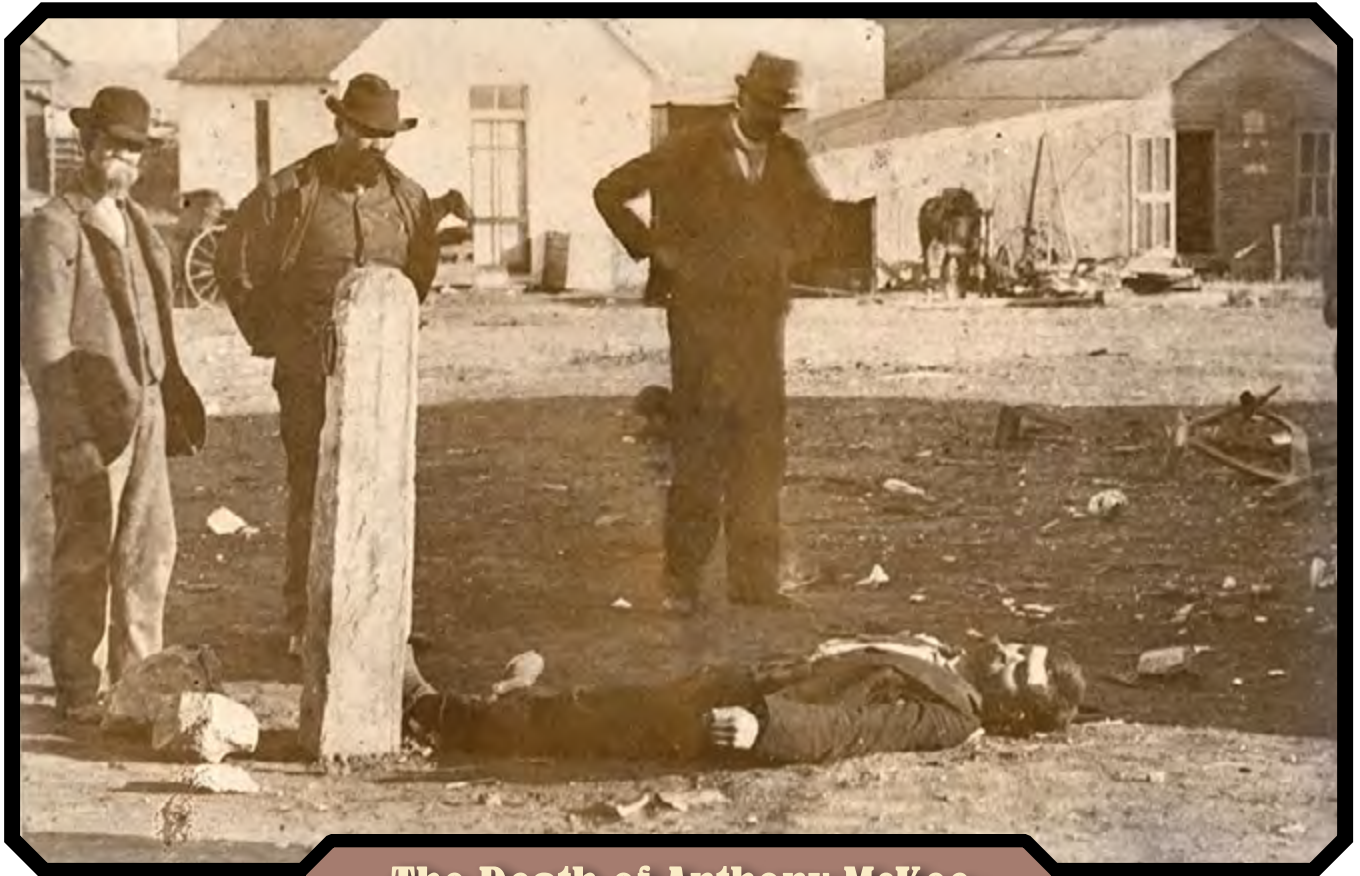




Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Fall 2016 Vol. 41, No. 3



The Death of Anthony McKee

Black Sheep, Quirky Relations, and Ne'er-Do-Wells

Wanted for High Treason

Crime and Punishment in 17th Century Quebec

Restless, Ramblin' Man

Poking in the Ashes



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

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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. At 9:30, special interest groups (SIGs) meet that include the following: Writers, JewishGen, DNA, German Ancestry Research, Genealogy and Technology, Italian Roots, French Canadian Genealogy, and Irish Genealogy.

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

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From the Editor



It is an unusual family that hath neither a rascal, a lady of the night or a thief.

WE LIKE TO IMAGINE that we came from sturdy stock, that our lineage is replete with courageous, honest, hard-working folk who strove to improve their lives and those of their descendants. We want to be proud of the accomplishments of our forebears and to honor their memory by learning as much as possible about their lives. In recent years *Ancestors West* has featured themes that highlight many fascinating aspects of the life and times of our ancestors.

The darker side of genealogy – unwanted family information?

Last year in these pages several members explored the troubling phenomenon of witchcraft, which left its mark on their families in the 1600s. In this issue we again journey to the darker side of genealogy. Alas, as we examine our pedigree and all the collateral lines, we often discover that not all the branches of the family tree bore good fruit. Every so often there was a “bad apple,” sometimes just bruised, but occasionally totally rotten!

At the time, such folks and their deeds were often hushed up. People directly involved or affected by the situation omitted the details from the family record. A generation or two later, the skeleton in the family closet was obscured by the dust of time and forgotten. However, such skeletons come to light again when the diligent and often unsuspecting genealogist begins to investigate the family’s history and looks into the “closets.”

This issue of *Ancestors West* contains a variety of such surprising revelations. Deeply buried in 17th century Quebec was the tragic tale that Charmien Carrier discovered. Gloria Clements relates the amazing and perhaps controversial life of her favorite ancestor, Sarah Margaret (Peggy) Pence. After all...everyone’s got to make a living.

In 1850, an ancestor of William Noack engineered a prison break in Leipzig, Saxony, but managed to escape – eventually finding his way to California! The haphazard nature of communications in the 1800s allowed Ransom House to marry again (and then again)

simply by moving to a new place. Descendent Alta Case Hall has tracked down his various wives and families as he “farmed” in Michigan and various counties in Nebraska. Rarely is the slogan “Crime does not pay!” so vividly depicted as in Merna McClenathen’s account of the bank robber Anthony McKee. A picture is worth 1000 words and a local photographer in Sylvan Grove, Kansas, captured his fate in 1894.

Crimes closer to home are delineated in vintage Criminal Record Books of Santa Barbara County currently being digitized by the Society’s Records Preservation Committee. One of these black sheep went on to fame and fortune!

Do black sheep, quirky relations or ne’er-do-wells become unwanted family information? This knowledge, in fact, often helps to answer questions, and, in any case, we are not responsible for the behavior of our ancestors and relatives. Their decisions, good or bad, defined who they were, and possibly, who we are. Even the uncomfortable truths are part of our human story. It helps to remember that none of us is perfect.

Names and more names!

Our theme for the previous issue of *Ancestors West* attracted more articles than we had room to print. Therefore several aspects of interesting names add to this issue. The name Pitlurg, an ancient castle and once home to the Gordon clan helped lure the Goodalls to Scotland. Pickens Halt relates the challenges her unusual given name presents. Why did the death certificate of



Skeleton of Mirabeau, an early leader but later a traitor during the French Revolution, coming out of a hidden closet of King Louis XVI of France in 1792. Caricature from 1792.

Otis Emily McDuffie Sheldon not bear the name Otis, Emily or McDuffie? The fate of Pvt. Cornelius Trimble, Richmond Company F, 119th Pennsylvania Volunteers, remains unknown although not forgotten by his 2nd great-granddaughter Cari Thomas. His poignant letters remain to tell his story.

Viva l'Italia!

Although Santa Barbara is known for its Spanish heritage, Italy also sent many of its sons and daughters to this area at the end of the 19th and beginning of the 20th centuries. A spectacular photo from 1954 shows a large group of Santa Barbara's Italian community gathered for a picnic. The names of many people in the photo are known, but many are still unnamed. Take a close look and see if you recognize yourself or your neighbors or friends!

Genealogical musings

All articles of genealogical interest are welcome in *Ancestors West*. Kathryn Green introduces a significant lineage society, the Daughters of the American Revolution. Kristin Ingalls takes us on her journey to visit cemeteries in a vignette that is sure to bring a smile and a chuckle. Sheila Block and I relate incidental discoveries in church record books at the Family History Library in Salt Lake City, and Margery Baragona reminds us how we once learned to "mind our manners."

The Next Issue- Going Home

In the next issue, *Ancestors West* will visit the towns of our ancestors. The theme will be "Walking in their shoes." If you have traveled to a town that your ancestors called "home," readers would be interested to learn about your experience. The home village may be anywhere: in Europe, South America, Australia, Asia, or even Kansas. You are invited to share your adventure and your thoughts as you walked in the streets or churches or fields of the past.

An additional theme will be Winter. Do you have memories of winter activities or those of your ancestors – e.g. sledding, skating, sleighing, the big blizzard of 1888 or the White Hurricane of 1978? If so, share them in the next issue of *Ancestors West*! Included, of course, are also holiday memories and family traditions.

The submission deadline for the next issue is October 15, 2016.

Once again, many authors contributed to this issue and I thank you all. My wonderful editorial committee also deserves heart-felt thanks for all their hard work and cheerful guidance.

Debbie Kaska
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A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA



Who is Emily Post?

by Margery Baragona

IN THE PURSUIT and adventure of tracing our family history we come upon many, many, things that have changed. To my mind one of the most dramatic is what I call “manners.” I am quite certain if I mention the name Emily Post to a younger person it will be met with a quizzical look. To my generation Emily Post’s book was the etiquette bible. I loved looking at my parents’ tattered copy and wondering if I would ever take a calling card to a friend’s home. Would there be eight pieces of silverware beside my plate? Her book taught manners and how to learn to have and enjoy a gracious lifestyle. Etiquette is an obsolete word. The word manners is somewhat archaic too.

To Emily Post the ritual of eating was important. Tables were to be set correctly at all times. Elbows must never rest upon the table. One was not to begin eating until everyone was served. To excuse oneself meant actually asking permission to leave the table.

How often does one send invitations today and then wonder if the recipient knows what RSVP means? Will there be at least a tardy response? Emily harped upon prompt Thank Yous. Today gifts for weddings, babies, and graduation may not elicit a thank you at all, or it may appear six months or a year later. How Emily would have frowned! She would not have approved of ecards or evites, and would have been disdainful of email altogether, feeling it impersonal and available to all the world.

Today even spoken language is casual. In a restaurant have you heard the waitperson ask, “You guys, still working on it?” After a coffee refill as you thank the server, the response most likely will be “No problem.” Even in the toniest of restaurants one is apt to see young men wearing their ever-present baseball caps, many even wearing theirs backwards. Can you imagine how Emily would have accepted a patron holding a “smart phone” in hand furtively “texting” while eating? Texting would have appalled her. As you exit the restaurant, “Have a good one!” will ring out.

In her quest to educate, Emily Post stressed other important courtesies: men stood when ladies enter a room, younger people deferred to older people, a gentleman opened doors for ladies and tipped his hat, elders were addressed by title and surname. Was it more fun with the rigid restrictions of the past? Only Emily would know.



Photo of Emily Post taken about 1900-1910 (photographer unknown). A few years later, in 1915, Emily Post visited Santa Barbara and stayed at the Potter Hotel! This image is available from the United States Library of Congress's Prints and Photographs division under the digital ID cph.3b09855.



The Daughters of the American Revolution *by Kathryn Green*

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY Daughters of the American Revolution, or DAR, is a non-profit, non-political women's service organization, founded in 1890 and incorporated by an act of the United States Congress in 1896. Membership in the society is open to any woman 18 years or older, regardless of race, religion, or ethnic background, who can prove lineal descent from a patriot of the American Revolution.

As the story goes, when the Sons of the American Revolution was organized as a fraternal society in 1889 for the male lineal descendants of patriots who served the cause of freedom in the American Revolution, several women requested to form a ladies' auxiliary. Unfortunately, their request was denied. One of these ladies, Mary Smith Lockwood, wrote a letter that was published in the Washington Post in July 1890, detailing the story of Hannah Arnett, who, in 1776, had courageously prevented a meeting of gentlemen from proclaiming loyalty to the British. "Are there no mothers of the Revolution?" Mrs. Lockwood asked. "Where will the sons and daughters of the Revolution place Hannah Arnett?"

