "pique" or "p.k." stitch. Of Alice's six siblings, four were also in some aspect of gloving work.

Glove trade imported from England

In further researching my father's family I discovered that the glove trade reached back to even earlier generations. My paternal great-grandfather was a leather finisher and his wife sewed gloves. Earlier generations of their families included tanners.

When I began to research my mother's family, the glover's story widened. It seemed everyone was in the glove trade. My grandmother Alice's father, James Lewis, came from Worcester, England to cut gloves in Gloversville. In Alice's family, I found a line of glovers back five generations to about 1776, in Worcester and Somerset, England. All of the Lewis men in my direct line were glove cutters or leather parers, and this included the vast majority of their male siblings. Their wives and sisters sewed gloves and can be found in early English census records listed with the occupation of "gloveress."

My maternal grandfather, Edwin Abbott, and his brother, Alfred, were also originally English glove

cutters, who were enticed to Gloversville by higher pay. The Abbott family also reaches back in time with glove cutters and sewers throughout the family back to Samuel Abbott, a Yeovil glove cutter, born in 1792. As with the Lewis family, all my direct Abbott ancestors were glovers with the majority of their siblings also in this occupation. Many collateral families who married into the Abbott family were also glove makers.

As with some of my glovers, the enticement of higher pay in Gloversville created an emigration trail from England and specifically from two areas of England: Worcester, Worcestershire, and Yeovil and Milborne Port in Somerset County. These areas were two of England's largest glove making areas. In part because of the removal of tariffs on imported gloves, the sale of English gloves slowed, and many glovers did not have enough work. Newspapers in Yeovil carried announcements of glovers leaving for Gloversville.

Surnames in common

Glove making was an occupation focused in only a few areas of England and the United States, and many surnames of glove makers found in England are also found in Gloversville. From the US census records of the early 1900s, I surveyed the surnames of glovers living in Gloversville who were born in England. I then found obituaries and newspaper articles that tied these glovers to their places of origin, and I verified these names with the English census records. Although I expected to find a tie between the areas, the number of names I located was quite large, and it was interesting to see just how many English surnames of glovers in Gloversville tied directly to Worcester and/or Somerset. I located 70 surnames and have included this list. An asterisk indicates surnames found in my family.

Of interest also were the occupations listed in Gloversville census records. Since so many worked in the glove industry, specific job titles were given in the census records. I surveyed the 1920 Gloversville census and recorded the gloving occupations listed. I have included this list. An asterisk indicates those occupations found in my family.

As with many occupations, the leather glove trade began to decline. The two main factors were first, people were not wearing leather gloves as much as in previous times, and second, jobs were being sent overseas in order to cut costs. By the mid 1950s the decline of Gloversville became very apparent. This is when my father, who was a trained glove cutter, decided there was no future in gloving and changed occupations. Shortly after, in 1957, my parents left Gloversville, as many others did, to look for opportunities no longer to be found in that city.

Today, Gloversville is a mere shadow of its former glory days. The storefronts stand vacant and the population has dropped to under 15,000 from its earlier population of about 25,000. Today there are no glovers in my family. Only the stories of the people and their trade remain.

Glove Trade Occupations Found In The Gloversville, NY 1920 Census

The 1920 U.S. census records list occupations. In Gloversville, many people worked in the glove industry, and occupations listed in Gloversville gave specific glove industry jobs. Following are some of the glove and leather occupations found in the Gloversville 1920 census records:

Glove cutter	*Table cutter	Glove maker
Tacker	Leather Finisher*	Leather dresser*
Shaver*	Beam hand	Skin sorter
Tanner*	Knee staker	Slitter
Machine staker	Leather store salesman	Leather dealer
Colorer, skin mill	Tannery chemist	Ironer, leather factory
Glove homemaker*	Pique closer*	Gauge maker*
Overstitch maker	Inseam maker*	Glove hemmer*
Glove binder	Glove embroiderer	Glove liner*
End puller*	Glove Silker*	Layer off*
Buttuner	Button boy	Button sewer
Lining maker	Mender, glove shop	Glove spear pointer
Binder	Stenographer, leather co.	Foreman, glove factory
Glove manufacturer	Teacher, glove making	Janitor, glove factory
Sizer, glove shop	Ticket writer, glove shop	Dye mixer, skin mill
Shipping clerk, glove factory*	Delivery boy, glove factory	Watchman, glove factory
Bookkeeper, glove factory	Chauffeur, glove factory*	Accountant, glove factory
Fireman, leather mill	Commercial traveler, glove shop	Engineer, leather mill
Dealer, glove supplies	Furrier, glove factory	Wax threader, glove shop

Gloving Surnames

These are some surnames of families in the glove industry found in Worcester and/or Yeovil, England and who followed their trade and emigrated to Gloversville, New York in the late 1800's to the 1900's.

Abbott*	Andrews	Arnold
Batty	Blake	Brooks
Butts	Clements	Collins
Conover	Cooper	Cox
Cridland	Dade	Dark
Davis	Denham	Dodge
Dovey	Dowler	Fear*
Foote	Galpin	Gill
Griffiths	Hallett	Hann*
Harbin	Harrison	Harvey
Hayward	Hill	Hodder*
Hood	Hooper	Hull
Jeans*	Jenner	Jones
Larcombe	Lewis*	Lucas
Maidment*	Naish	Oaksford
Ostler*	Palmer	Patten*
Payne	Perkins	Phillips
Pyne	Ricketts	Slade
Smith	Sparks	Stroud
Sumsion*	Thorne	Tizzard
Tutchings	Vickery	Wainright
Warman	Welch	White
Wilkins	Wills	Windsor
Yates		

Cheryl Fitzsimmons Jensen has been a SBCGS member since 1985 and is a life member. She served as president of the Society from 1994 -1996 and was on the board of directors for seven years. Currently Cheryl serves as the Garden Committee Chair. She was born in Gloversville, New York, once the leather glove capital of the US. Her maternal grandmother, Alice Lewis, lived with the family, and sewed leather gloves in her upstairs bedroom. Her room was always scented with leather. Alice also sparked Cheryl's interest in family history.

My Two Bits

By Robert Bailey Lee Carmody

NEVER KNEW MY BIRTH FATHER. My dear mother divorced him, Thomas Bailey Lee, Jr., during my early life. He had been captured on Wake Island during World War II while building the military complex, and was subsequently moved to somewhere in Japan. My mother then married George Carmody, who became my dearest father and I am here today thanks to "Pappy." My mother requested that my relatives and I must not discuss the Lee word. I never knew Thomas Bailey Lee Sr. I never knew Thomas Bailey Lee Jr. In fact I don't recall ever speaking to either of them. Why did my mother divorce? Why did I not ask? Thomas Lee Bailey Sr., my grandfather, became Chief Justice of the Idaho Supreme Court!

I have always been interested in American history, and one day while visiting my birth father's third wife, she told me, "Robert, you know you are a Son of the American Revolution." Wow, I was excited! With a bit of work and help I am now a proud SAR member.

My mother could always talk about our hundreds of cousins. Yet I knew none of them other than a strange old man (my great-grandfather) who showed up occasionally for dinner. At that age it just wasn't important to me to know who he was.

Years later I may have disappointed my mother when I finally came out of the family closet with my pen name Robert Bailey Lee Carmody.

Genealogy has become a major passion now for me. I feel it very necessary and important to pass on family stories. I offer a couple of ideas for all of you who have similar concerns:

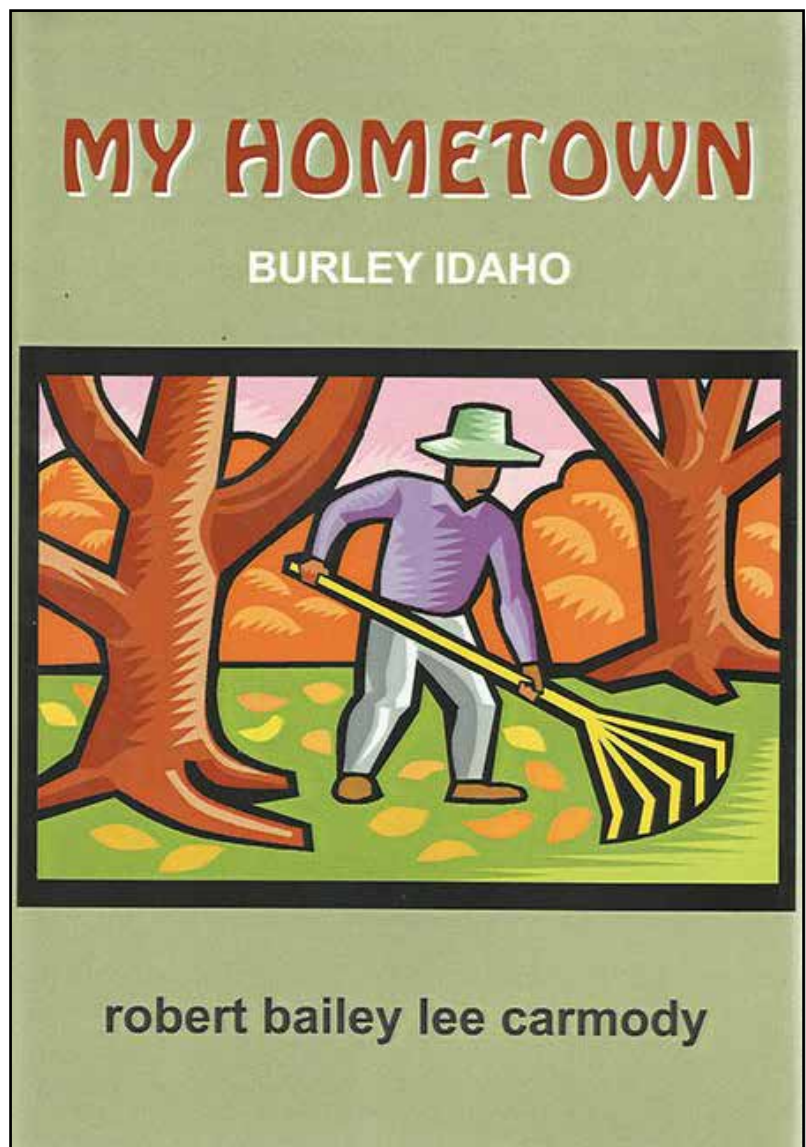
1. Ask questions now while the old folks are alive. That seems like a no-brainer to me now.
2. Write your story. Keep it simple and say it like you were telling the stories around the dinner table. Forget style and simply say it like you would relate everyday events. Chapters need not make any sense; just write things as they evolve in your mind. It has never been easier with Microsoft Word and Publisher. Spell check often. Ask a friend to read it and then, if it still reads okay, get it published. There are many companies that will do this. They offer many services, but they do cost money. I put my entire book, *My Hometown*, together myself including the cover page and a clip art that I liked. I chose the fonts, set-up and color. Make it a hard-cover book. You are worth it! Next, pass on some copies to family and the occasional interested friend. I left a copy at my hometown library and at a hometown

bookstore. You could even have a book sale at a class reunion or county fair. You will have fun! When you die you can use them for a pillow.

3. Write a simple narrative about your family and pedigrees and descendants. Remember that many of your children and others have no clue about pedigrees and ancestors. Make a simple introduction listing primarily names and some historical information. If they become interested, your children will find out the fancy things to do. Remember that you are trying to grab their attention.