Moved by her words, William O. McDowell, a founding member of the Sons of the American Revolution and a great-grandson of Hannah Arnett, penned a response and encouraged women to form their own organization. On October 11, 1890, the first organizational meeting of the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution met at Mrs. Lockwood's home. Present were 18 women, including the four ladies considered to be the founders of DAR: Mrs. Lockwood, Eugenia Washington, Mary Desha and Ellen Hardin Walworth. Also present were four members of the SAR, who would serve in an advisory capacity.

From its first tentative beginnings, DAR grew rapidly. Membership requests flooded in and fund-raising for the society's first project began - a monument in Fredericksburg, Virginia, to Mary Washington, mother of George Washington. By 1910, the construction of Memorial Continental Hall in Washington, D.C. had been completed as a repository for the relics and papers of the society. This gleaming white edifice, which includes a portico with 13 monolithic columns honoring the original 13 colonies, was soon joined by other surrounding buildings, including Constitution Hall, as the society continued to grow. By 1949, the DAR complex filled an entire city block. The DAR Library, one of the finest genealogical repositories in the country, is now the major occupant of the original building.

"It is not a social organization. It is an order patriotic, historical and genealogical, and holds itself closely to these objects." So wrote co-founder Ellen Hardin Walworth in 1893 and the society remains faithfully com-

mitted to these goals today, as can be seen in the projects undertaken by all four Santa Barbara County chapters.

Mission Canyon Chapter serves the South Coast, from Carpinteria to Gaviota, and each year the chapter presents a scholarship to a junior at UCSB majoring in history, with an emphasis on American history. Last year, the chapter was also privileged to sponsor a grant to a university professor compiling a scholarly analysis of the children's classic, *Island of the Blue Dolphins*, for use by educators. The ladies of the chapter annually participate in the Santa Barbara 4th of July parade and contribute to various causes supporting veterans.

Refugio del Cielo Chapter will be two years old in December and serves the Santa Ynez Valley. Their members support veterans by cooking meals during "dead week" at UCSB for those returned veterans working toward college degrees. They also assist the "We Support the Troops" group in the SY Valley by filling 60-100 boxes per month with requested items for active-duty service members, including the four-legged ones. And, in combination with members of the Rancho Purisima Chapter, they were voted "Most Patriotic" entry in this year's Solvang 4th of July parade.

Rancho Purisima Chapter serves the Lompoc and Vandenberg Village areas and has recently begun an extensive restoration and preservation of the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial in River Park, which had fallen into abject disrepair due to vandalism and neglect. Funds for the project have come from the proceeds of patriotic dinners held for DAR members and members of other patriotic lineage societies, and a rededication of the monument is scheduled for November.

Captain Henry Sweetser Chapter serves the Santa Maria and Orcutt areas, and they, too, have a strong involvement with veterans' causes. One of the most important is the Veterans' Stand-Down, held annually at the Santa Maria Fairgrounds, where they supply gift cards and refreshments to homeless and challenged local veterans. Funding for their donations this year included raffling off a patriotic quilt made by one of their chapter members. They also support the only active chapter of the Children of the American Revolution in Santa Barbara County, an organization for boys and girls, ages birth to 18 years.

The National Society Daughters of the American Revolution has over 3000 chapters, including overseas chapters from Tokyo to Guadalajara, and sometime during the next few years, will welcome its millionth member since its formation. If you've found a patriot in your family tree and are interested in joining the DAR, please contact your local chapter or visit www.dar.org.

THE SENSE OF THE CENSUS

Counting Black Sheep-

Delinquents in the US Census 1880 Supplemental Schedule

ROYAL B. CONANT WAS BORN about 1836, in Randolph, Norfolk County, Massachusetts, where he continued to live with his family in 1850 according to the US Federal Census. By 1860, he was married to Hannah W. Conant and working as a receiving teller in Charlestown, Middlesex County. Tracing the family forward in the US Census revealed that in 1870 the couple had two children and apparently lived a comfortable life in Boston where Royal, now 33, worked as a cashier in a bank. Their real estate was valued at \$3500.00 with a personal estate of \$3700.00.

However, by 1880, something clearly had gone wrong. Although Royal and Hannah were both listed as married on the 1880 US Census Population Schedule, Hannah Conant was living alone with the children in a Boston Hotel while Royal B. Conant was in the Norfolk County Jail in Dedham, Massachusetts! What was his crime? A deeper look into the 1880 Federal Census gave the answer.

The US Federal Census of 1880 had a unique supplemental schedule entitled "Defective, Dependent and Delinquent Classes." This is often referred to as the 1880 DDD Schedule. Delinquents in this context referred to criminals and the schedule included the details regarding their imprisonment. According to the 1880 DDD Schedule, Royal B. Conant was incarcerated March 5, 1880 for embezzlement at a National Bank and sentenced to seven years in prison!

There is a story behind every person listed on the DDD Schedule.

A Wealth of Information

Even though the DDD supplemental schedule was only included in the US Federal Census in 1880, it contains a wealth of information. The data collected were thoroughly analyzed and the statistics presented in a report¹ in 1888 by Frederick Howard Wines, a special agent of the Census Office in the U.S. Department of the Interior. Actually all the US Census population schedules from 1830 through 1870 included some information on the numbers of various categories of individuals (the insane, idiotic, deaf-mutes, blind, paupers, homeless children and convicts), but the 1880 Supplemental Schedule was by far the most complete and yielded extensive information about these individuals on seven separate schedules. Questions were asked about the

causes of their mental or physical illnesses, the parents of homeless children and the reasons for the incarceration of criminals.

Political Correctness in 1880

Frederick Wines recognized already in 1888 that the term "defective" to describe the deaf and dumb as well as the blind, insane and idiotic was offensive. The term "dumb" was also considered inappropriate due to its colloquial use to mean "stupid." Nevertheless, these terms were used due to the lack of better alternatives.

Enumerators were given detailed instructions regarding the differences between the insane, idiotic and demented persons so that they would be properly classified. For example, enumerators were told, "The word 'idiot' has a special meaning which it is essential for every enumerator to know. An idiot is a person the development of whose mental faculties was arrested in infancy or childhood before coming to maturity." The marked forms of insanity (mania, melancholia, paresis (general paralysis), dementia, epilepsy or dipsomania) were also to be distinguished.

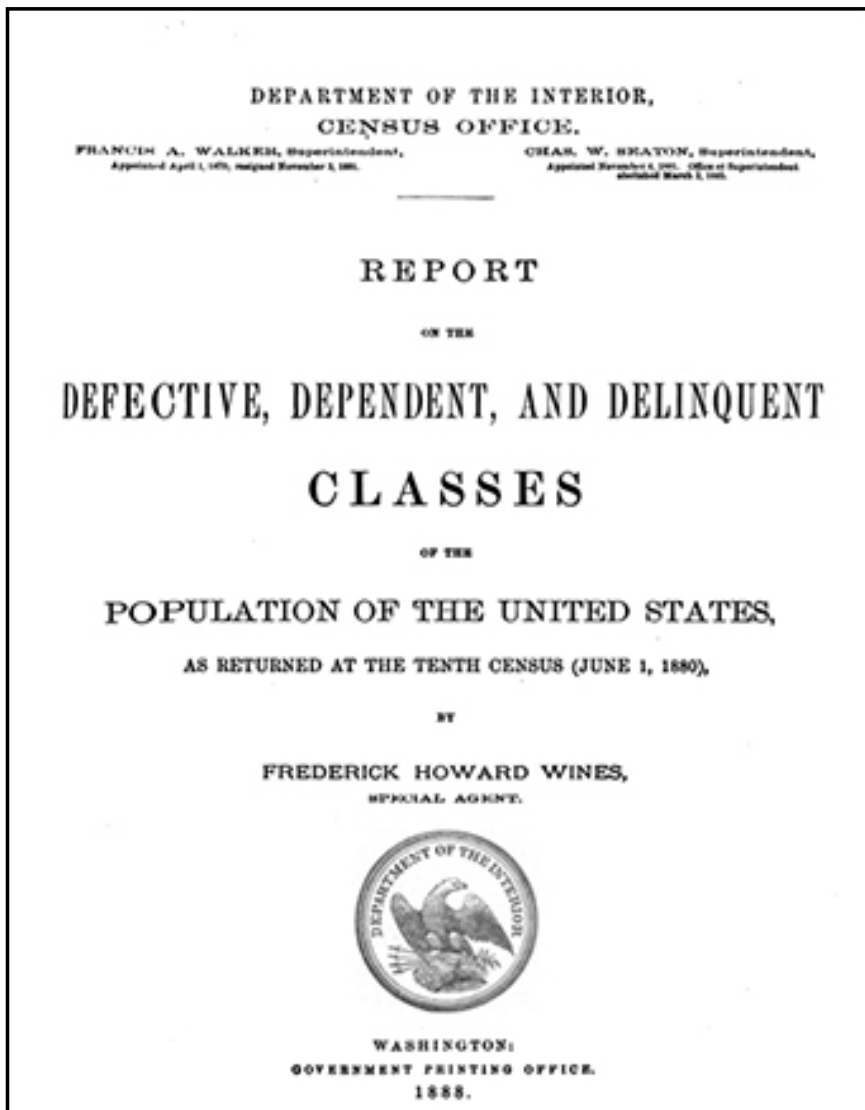
Scourges of childhood reflected in the Schedules of Deaf-Mutes and the Blind

Helen Keller was born in June of 1880 and before she was two years old a fever that may have been scarlet fever or meningitis left her deaf and blind. The 1880 Schedules of Deaf-Mutes and the Blind bear witness to the ravages of scarlet fever, spotted fever, brain fever, small pox, diphtheria, meningitis, scrofula (TB), whooping cough, typhoid fever and measles that left thousands of children deaf, mute and/or blind throughout the country. Those afflicted after they had learned to speak, i.e., after age four or five, were usually classified as semi-mute. This was an age before immunizations or antibiotics and these diseases, which were highly contagious for the most part, were devastating.

Deafness later in life due to injury was less common, but blindness caused by accidents was recorded. Thomas Wilson in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, was blinded at age 24 by a "shot gun while hunting." In Baker County, Georgia, a "gun shot in the army" blinded Carter Wiley at age 24. Powder explosions, cooking accidents, lime in the eyes, and syphilis were among the many causes of blindness. Cataracts afflicted the elderly as they do today, but could not be repaired and thus resulted in blindness.

The value of the 1880 DDD Schedules to the genealogist

In 1880 approximately 377,000 individuals were listed on the DDD Schedules.¹ The total population of the US in 1880 was approximately 50 million, and thus nearly



1% of the population was considered defective, dependent or delinquent. Not every family was affected, of course, but for many these conditions had a profound effect on their lives. One consequence would have often been personal economic hardship. As genealogists we want to know more than just the dates of birth, marriage and death of our ancestors and relatives. We try to discover as much as possible about their lives, which includes their hardships and failures. The DDD Schedules can fill in personal details that won't be found elsewhere. These situations shaped our ancestor's plans and decisions, which altered the lives of all their descendants, including us.

While we certainly do not try to find criminals in our past, at some point in researching our family history, we take off the rose colored glasses and realize that our people were not perfect. Some of them made costly mistakes, poor investments, bad decisions or were simply irresponsible. Often these events are hidden by the family and only come to light when the family historian begins to look into what really did happen to Emma Woodward (who spent time in jail in Camden, New Jersey, for running a "disorderly house") or Edward Albertson (convicted of forgery).

Even if families were able to avoid the ravages of disease, debilitating accidents or incarceration, the DDD schedules reveal aspects of the communities in which they lived and some of the town or county institutions that were founded to care for the mentally or physically handicapped, the destitute, homeless children and orphans as well as those who broke the law.

The 1880 US Federal Census DDD Schedule is a small window in time that allows a glimpse of the challenges our ancestors faced in America as the 19th century drew to a close. Be sure to look through the window to see what circumstances might have impacted your family.