4. From time to time, write some fun details about your family history and forward them off to kids and parents.

Write your story. Keep it simple. Say it like you were telling the stories around the dinner table.



Herring cover the tracks: train fails to stop!

By Jim Friestad

MY GRANDFATHER, Johan Martin Friestad, was born in Hå, Rogaland, Norway in 1869. He died in Norway in 1947 and I never met him in person.

He was a train engineer and drove the train from Kristiansand, in the south of Norway, to Stavanger, a distance of 144 miles. He lived in Egersund, Norway 60 miles south of Stavanger. The engine he drove is on display in the Stavanger Train Station.

My father, who left Norway in 1926, said that as children on days when they knew their father was coming through Egersund, he and his siblings would pick berries as they walked up to the train tracks to meet him.



The train wreck of 1917 in Egersund, Norway, after Herring obstructed the tracks. The engineer was Johan Martin Friestad.

A short visit to America

My father said Johan Martin Friestad had been a sailor and jumped ship in New York in 1890. From there Johan Martin worked his way to Chicago. He went back to Norway in 1896 and never returned because he married and his wife said she would never come to America!

Before Johan went to America as a sailor he made brooms and sold them door-to-door. A question I have always had and have never been able to answer is how he got trained as a Railroad Engineer. Was it during his time in America? I have reason to believe he also went to San Francisco when he was in America and may have learned there to drive a train.

Johan Martin Friestad, a man of renown in Egersund

In 1984 my brother was in Norway to ski in the Birkebeiner, a cross-country race. (The Birkebeiner is another story.) He was interviewed by the local newspaper while there. The newspaper article noted that it was our grandfather who 80 years earlier was driving a train that didn't stop at the station and ran off the tracks, the reason being that the tracks were covered with herring and he could not stop.

Another story my Norwegian relatives have told me is that when Egersund was occupied by the Germans in World War II, my grandfather was the one person who could walk into the German Commandant's office, rap his cane on the desk and tell him that some German soldier was doing improper things with some of their young women. The next day that soldier was sent to the Eastern Front.

Jim Friestad has been doing genealogy for over 25 years. His father came from Norway and his mother's parents came from Norway. So that is where the majority of his research is done. Jim and his wife Marj have visited Norway many times and have been able to meet with aunts, uncles and cousins there. "They continually tell us we know more about them than they know about one another!" Jim served as President of SBCGS for two years (2000-2002) and has been on the Board since the move to Castillo Street. He is currently the Chairman of the IT Committee and responsible for maintaining the internal structure of the building. Jim and Marj have led the group to Salt Lake City for close to 20 years.

He is retired Delco/General Motors having worked there for over 40 years.

The Shamas of Schara Tzedek: Eli (Elijah) Ahroni

By Bob Rothenberg, great-grandson

WHEN MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER and great-grandmother first immigrated to New York in 1907, Eli was already 50 years old and had been a rabbi in his shtetl of Rogachev, Mogilev Gubernia, Ukraine, now part of Belarus. They and their family of six grown children immigrated to the United States after they had escaped the pogroms of Russia in 1905. They first settled in Brooklyn in 1907. However, the big city of New York was not for them, and after searching for a new permanent home Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada beckoned them. At that time, the entire Jewish population of Vancouver was about 975 out of the total population of about 100,000.

The first Jewish orthodox synagogue, Schara Tzedek, was being established there, and they had been searching for a Shamas. My great-grandfather was eminently qualified as he had been the rabbi for his shtetl. While the position of rabbi was already filled, the second most important position, shamas, needed to be filled. This position included responsibilities for Jewish burials and the maintenance of the cemetery. The entire family then made the decision to emigrate from the United States and become citizens of Canada. During this time, Eli was also a rabbi and officiated at all six of his children's marriages as well as my father's Bar Mitzvah in 1924. My great-grandfather remained as the shamas of Schara Tzedek and consecrated the congregation cemetery shortly before he retired in 1929 when he was 72.

Meanwhile, part of the family, including my grandparents and my father (who was born in Vancouver), emigrated once again to the United States, but this time they settled in the San Fernando Valley in 1920. In 1930, they brought Rabbi Eli and his wife Ida to live with them in Pasadena. Both great-grandparents lived into their 80s and are buried at Agudath Achim cemetery in Boyle Heights, Los Angeles.

Definitions:

Shamash שמש (sometimes spelled shamas), a person who assists in the running of synagogue services in some way. The role is undertaken on a paid basis. A shamas (literally officiant, attendant or servant) can also mean an assistant to a rabbi.

There is no set formulation of duties, but they will typically include ensuring that all the services run smoothly. The shamas is responsible for calling congregants up to the Torah. In some synagogues the shamas stands next to the Torah reader, holding a version of the text with vowels and trop markings (which are not



Eliya Ahroni, The Shamas of Schara Tzedek

present in the actual Torah scroll), and follows along in order to correct the reader if he makes an error (e.g., mispronouncing a word, or skipping a word).

A shamas' obligations may also include maintaining a Jewish cemetery.

A chevra kadisha (hevra kadishah) Aramaic: הַרְבֵּה אֲשֵׁרִיָּה, hebh'ra qaddisha, "holy society" is an organization of Jewish men and women who see to it that the bodies of deceased Jews are prepared for burial according to Jewish tradition and are protected from desecration, willful or not, until burial. Two of the main requirements are the showing of proper respect for the corpse, and the ritual cleansing of the body and subsequent dressing for burial. It is usually referred to as a burial society in English.

The task of the chevra kadisha is considered a laudable one, as tending to the dead is a favor that the recipient cannot return, making it devoid of ulterior motives. Its work is therefore referred to as a chesed shel emet (Hebrew: תְּמָא לֵשׁ דָּסָח, "a good deed of truth"), paraphrased from Genesis 47:30, where Jacob asks his son Joseph, "do me a 'true' favor" and Joseph promises his father to bury him in the burial place of his ancestors.

In some parts of the world the shamas wears special clothing. In Anglo-Jewry, for example, a shamas in some synagogue movements have traditionally worn top hats and may wear canonicals. Rabbi Eli did wear a top hat as seen in the photo below.

The synagogue has been in existence since 1907 when it was known by the name of Benei Yehuda. The first services were held in a small rented home, at 14 West Cordova Street. In 1910 the Sons of Israel purchased property at Pender Street and Heatley Ave., and by 1911 a synagogue was built large enough to hold 200 worshipers. The congregation was renamed "Schara Tzedek" upon being legally incorporated on June 14th 1917.



First Schara Tzedek Synagogue, 700 East Pender Street at Heatley Avenue

The first Schara Tzedek Synagogue, 700 East Pender Street at Heatley Avenue in Vancouver, British Columbia.



Eliya Ahroni and Chaim Leib Freedman, taken at the consecration of Schara Tzedek Cemetery in New Westminster in 1929. Photo courtesy of the Jewish Museum and Archives of British Columbia L.00306.

Bob Rothenberg has been a member of the Board of Directors, Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society for 4+ years, and a member of the society for 6 years. He has been doing research on his family tree for over 10 years. He is a retired banker since 2009, and a founder of The Bank of Santa Barbara, which merged with American Riviera Bank.

Three Generations of Allens Were Bar Pilots on Mobile Bay

By Marianne Allen Corradi

MY GRANDFATHER, William James (Willie) Allen, Sr., was born in 1880 in Mobile, Alabama. He lived in Mobile all of his life and attended Mobile public schools through the eighth grade.

He worked at the Mobile Cotton Warehouse when he was very young and was listed as a deck hand, age 18, on the 1900 Mobile Census. Later he was a bar pilot on Mobile Bay, like his father and grandfather before him. Until the day he died he was a member of the Mobile Bar Pilots Association.

Willie was a Lieutenant Commander in the U S Coast Guard during World War II when the Coast Guard took over the Bar Pilots Association. After the war he retained the rank of Captain in the Coast Guard and continued to work as a Mobile bar pilot until his death in 1948.

His obituary in the *Mobile Press* on Monday, March 1, 1948, included the statement that he died of a heart attack, and that he was "well-known in Mobile harbor activities for almost 50 years, he served in the U S Coast Guard with the rank of Lieutenant Commander from January 1934 until November 1945. Captain Allen, a member of the Mobile Bar Pilots Association since 1907, brought a ship up the bay Sunday afternoon."

William Godbold Allen

Willie's father, William Godbold Allen, was born in 1851 in Navy Cove, Baldwin County, Alabama, which was across the bay from Mobile.

In the 1875 *City Directory of Mobile* William G. Allen was listed as a local resident, working as a cotton sampler. In the *Mobile City Directory of 1894* William G. was listed as a bay pilot. On the 1900 Census William G. Allen was described as a bay pilot on Mobile Bay and his family included his son, William J. Allen, a deckhand.

From the Mobile County probate records there are "Letters of Administration of the Estate of William G. Allen, deceased, dated July 3, 1907." William died intestate in 1907 at age 56 in Mobile, Alabama. He left an estate that included "an interest in two pilot boats now owned and used by the Mobile Bay and Bar Pilots, together with all of the profits of the said Pilot boats."

James Wilson Allen

William Godbold Allen's father was James Wilson Allen, a sail maker and carpenter in the American Navy during the Florida Indian Wars of 1842-1844. James was born in 1817 in Jamestown or Nansemond, Virginia. He went to Mobile about 1844 shortly after concluding his Naval service, and became a bar pilot on Mobile Bay.

James is listed in the 1850 census as living in Navy Cove, Alabama with his family, which included his son, Edward Tabb Allen who later became a Bay Pilot like



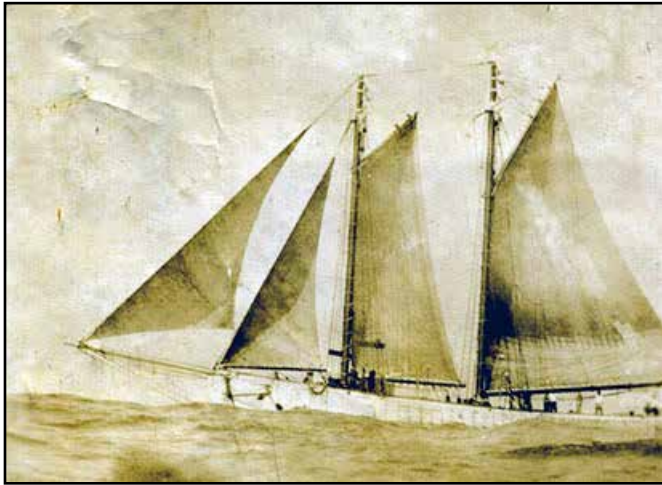
William J. Allen, during WWII

his father. Another son, William Godbold Allen, was born later in 1851.

The *Mobile City Directory of 1859*, under Mobile Bay Pilots and Pilot Boats, has the following notation: "LOWER BAR: pilot boat *Washington*, James W. Allen and Robert Moore."

James Wilson Allen died in Navy Cove, Alabama, about the age of forty-one, after the birth of his fourth child in 1858. His wife remarried in early 1860 to a neighbor, Edward J. Norville. James Allen is said to have been buried in the Navy Cove Cemetery that was destroyed in the 1906 hurricane. His cause of death is unknown.