1) *Report on the Defective, Dependent and Delinquent Classes of the Population of the United States returned at the Tenth Census (June 1, 1880)* by Frederick Howard Wines. Washington: Government Printing Office 1888. (available on Google Books)

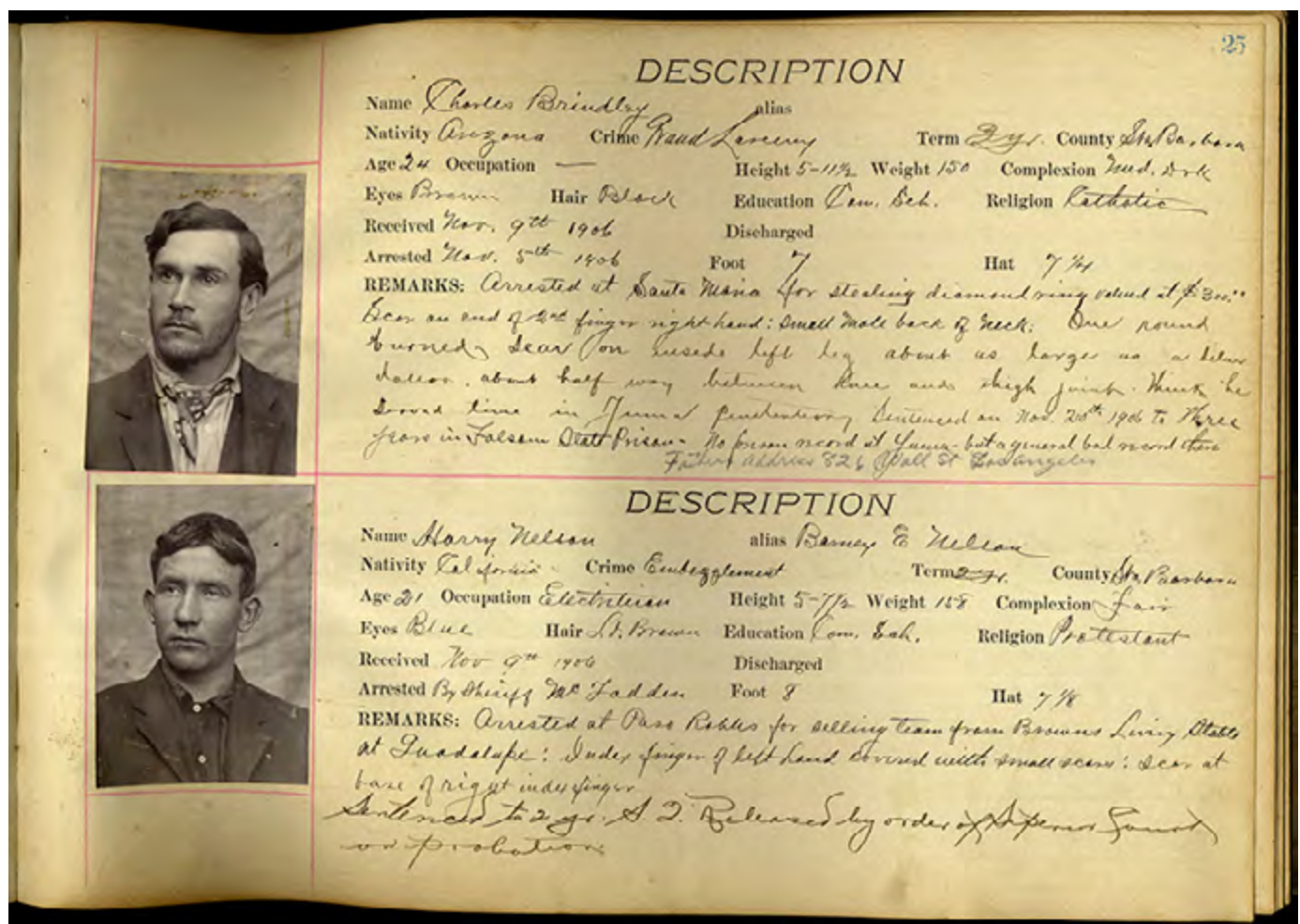
Digitizing the Criminal Record Books - Black Sheep in Santa Barbara County

CRIMINAL RECORD BOOKS of Santa Barbara County afford a fascinating view of crime at a local level around the turn of the last century. The two books are in the collection of the Gledhill Library at the Santa Barbara Historical Museum and are being digitized and indexed by the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society's Records Preservation Committee.

The first book is entitled *Record of Criminals A*, kept by M.N. Hicks, Sheriff's Office, Santa Barbara, CA, July 28, 1898. The second is a similar record book from ca. 1906. The entries in both books contain considerable detail regarding the appearance and characteristics of the persons arrested including height, weight, eye and hair color, complexion, education, religion, foot size, hat size and distinguishing marks. Most remarkable, however, is that a clear photograph accompanies each record. A sample page of one of the books is shown below.

From Black Sheep to Hollywood!

One might ask why such records are useful for genealogical research. The page illustrated provides an example of unique data that can connect individuals. The penciled note on the criminal record of Charles Brindley listing his father's address as 826 Wall Street was the clue that led to the discovery of his surprising fate. The 1906 Los Angeles City Directory (available online at rescarta.lapl.org) lists a Charles H. Brinley living at 826 Wall Street. A follow up on this discrepancy in the spelling of the surname (Brindley vs. Brinley) led to more revelations. The surname was indeed Brinley, not Brindley. In the 1900 census, Charles H Brinley (age 65), his wife Loretta (age 60) and a number of family members including Charles E. Brinley (age 18) are living in Yuma, Arizona. The whereabouts of young Charles Brinley after his release from prison is unknown but



Charles Brindley, 24, born in Arizona, was "Arrested at Santa Maria for stealing a diamond ring valued at \$300." "Thinks he served time in Yuma Penitentiary. Sentenced on Nov. 20th 1906 to three years in Folsom State Prison - no prison records at Yuma but a general bad record there." Added in pencil. "Father's address 826 Wall St Los Angeles."

Harry Nelson, alias Barney E. Nelson, 21, was arrested in November 1906 by Sheriff McFadden at Paso Robles for selling a team from Browns Livery Stable in Guadalupe and sentenced to two years. However, he was released on probation by order of the Superior Court.

apparently by 1913 he had found employment in the fledgling Hollywood film industry. In 1918 he is listed on his WWI draft card as a moving picture actor living in Los Angeles! This occupation and residence were confirmed on the 1920 census. Charles Brinley went on to a long career in the silent film industry and early talkies, appearing in 140 films between 1913 and 1939! For example, in 1921 he appeared as Mustafa Ali in "The Sheik" which starred Rudolf Valentino. Brinley and Valentino teamed up again the next year in "Moran of the Lady Letty." In 1935 he played opposite a new young star, John Wayne, in "Lawless Range!" In some of his films he was cast as the villain, a role for which he had some firsthand experience!

Volunteers needed in Records Preservation at the Sahyun Library

After these Criminal Record Books are scanned, a searchable index will be prepared and made available on the Society's website. The Criminal Record Books are only one project currently being digitized by the Society's Records Preservation Committee. Records Preservation is one of the missions of the SBCGS and a fascinating and rewarding volunteer opportunity. If you would like to volunteer or obtain more information please contact Dorothy Oksner at Ox@silcom.com.

Wanted for High Treason!

by William Noack

MY 2ND GREAT-GRANDFATHER Johann Carl Wilhelm Noack joined the army in Saxony around 1840, and for about six years his assignment was with the Palace Guard in Dresden. During this period he saw much disparity between the lives of the poor German farmers and the rich lifestyle of the aristocracy (e.g. the great wealth of the Green Vault in Dresden)¹ and likely that turned him into a revolutionary democrat.

By 1848 J.C.H. Noack was living in Leipzig, working as a journeyman carpenter and private coachman, and there, in 1850 while working in the police department, he plotted the escape from prison of Dr. Wilhelm Heinrich Bertling, a lawyer and leader of the Sächsischen Vaterlandsverein (Saxony National Association).

Dr. Bertling was a participant on the constitutional campaign along with the famous composer Richard Wagner. On February 23, 1850, both Bertling and Noack left the prison and fled to London. Dr. Bertling and Johann Noack were charged with high treason because



Johann Carl Wilhelm Noack taken about 1870.

of their efforts for political reform in the 1848 revolution. The following day, February 24, 1850, a warrant (Steckbrief) for the arrest of Wilhelm Bertling and Johann Noack was issued in Leipzig.

In 1851 the British Census shows Johann Noack living in Soho, London, England, with his wife and three year old son, my great-grandfather. Then they immigrated to America, going to Chicago and ending up in Minnesota. After an amnesty had been proclaimed in 1864, Dr. Bertling returned to Leipzig where he resumed his law practice, but Noack, now known as William Noack, had reason to stay in America where he had established a new home and a new life. His now 16 year-old son was in the Union Army and was on Sherman's March to the Sea. He also discovered there were actually places where the weather was warm in the winter, so after the Civil War the whole family decided to move to California.

1) The famous Green Vault in Dresden, founded in 1723 by Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, is a unique museum filled with treasures that he collected.



This Steckbrief (Warrant of Apprehension) in a Leipzig newspaper contained his description: "Noack is 30 years old, tall, about 75 inches (tall), strong stature, has brown-yellowish hair, free and broad forehead, dark eyebrows, bluish eyes, an ordinary straight nose, average mouth, good teeth, somewhat broad chin, narrow face, healthy lively facial color and speaks the local dialect. On the right eye he has a brown point the size of a lentil, bent-over walk, awkward speech, makes gestures with his hands while talking and has big feet."

The Death of Anthony McKee

by Merna McClenathen

A COMMON REASON people give for not wanting to dig up their family roots is the fear they might discover the family tree has “termites”...a horse thief, bank robber, cattle rustler, or other such unsavory character. Personally, I’ve always thought finding colorful characters would add some spice to otherwise very ordinary families. Often these are the things that “hook” non-genealogy family members into being interested in our favorite hobby.

After years of adding rather common people to my family tree, I hadn’t found a law breaker among them. A newspaper article once described one of my ancestors as a “terror to horse thieves” in 1890s Kansas. So, imagine my surprise when I finally discovered a collateral relative who was a cattle rustler and bank robber in Kansas in the 1890s!

This story actually starts with my Wallace great-grandfather. I had been given his scrapbook filled with clippings of obituaries, addresses, newspaper articles, etc. At the time I had wondered why all this information seemed to be related to his wife’s side of the family. He had grown up as the youngest of seven children and while two older brothers were deceased by the time he married, there was nothing in this scrapbook to indicate he was anything other than an orphan. I had learned his two Wallace sisters married McKee brothers in Indiana in the 1840s. I had recorded their marriage dates and the children I had found on census records. One of the sisters had moved from Indiana to Kansas, but I hadn’t kept track of her family any further. I guess I felt if my great-grandfather didn’t care about his own relatives, why should I bother!

All this changed one day when I received an inquiry from a McKee researcher asking what I knew about McKee brothers who had married Wallace sisters. After several email exchanges, the McKee researcher commented that the Mitchell County, Kansas Historical Society had a good deal of information on the McKee family who had moved to Kansas...particularly about their youngest son, who happened to be my great-grandfather’s nephew. Now, I couldn’t wait to get a letter off to Kansas to learn what I had been missing



Anthony McKee lies dead where he was shot after attempted robbery of the bank in Sylvan Grove, Kansas, on November 12, 1894. He fell beside the limestone post where his horse was tied. Three local men, (left to right) Sidney Lawson, John Seirer and J.O. Phillips ask, “Who was he?”
Photo Credit: Kansas State Historical Society

about this “noteworthy” relative. What I learned, as it turned out, was certainly not what I had expected ... and Anthony Wayne McKee became my very first, and so far only, bona fide “Black Sheep” relative!

Anthony was born in Indiana in 1862 and as far as I can tell, had a pretty normal and uneventful life growing up. From census records, it appears the family lived for a short time in Iowa on their way to the Blue Hills of Mitchell County, Kansas, where they finally settled in the late 1870s. Anthony made a start at farming and seemed skillful and successful, but he drank excessively and liked to gamble. He had married the daughter of a well-respected farmer, but then his drinking began to have its effect. It wasn’t long before he had developed the reputation of horse racer, gambler and swindler... and was suspected of even worse deeds. Cattle were disappearing in the area, and neighboring counties were reporting an increase in bank robberies. Soon, in the early 1890s, Anthony gave up his farm and moved his young family in with his widowed father. His mother had died in 1885. Neighbors began to notice that Anthony was away for weeks and sometimes months at a time...and they were beginning to wonder what he was up to.

Then, on a Monday afternoon November 12, 1894, a group of three men rode into Sylvan Grove, a small town about 40 miles west of Salina, Kansas. They tied their horses to posts while one of them, Anthony McKee, went into the bank. He tossed a silver dollar onto the counter and asked the substitute teller, Will D. Schermerhorn, for change. As the teller was getting the coins, Anthony turned around, produced a pistol and tossed a sack onto the counter. He ordered Schermerhorn to fill the sack with all the gold and silver in the drawer...or he would blow his head off! Young Schermerhorn replied that he should get the money himself, whereupon Anthony reached across and hit Schermerhorn on the head several times with the pistol. Schermerhorn faked a more severe injury than had occurred and dropped to the floor in order to cover a rifle lying at his feet. Anthony climbed over the counter and filled the sack himself. Hurrying to the side door where the two members of his gang were waiting outside with their horses, he found the door locked. Anthony returned to Schermerhorn, who was starting to get up, and dragged him to the door and demanded he open it. Anthony's two young gang members, who happened to be his cousins, had neglected to have Anthony's horse untied and ready to make their getaway!

Once outside, Anthony began to shoot at the still tied reins to free his horse. This gave Schermerhorn time to retrieve the rifle from the floor and return to the open door. Although he was not a particularly skilled rifleman, Schermerhorn was able to hit Anthony in the back, killing him instantly. The sack of money fell to the ground at Anthony's feet. The other two gang members fired several shots at Schermerhorn, who was able to duck behind the door and escape serious injury, then they galloped away into the hills and made their escape. They left behind the sack of money, which was said to contain over \$1700.

Anthony's body was removed from the street and carried into a nearby empty room. His pockets were searched in an attempt to identify him. He was carrying two pistols and over 250 cartridges strapped around

his body. In addition he had two bottles of whiskey, several vials of medicine, a bottle of liniment, a doctor's prescription and cotton and bandages stuffed in his pockets. It looked like he was prepared to fight and take care of any wounds, if necessary.

The next morning Anthony's wife and father arrived in Sylvan Grove and identified the body. They said two men had ridden into their yard at one o'clock that morning and told them Anthony was dead. In view of mounting evidence that there was an organized band of outlaws operating in the Blue Hills area, and not knowing the involvement of his family, both Anthony's wife and father were jailed. After holding them for about a week, it was determined neither knew enough about Anthony's activities to justify holding them as accessories to the crime.

Will Schermerhorn became the hero of Sylvan Grove as well as much of north central Kansas. Fortunately he was not seriously injured and went on to have a long career as professor of Bible at his alma mater, Kansas Wesleyan University, and at Garrett Biblical School. He served as President of Dakota Wesleyan University and was a missionary of the Methodist church in both India and China. He died in Chicago, Illinois at age 71. Susan McKee, Anthony's widow, moved to Oklahoma with her four

children where she lived out the rest of her life. She died there in 1945 at age 82. Jacob McKee, his father, continued living in Mitchell County, Kansas and died seven years later aged 79. His old stone house on Salt Creek was standing until 1988 when the crumbling ruins were torn down.

As for how I might list Anthony's cause of death to make it more palatable to some members of the family, I think I'll just put down that his death was the result of a job related accident!

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, McDannel, Oakes, and Wallace.



Will D. Schermerhorn was assistant cashier at the Sylvan State Bank, Sylvan Grove, Kansas, when it was robbed in 1894. He fatally wounded Anthony McKee as he attempted to escape with a sack of money.
Photo Credit: Sylvan Historical Society

Crime and Punishment in 17th Century Quebec

by Charmien Carrier

MY 8TH GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, Gillette Banne, was at the center of a sensational and tragic story. I first found Gillette in a book at the Sahyun Library called *Before the King's Daughters: The Filles à Marier, 1634-1662* by Peter J. Gagne.¹ Gillette was one of 262 women documented as Filles à Marier, translated as "marriageable girls." They were the early French pioneer women who came to find husbands in hopes of a better life in New France. Their biographies appear in this book.

Gillette was born about 1636 to Marin Banne and his wife Isabelle Boire in Argences, Normandy, France. She emigrated in about 1649, and the same year, at the tender age of 13, she married my 8th great-grandfather, Marin Chauvin dit Lafortune in Trois-Rivières. During that era in the French colony of Quebec, it was legal for girls as young as 12 to be married. In 1650 my 7th great-grandmother Marie was born. Marin died young (in about 1653) and left Gillette a widow. She married again on July 27, 1653 to Jacques Bertault, a locksmith. Together they had six children.

The tragedy concerns their fourth child Elisabeth Therese (called Isabelle). Her father Jacques arranged for Isabelle, then age 12, to marry 29-year-old Julien Latouche. They were married on 12 August 1671. Isabelle's father believed Julien had a promising future as a farmer and could provide a comfortable life for his daughter. Unfortunately, Julien was an abusive man who beat Isabelle. A heavy drinker, he failed at farming and was often unable to provide food for the family.

A frantic Isabelle turned to her parents for help for her and her infant daughter, Therese, born in 1672. As Julien's abusive behavior worsened, Isabelle's parents were desperate to get rid of him and save their daughter. Together they conceived a plan to poison him. Gillette added leaves from a plant known to kill hogs to Julien's soup. But the attempt to poison him failed when Julien showed no ill effects after consuming the soup.

The following evening, Gillette confronted Julien in the barn. The fight escalated and Gillette hit him with a hoe. Julien attacked and overpowered her. Hearing the commotion, Jacques came running. He seized the hoe and struck Julien repeatedly, killing him. After the fatal beating, Gillette, Jacques and Isabelle decided to get rid of the body by throwing it in the nearby river. They believed that if Julien's body were discovered, no one could tell how he had died.

Unfortunately for them, there were witnesses. From across the river, neighbors Jean Gautier and his brother-in-law Louis Petit had heard the beating and Julien screaming, "You're killing me!" The following day Gautier and Petit crossed the river in a canoe with two other men and found the bloody evidence in the barn.

They confronted Jacques and then reported what they had seen and heard to the authorities. After the neighbor's depositions were taken, Jacques was arrested. Gillette and Isabelle, who were hiding in the woods, were found and also arrested.

The official report of the crime reads as follows:

"The year one thousand, six hundred and seventy-two, the nineteenth day of May, I, Severin Ameau, undersigned scribe in Trois-Rivières certify having been told that last Sunday afternoon, Julien de la Tousche accompanied by his wife left with his father-in-law and mother-in-law, Jacques Bertault and Gilette Baune, his wife, to go to their farm situated on the other side of the river of Trois-Rivières, facing their said home to plant their garden. And the following Tuesday, the said Julien de la Tousche was heard screaming, "Help, they're killing me," and a woman was heard saying, "Kill him, throw him into the river," after which the said Jacques Bertault would have returned to his house in Trois-Rivières, but the said de la Tousche did not return. Someone had crossed the river of Trois-Rivières in a canoe and having transported himself to the place from which he had heard the screams, saw the said Jacques Bertault holding a gun. We believe that it was the said Bertault who killed the said de la Tousche, in view that he had formerly threatened him. Based on these assumptions, Sieur Jacques de Labadie, commandant of the said Trois-Rivières, had the said Bertault incarcerated. The said Gilette Baune and her daughter, wife of the said de la Tousche, have fled. We have gone into their home where we have seized their possessions and have taken an inventory thereof in presence of Nicolas Bertault, son of the said Bertault, about ten years of age..."

The three were tried and convicted. The following is the official verdict:

"...we have declared the said Jacques Bertault, Gilette Baune, his wife, and Isabelle Bertault, their daughter, tried and convicted of the said crimes of imprisonment and murder committed against the person of the said Julien de la Tousche. For reparation of which, we condemn and are condemning the said Bertault, Baune, his wife, and their daughter, to be taken from and removed from the prisons of this jurisdiction by the executor of high justice, led with a rope around their necks, and burning torch in their hands, before the door of the parish church of this city. There, the said Bertault, bare headed and in his shirt, and the said women, dressed in their shirts to the waist, will kneel and ask forgiveness of God, the king, and justice, for the said crimes by them committed, Thereafter, they will be led by the said executioner to the scaffold that will be erected for this purpose in the public square of the 'haute ville.' There will be a cross of St. Andre on which Jacques Bertault will be lain to receive a swift blow on the right arm, then strangled. After his death, another blow



Image depicting a man on a "cross of St. Andre" receiving blows to his limbs, as had Jacques Bertault.

will be struck on his left arm and a blow on each of his thighs. The said Gilette Baune will be hanged and strangled on a scaffold which will be erected for this purpose at the said place and the said Isabelle Bertault will witness the said executions with a rope tied around her neck as previously stated. After the executions, the body of the said Jacques Bertault will be placed on a wheel at Cap aux Diamants, the usual site, to remain and serve as an example. We further condemn the said Bertault, his wife and his daughter, to a one hundred 'livres' fine payable to the seigneurs of this region and to the court costs. The remainder of their property will remain secured and confiscated, and distributed to whomever it should belong."

The sentence was rendered in the morning and immediately delivered to the prisoners. Only one appeal was granted to the prisoners, and judgment was swiftly carried out. On the same day, June 9, 1672, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Jacques Bertault and Gillette Banne were executed.

Searching for more information, I consulted Don Gill, a member of our society who has French Canadian roots and Gillette Banne in his family tree. He directed me to *Je Me Souviens*, VIII #2 Winter, 1985, by the Journal of American French Genealogical Society, where I found an article called "Marin Chauvin, Jacques Bertault and Gillette Baune" by Lucille F. Rock, pp 1-28. This article, which provides a grim detailed account, testimony, and the official report, can be found in our Sahyun Library: 971.4 D25.

I found the following books recommended on the Internet. They are all in French.

Les Crimes et Les Chatiments au Canada Francais du XVIIe au XXe Siècle, by Raymond Boyer, pp 106-107

Dictionnaire biographique des ancêtres québécois (1608-1700), by Michel Langlois, pp 172-173

Morts tragiques et violentes au Canada, 17e et 18e siècles, by Leonard Buchard

Endnotes:

1) *Before the King's Daughters: The Filles à Marier, 1634-1662*, by Gagne, Peter J., Quintin Publications, 2002, 971.4 D2GAG, pp 55-56

Charmien Carrier joined the SBCGS in 2011. She volunteers in the library, chairs the monthly French Canadian special interest group and has been designing and doing the layout for "Ancestors West" since 2012. She worked at UCSB in the College of Engineering and the Kavli Institute for Theoretical Physics until she retired in 2010.



The body of Jacques Bertault was placed on a wheel at Cap aux Diamants to serve as an example.

Cape Diamond and part of the Lower Town of Quebec.

Ransom Ethern House— Restless, Ramblin' Man

by Alta Case Hall (with minor contributions by her daughter, SBCGS member Mary E Hall).

WHENEVER I MEET SOMEONE on the street, I always smile because I never know if I may be related to them." These are words from my grandmother, Lela Esther House Case, and there was certainly a high degree of truth to them. Her small Nebraska town of Ainsworth in Brown County became the settling place for all four of her grandparents, which resulted in many relatives in close proximity. But there was also an added meaning to these words due to her mother's "first family" and, more mysteriously, her father's tendency to marry...often.

This story focuses on the restless activities of my grandmother's father, Ransom Ethern House, that begins with his first marriage. Ransom E House married Sarah Workings 1 Aug 1869, when they lived in Pierson, Montcalm County, Michigan, near his parents' Conrad and Esther Crandall House and Ransom's three siblings. In 1872, his parents, his siblings, and Ransom's young family all moved to Adams County, Nebraska, where they took out homesteads. Ransom built a house and outbuildings, farmed and planted trees; his homestead was proved up in 1878. By 1880, he and Sarah had four young children. Not long after, for some reason, Ransom and Sarah and their family returned to Michigan. His parents moved from Adams County to Ainsworth, Brown County, Nebraska, around 1885 and took out another homestead there. Ransom's father, Conrad, died in Ainsworth in 1886. Ransom came to

Ainsworth, Nebraska alone shortly after – perhaps to help his mother – leaving his wife Sarah and the children in Michigan.