While doing the research on the Allen family of Mobile, I looked at the history of Pilot Town (a part of Navy Cove) where James lived and his son William Godbold Allen was raised. I checked with the Mobile Bar Pilot's Association and found that the Port of Mobile has for many years required that every ship approaching or leaving the Bay must take aboard a bar pilot to guide its entrance to, or exit from, Mobile. Three generations of my Allens were bar pilots whose job it was to escort ships safely through the many sand bars guarding the opening to Mobile Bay from below



Mobile Bay Pilot boat, the *Alabama*

Fort Morgan to the Port of Mobile and and back. This was an on-the-job-training type of occupation that was passed down from one generation to another with great pride. The early pilots lived in Pilot Town (part of Navy Cove) dating from well before the Civil War until the hurricane of 1906.

From the *Mobile Register's* three-day series on Pilot Town, Navy Cove, which was published from March 16 through March 31, 2000:

Bar pilot Captain Joseph Norville is quoted as saying in 1923, "Everyone young and old had his own boat and sailed wherever he wished...It was the constant association with the water from early youth which made Navy Cove boys among the most skillful of sailors and caused them to follow naturally the chief business of their fathers...Navy Cove, where Pilot Town was situated, was a strategic, deep-water port protected from the northeasterly winter winds that prevented anchoring vessels at Dauphin Island and Fort Morgan..."

But Pilot Town was not really a town in Alabama. It was a part of Navy Cove - a group of squatters' homes that housed just the bar pilots and their families. It was situated on the northeast side of the inlet to Mobile

Bay, in Baldwin County, near present day Fort Morgan. From this location the ships approaching the harbor from the Gulf of Mexico could be seen. The early pilots would run to their rowboats and paddle furiously out to meet the incoming ship. The first pilot to hail and board the ship was hired for a fee to guide the ship past the treacherous sandbars into the harbor.

Safety record—a proud history

From the 1800s until today, the boatmen's skill at navigating ships through the treacherous maze of Mobile Bay was essential to maritime commerce. In the 182 years that American bar pilots have steered boats in Mobile Bay, only two vessels have been lost with a bar pilot aboard, according to the proud history of the Mobile Bar Pilots Association. In the 1840s they formed that organization, which today represents twelve pilots who bring in about one hundred ships a month. Unlike their predecessors, who used rowboats and sloops to meet the ships they would guide, bar pilots today go seven miles out in the Gulf on 48-foot powerboats.

After the Hurricane of 1906 (which completely destroyed Pilot Town) most of the bar pilots lived in Mobile and the Association docked the pilot boats, including the *Alabama*, on the westside of the Mobile harbor.

Willie's son, William J. Allen, Jr. (my father), described his father as a "family disciplinarian who was dedicated to doing his job right. He knew everyone and was well known and well liked. He never laughed out loud, but had a good sense of humor. During World War I he got a job in the shipyard making concrete ships. He became a bar pilot to earn more money, but discouraged his sons from following him in this profession, saying, It is no life for a family man."

This article is based on information from my book: *The Allens of Mobile, A Genealogical History, 2006*, which is available at the Sahyun Library.

Marianne Corradi is a 22-year member of SBCGS with a life time of research, which has produced three family history books – a true labor of love.



Pilots L to R Alex Mareno, John Norville, John Wilson, W.J. Allen aboard the Pilot boat *Alabama*.

Cutting Edge Workers

By Susan Lundt

I AM DESCENDED FROM a long line of metal workers – my 4th great-grandfather was an edge tool maker in England, my 3rd great-grandfather was a whitesmith in England and America, my great-grandfather was a blacksmith and served in Sherman's army during the Civil War building bridges and rails for Sherman's army and destroying southern infrastructure, and my father taught wood and metal working in high schools and was an aviation chief metalsmith in the US Navy during WWII. Here are the stories of the first two.

My 4th great-grandfather, William Montague, was born in 1728 in Tisbury, Wiltshire, England. In his settlement examination* at Mells, Somerset, England in 1784, he states he was apprenticed at age 16 by his father to Stephen Wilkins, an edge tool maker (a specialized blacksmith who makes implements with sharp edges), for a period of five years. However, after two and one half years, he ran away. He later bought out the remainder of his time for five pounds and subsequently served James Fussell of Mells at the Fussell Ironworks.

The Fussell Ironworks was established in 1744. It became a highly successful business producing edge tools such as scythes, sickles, spades, shovels and other agricultural implements, and employed 250 skilled workers. The products were exported worldwide.

His son, William Montague, was born in Mells, Somerset, England, in 1760 and was employed at the Fussell Ironworks, as was his father. However, after his marriage he left Mells and lived in other Somerset parishes before emigrating to America. The following sketch of his profession is from the memory of his son Charles and was written down in 1885 in *The History and Genealogy of the Montague Family of America*.

"William Montague ... was a whitesmith, and was an excellent workman, did fine forging, such as cutlery, gun barrels, etc. He emigrated to America ... and settled at Boston. He worked first in the city and later at Roxbury, six miles out at Mr. Faxon's trip hammer shop, and made spades, shovels, scythes, etc., the first that were ever made in that shop. He removed from Boston with his family, to the mouth of the Saco River, Biddeford, Maine, and there had charge of the blacksmith shop and was the first man in the United States who could put the iron straps upon a pulley block correctly; before that time the owner of the ship yard brought them from England. The ship builder was Thomas Coutts. About that time the War of 1812 broke out, and much hatred was evinced toward Englishmen; one order was made that an Englishman must not live within forty miles of any navigable stream. Being angered at this he removed his family to Albany, N. Y., and then went by a round about way into Canada and enlisted as Armorer, in the 49th Regiment, his duties being to keep the arms, guns, etc., in repair. This company was stationed



Ruins of Fussell's Ironworks, Mells, Somerset, England, established in 1744.

on the Penetanguishene River, at the fort and remained there until the Battle of Lundy's Lane, to which place they were ordered as reinforcements to the British Troops. After the war he returned to Albany, N.Y., worked at his trade, and in addition made locks for the public buildings in the city, and in country towns, such as jail locks and keys. He remained in Albany until 1816, when he employed three men with their teams to remove his family to Canada. ..."

Although a whitesmith is a person who finishes and polishes metals, particularly tin plate and galvanized iron, often a tinsmith, it is clear that William did much more than this.

*Settlement examinations were required in England after 1662 and concerned the rights of a person to settle in a parish.

Susan Montague Lundt has been pursuing her Montague family genealogy since 1980 when her husband got her started on it in Salt Lake City while on vacation. She has researched in England and Canada as well as the U.S. and documented her research in a self-published book, "Montague Family History." She is currently working on a book documenting her parents' pedigrees to give to her family. Susan is a retired software engineer who moved to Santa Barbara with her husband in July 2014 to be near their children.

A Century of Shoemakers

By Sharon Knickrehm Summer

SINCE THE 1790s or perhaps even earlier, my father's direct line of Knickrehm ancestors were Schuhmachermeisters or master shoemakers. In fact, one online source gives the German name for shoemaker as "Knieriem (en)." That word is very close to the spelling of our name, Knickrehm. My 3rd great-grandfather, Hermann (Harm) Heinrich Knickrehm's reported occupation was master shoemaker. He lived in the village of Ahnsen, in Schaumburg-Lippe, which is now Lower Saxony. Ahnsen is an hour's drive west of Hanover, Germany.

One of Harm's sons, Carl Heinrich Christian Knickrehm, born 1830, became a master shoemaker like his father, a trade that allowed for a middle class living. Carl, my 2nd great-grandfather, lived in Sülbeck and then Neinstädt, not far from Ahnsen. German records list Carl's occupation as master shoemaker from 1859 to 1871, when he emigrated to the United States. So our family in Germany were shoemakers for a nearly century!

When Carl Knickrehm immigrated with his family to Illinois in 1871 he continued making shoes. He and his apprentices traveled from farm to farm around Elgin,



Carl Heinrich Christian Knickrehm, master shoemaker, about 1880.

Illinois. At each farm they'd hand-make new pairs of shoes for each member of the family. Afterward they'd set out for the next farm family wanting shoes. But not for long, as he was soon in for a surprise. Cheap labor and mass production played a big role in the disappearance of traditional craftsmanship like Carl's.

One day in the late 1800s, Carl came home and made a comment to his wife Caroline. "I can't make a living making shoes," he said. "Sears & Roebuck is selling shoes for \$5.00 a pair. I can't compete with that price. I guess I'll take up farming."

And so ended an era.

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

Beware!

By Millie Brombal

GENEALOGISTS WILL OFTEN REMARK, half in jest, I believe: "Beware in researching your family lines as, occasionally, you may find someone or thing of which you are not particularly proud."

In researching my families' early records, I found no famous ancestors for whom books were written about their achievements or lofty pursuits. I did locate a may-or in a small town in Wisconsin, my mother's uncle. But my ancestors' occupations were usually listed as farmers, "workers," laborers, an occasional shoe repairman or butcher. During the early wars in the service of our country, they were mostly privates serving in the cavalry or infantry.

Then, when researching my dad's side of Drennans, who settled in the Southern states after emigrating from England and Germany, I found a copy of a manuscript of the goods and chattels, including to whom sold and the price received, for John Drennan, deceased January 19, 1816, my 4th great-grandfather.

Perhaps a successful ancestor, probably a plantation owner!

The inventory, filed April 2, 1816, in Wilson County, Tennessee, was extensive and included the following:

- 1 Hoe \$1.50
- 1 Barshear Plough \$4.12 1/2
- 1 pewter dish and two plates, \$2.12 1/2
- 1 Shovel plough 2.87 1/2
- 61 lbs of bacon, \$6.00
- 1 Hoe \$1.62 1/2

- 1 bell and collar \$1.50
- 1 Barrel \$.50
- 3 hogs \$4.00
- 1 Cotton wheel \$1.50
- 5 sheep \$6.50
- 1 Red Cow \$10.00
- 1 cow and calf \$5.00

And then at the end, the following were listed:

- 1 Negro woman and child \$481.00
- 2 Negro boys \$682.00
- 1 Negro boy \$281.00
- 2 Negro boys \$423.50 . . .
- 1 Negro boy \$313.12 1/2
- 1 Negro boy \$181.00

How terrible, my ancestor had owned slaves and they were sold. My pride in that ancestor quickly diminished. I understand property owners needed laborers but still...He did not even have the compassion to grant them their freedom at his death and they are listed right along with implements, cattle and hogs.

I do understand that 200 years ago times and values were different. The Civil War had not started and we do not know how we would have behaved had we been in our ancestor's shoes.

However, beware! You too, may find someone of whom you are not too proud.

Millie Brombal is a long time genealogist, editor of five family genealogical histories, and is currently working on an interactive workbook combining timeline history and ancestors. She was encouraged to write at Allison Grosfield's class.

"He was too fond of ornery women"

MY GREAT UNCLE – THE CAREER SOLDIER

By Bob Bason

NEVER THOUGHT OF MYSELF of having come from a military family. Yes, my father theoretically served in World War I – that is, he was inducted, trained, sent to California and immediately shipped home back to Iowa as the war had just ended. Both of my much older brothers were in the Navy in World War II in the Pacific, but I was just four and only remember the flag in the window with the two stars. I grew up in that brief period before Korea, got married, had children, and never served in the military at all.

So, it came as something of a shock to learn from family letters that my maternal 2nd great uncle, John Benshoof, Jr., had his whole career in the military – a life-long soldier.