In the meantime, my grandmother's maternal grandparents, Thomas and Elizabeth (Reinert) Bower, had moved from Illinois to Ainsworth also before 1885. Their daughter, Hannah – my grandmother's mother – and her children from her first marriage had been living in Iowa, where her first husband apparently died. Somehow, she and Ransom became acquainted and on July 8, 1887, they were married in Ainsworth, Brown County, Nebraska. My grandmother Lela was born in Ainsworth April 24, 1888, and her two younger brothers, Ervin and Joseph, were also born in Ainsworth.

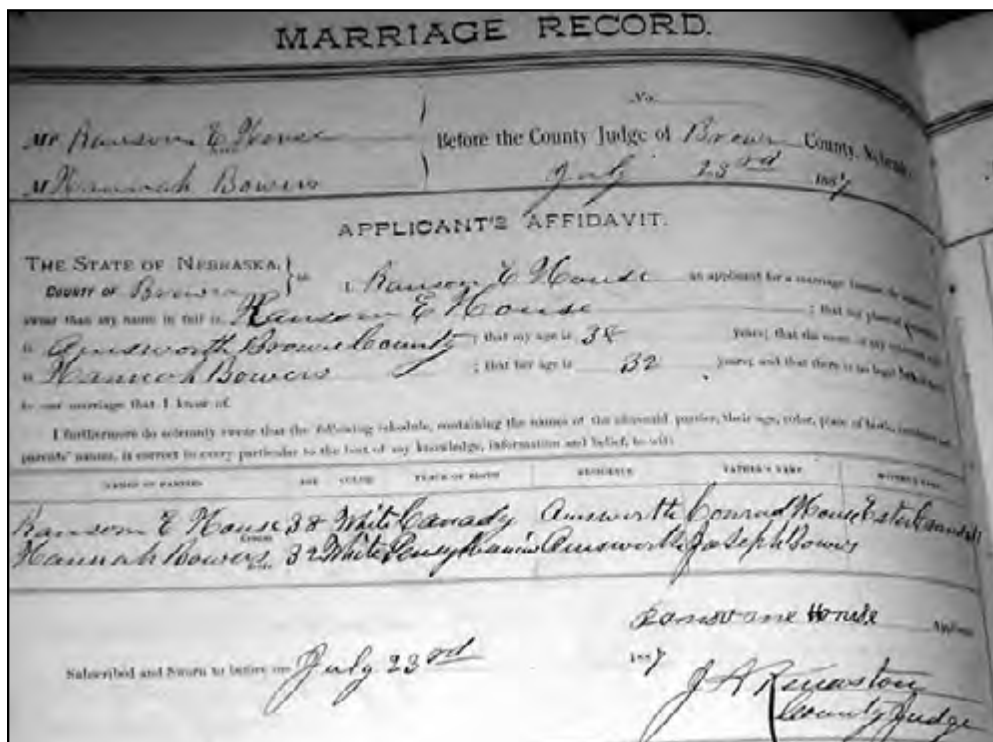
As I recall the story, because of the drought in that part of Nebraska during the years 1893-1896 ("people left in wagonloads" according to the *History of Brown County*), the House families left Ainsworth. While Ransom's mother and his brothers went back to Adams County, Nebraska, Ransom and Hannah's family went on to the northeast corner of Kansas, to Fulton in Bourbon County. Hannah died there in childbirth along with her baby on November 11, 1896. Shortly after, Ransom took his three children and returned to Adams County, Nebraska, presumably to be near his mother and brothers.

This is where the story gets murky for my grandmother, and her knowledge of Ransom's marriages. According to her, after Hannah died, Ransom sent \$100 to his first wife Sarah in Michigan to join

The 1887 marriage certificate of Ransom E. House and Hannah Bowers in Brown County, Nebraska. In the fine print he claims "there is no legal impediment to our marriage that I know of." However, at the time he was already married to Sarah Workings and had four children in Michigan!



Lela Ester House Case, grandmother of Alta Case Hall.



him in Nebraska. She reportedly used the \$100 to get a divorce. Although I do not know when she learned this information, my grandmother realized that if Ransom and Sarah were not divorced until after Hannah's death, it meant her parents' marriage was not legal and their children were not "legitimate."

According to my grandmother, one day he put on his best suit and hat, took his three motherless children to his mother's home, and went away. She never knew where he went and could not remember how long he was gone, but he did come back eventually, after marrying Caty Kindig at Hastings, Adams County, Nebraska on March 2, 1899. Evidently, Ransom retrieved his children from his mother, and they were all living with him at Doniphan, Hall County, Nebraska at the time of the 1900 Census. Lela was 12 years old by then and she did not care for her step-mother. One of her memories of Caty was when Ransom and Caty sent her to the saloon to get a pail of beer. My young grandmother was not happy about this task, and the memory remained.

Sometime after 1900 and before 1905, the House family moved back to Ainsworth and apparently Lela and her younger brother Joe came with their grandmother and uncle, John House. On July 30, 1905, Lela (age 17), married George Case (age 21) in Long Pine, Brown County, Nebraska. They had met when Lela was working in George's aunt's café in Ainsworth.

I don't know what happened with Ransom's marriage to Caty, but in 1908 he married again, this time to Laura Case, in Ainsworth, Nebraska. In the 1910 Federal Census, he and Laura are living in Sheridan County, Nebraska. There is no further information about Laura except a 1914 plat map record in Sheridan County showing land owned by Laura House. Ransom's mother Esther Crandall House died in 1914 and her obituary says that Ransom was living in Ainsworth and made no mention of a wife. Ransom died in 1917 in Ayr, Adams County, Nebraska. The informant on his death certificate was his son Ervin, again with no mention of a wife.

One interesting bit of information recently uncovered was his application for a homestead in Alberta, Canada in 1911, at the age of 61, a year after his marriage to Laura Case. Evidently he did not follow through with it.

So many questions! What happened to Ransom's other two wives — Caty and Laura? Did Caty die and then he married Laura or did he "divorce" Caty before he married Laura? Considering he did not divorce Sarah before marrying Hannah, perhaps he also did not divorce Caty or Laura.

Why was Ransom so nomadic and unsettled? Censuses list his occupation as a farmer. But farmers, to be successful, must put down roots.

My grandmother, Lela House Case, did not have respect for, or trust, her father and preferred not to spend much time with him. Another story she told me is an example of his "rascalness" and untrustworthiness. He was visiting relatives in Ainsworth. Before he left he wanted to treat them to a steak dinner. So, he went to the butcher and got steaks for their meal. A few days

after he was gone, they received a bill from the butcher for the steaks he "bought!"

I guess a person could say he was a black sheep; he was certainly quirky. His parents, brothers, and sisters all seemed to be upright, respectable people; none of them abandoned their wives or their children. He seemed to like to be married or, perhaps, get married, but at least in one instance was very casual about getting a divorce. I have never seen a picture of him but I have seen a picture of his son Ervin as a young man and he was very handsome. Perhaps Ransom was also handsome and charming to women. We may never know. But, he does spice up my families' stories and reminds me that my ancestors were only human and can be appreciated, but not revered.

Sources

- 1) Michigan, Marriage Records, 1867-1952; Montcalm County
- 2) U.S. Federal Census, 1870, Pierson, Montcalm, Michigan
- 3) U.S., Homestead Records, 1861 - 1936; Nebraska, Land Office: Lowell, Bloomington
- 4) U.S. Federal Census 1880, Adams, Nebraska
- 5) U.S. Federal Census, 1900, Reynolds, Montcalm, Michigan
- 6) Marriage record: Ransom and Hannah; Brown County, NE Courthouse
- 7) U.S. Federal Census, 1900, Hall, Doniphan, Nebraska
- 8) U.S. Federal Census, 1910, Box Butte, Sheridan, Nebraska
- 9) Death Certificate: Ransom House, 20 Dec 1917; Ayr, Adams, Nebraska
- 10) Marriage records: Ransom and Caty, and Ransom and Laura, Glen Sanger's personal file
- 11) Esther House Obituary
- 12) Alberta Canada Homestead Records 1870-1930

Alta Case Hall grew up in Brown County, Nebraska, living in the same town as both sets of grandparents, but spent more time with her paternal grandparents, George and Lela House Case. In fact, she lived with her grandmother Lela during her senior year of high school. Alta loved going through her grandmother's secretary desk, looking at family pictures and hearing their stories. It was partially this introduction to the family stories that planted the seeds of Alta's interest in genealogy. Over a period of close to 50 years, she has collected information and stories about her ancestors and is now trying to organize them into something that can be passed on to her children and other relatives. Genealogical research has enriched her life, introducing her to extended family in addition to influencing travel plans. A few years ago, she realized that she had visited all but one of her 2nd great-grandparents' gravesites, located in states such as Minnesota, Iowa, Virginia, Washington, New York, and, of course, Nebraska. She also visited family sites in England and next year, plans to go to Germany where two lines (one of them Haus/House) came from.

Alta currently lives in Los Osos, California, where she moved from Sanger (near Fresno) after embarking on a "late" career teaching gerontology at CSUFresno and coordinating senior assistance resources. She was also a site and program coordinator for Elderhostel (now Road Scholar) in both Fresno and San Luis Obispo. Though retired from teaching, she continues to be active in numerous volunteer activities. She is a long-time member of the Fresno County Genealogical Society (Membership #100!) and is also a member of San Luis Obispo Genealogical Society.

Poking in the Ashes

by Gloria Chaney Clements

CAN ATTRIBUTE MY INTEREST in genealogy to one particular ancestor, Sarah Margaret “Peggy” Pence Hughes Townsend (1795-1889).

My grandpa, John Chaney (1880-1961), was also an interesting ancestor for having been in a mining accident in 1917, losing one eye and most of the sight in the other eye. The mine was closed after the explosion and he used the \$4,500 the mining company gave him for the loss of one eye to open a store and bar. With Prohibition going into effect in 1920, Grandpa had to do a little bootlegging in the basement of the store. No, Grandpa wasn't the one that got me hooked on genealogy.

It wasn't his father, great-grandpa Louis Greenville Chaney (1856-1947), who fed my genealogy bug. Louis was also known as Peg Leg Grandpa. There were several stories about how he lost his leg, but if truth be known, whatever the initial cause was, it was infection that caused him to become an amputee. My older brothers remember Peg Leg Grandpa letting the kids ignite a wooden match on his wooden leg. No, it wasn't Peg Leg Grandpa.

It wasn't his father, my 2nd great-grandpa Ezekiel Chaney (1820-1863), who spurred my genealogy interest forward. Ezekiel “left home at an early age” (possibly as young as 11 or 12). We don't hear or see anything from Ezekiel after that until he married Margaret Hughes Russell. Later, with three children and three stepchildren at home, he signed up for the Union Army in the 11th Wisconsin Infantry, Company E, during the Civil War. Sadly, Ezekiel Chaney died during the war from injuries he sustained during the Battle at Vicksburg. No, it wasn't my 2nd great-grandpa either who energized my genealogy searches.

It also wasn't Ezekiel's grandfather-in-law, Elias Hughes (1757-1874), who was an Indian fighter and also a Revolutionary War veteran and the sole survivor of the Battle at Point Pleasant.

After just starting out in genealogy, I located a distant relative who sent me a newspaper article that captured my attention. From that point on I was totally sucked in to finding more about my ancestors. The article was about Peggy Pence, who was Ezekiel's mother-in-law.

As the story goes from the *Fennimore Times* newspaper dated January 19, 1938, titled “Turning Back the Pages,” Peggy lived on a tobacco and cotton plantation in her youth and enjoyed a relatively pampered life in Southern style, “one grand, sweet song.” Peggy had her own horse and her own slave, Black Pompey. Her family was among the first families of Virginia, of Dutch descent. She left her home in Virginia at about 16 or so to go to the Licking County, Ohio, area to marry David Hughes (1794-1823). The Hughes family was among the original settlers of Licking County. Peggy and David had six children, and the lure of the early lead mines



Peggy Pence (Mrs. Sarah Margaret Townsend) taken ca. 1880 with an unknown child.

took them to Wisconsin. Then David up and died on her. Around 1832 the Black Hawk Wars were imminent and the settlers were forced into the forts. She fled to the fort at Mineral Point where the fort was attacked by Indians. She thought she and her children were goners (or captives) but, just like in the movies, the “cavalry came to the rescue.” Peggy opened a boarding house in the Centerville area. She married again, to Samuel Townsend, a widower and father of eight mostly grown children, and together they had four more children. This union, however, ended in divorce (scandalous!).