THE CIVIL WAR

Born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in 1833, John was 27 when he was the first of the five Benshoof brothers to join the fight in the Civil War; he enlisted in the regular U. S. Army in the 13th US Infantry. His recruitment papers describe him as "5 feet 10 ¼ inches tall, hazel eyes, brown hair, dark complexion, never married." He fought at Shiloh (Tennessee), Corinth and Vicksburg (Mississippi).

Shortly before his three-year term of service was up in 1864, John was recruited to accept a commission as 2nd Lieutenant of Co. B., 100th Regiment, US Colored Troops (all the officers of the colored troops were white). John reported that "at the battle of Nashville, three bullets passed through his clothing and haversack." At the end of the Civil War, he was officially mustered out of service with the following notation on his service record: "Excellent. Has been an efficient, energetic and capable Officer."

FIGHTING IN THE INDIAN WARS

Apparently military life agreed with him, for less than a year later he reenlisted for three years in his old unit, the 13th Regiment, and was immediately sent to Camp Cook in Montana. From 1867 to 1871, he fought in the Indian Wars in Montana and North Dakota.

When his enlistment time was up, John thought that he had had enough of Army life and returned to the Midwest, homesteading in Nebraska, marrying the woman who was homesteading next door and fathering a son. But, it was to be just a brief interlude.

Married life apparently was not for John. On January 19, 1874, only two months after he had gotten married and five months before his first child was born, he enlisted one more time for another five years in his same old regiment. He later wrote a long letter of contrition to his wife from Camp Brown, Wyoming Territory,

asking for forgiveness and reconciliation. But, it was not to be. He apparently never saw his wife and child again.

KEEPING THE PEACE IN THE SOUTH DURING RECONSTRUCTION

His regiment was sent to New Orleans in 1874 where they were put to work "preserving the peace" during the massive and explosive rebellions in the south during Reconstruction. It was during this period that he wrote to his brother, Jacob, back home in Iowa:

"i am again back in my old Regiment and got my old position and am Well Satisfied. I hav moved over a big lot of ground Since I seen you, hav been almost to the Pasific Ocian and am now near the Atlantic Ocian...We have been having pretty Squaly times here in the City [New Orleans] for the last month but no fighting yet but eny day may bring forth a Conflict between the Troops...the President and Congress must eather Withdraw the Troops from here or there Will be hot times before Sixty days more. We drill during the day, the White League drill on the Same ground during the night. The Rebel Sentiment is Just as Strong here to day as it Was In Sixty-one [1861] but It is not openly avowed but eny person that is acquainted with the Southern people can See it.

We had a lucky time on the fourth at the assembling of the Legislature. It fell to my lot to take Three of the Members of the legislature by the arm and lead them out of the hall. At one time there Was Two hundred Pistols drawn but no body got Shot...i thought one time that it Was a going to be a bloody time. My company was ordered to Clear the Street in front of the State House and We done it too Without firing a gun. But all it Wanted to git up a fight Was for Someone to Shoot. Then the ball Wood have been opened."

WORKING AT NATIONAL MILITARY CEMETERIES

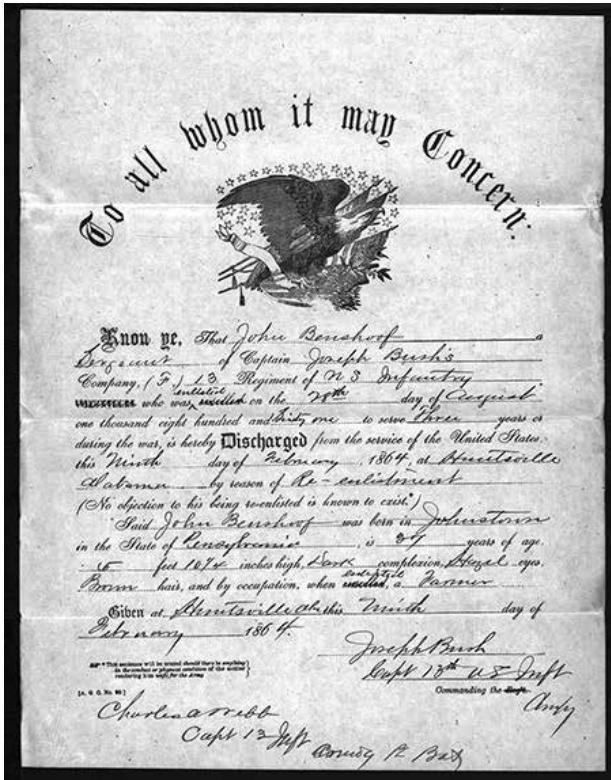
John was discharged from the military in 1877 at age 43 and took a position as the Assistant Superintendent of the National Cemetery at Hampton Roads, Virginia. A year later he was appointed Superintendent of the National Cemetery on Red River in Alexandria, Louisiana.

But ill health and alcoholism were taking their toll. In 1890 he went to the Soldiers' Home at Marshalltown, Iowa. The old soldiers' homes were run on a strict military schedule, so John applied for and received a 30-day furlough to go visit his brother Peter Benshoof in nearby Newton, Iowa. He died there 20 days later. The cause of his death was officially stated as "Rheumatism and Consumption." He was 59 years old, 7 months and 22 days.

In a letter written a few days later, John's brother, Paul Benshoof, who was farming in Iowa Falls, Iowa, wrote to their brother, Jacob Benshoof, in Blue Grass,



John H. Benshoof (1833-1893)



John Benschhof's first discharge certificate from the Civil War

Iowa: "as for John it is as you say. I do not want to say much about him but Drinking was not his worst faults. He was too fond of ornery women... I hope he is better off than he was in this world for he sufferd terable here while he was here and my Prayers are that god wuz mersiful to him."

A Civil War gravestone, with his name misspelled, marks his burial site.



The Civil War gravestone for John Benschhof in Union Cemetery, Newton, Iowa

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



The Graveyard

By Kristin Ingalls

They stand in the graveyard
 And beckon us "Come."
 Cracked, leaning and weathered,
 They beckon us, "Come."
 Through the ages they've stood,
 Quiet and waiting.
 These still, silent sentries,
 They beckon us, "Here."
 We wander among them,
 And finding the name
 We gaze there in wonder.
 They beckon us, "Sit."
 "Sit down beside me
 And quiet your mind."
 Our fingers reach out
 Tracing the words.
 We lay down the flower,
 We whisper our Thanks.

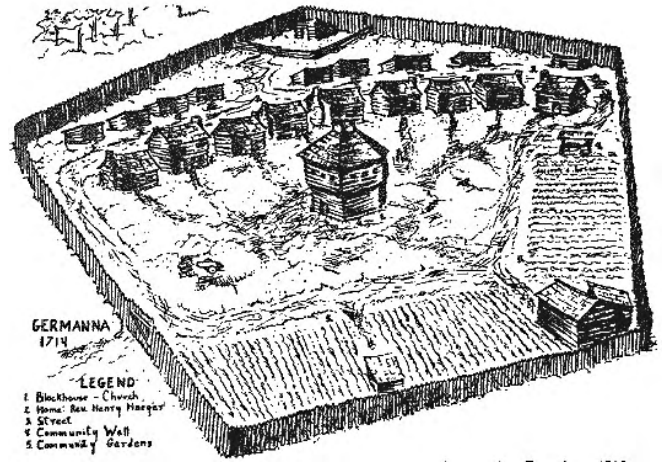
Which Ancestor Came to America First and What was his Occupation?

By George Goodall

A GAME I'VE BEEN playing with myself, as I've researched my genealogy through the years, is to see which ancestor had arrived in America first. I grew up knowing my mother's father had come from Germany, because my mother wrote occasionally to cousins in Germany. My grandfather, Anton Schildmeyer, emigrated in 1880 from Minden, Westphalia, Germany. He had been raised on a hog and grain farm. He developed a new general farm in Nebraska, married and began his family. He studied how to improve their life and decided to move to southern California to become a walnut and orange grower. Not only did he develop outstanding Valencia orange groves, but joined together with other growers to form a cooperative packing house as a part of the famous Sunkist brand. So, who came before Anton?

After several "Brick Walls" on other lines, I started collecting data on my Scotch-Irish Adams line, my paternal grandmother's family. I was finding a confusing mixture of names and dates for their coming from Northern Ireland. My research led me to a cousin in Atlanta, Georgia, who had collected much more information and also knew several other genealogist cousins. In fact, she organizes our Adams family reunion in Mississippi each April. In working with these fellow Adams researchers, we agreed on our emigrant ancestor as Francis Adams, born in 1763 in County Antrim, Ulster, who came with a large group from the Ballymoney Covenanter Presbyterian Church in December 1772 to Charleston, South Carolina. They were tenant farmers and linen mill workers in Northern Ireland and farmed in South Carolina on granted land. They purchased their subsequent farm in Mississippi to grow cotton, and even owned slaves for labor. Three of their sons became Methodist ministers, including my great-grandfather who came to Los Angeles, California, in 1868 to be the pastor of a new church. This traced the earlier arrival of the Adams line to 1772, before the Revolutionary War and more than a century before my Schildmeyer ancestors.

The next find was William John Meek, an Englishman, who came to Charleston, South Carolina about 1770 from Antrim, County Antrim, Ulster. His grandparents had migrated from Bourne Parish, Lincolnshire, England, and were presumably farmers. John was granted land in Laurens, Laurens County, South Carolina, and became a farmer. He served in the Revolutionary War. This moved the earliest ancestor arrival date back two years to 1770.



Sketch of Germanna, Virginia in 1714 when Peter Hitt came there to be an iron ore miner.

After having my DNA tested, I added many new cousins and new family lines. The next lead was to a Scottish clan, Abercrombie, which landed in Charleston in 1720 in the person of Sir James Abercrombie and his family. He was from Birkenbog, Banffshire, and as an attorney he represented the King of the England as the Attorney General for the colony of South Carolina. However, he and his wife returned to Scotland, but several of their children remained and became citizens and fought in the Revolutionary War. His grandson that is my ancestor served as the Justice of the Peace for Laurens County for most of his life. The earliest arrival date moved back fifty years to 1720.

Recently, a new lead came from an Ancestry.com Hint; it gave a summary of genealogical and historical notes on the records of Culpeper County, Virginia. It tells of a Peter Hitt (Heite in German) and family being with a group of iron ore miners who were recruited from Musen, Westphalia, Germany. They arrived in April 1714 and lived in Germanna, Virginia. He helped establish the mines and built a smelter. After a few years, a disagreement arose between the owners and the miners, so the Hitt family left to become American farmers near Germantown, Fauquier County, Virginia. This moved my earliest ancestor's arrival to 1714, and makes me proud that some of my ancestors have been Americans for over 300 years.



Goodall Ranch Farmstead in the West End of the San Fernando Valley, Los Angeles County, California.

Ranch Had Six Addresses, but Never Moved

By George Goodall

THE GOODALL RANCH in the west end of the San Fernando Valley in Los Angeles County had six addresses, even though it was at the same location all the time. My grandfather, Frank Goodall, received an early letter after moving to his new ranch in 1891 addressed to him with the only address as San Fernando Valley, California. Unfortunately, the family story that was passed on to me didn't include how he actually received the letter. There were probably a few thousand people then, and now there are over a million residents in the Valley.

Frank and Sue Goodall's ranch, which grew to about 1,000 acres, was at the very west end of the Valley, backed up to the Ventura County line. It was served by Goodall Road until that was changed to Calvert Street, when subdivided in the 1950s. The area had originally been called the El Escorpion Rancho as a Mexican Land Grant. My grandparents received their first 140 acres as a US Government Land Grant between the county line and the El Escorpion line. They leased most of the farmland of the El Escorpion Rancho from the owners.

Their regular mailing address during the 1890s was at Calabasas, a stage coach stop on the El Camino Real (later Highway 101) that was about two miles south of the ranch.

When the Southern Pacific Railroad's Coastal Line was built in the mid 1890s the next address was Chatsworth, which was about 6 miles north of the ranch. This was quite a distance by horse and buggy to get the mail!

In about 1900, the railroad built a freight line through the middle of the valley with a depot at Canoga, the name for the old Indian watering hole in the middle of the west valley, which was about 4 miles east of the Goodall Ranch.

In 1913, some of the west end of the Valley was subdivided into irrigated farmland and towns in anticipation of the Owens River Water Project bringing High Sierra water to the Valley. The new town created just west of the Canoga Freight Station was called Owensmouth, with a new US Post Office – the end of the Owens River Water distribution.

A leading citizen, Mrs. Mary Logan Orcutt, and the Chamber of Commerce in 1931 led a campaign to change the name of the town and the Post Office to Canoga Park.

Those are the six addresses which were used by the Goodalls when they lived on the ranch. All of their former farmland was subdivided by the 1950s and 1960s. That area is now served by a Post Office called West Hills. The former Goodall Ranch lands are now inside the City of Los Angeles, but that was never an address.

George Goodall has been a member of this Society since 1988. He is a fourth generation southern Californian with degrees in agriculture from UCLA and Univ. of Wisconsin. He is the retired Univ. of California County Director and Farm Advisor in Santa Barbara, specializing in Avocados, Citrus, Wine Grapes, and Farmland Preservation. He is currently researching the names Abercrombie, Adams, Brunko, Goodall, Gordon, Hitt, Irvine, Mangin, Meek, Schildmeyer, and Williams.

Discovering the Grandmother I Never Knew and What She Did During the Great War

By Karen Harris

MY GENEALOGY JOURNEY BEGAN in January of 2000, following the deaths of both of my parents within ten months of each other. While in Arizona, as I was sorting through their household belongings, I found an odd assortment of documents, miscellaneous papers, a few obituaries and a couple of death records in my mother's desk. I also found letters from the United States Army and muster rolls related to my maternal grandmother's service as a dietitian during World War I. She was deployed overseas to France and there was a receipt from the Queens Hotel in Nice dated 1919. This information was breaking news to me!

My grandmother, Marie Williston, died in 1952 when I was barely a year old. Due to a shared complicated grief neither my mother nor my grandfather spoke of her often. Whenever we visited my grandfather in Ashland, Ohio, a trip to the cemetery to bring flowers and tidy grandmother's gravesite was frequently included. But I don't remember hearing many stories about her and then our family moved to California in 1963. It should be noted that my paternal grandmother was employed as a chocolate dipper for a boutique bakery in Cleveland and was a regular and very happy presence in my Ohio childhood.

So, who was the woman Marie Williston? I later learned that she went by a variety of names: christened Martha, nicknamed Marine, and later known as Marie Pauline Williston, nee Brown.

Since no birth or christening record for her has been found, and not for lack of trying, we first meet Martha Brown, in the 1885 Kansas State Census, as a three month old infant, living with her parents in Arkansas City, Cowley County. All members of the family were born in Ohio and they had come from Iowa to settle in Kansas. This is significant because her death certificate, along with the gravestone at the Ashland Cemetery, lists her year of birth as 1893.

Through the website, Newspapers.com, I have recently been able to read online copies of the Brown's local newspaper, *The Arkansas City Traveler* which published both daily and weekly editions during the time period of 1885 when the family arrived through 1898 when Martha's father died.

The family appears again in the 1895 Kansas State census in the same location. This time, Dr. Brown is listed as an M.D. by profession, E. A. Brown is noted as a housekeeper, Marie Brown, is now aged 10, and M. L. Rusk, aged 21, a female, who was born in Ohio. (M. L. Rusk is Macie Llewelyn Rusk, a female cousin of my



Marie P. Brown taken in 1915, three years before she was recruited to serve as a civilian dietitian during WWI.

grandmother's; their mothers were the sisters, Emma Wilcoxon Rusk and Ella Wilcoxon Brown.)

During early years of research, unlike today, Ancestry.com had fewer items online, but this entry was found in a database entitled, "Directory of Deceased American Physicians through 1929:" "C. D. Brown, Type of practice, Allopath; Medical School: Starling Medical College, Columbus, 1882." As an allopath, he would rely on drugs or surgical remedies to cure diseases, unlike a homeopath. The initials C. D. stood for Chauncey Dewey. Chauncey Dewey had been a local Cadiz Ohio banker who was a mentor of C.D. Brown's father, Melford Johnston Brown.

This interesting news item from an Ohio newspaper dated March 9, 1892 published during one of my great-grandparent's trips back to Ohio to visit friends and family, revealed an explanation for their move to

Kansas: "Dr. C. D. Brown, wife and daughter of Arkansas City, Kansas left for their home last week after a pleasant visit with Cadiz and Uhrichsville friends. The Dr. is in the drug business and also holds the position of physician for the 5th Cavalry of the US Army at Fort Reno."

The death index from Harrison County, Ohio, where Cadiz was the county seat, contained a record of the death of Marie's father: "Chauncey D. Brown, February 21, 1898, Married, aged 37 died in Kansas, born in Cadiz. Occupation, Doctor, Cause of Death: Heart. Reported by W. A. Knox."

An article in *The Arkansas Traveler* stated that a few months prior to his death, Marie's parents were divorced in Kansas. Mother and daughter returned to Ohio and established a home near Ella's sister's family in Galion in Crawford County.

According to the 1900 Census for Galion, Ella was listed as a widow and worked as a compositor; Marie was listed as born in March of 1885 in Ohio and was attending school. According to the US Census from 1910, both mother and daughter were still living in Galion. A widowed Ella was now working as a Sales lady at a Dry Goods Store; Marie was employed as a teacher in the Public School.

Marie begins at the university

Following her high school graduation, Marie enrolled at Ohio State University with a major in Home Economics, but did not graduate from this institution until 1915. She spent over a dozen years working as a public school teacher while pursuing her Bachelors of Science degree. It was common practice, until decades later in the 20th century, for public schools to hire unmarried women with a high school diploma to work as teachers.

During a research visit to the Ohio State University Library, I took the opportunity to explore the stacks for yearbooks. While reading through the various editions of *The Makio*, as well as class catalogs from the first two decades of the 20th century, I found my grandmother's name listed as a Summer School student.

Armed with her newly minted diploma, her next destination was Ashland College where she was hired to serve on the faculty. Our family has a formally posed photograph of a youthful looking Marie Brown dated 1915. On a research visit to this college's archive, I was surprised to find the picture was used in the Ashland College year book from 1917, *The Pine Whisperer*, with the following caption: "Marie P. Brown B. Sc. Home Economics, Ohio State University; Instructor in Household Economics."

Uncle Sam comes calling

When the United States entered the Great War in 1917, the American Red Cross began recruiting nurses and other allied health personnel to assist in the treatment of wounded soldiers. As a trained home economist with a B. S. degree, she was asked to join the US Army in the following correspondence written on The American Red Cross National Headquarters stationery and dated January 28th, 1918:

"My dear Miss Brown:

We have a letter from Miss Bengtson, Chief Nurse of Base Hospital Unit No. 48, asking that you be put on the list as Dietitian for that Unit. Please consider yourself definitely appointed and communicate with Miss Bengtson in regard to future plans of the Unit. We have submitted your examination papers to the surgeon who reports on this for the Red Cross.

Sincerely Yours,

Elva A. George, Dietitian, Bureau of Nursing Service"

The following notification was written on War Department Office of the Surgeon General, Washington, DC letterhead and dated July 12, 1918.

"WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR, MARIE P. BROWN OF ASHLAND, OHIO, is hereby appointed Dietitian, United States Army Medical Department, at large at \$720.00 per annum, with rations and lodging, and will enter upon her duties after taking the oath prescribed by section 1757 of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

C. R. Darnall, Colonel, Medical Corps"

The next in the series of documents describes Marie P. Brown reporting for duty at The Nurses Mobilization Station, Holle Hotel, New York, New York on July 17, 1918, for mobilization with Base Hospital #48. She had previously been vaccinated successfully in the past November for Typhoid and a monthly payment allotment of \$25 would be payable to her mother, Mrs. Ella A. Brown, 111 East Liberty Street, Ashland, Ohio, commencing August 1, 1918.

Base Hospital 48

More details regarding my grandmother's overseas experience with the Nurses Corps that began that summer with her trip to New York City are recounted in the book, *48: An Informal & Mostly Pictorial History of U. S. Base Hospital 48, 1918-1919* written by Martin Matheson, and published in 1939. When I discovered this book on line in March of this year, it was exciting to learn about the medical facility and see her name officially printed among the non-enlisted personnel.

US Base Hospital (BH) 48 was located at Mars-sur-Alier, Nièvre, southwest of the City of Nevers in the central part of France as part of the US Army's Medical Department Camp complex serving the American Expeditionary Forces. It was built under the direction of the US Army Corps of Engineers by colonial French Indochinese laborers known as Annamites, from a French protectorate in the central region of Vietnam. Spanish laborers were also imported since their country was neutral and they could fill the French labor shortage that resulted from the vast numbers of able-bodied men who answered the call to defend their country.

This location was chosen because of its access to the river, a plentiful water supply subsequently harnessed by the US Army Corps of Engineers as well as conve-

nient proximity to the train station. Upon arrival at Mars-sur-Allier, an anonymous observer remarked: "A wilderness of wooden shacks... acres of lumber and other building materials... a mushroom American city rising in completion literally overnight."

The Mars Hospital Center additionally consisted of Base Hospitals No. 14, 28, 35, 62, 68, 80, 107, 110, 123, and 131 and Evacuation Hospitals No. 30 and 110. The 109th Engineers and Company C of the 521st Engineers, along with Sanitary Squad No. 43 were also stationed at the facility. The cemetery located at Mars includes over 400 Americans.

BH 48 was composed of buildings housing a receiving ward, patient and personnel baths, x-ray and operating theatre, clinic, 20 wards, Nurses Quarters and Mess, Officers Quarters and Mess, Patients kitchen, two dining halls, quartermaster department, wash room, medical supply and latrines, along with tents #21-40.

During their assignment at BH 48, twenty-three different officers performed 332 operations including an Operating Team, which was staffed by members of the Nurses Corp, providing care at the Front. Sadly, eighty-five deaths were recorded.

In Chapter VIII: The Nurses of No. 48, the book detailed the mobilization of the Nurses Corps, which included my grandmother and other non-enlisted female personnel in New York City beginning on July 15th. They left the United States two weeks later and the trip across the Atlantic took eight days.

Going "over there"

They sailed on the RMS Olympic (a sister ship of the Titanic), which due to wartime conditions, necessitated camouflaging the ocean liner, and arrived in Southampton, England, on August 16th

This group, consisting of 100 nurses and six civilians, was then divided into two small hospital boats, the St. David and the St. Patrick. They sailed across the English Channel at 10 o'clock that evening, wearing life preservers, and disembarked at Le Havre in France where they stayed overnight. The following evening, the ladies arrived in Paris and were delivered in Red Cross ambulances to their hotel through unlit streets of the city. After spending the night at the Hotel Regina, they took the train from Paris to Nevers. The final leg of the journey from the train station was by Army trucks to the hospital camp at Mars on August 20th.