With a large handful of children to raise, the boarding house perhaps did not produce enough income to survive. The Fennimore newspaper article referenced above starts out with a quote “from the History of Iowa County published 1881”... “A Mrs. Townsend kept a boarding house at Centerville at a very early day and with two amiable daughters, dispensed the comforts of the life of the bachelors of that region. These girls were among the first married in the town, a man by the name of Mills and another name of Samuels being the favored parties.” As an aside, the article later states the “amiable daughters” were twins and had a double wedding. So was this amiability of these “ladies of the evening” scandalous, or just considered survival?

The article continues, "whatever may have been her shortcomings, a reputed quick temper and intolerance of everything that did not exactly suit her, she never lost sight of her lineage and bringing-up, but was always the "grand dame," a Lady with a capital L, imperious as a queen. Even in advancing years she retained her superb carriage and fine figure, her hair did not turn gray. She never lost her Southern accent, or her unmistakable aristocratic poise."

It appears, though, that Peggy was not a popular person among the townfolk. When she passed away, there was no gravestone. A townswoman offered an article in a local newspaper that if ten of the surviving friends or relatives in the area would donate 50 cents each, that a proper stone could be placed on her grave. The stone did not give the name Sarah, or Hughes or Townsend. The tombstone reads "Peggy Pence." Nothing more.

In closure, the article states, "When old age had come upon her and she would sit evenings in front of the stove...reminiscent of the great plantation home...near the stove stood her diamond willow cane. When the flames died down and the room became slightly colder, she came out of her reveries — ah, what glorious visions of the splendor of the long ago they had brought — reached for the stick and poked in the ashes." And that is what we have been doing too — poking in the ashes — the ashes of the dead past.



The grave of Peggy Pence in Annaton, Grant County, Wisconsin

Gloria Chaney Clements, SBCGS member, resides in Santa Barbara since 1962. Searching Chaney, Anderson, Fernelius, Bunzel, Stogsdill, Hughes and Pence in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Kentucky, Ohio, Virginia, Massachusetts



Sponsorship Challenge for 2016-2017!

A member of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society has issued an invitation to all readers who enjoy **Ancestors West** to join him as sponsors of our Society's publication. This is a matching challenge, so every amount donated will be matched up to the full annual cost of publication (\$5,400)! Sponsors will be recognized in **Ancestors West**.

If you wish to contribute, please make checks payable to SBCGS and mail to SB-CGS 316 Castillo St., Santa Barbara, CA 93101 and note on the check that you are an **Ancestors West** Sponsor or use the website SBgen.org to use a credit card.

We wish to thank the following members of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society for their contributions to the Sponsorship Challenge!

John Woodward, Helen Cornell and Howard and Maria Menzel

My Summer Vacation: or The crazy cemetery lady on the plane

by Kristin Ingalls

I'M ON THE PLANE AT LAST. After months of planning, consulting maps, weather reports and scouting out cute B&Bs, the day of departure is here. I watch as the other passengers hurry and scurry to cram their baggage into overhead bins, crawl over each other to get to their window seat, and at last...the announcements: Seat belts, oxygen masks, emergency door — all those things that make those of us already uneasy flying slide into near panic.

The woman next to me and I smile at each other, trying to find room for our purses, sweaters and little bags of snacks. It is a relief she is close to my age, and probably just as apprehensive as I am about our little contest with gravity.

We taxi, we pray, we take off, we pray, I pedal my feet knowing somehow it helps the plane get into the air, we start when the landing gear slams into the plane and relax a little, feeling that we have somehow lived through what could have been ... well, better not think of that now.

Soon the lady next to me leans over and introduces herself, "Hi, I'm Sue." "Kristin," I say. I ask if she lives in Connecticut, or is going on vacation. She beams and tells me that this is her first trip back to see her new grandson, now six months old. She explains that her daughter went to school back east, stayed on to work there, met and married her husband, and now is a new mom. She reaches under the seat for her purse, and pulls out a small album of photos of Little Gus. We share joys of being a grandparent.

Then she asks me if I am going to see family too. "I am," I tell her. "Oh, who will you be visiting?" she asks. "My great-great-grandparents" I tell her with a huge smile on my face, remembering that this is what has kept me planning for months, helped me overcome my fear of flying.

Her face, while still smiling, changes ever so slightly. Concern clouds her eyes. I can see her calculating my age, my parents' age, their parents,' and their parents.' How can this be? she must be asking herself. "Really?" is all she can manage. "Ummm...how old are they now?"

Now it is my turn to pull my briefcase sized purse onto my lap. I take out a folding ancestry chart and point to the pair I am going to "visit." "It's these folks here, they were born about and I have finally, after years of hunting, found their graves. I found her parents' graves on my last trip, but these two have really been hiding from me." I'm on a roll now, and my enthusiasm takes over.

"After visiting there, I am going to rent a car and drive to northern New York where some of my colonial Dutch ancestors lived, died and are buried. To think that they came to this country almost 400 years ago and



some of their homesteads and graves are still there. I've been planning this trip for over a year and I just can't wait to get to those old cemeteries."

Sue's face is frozen. The smile is now more like a grimace. Her eyes are wide in alarm. I can see she is about to panic. "Oh" is just about all she can manage. "Oh, she says again. Do you take many vacations like this?"

"Not as many as I'd like. I think this is my fourth — no fifth. Last year I went to find all my witch relatives in Salem and Andover, Massachusetts. I was amazed to find out I am related to about eight of the people accused of witchcraft in 1692. Not directly, though; they are distant aunts and cousins."

Suddenly, we hit a pocket of turbulence and the plane slammed and shuddered. "Oh, my, maybe those witches heard me talking about them," I laugh.

"Oh, oh," she now looks like she may need medical attention. She is looking about desperately. For an empty seat she can hurry to? "How nice for you, dear. I hope you have a good time," she says in a whisper reaching into the seat back and pulling out an airline magazine. "I wonder," she says, "if they have any baby gifts in here that I could get for Little Gus..."

I turn to the window and smile the wicked smile of the Genealogist, wondering if I should confess that there are many more like me, or just let her keep The-Crazy-Cemetery-Lady-I-Met-on-the-Plane Story that she will be able to tell to friends and family for years.

Her nose is buried in the airline magazine now, and I lean back, close my eyes. I still have three hours to decide.

Kristin Ingalls has been a member of SBCGS for 16 years and currently buys the new genealogy and history books for the Book Nook. She loves the fun of volunteering at the library and all the friends she has made there. She has found a half-dozen cousins among our members!

An Elusive Grave Marker and Death Certificate: The Search for Odis Shelton and Discoveries

by Cathy McDuffie Jordan

HOW CAN THESE BE ELUSIVE when you know the date of death? It can happen! Here is a case that baffled me for several years. It is the story surrounding my aunt, my father's sister, whom I never knew but was often told I resembled. When I look at her photos, I wish that those comments were true! She was beautiful in my eyes! Her name was quite unusual: Odis Emily McDuffie.

Odis was born September 9, 1899, in Eudora, Arkansas, a little town about 150 miles southeast of Little Rock, the capital. Her only sibling, my father, was born when she was 4 years old. She attended Central College Conservatory in Conway, Arkansas, and earned her teaching certificate in 1917. In the 1920 census she was a clerk at Worthen Bank in Little Rock, Arkansas. On October 6, 1920, she married James Raymond "JR" Shelton in Little Rock. She was just 20 years old. City directories for Little Rock show her still working for the Worthen Bank in 1921, 1922, and 1923. Then at age 24 the worst happened. My father was told that her death was caused by appendicitis. Could that be true?

Among my father's things I found a small, tattered newspaper clipping of an obituary for Odis naming her "Mrs. J.R. Shelton." This stated that she was 23 when she died at a local hospital, that she was survived by her husband, her mother, and one brother. The obituary also reported that the body was removed from the chapel to the family residence, indicated when the funeral services would take place, and that burial would be in Roselawn Memorial Park. That was quite a lot of information but no date of death was given, and the newspaper source was unknown. There was also a telegram from my father's aunt to her sister (his mother) offering sympathy, dated December 29, 1923. This was a clue to the date of death. Lastly, and most telling perhaps, were entries in the McDuffie Family Bible. Odis's entry had her date of birth, marriage date, and listed her date of death as December 28, 1923. Additionally, there was a card that was sent out in appreciation of expressions of sympathy. It was printed by a professional printer but had the names J.R. Shelton, Mrs. Ernestine McDuffie (her mother), and Murl McDuffie (my father). There is a penciled date of 1924 on this card.

So these were the pieces of information I had to begin my search for her grave marker and death certificate. Easy, right? Not so fast.



Odis McDuffie in 1915,
Barnes and Nelson Photographer, Conway, Arkansas

I searched the Arkansas Death Index for her, first using her given name of Odis. Nothing. I tried wild carding, thinking it could be Otis. Nothing. Then I widened the search to the last name Shelton in 1923. Way too many. So I narrowed that again to December 1923 and found an entry for "J R Shelton" with a death date of December 28, 1923. That was her death date, not his, since he was still alive in 1924 to send out the bereavement acknowledgement card. Could this be her? I was not certain. I thought it very curious that she was not there with her own name.

I then went to FindaGrave.com to see if I could find her grave marker. I searched for Odis Shelton in Arkansas in 1923. Nothing. I searched for J.R. Shelton in Arkansas in 1923. Nothing. I searched for Roselawn Memorial Park in Little Rock. I found it and then I searched for the last name of Shelton. I found several Sheltons but not her. I tabled this line of query for a while.

I tried VitalCheck to get a death certificate from the Arkansas Vital Records for Odis Emily McDuffie Shelton. They happily took my money but sent no record or response.

ARKANSAS STATE BOARD OF HEALTH
Bureau of Vital Statistics
CERTIFICATE OF DEATH 1735

County Pulaski Registration District No. 529 File No. 1570
 Township Big Rock Primary Registration District No. 119 Registered No. 1570
 Inc. Town or City Little Rock, Ark. (No. Dr. Vincent's Div.) Ward _____

2 FULL NAME Miss J. R. Shelton
 (a) Residence No. West Barber Ave. Ward _____
 Length of residence in city or town where death occurred yrs. mos. ds. (If nonresident give city or town and State) yrs. mos. ds.

PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS					MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH	
3 SEX <u>Female</u>	4 COLOR or RACE <u>White</u>	5 Single, Married, Widowed, or Divorced (write the word) <u>married</u>	16 DATE OF DEATH <u>Dec 28</u> 19 <u>23</u> Month Day Year		17 I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I attended deceased from <u>Dec 28</u> 19 <u>23</u> to <u>Dec 28</u> 19 <u>23</u> that I last saw her alive on <u>Dec 27</u> 19 <u>23</u> and that death occurred, on the date stated above, at <u>Little Rock, Ark.</u> The CAUSE OF DEATH was as follows: <u>Intestinal obstruction (operation 12/25/23)</u>	
6a If married, widowed, or divorced (or) WIFE of <u>Raymond Shelton</u>			17 (continued) (duration) yrs. mos. ds. <u>5</u>		CONTRIBUTORY (Secondary) <u>Peritonitis</u> (duration) yrs. mos. ds. <u>24</u>	
6 DATE OF BIRTH _____ Month Day Year <u>1900</u>			18 Where was disease contracted if not at place of death? _____		Did an operation precede death? <u>Yes</u> Date of <u>12/25/23</u>	
7 AGE <u>23</u> Years Months Days If LESS than 1 yr. yrs. mos. ds.			18 (continued) (duration) yrs. mos. ds. _____		Was there an autopsy? <u>No</u>	
8 OCCUPATION OF DECEASED (a) Trade, profession, or particular kind of work <u>Accountant</u>			18 (continued) (duration) yrs. mos. ds. _____		What best confirmed diagnosis? <u>operation</u>	
(b) General nature of industry, business or establishment in which employed (or employer) _____			18 (continued) (duration) yrs. mos. ds. _____		(Signed) <u>J. J. DeBrounck</u> M. D. <u>12/28/23</u> (Address) <u>Little Rock, Ark.</u>	
(c) Name of employer <u>H. B. Brothers & Co</u>			18 (continued) (duration) yrs. mos. ds. _____		*State the Disease Causing Death, or in deaths from Violent Causes, state (1) Means and Nature of Injury, and (2) whether Accidental, Suicidal, or Homicidal. (See reverse side for additional space.)	
9 BIRTHPLACE (city or town) (State or country) <u>Pulaski Ark</u>			18 (continued) (duration) yrs. mos. ds. _____		19. PLACE OF BURIAL, CREMATION, or REMOVAL <u>Roselawn</u> DATE OF BURIAL <u>12-29-23</u>	
10 NAME OF FATHER <u>W. McDuffie</u>			18 (continued) (duration) yrs. mos. ds. _____		20 UNDERTAKER <u>Healy & Roth</u> ADDRESS <u>719 Main St</u>	
11 BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER (city or town) (State or country) <u>not known</u>			18 (continued) (duration) yrs. mos. ds. _____		Date of Case _____	
12 MAIDEN NAME OF MOTHER <u>Ernestine McDuffie</u>			18 (continued) (duration) yrs. mos. ds. _____		Burial or Transit permit issued by _____	
13 BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER (city or town) (State or country) <u>not known</u>			18 (continued) (duration) yrs. mos. ds. _____		Date of Case _____	
14 Informant <u>Mrs. R. M. Shelton</u> (Address) <u># 708 Maple St Little Rock</u>			18 (continued) (duration) yrs. mos. ds. _____		Date of Case _____	
15 Filed <u>20 Dec 29 1923</u> Registrar _____			18 (continued) (duration) yrs. mos. ds. _____		Date of Case _____	

V. B. No. 4

M. B.—WRITE PLAINLY, WITH UNFADING INK—THIS IS A PERMANENT RECORD. Every item of information should be carefully supplied. AGE should be stated EXACTLY. PHYSICIANS should state CAUSE OF DEATH in plain terms, so that it may be properly classified. Except statement of OCCUPATION is very important. See instructions on back of certificate.

BARGIN RESERVED FOR BINDING

Death certificate of Mrs. J.R. Shelton who died at age 23 in Little Rock, Arkansas on December 28, 1923.

In June 2014, under advice from several genealogy colleagues, I wrote a personal letter to the Arkansas Department of Vital Records. In that letter I outlined my relationship with Odis and my genealogical search. I attached 17 documents to prove my connection and my determination to find the death certificate. These documents were: 1) my birth certificate, 2) the marriage certificate for William McDuffie and Ernestine Shelton (yes, same name as Odis's husband but not related), 3) William McDuffie's FindaGrave information, 4) Ernestine's second marriage certificate (to Bert Hilliard), 5) Ernestine's death certificate, 6) Ernestine's obituary, 7) Ernestine's FindaGrave information, 8) Ernestine's death certificate, 9) my father's FindaGrave information, 10) the marriage license for J.R. Shelton and Odis McDuffie, 11) a copy of the newspaper obituary my father had, 12) a copy of the printed sympathy acknowledgement card my father had, 13) the Arkansas Death Index listing for JR Shelton for December 28 1923, 14,

15 and 16) 3 pages from the McDuffie family Bible, and 17) my photo ID. I sent more money for the search. My hopes for a response were high. And once again, they happily accepted the money but sent no record or response.

Frustrated, I went back to FindaGrave.com and looked up Roselawn Memorial Park once again. In November 2015, I googled Roselawn Cemetery, compared addresses, and found a website for them. On that website there was a button to click to contact them. I clicked it! I made it simple at first: "My research indicates my aunt, Odis Emily McDuffie Shelton, is buried there. She died 28 Dec 1923. I am seeking any and all information about her. She was my father's sister. Thank you."

Jackpot! The very next day I received an email from a Rheanelle Webb of Roselawn Memorial Park. She started off saying she does not have much information but then goes on to disclose so much I didn't know. She told me the grave and lot where Odis was buried. She

said the property where she was buried was purchased by J.R. Shelton and was originally an 8-grave lot. In July 1929, JR had all of the property except Odis's gravesite and the one next to hers transferred to P.M. Harrison. Then Harrison transferred graves 1, 2, 3, and 4 to Rebecca J Morris. She shows all the graves are used except grave 8, the grave beside Odis. Then she apologized for lack of information! I wrote back thanking her profusely and asking if she knew the mortuary. She responded that normally the funeral home was listed in the records but there was not one listed for Odis. Disappointing? Not at all. I entered Odis on FindaGrave with all this data and requested a photo of her grave marker. In December 2015, I had a photo of her marker! The first part of my mission was complete.

In February 2016, I used Google again to search for a genealogical society in Little Rock. I was hoping to find someone to help me in my search for the death certificate that was eluding me. I found <http://www.ags-genealogy.org/> and clicked on the Contact AGS button and then the Questions & Comments. I explained that I was a member of SBCGS, my search, a brief rundown of the information I now had, and a request for assistance in finding the death certificate with an offer to pay. I heard from them almost immediately! Russell P Baker wrote back that it was possible that the death certificate has "Mrs JR Shelton" and the Arkansas Death Index did not record the "Mrs." He advised me to order the death certificate directly from the Arkansas Health Department and to use the name "J.R. (Mrs) Shelton." He also advised that if that did not work I could call the Health Department and ask to speak to the supervisor of the division. I followed his first suggestion immediately. And waited...

Finally, on May 26, 2016, I received in the mail the death certificate I had sought for so long! I shot off an email to Russell thanking him so much for his help. Then I began studying the document. It raised more questions but did have some answers. She was listed as Mrs. J.R. Shelton. Why? The death certificate information was provided by her husband's brother's wife, not her own mother. Why? Her cause of death was "intes-

tinal obstruction" on December 28, 1923, but there was a notation that there was an operation on December 25, 1923, and that peritonitis was a contributing factor. So maybe her appendix burst, they operated, but it was too late? I guess I will never know. I am still quite baffled by why her own full name was not used and why her own mother did not provide the information for the death certificate. But I have a feeling of closure for Odis. This lovely lady deserved to live longer, but I can now put an end to her story.



The grave of Odis McDuffie Shelton in Roselawn Memorial Park, Little Rock, Arkansas.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

by Pickens Halt

IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME - I introduce myself to someone at a social gathering - or I respond to a question in a business setting - or I see a questioning expression on the face of the cashier at the grocery store who scans the charge slip so she can thank me by name for shopping there.

The questions and responses come in a pattern I can usually predict:

"What is your name?"

"Pickens."

"I mean your first name?"

"Pickens."

"Is that your first name?"

"Yes."

"Well, what do people call you?"

"Pickens."

What I cannot predict is the next question, which always varies from "How did you get a name like that?" to "Well, how do you sign your checks?"

I can make another prediction. If the person asking the questions then meets my husband, the greeting will be, "Hello, Mr. Pickens." We are back to the first series of questions.

Family history and lineage are important in the South, and it is not unusual to give a child a surname for a first name. When I was growing up, there was another Pickens in our church who was two years older than I was, and a kindergarten teacher named Pickens. I did not know I had an unusual name until my husband and I moved to California.

The history of the Pickens family can be traced back to Robert Picken who left Scotland in the late 1580s to take an obscure diplomatic post in France. The "s" was added to the surname when William Picken brought his family to Pennsylvania in 1720. His grandson, Andrew, migrated from Pennsylvania to South Carolina where the Pickens name is well known. During the Revolutionary War, he rose to the rank of brigadier general and fought with Thomas Sumter and Francis Marion to defeat the British. Congress gave him a sword to commemorate his victory at the Battle of Cowpens, and visitors can view his monument at the National Park built on the battle site. The home Andrew built, Hopewell Plantation, is preserved on the campus of Clemson University. He also served in the United States House of Representatives. There is a town named Pickens in Pickens County. Over the generations, some of his daughters and granddaughters used Pickens as part of the name of their children.

When I was a child, the state of Georgia offered eleven years of public education, but kindergarten was not one of those years. I enjoyed going to Mrs. Sherman's house for kindergarten and felt excited about going to



Hopewell Plantation was the home built by General Andrew Pickens after the Revolutionary War. Located on the Seneca River in South Carolina, the home is now owned by Clemson University.

"real" school as a first grader. Mother walked with me that first day of real school and accompanied me into the auditorium. When she bid me good-bye, she looked me in the eye and said, "When you hear your name called, go with your new teacher to your classroom." I listened attentively to Mr. Toombs, the principal, who introduced each teacher to all the students. One by one, the teachers read the names of their students. I sat very still so I would not miss my name being called. Children lined up with their teacher and walked with her to their classroom. Suddenly I was aware that the auditorium was empty except for Mr. Toombs and me. He asked me my name, and I answered "Pickens Cook." He looked through several sheets of paper, shook his head, and took me to his office. He and his secretary looked through more papers; then he told me my name was Dorothy. He walked me to a classroom and introduced me to my first grade teacher and said, "Here is Dorothy Cook. She did not know her name."

At the end of school that day, Mother soothed me and explained that my full name was Dorothy Pickens Cook, but Pickens was the name everyone called me. She must have given a similar explanation at school because Dorothy was not attached to any report cards or future class lists.

My name did not create any more problems until the summer I went to North Carolina for camp. My cousin, in line ahead of me, was promptly sent to stand with her camp counselor and cabin mates, but when I said my name was "Pickens Cook," all the adults at the registration table looked up with concerned expressions. I had been assigned to a cabin in the boys' section!

When I was old enough to fill out forms for myself I discovered a problem that I could not easily resolve. All forms began the same way: last name, first name, middle initial. Did I put the "right" names in the blanks, or did I reverse the order? If I followed the instructions and wrote my first name as Dorothy and my middle initial as P, no one would know I was Pickens. Would I be telling the truth if I said my first name was Pickens and my middle initial was D?

After high school graduation, I worked full time and continued to live at home with my parents and my two younger brothers. As my 21st birthday approached, I was eager to leave home and become completely independent. I was not only going to be my own person, I was going to be a new person - I would end the confusion and questions that came with the use of my middle name. Using the name of "Dorothy Cook," I accepted a job in Atlanta, found roommates and an apartment, and began a new life. For three months I struggled to be Dorothy, but it just did not work. I told my boss, my co-workers, and my roommates that I was Pickens.

Pickens is not only my name; Pickens is my identity. Yet I still have to convince others. When I married, I thought I had the solution to filling out forms. Making my maiden name my middle name, I could use "Pickens" as my first name, "C" would be my middle initial, and "Halt" my last name.

This does not always work. It is not unusual for me to carefully fill out a form of last name, first name, and then return at a later date to pick up an order. "I am here to pick up the prescription for Pickens Halt." I will watch the clerk search through the prescriptions and then begin to search again. When I see their head begin to shake to say my order is not ready, I will say, "Sometimes my order is filed under my first name. Try looking under P." When the clerk finds the prescription, I wonder, "Does he really think my first name is Halt?"

One of the advantages of having a name that draws so many questions is that I know when I finally convince someone my name is Pickens, that person will remember who I am. Sometimes, in response to the question "What do people call you?" I answer with a smile as I say, "Well, my mother used to call me Pickie," and then watch to see if they catch on to my joke. What I seldom say is that family and very close friends call me Pic - Aunt Pic to nieces and nephews, but Pic to others. Pic spelled without a "k."

Yes, my name is Pickens and I am used to all the questions and comments my name generates. Still, when I go to Starbucks and order a tall, extra-hot peppermint mocha, no whipped cream, and am asked, "May I have a name for that order?" I smile and say, "Dorothy."

Some of my childhood memories are the stories of family members my mother and grandmother shared as we visited cemeteries where our ancestors were buried. It was not until our children were out of college that the genealogy bug bit my husband and me - and then I wished I had paid more attention to those cemetery conversations.

With retirement in the early 1990s we have found a new vocation in pursuing our family roots - seminars in Salt Lake City and the National Archives in DC, joining SBCGS, classes with Jan Cloud, and trips to the east coast to explore homesites of those who came before us.

Currently my ongoing project is to edit the "book" of "Who Are We" to give our children and grandchildren our family story.