Although most of the chapter is devoted to the nurses, a couple of comments about the other civilian personnel offers a glimpse of life at the hospital: "The thrill that comes once in a lifetime...three of the No. 48 civilians rating a special handshake and a few words from General Pershing on his visit to Nevers — while the officers, nurses, and enlisted men, received only the usual official impersonal inspection..."

The book is filled with remarks about the usual experiences found in military service including crowded living conditions, Army food, and of course, the rainy weather with its complimentary mud, along with the

necessity of finally receiving more appropriate uniforms and boots to wear.

In a letter written by one of the Nurses Corp. to her family several days following the signing of the Armistice on November 11th, she reported the following: "But all the celebration, as much as it meant and as wonderful as it was, was as nothing when compared with what the end of the War really means—a cessation of the awful slaughter at the Front. No more dread of train after trainload of wounded and suffering to be unloaded and put to bed. That was all I could think of. Our cases here are now in very good shape; very few of them are in any danger of death, I believe, and isn't it fine to know that there will be no more, for we understand that the evacuation hospitals have been quite emptied, but that also may be a rumor."

Although the war was officially over that November, the hospital did not completely shut down until months later. They continued to work with patients, enjoyed a very special Christmas dinner, and visited Nice for some R and R.

Another helpful source for an understanding of my grandmother's assignment as a dietitian working for the US Army in World War I can be found at the website posting of the US Army Medical Department, Office of Medical History, Part 1 The

Constituents Groups Before World War II, Chapter II, Dietitians before World War II written by Colonel

Katherine E. Manchester, AMSC, USA, and Major Helen B. Garinin, USA (Ret.)



The authors of this chapter made the following observations, which

reflected the newly created position within the military hospital staff hierarchy.

"Perhaps the reason that dietitians accomplished as much as they did was because they were in a sense undisciplined. Their training had given them fundamental knowledge of their subject matter together with a genuine desire to put this to practical use. Since they were not oriented to the discipline of either the soldier or nurse, they worked on their own initiative, little troubled by precedent, proceeding as fast and as far as the commanding officer or mess officer would permit. Surely, whatever success the dietitians had to their credit in the early part of the war was because once given the opportunity, they were able, in most instances, to demonstrate their value to the service. Overseas, their duties varied from taking care of the nurses' home and giving occasional assistance to the officers' mess to planning and serving diets to patients. In some instances, the dietitians themselves prepared food for the very sick patients or had charge of the general hospital diet kitchen."

Since our family does not have a photograph of Marie in uniform, this description may provide a useful word picture: "For foreign service, the indoor uniform was a blue cotton crepe dress, when white was impracticable, a white cap, and insignia (a caduceus with the letter

D on it). The outdoor uniform included an oxford gray Norfolk suit, an overcoat, a black velour hat for winter, a black or white straw sailor hat for summer, gray gloves, black or white shoes, a white or gray waist, and a black ribbon tie and a plain bar pin. On the lapels of the suit and on the collar of the overcoat the insignia and the letters US were worn."

A case of the flu

The file of miscellaneous records related to Marie Brown's experience during World War I included muster roll documents, which provide a basic timeline of her service, including her periods of sick leave for cases of laryngitis and exhaustion.

Then, on October 27, 1918, she was transferred to Base Hospital 62 within the Camp at Mars medical complex with a diagnosis of "influenza" where she remained for eight days and then returned to quarters. Four days later, my grandmother returned to BH 48 from sick duty. During the period of her exposure and hospitalization, three unit nurses died while they were in service in France.

As Marie recovered and was returned to her regular duties, she continued to show signs of illness according to the report of the Disability Board from February 1919. This report stated that her Chronic Bronchitis did not exist prior to entry into the service and the disability is in line of duty. She was given a Classification of D.

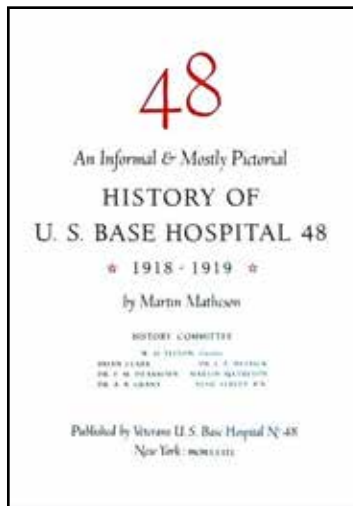
Subsequently, she was transferred as a patient to BH 113, located at Savenay in Western France, where she received a final diagnosis of Chronic Bronchitis and was assigned to Hospital Train No. 62 bound for the port of Brest. There Marie, along with other Class D patients, boarded the SS Leviathan. Originally named the Vaterland, it was built by Germany, but was seized by the US Government after war was declared, and renamed the Leviathan. Like the Olympic, it too, was camouflaged with dazzle paint.

My grandmother left on March 16, arriving eighteen days later in Hoboken, New Jersey and reported to Hospital #4 in New York City for a ten-day stay. Miss Brown's next destination was Asheville, North Carolina and specifically Biltmore, US Army Hospital #12, for observation and treatment.

Following her discharge and a brief leave of absence, Marie returned to North Carolina and was reassigned for duty in Hospital #19, a facility located near Asheville that was dedicated to the care of patients with TB. Her pay records note an increase in compensation of \$20.00 per month as approved by the Secretary of War. She continued to work until December 31, 1919.

A new chapter begins

While posted in North Carolina at BH 19, Marie became acquainted with Sergeant First Class Clifton A.



Williston who was assigned to the General Hospital as an enlisted member of the Medical Department.

After a brief courtship, they were married on January 2, 1920, at the Trinity Episcopal Church in Asheville. Following their marriage, both received their final discharge orders in January.

The 1920 census, taken in January, found Marie listed as an unmarried dietitian with the US Army Hospital in Asheville, but no information regarding her age, or where her parents were born, while Clifton is listed as a hospital nurse with his parents, Roland and Adele and his two sisters, Florence and Dorothy, at their home in

Holyoke, Hampden County, Massachusetts.

The 1926 Ashland High School yearbook, posted on Ancestry.com, included a photo of Marie Williston as a member of the faculty, teaching, not home economics, but French! The identification of this online digitized scan was made last spring and it came as another surprise with even more happy dancing for me.

The 1930 Massachusetts Census for Hampden County, Chicopee, listed both Clifton and Marie as veterans of the World War. He is 33, and working as a salesman for a hardware store, while she is 36 and unemployed outside the home; daughters Jean and Virginia completed the family.

Following their subsequent return to Ohio they became permanent residents of Ashland. The 1940 Census reports the family with Clifton, now working as a printing pressman with a grammar school education, Marie as a homemaker with five years of college, and their two teenage, high school student daughters living at 618 Vine Street.

As a result of these efforts to accumulate genealogical information, I still have a compelling longing to have known my grandmother. I crave more details and wish to ask her questions about being an only child, leaving her childhood friends in Kansas and returning to Ohio after her parents' divorce; what was it like to attend Ohio State University as one of the few women on campus; did she celebrate when women's suffrage was passed, and of course, how was her experience serving with the US Army in France, her deployment across a dangerous ocean during wartime, and finally, why after so many years, did she keep that receipt from the Queen's Hotel?

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

Tennis and Typewriters – the Delmer T. Israel Company

By Jane Honikman

THIS IS THE STORY of my family's business that began after my father, Delmer T. Israel, arrived in Palo Alto, California to attend Stanford Law School in 1924. He had graduated from Reed College in Portland, Oregon where he met my mother, Beatrice Levy. He opened the Palo Alto Men's Shop (a clothing and sporting goods store) in 1927 but closed it before their marriage on June 18, 1928.

Delmer quit Law School to start a Tennis Shop with my parents' wedding money. The first location was in the basement of a furniture store in downtown Palo Alto next door to the public library. The rent was \$25 per month, including utilities and a pot-bellied stove that never delivered enough heat in the winter. Father had been an avid tennis player for many years and had learned to string rackets while he was a student at Stanford.

In the late 1920s, a neighbor attending Palo Alto High School asked my father for a job. The neighbor wrote, "I stuffed fliers under the doors at Encina Hall at Stanford. I was paid a dollar. I then discovered that Delmer had a bicycle repair business in one corner of his shop. He was happy to have me take that off his hands. Next, he began buying cheap tennis racket frames and stringing them for sale. He taught me to string them at 50 cents each. Eventually I became good enough to string for his best customers."

At the time the Tennis Shop was the only such business between San Francisco and San Jose, and tennis was an up-and-coming sport. Father was known for approaching the stringing process like an art. He studied it, learning the subtle ways that tennis strings can affect performance and a player's health. He developed such an advanced understanding that he eventually devised a new stringing pattern that reduced the frequency of breakage.

He was enamored with natural gut strings, also known as catgut. This material, made by hand from animal intestines, remains soft at high tensions, providing more energy return and ball control than any other type of string. It also allows players to apply maximum force with minimum impact shock, which can injure the elbow and other joints. At the time, it took 28 sheep to make enough string for one tennis racket. In addition to the cost, the trouble with gut strings is that the material is very susceptible to moisture, which greatly decreases its tension and durability. With time and use, coupled with the damp Bay Area weather, the strings would unravel or break and the customers would return to the store for repairs.

Each customer was carefully assessed, fitted, and a racket customized according to the player's size,



My mother, Beatrice Israel, in front of The Tennis Shop in 1929.

weight, grip, and skill level. As one customer remembered it, "Every person got individual attention and came away with the feeling that to him, you mattered."

The business expands to include Santa Barbara

With his reputation as a stringing expert steadily growing, and the sport of tennis quickly gaining popularity in Palo Alto, the business was full of promise and the future was looking bright. Just one year after he opened shop, on October 29, 1929, the Great Depression hit. Despite this severe economic downturn, father opened stores in Long Beach and Santa Barbara. Larry Hall, the high schooler who worked part time remembers:

"One day in 1929, Delmer told me that he intended to open a string of tennis shops all over California, and he wanted me to run one of them. I wanted to finish college but he talked me into running the Santa

Barbara shop. I arrived with everything I owned in the backseat of my car, to find that Delmer had rented a room in a large building at 27 E. De la Guerra St. It had a window facing the street with the stringing base mounted in the window so that passersby could see how it was done. Normally the device would be hidden in the back room so people couldn't find out how to do it and become competitors. On one wall was mounted a bracket, holding perhaps a dozen tennis rackets, and on a small table was an empty tennis ball box which served as the cash register. On the floor were piles of shoeboxes, socks, tennis balls and miscellaneous. That was it. The nearest competitor was a man named Glenn Hitchcock, whose shop was across the street and a block east. His sign out front read: The Tennis Shop. We ordered a sign that read: The Racquet Shop. I earned \$15 a week salary and built a profitable tennis business for Delmer. During the mid-1930s Delmer came to Santa Barbara less and less often. By that time he was concentrating on typewriters, adding machines and calculators rather than tennis. When I broached the subject of buying his interest in the Santa Barbara shop he seemed somewhat relieved."

The Tennis Coach

The 1934 Palo Alto High School yearbook featured a photo of father with the Boys' Tennis Team. The caption reads, "Under the able coaching of Delmer T. Israel, local tennis enthusiast and proprietor of the Palo Alto Tennis Shop, the Paly tennis team enjoyed an even more successful season than that of last year when they won the Palo Alto League, and the year before, when they tied for this honor." Father used to scout for potential tennis players at football and baseball games. He sought the physical attributes he felt would make good tennis players.

In 1935, when the Depression had lifted, the landlord doubled the rent so the business was moved next to the local pool hall. Many unemployed locals used to hang around the pool hall, and when they were done playing, they'd go next door and practice fly casting in the long, narrow hallway of the Tennis shop. (My father also was an avid trout fisherman.) Business was good. Customers who left the area often shipped their rackets back to Palo Alto for Delmer to repair and restring. The tennis pro at the Mill Valley Country Club also sent rackets in for Delmer's expert touch. This was before the Golden Gate Bridge was built, so they went back and forth across the bay by ferry.

Typewriters enter the picture

Because the tennis business is somewhat seasonal, it was fortuitous when a man walked in and offered to sell Delmer his typewriter repair business. He had no stock, just some service contracts. But, since tennis was slow in the winter and typewriter service was slow in the summer, it seemed like the perfect solution. Father jumped at the opportunity.

The business was renamed: Delmer Israel, Typewriters and Tennis. About this time, the first employee, was hired for \$25 a week and a room in my parents' house. Over the years, father taught many people to string rackets, including my two brothers. They worked part time during high school in the store and there was a tennis vise in the basement of our home. In the evenings my mother, grandmother and I would de-gut rackets while watching television. Over the next decades, the shop gradually became what one customer described as the Mecca for local tennis buffs.

He wrote, "Inside the store the walls were lined with racket frames such as Bancroft, Wilson, Spalding and other popular models. Rackets were strung with the string of your choice...installed by either Delmer or his assistants. On the counter and walls were pictures of tennis greats of those days - Ellsworth Vines and Don Budge, to name two. In the summer he was always keeping tennis players busy with tournaments he sponsored, and he continued as the high school tennis coach. He inspired many teenagers. In the 1930s and 40s, if you were a youngster of 12 and over and didn't have access to a tennis racket, you just were "not with it." Palo Alto had many tennis courts. It was



Delmer Israel stringing a tennis racket.

a tennis-minded town. My mother was once cornered by a trio of tennis mothers and asked, "Miriam, don't you think this man (my father) has too much influence over our sons?" Her answer was to the point: "He's not only inspiring them, but he's keeping their minds alert and centered on something clean and good. I have no doubt that this man's life and his work with our sons will have a lifelong influence on all of them, and it will be a good and healthy one at that."

A soft spot for Stanford students

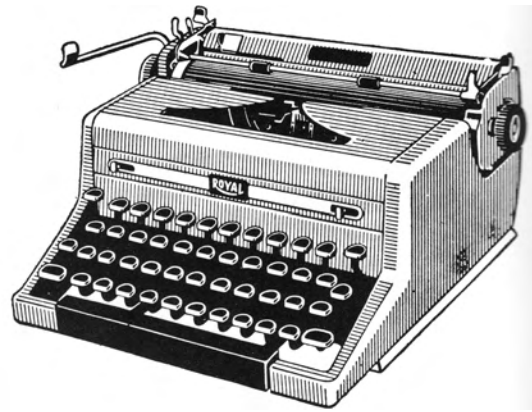
Father loved to talk to tennis people and he had a soft spot for Stanford students. If you happened to be both, you often moved to the front of the line. Santa Barbara resident George Frakes was a student at Stanford in 1950, and in his remembrances of my father he wrote:

"Mr. Israel was much more to people in the mid-Peninsula and Stanford communities than just another Palo Alto merchant and businessman. He was a friend to stressed-out Stanford students, who would often come to him with a broken typewriter which always seem to come at the most disadvantageous time close to a deadline or at the end of an academic quarter. He would reassure us. He usually dealt with our problems immediately, putting aside the work of businessmen who were not in a panic situation. He was the best tennis stringer in the mid-Peninsula area. He would always restring my rackets with good quality cotton or nylon strings with a fine degree of professional quality and at a fair price. He never stocked poor or short lasting tennis materials and he never overcharged his customers. He learned the abilities and names of possible players of comparable abilities. He would help customers find games when another player was needed due to sickness or an unavoidable conflict. He was sort of tennis central for information for the tennis players in the Palo Alto area."

Father was a multi-talented man and had inherited his father's penchant for inventing. Long before they were commercially available, he designed and built himself a stringing machine. A skilled machinist, he carefully cut and refined the parts. But, as my brother remembers,

"He never used it. And although he had big dreams of selling these machines to shops around the country, he never wrote up the plans to build it or got a patent on it. Those parts lay around the shop for years. One day a man came in the shop and sold Delmer a Serano stringing machine. In time, he ended up with three of them. We had two going all the time."

Although father was an excellent businessman, he was an atrocious bookkeeper. Shortly after the California state legislature passed a law to tax the inventory of businesses, a state auditor came knocking. When he examined the records, the poor man was appalled. He left the store, intending to return but he suffered a heart attack soon after and the audit was never completed. My mother took over the books after that



and did the bookkeeping from home for many years. When the business became incorporated, mother assumed a formal position in the company, but her role in the business was essentially to sign the checks.

When World War II hit, the manufacture and sale of typewriters and adding machines was forbidden. Typewriter companies were required to divert their materials into making war supplies, so there were no new typewriters available. As a consequence, the demand for repairs and rental machines skyrocketed. At this point an expert mechanic became a partner for two years, but that ended in 1946. The partnership was dissolved and my parents bought the rights to the business for \$900.

During the 1950s, my brother and his wife began working full time for father. The pinnacle of the business came through renting typewriters and business machines to the early hi-tech companies in Silicon Valley. By the early 1960s, father was slowing down and in 1965, he had semiretired. He passed away on Father's Day in 1970, at the age of 67. Tennis was father's first true love. He was out on the courts whenever possible. He taught all three of his children how to play. He played doubles instead of singles because he couldn't get around the court very well. He played right up until he died.

After father died, the store became Delmer Israel Business Machine Center and Delmer Israel Tennis Center, and it thrived for another 10 years.

By 1979, the tennis boom ended. The tennis inventory was liquidated, although they continued stringing through the early 1980s. Technology in the business world was evolving at a very rapid pace and it was difficult to keep up. In 1985, after 56 years, our family business closed its doors for the last time. I still own the wooden tennis racket my father strung for me in high school and the portable manual typewriter I was gifted upon graduating from high school.

Jane Honikman joined the SBCGS as a life member in 1999. She started family research in her teens by asking questions; she has been curious all her life. She has lived in Santa Barbara for 45 years.

My Great-Grandmother, Lillian: Was She a “Professional Wife?”

By Kathy Stark

LILLIAN FOREST SHIELDS was born June 2, 1885, in Van Buren Township, Darke County, Ohio. Her parents, Alfred Shields and Amanda Jobes, were from prominent families in Darke County. The question is, “What was Lillian’s occupation, if any?”

Lillian married William Fisher (Fischer), also of Darke County, on April 9, 1902. She was only 16 and William was 18. They had a baby girl named Olive on October 1, 1902. At some point she took off, leaving William and Olive behind. In May of 1903 William filed for divorce on the grounds of adultery and that Lillian was living with another man. Lillian told the court that William was abusive and spent their money on whiskey rather than on her and their child. Thus, the court awarded her custody of the child and a substantial amount of William’s property.

On October 5, 1905, Lillian married a Thomas A. Friley. He was not the man that she allegedly was living with when she and William divorced. In May of 1907 Lillian filed for divorce claiming Thomas was guilty of gross neglect of duty, was abusive and never supplied her with the common necessities of life, or bought or supplied her with any food, which compelled her to make her own living....doing what? She claimed she had no property or means of support. She was granted alimony and there was no mention of her daughter. Family members claimed she had left her daughter with William Fisher.

Oddly enough, she remarried William Fisher on August 6, 1907, but it ended in another divorce in May of 1909. Again, William accused Lillian of adultery. Their daughter stayed with William.

She was allegedly married to an Earl Deyo according to the 1910 Iowa census and there was no occupation listed for her. Neither a marriage license nor any divorce papers were ever found. Earl worked for the railroad and was probably gone a lot. It appears that Lillian loved to be the center of attention. After this relationship Lillian seems to have disappeared. Perhaps she changed her name or jumped on a train to who knows where.



Lillian’s daughter, Olive Fischer Moore

Her final known marriage was to a John Farrell. She married him in Billings, Montana on July 28, 1925. The only time she was listed with an occupation was in the City Directory for Billings. In 1923 she was a server at a restaurant. She never worked after she married John. Their marriage license said it was her first marriage and she was 28 years old when in fact, she was 40 years old. They were married by a Catholic Priest! She did stay married to John until his death in 1961. Lillian died in 1963. Her death certificate states her date of birth as 1897 and her father’s name was listed as Clifford Shields. His name was Alfred Shields. Family stories say that Lillian was a “Lady of the Night.” Looking at her marriage history one can assume that she was a “professional wife” and the rest will remain a mystery.



Lillian Forrest Shields

Epilogue

Olive lived with her father and eventually a step-mother in Dubuque, Iowa, until she married a local Irish lad in 1922. She was 19 at the time and he was 22. They had two daughters and Olive lived long enough to know all five of her grandchildren and some of her great-grandchildren. There was never any evidence that Lillian had any other children.

I became interested in Genealogy because I knew nothing about my paternal side. My parents divorced when I was five and my mother would never talk about that family. I was also interested in my maternal side since my grandfather had said, “Don’t look into our past!” I wondered what was so bad. I started taking classes at Adult Ed in the early 80s and the bug bit me. I joined the SBCGS, and I have found fantastic information about my family and my husband’s family. I have collected numerous family photos and put them in albums. It is fun being the Family Photo Historian and Genealogist.

No Farmers in THIS Family!

By Merna Wallace McClenathen



Paul B. Wallace with students and airplane engine at what is now the Los Angeles Trade-Technical College .

BEFORE THE TOPIC of ancestor's occupations was announced as the theme for this edition of *Ancestors West*, I had never realized that for at least five generations, none of the men in my paternal Wallace line had been farmers! Starting with generation one, neither of my male Wallace cousins is a farmer...one is a real estate appraiser and the other a clinical psychologist.

Generation two is my father, Paul B. Wallace. He was born in Clay Center, Nebraska in 1904. He always said that Nebraska was a great place to be FROM, but no way would he have considered staying there, and certainly not as a farmer! While Paul was a teenager, he spent time during the summers working a gold mine in Colorado with his father and older brothers. Then, after his graduation from high school, he returned to Colorado and found work as a driller on the Moffat Tunnel, a six-mile long railroad tunnel, which was being constructed 50 miles west of Denver.

After Colorado, the lure of the west drew him to California where he wound up in Santa Monica. He soon found work in a fledgling airplane company owned by Donald Douglas and later became employee #7 at John K. Northrup's Avion Corporation. Being a natural born mechanic and attracted to this new industry, he quickly took to being an "aeroplane" mechanic. He returned briefly to Nebraska to marry my mother, who, by the way, did come from a very long line of farmers! They returned to California where my dad eventually became an aircraft and engine mechanics instructor at what is now Los Angeles Trade-Technical College in Los Angeles.

The Telegrapher

Generation three, my grandfather, Samuel M. Wallace, was born in 1858 in Waldron, a small town in southern Indiana near Indianapolis. When his family moved to Nebraska after the Civil War, he attended what is now Doane College in Crete, Nebraska. There he learned telegraphy, which led to his occupation as a railroad telegrapher. Shortly after his marriage to my grandmother in 1888, they moved to Clay Center, Nebraska, where he became the town's very first railroad station agent and telegrapher.

A dollar a chair

My fourth generation great-grandfather, Edward O. Wallace, was born near Cincinnati, Ohio in 1833. In the 1850 Census of Decatur County, Indiana, he appears as a chair maker living with a Samuel Moore family in Fugit Township. An 1850 Indiana manufacturing census lists the pair and states they sold 500 chairs during the preceding year for \$1.00 each. By 1860 he was living in nearby Waldron, Indiana. He was now married with a family and worked as a window glazier and house painter. When he volunteered for the Civil War in the 3rd Indiana Cavalry Regiment, he stated his occupation was "painter"; however, ten years later, he was working as a harness maker in the new town of Crete, Nebraska. My



Sgt. Edward O. Wallace, 3rd Indiana Cavalry Regiment

guess is that he learned enough about this new occupation during his cavalry days to make it his third means of support for his family.

Generation five is David Wallace, my 2nd great-grandfather. He was a turner, a person who makes objects by turning them on a lathe. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1797 and traveled with his family to live near Cincinnati, Ohio when he was only a year old. About 1840, David moved his family west to Decatur County, Indiana.



David Wallace with the tools of a turner

He owned a town lot in the county seat of Greensburg where he had his house and business...so yet another Wallace man without a farm.

Although I have some data on the sixth generation Wallace, my 3rd great-grandfather James Wallace, I have never learned his occupation. He was born about 1746 in the part of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, that later became Juniata County, and he died in Hamilton County, Ohio, in 1801. A genealogy written about his daughter-in-law's family says he was a doctor, but I have never found any information to verify this statement.

Carrying this occupation theme a bit further, it seems these non-farming Wallace men also married women from non-farming families (my mother evidently being the exception). My grandmother was the daughter of a German innkeeper who was also a cooper, a maker of barrels and kegs. He owned and operated an early brewery in St. Joseph, Missouri. She worked as a milliner with her mother-in-law and her mother-in-law had her own business at a time when few women worked outside the home. This great-grandmother's father was a conductor on one of the first railroads in Pennsylvania, which ran from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. Finally, my 2nd great-grandmother's father was a cordwainer, a shoemaker who made shoes from new leather.

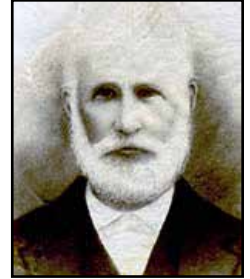
So there we have it...five generations of Wallace men with some unusual occupations. None of them farmed for a living and none owned a farm. Who knows, maybe they all had hay fever or were allergic to farm animals!

Merna Wallace McClenathen has been a member of the Society since 1978 and is a 'Pioneer' member as well as a Life Member. She has chaired the Computer and Technology Special Interest Group for many years. Her families of interest are Boggs, McDaniel, Oakes, and Wallace.

The Armstrongs and the Sawmill Business

By Janet Armstrong Hamber

JOHNS ARMSTRONG WAS born in the town of New Lisbon, New York on April 7, 1828. As a boy he had helped his father (also named John) in his sawmill. Evidently this made him yearn for a sawmill of his own.



John Armstrong in 1890

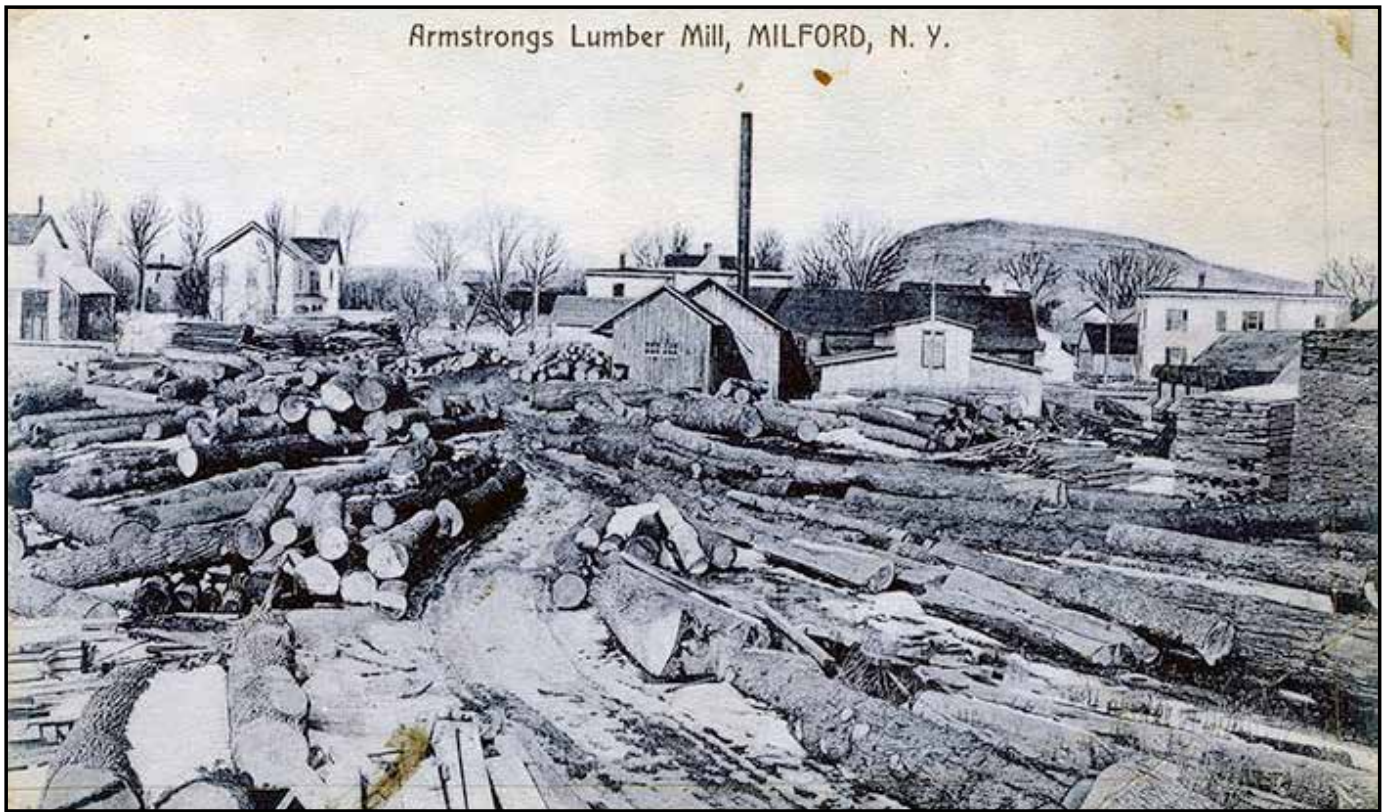
He married Samuel Brownell's daughter, Marcia, and their first child, Charles, was born in November 1852. By the end of the Civil War, there were three more children: Harriet, Isabel and Samuel (grandfather to Janet Armstrong Hamber).

John "shaved" wood shingles. These shingles were made from old growth white pine trees. Only trees with clear straight grain could be "shaved" to advantage so it was customary to chop a notch into the standing tree to see if it could be "shaved." The "shaving was done with a wide heavy knife after the tree had been cut into twenty-four inch blocks. Skill and strength were required and John had both.

About 1861, John bought the sawmill on Oaks Creek, opposite what was known as the "Stone Mill." This mill was used as a paper mill at the time. The mill was powered by water from the creek and the logs were cut by an "up and down" saw which operated on the principle of the present jig saws, but on a much larger and cruder scale. The waterpower was inadequate except during the spring and other times when freshets occurred. The dam, which produced the waterpower, needed much repairing, but John, through hard work and careful management, was able to make some money. He changed to a circular saw, which was a great improvement. He continued this business through the Civil War and was lucky enough not to be drafted. Charles was old enough to work in the mill and was greatly worried lest his father be drafted. An opportunity was provided to sell the mill at a good price, so this was done in 1871.

The Milford Mill

In about 1875, John and Charles decided to buy land and build a steam mill in Milford, New York. The mill was originally designed to do custom work only, and included machinery for making cider, grinding grain, sawing logs, planning timber and producing moldings. The steam engine, which furnished power for the mill, was much preferred over the waterpower of Oaks Creek and the mill was more complete, being equipped with the best machinery of the period. Later, the cider mill and grist mill were removed from the plant and a shingle machine was added to saw shingles from logs. The saw



Postcard photo of steam powered Armstrongs Lumber Mill in Milford, New York about 1910. Photo courtesy of John K. Lee.

was much faster than hand “shaving” and would handle blocks, which were cross-grained. However, the best blocks made the best shingles.

About 1890, Charles and John began to buy standing timber, mostly hemlock and white pine, and hired men and teams to cut the trees and deliver logs to the mill where they were sawed into building materials. These materials were sold partly on a local basis but mostly wholesale to city lumber dealers. Timber lots often had quite a stand of hardwood trees as well as softwood, so Charles and John began to look for a hardwood market.

They found a demand for oak, which was fairly abundant there. The oak was used to make chairs. At first they sawed out pieces for seats, backs, and legs and delivered them rough-sawed. Then it was found that a turned piece would bring more money and save on the freight. So, about 1894, they put in a back-knife lathe with which to turn out back posts. The demand for turnings was so great that three more lathes were added about 1897.

After graduating from Hartwick Seminary, Fred, Charles’ son, began to help in the mill. The workweek then was 60 hours, frequently stretched to 72 hours to keep up with orders.

In 1898, under the supervision of Charles, a new plant was built in Cherry Valley. His father, John, had become feeble with age and ill health. When John died December 7, 1899, Charles took over the firm, J. Armstrong & Son. He brought Fred into the firm and changed the title to C. J. Armstrong & Son.

In 1886, another son of Charles, Millard, was born. He was taken into the mill partnership in 1907 and the name became C. J. Armstrong & Sons. The total business went along well until the Cherry Valley mill burned in October 1927. It was rebuilt on credit, but then the Depression struck. Notes came due and while he had plenty of property it could be sold for only a small fraction of its value. Ten years of depression left them with very little besides fair health and minimum credit.

Operation of the Milford plant was discontinued in 1941. The machinery was sold in 1946 and the buildings and yard in 1948. The Cherry Valley plant continued operation under Millard. Business was good from 1946 to 1955 and continued on until the plant burned on August 4, 1959. Eventually the company was forced into bankruptcy in 1960.

Fred Armstrong died April 1, 1960. There is no one left in his family, nor that of Millard Armstrong, interested and able to continue the mill business. Finis!

Edited by Janet Armstrong Hamber from an article written May 14, 1960 by Millard B. Armstrong, 1st cousin to her father, Robert P. Armstrong. All the areas mentioned are in Otsego County, New York.

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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ANCESTORS WEST MARCH 2016 VOL.41, NO. 1



Members of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society who were honored at the delightful Honors Brunch at the La Cumbre Country Club on a sunny Saturday November 7, 2015. Left to right are Art Sylvester, Diane Sylvester, Jim Friestad, Marj Friestad, Helen Rydell and Dorothy Oksner. Inset is the event organizer Joan Jacobs. Photos by Rosa Avolio