Nomi Italiani

*Based on information provided by
Marcella Craviotto.*

Photo provided by Nancy Panizzon (next page)

AS WE LEARNED at the April meeting of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society in a fascinating talk by Erin Graffy, many Italians settled in Santa Barbara County. The names Craviotto, Jordano, Castagnola, Offredi, Talevi, Marino, Durbiano, Figoni, Rezzonico, Favro, Bilotto, Bastinturi, Faletti, Panizzon, and many others permeate Santa Barbara History.

In the 1950s, a group of men of Italian heritage began to get together to prepare "Italian Night" dinners at the Elks Club on East Carrillo Street. Once a year they also held a family picnic at Stow Grove Park in Goleta. The first of these picnics was in 1954 and a spectacular photo documents the 99 participants. A few years later in 1959, the men gave themselves the official name of DB club; a group that is still active today. The first president was James D. Jordano; the current president is Bob Brown.

The photo featured in this issue of *Ancestors West*, on pages 20-21, honors the many Italians who settled in this area and who continue to contribute to our community. The names of many of the individuals in the photo are known. Some however, remain unidentified. We hope that members of the SBCGS may be able to identify some of the persons in the photo who are still unknown.

Please look carefully. Even if you are not Italian, you may recognize the face of a classmate, friend, colleague or neighbor among them. If you think you may know the identity of a mystery person, please email their name and number to the AW editor, Debbie Kaska, at kaska@lifesci.ucsb.edu.

The photo portrays the magical aspect of Italians that is shared by many other ethnic groups in the area and by genealogists everywhere - celebration of our heritage.

Nomi Italiani



*Based on information provided by Marcella Craviotto.
Photo provided by Nancy Panizzon*

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Eddie Craviotto | 27. ? Schooler | 54. Judy Harrod | 81. Joellen Faletti |
| 2. Art Castagnola | 28. Suzanne Schooler | 55. Donna Battistone | 82. Sammy Battistone |
| 3. Laurence Kuppilian | 29. Lena Jordano | 56. | 83. |
| 4. Irene Figoni | 30. John Jordano | 57. Chet Harrod | 84. |
| 5. Art Figoni | 31. | 58. | 85. |
| 6. Steve Marino | 32. MaryLou Marino | 59. | 86. Bob Bilotta |
| 7. Fred Craviotto | 33. Norma Durbiano | 60. Maria Craviotto | 87. |
| 8. Marcella Craviotto | 34. Baldo Talevi | 61. | 88. |
| 9. Adeline Tiverna | 35. | 62. Sam Battistone | 89. |
| 10. Tom Tomberg | 36. Joe Isaia | 63. Tina Craviotto | 90. Charlie Offredi |
| 11. Bond Tomberg | 37. Margaret Isaia | 64. Daniel Panizzon | 91. Margaret Bilotto |
| 12. | 38. | 65. Margaret Panizzon | 92. Debbie Pykor |
| 13. | 39. Minnie Marino | 66. Ione Battistone | 93. Vivian Reginatto |
| 14. Alona Tomberg | 40. | 67. Attilo Panizzon | 94. Jim Velanzano |
| 15. Liberty Tomberg | 41. | 68. Mike Durbiano | 95. |
| 16. Dennis Tomberg | 42. Henry Favro | 69. Elaine Talevi | 96. Justine Pykor |
| 17. Mrs. Rezzonico | 43. | 70. Mike Durbiano | 97. |
| 18. ? Rezzonico | 44. Catherina Offredi | 71. Robert Panizzon | 98. Toots Bastinturi |
| 19. | 45. | 72. | 99. Mike Bastinturi |
| 20. | 46. Janet Jordano | 73. ? Haider | |
| 21. Rena Favro | 47. | 74. | |
| 22. Chas. Rezzonico | 48. Rosie Harrod | 75. Roger Battistone | |
| 23. Madeline Favro | 49. | 76. | |
| 24. ? Rezzonico | 50. Jackie Talevi | 77. | |
| 25. Joe Bilotto | 51. | 78. Ron Marino | |
| 26. | 52. | 79. | |
| | 53. | 80. | |



Surprising Results From Our Search For A Scot Castle

by George Goodall

WHILE QUESTING FOR your origins and hitting a “brick wall,” it is often desirable to go to your ancestors’ neighborhoods in hopes of finding some leads. In the summer of 2013, we enjoyed the Scottish countryside of beauty and peacefulness looking for castles in my Scot family’s history. It was a demanding search driving on the wrong side of many country roads. Most were in the northeastern shire of Aberdeen but were scattered in the rural farmlands. Interest was heightened by threshing and mowing in harvest season. Maps in Scotland were usually excellent, but not for our out-of-the-way places.

We had found all the closer-in castles and those operated by preservation societies. One was on the list I had prepared of those that had been mentioned by my Gordon ancestors’ records, but for that I had to go to the University of Aberdeen Library and search old maps and photographs for Pitlurg Castle. It turned out to be about 40 miles north of Aberdeen on some back roads. After wandering around trying to see something like a castle, we saw nothing. Finally, when I turned a new corner, I saw a clump of trees that might

be it. Going further down the road was an old dilapidated sign — Pitlurg - success! Soon we saw an imposing iron gate and behind it a large, stately manor house with the grove of trees behind it. But no castle!

As we delayed in front of the gate trying to see if a castle was behind the house, a woman came out and walked to the front gate. She unlocked it and came to our car. We told her what we were looking for. Without hesitation she invited us to get out, come in, and chat a while! Surprise!

We’ve speculated, where in the world would people be so friendly and hospitable as they are in rural Scotland, especially to those of us that are seeking remnants of long lost ancestors? We found the owner a lovely lady, well-groomed, well-read and cultured, she even was doing fine art painting, but she was not a relative. What was she doing way out here and in this magnificent, classical house?

As we chatted, we learned that she, Hilary Gauci, and her husband had bought the manor house when they moved from Malta a few years ago. Previous owners had destroyed the broken down old castle and used the stone building blocks to construct a modern manor house. A few of the old stones were used for garden walls but the rest are scattered in the forest.

I had learned that my Gordon clan had split apart after the Tenth Laird, Sir John Gordon, and his first son were killed in the Battle of Otterburn (1388), which the Scots won over the British. But this brought a problem to the family - who should succeed as Chief of Clan, the older sister or one of two younger brothers? The final result was they broke the clan into four



Manor Hours at Leask, Ellon, Aberdeenshire, Scotland with Hilary Gauci, owner, right with Jeanne Goodall

sub-clans. I am a descendant of the John (Jock) or Haddo Line. This has been confirmed by American genealogists using DNA. The New Haddo Line established Haddo House about 1400 and this has developed into one of Scotland's showiest Manor Houses, north of Aberdeen. Some of Jock's sons and grandsons decided to build a new castle at Pitlurg. There were four Lairds of Pitlurg who lived there until my ancestor moved to his own manor house much nearer to Aberdeen in 1608. I tell this because I want to relate the story that Hilary Gauci told us while we chatted in her great house.

She told us about a boy named William Preslie from a nearby farm that helped as a house-boy while the later Lairds of Gordon were still living at Pitlurg. The boy was a bright boy so the Laird would let him read from his personal library. After years the young man developed into an excellent student and with the Gordon's connections was able to attend Aberdeen's seminary. Following a succession of churches he was named Angelican Bishop of Aberdeen. He finished his career by choosing to teach school in Aberdeen and to write books. I was fortunate to obtain one of his books, a mid-19th century story, "The Uncommon Herd," in which he describes how he rose from poverty to success through education, by living in Pitlurg, reading in the Gordon's Library, and with help of kind noblemen like the Gordons. It is a very inspiring message. In essence: only in Scotland can a boy of lowly means achieve stature through education and aid by noblemen, to be able to serve the Lord and his fellow citizens.

By going to where they lived we found instead of a crumbling old castle at Pitlurg, a beautiful manor house, made a new friend, learned more about our ancestors, and were inspired by the writings of a poor local boy that described his rise to success through education.



Crumbling Pitlurg Castle, Ellon District Aberdeenshire, seat of the Gordon Clan before it was torn down to build a new Manor House.

George Goodall has been a member of the Society since 1988 and is a fourth generation Southern California farmer. He holds degrees from UCLA and the Univ. of Wisconsin. He is the retired Univ. of California Farm Advisor in Santa Barbara specializing in avocados, citrus, wine grapes, and farm preservation. He is currently working on the following family lines: Abercrombie, Adams, Goodall, Gordon, Hitt, Mangin, and Williams.

Gleanings from Salt Lake City

Many genealogical treasures can be found in the Family History Library in Salt Lake City, Utah. This year Sheila Block and Debbie Kaska came across fascinating vignettes in the parish records from Galway, Ireland and Northern Alsace, France.

The Ulysses Storm and other notes *by Sheila Block*

DANIEL COGHLAN was Parish Priest of the Roman Catholic Parish of Aughrim and Kilconnell, Ireland, from 1892 to 1926. He included in his registry of deaths and burials of his parishioners comments upon the size and quality of funerals, descriptions of local events, and descriptions of the condition of gravesites. In 1903, Father Coughlin gave a full-throated description of the great cyclone of February 26 and 27, 1903. This is known as the "Ulysses Storm."

In James Joyce's book, "Ulysses," the action takes place on a day in June in 1904, the day that Joyce met the love of his life, the Galway chambermaid, Nora Barnacle. At a point in the novel there is a passage that reads:

"O yes, J. J. O'Molloy said eagerly. Lady Dudley was walking home through the park to see all the trees that were blown down by that cyclone last year and thought she'd buy a view of Dublin."

On that slim reed, the storm was christened the "Ulysses Storm."

Ulysses Storm - January 1903

"Not since 1839 has there been felt in this country anything like the hurricane of Thursday night February 26 and Fri morning February 27 1903. The wind came from the East at 6 o'clock on Thurs morning and changed to South about 10 o'clock at night. Then the rain fell in terrible torrents so much so that no person could venture outside doors. The wind began to get strong and changed to the SW-when the night became pitch dark. From 12 to 2 the hurricane blew and between 1:30 and 2 the cyclone did its terrible destruction. Levelled all before it. Trees fell like hay before the scythe. Slates flew about like swallows on a summer day. Every tile on Aughrim's RC Church was removed together with 100 slates 30 x 20 and four windows. 150 slates were taken off Aughrim's N.S and teacher's residence — not a single slate was disturbed on the Aughrim Parochial house-*Deo gratias* — The Kilconnell RC Church felt the cyclone the most, was almost left without a slate 36 x 20. The belfry was shook to its very foundations, as the end wall gave way a little. So also did the Kilconnell School suffer. Some people said it

was struck with lightning but could not see any visible sign. The salt water was felt by those who ventured outside doors on that awful night. One person told me, being out all night in storm and rain, that his stomach got sick from the salt water and the clothes on them became white from the salt — when they became dry no life was left — about these parts a few sheep were caught under the fallen half eaten cock of hay. When the Almighty next to work, He did not spare even his own house, or his own people, which should be a warning to each of us to be always prepared for His storm and call when he sends them. *Laus Deo Semper* Daniel Coghlan PP 1-3-03 his birth."

On the death record of Maria Burke Northbrook in 1892 Fr. Coghlan commented, "John Burke her son had some drink taken the day before the funeral."

Fr. Coghlan added notes to the 1892 death record of Maria Maclaire Fairfield "Grave 2 ft 9:" deep 6 of water in grave. Called Sergeant Moran Aughrim and T. Maloney L. Dwyer Belos to witness the state of the grave. Turned out some of the water then put some stones under the coffin before lowering it into the grave."

Martin Michael Duane's sudden death in Aughrim in 1896 was described, "Michael Duane died on the foot-path near Billy Greoghan's on the way to the pig fair of Ballusastor with two pigs.

Catholic Church. Parish of Aughrim and Kilconnell (Galway) Deaths, 1892-1905; marriages, 1828-1921; baptisms, 1828-1901. **Family History Library** British Film 1279215 Items 9 - 12

17th century Accidents in Alsace- the hazards of country life *by Debbie Kaska*

THE CHURCH BOOKS for 22 villages in Alsace, including those of Sulz, were transcribed by Pastor Henri Süß (1869-1929). Nearly all the manuscripts of this collection were microfilmed in the archives in Strasbourg, France, and are available in the Family History Library in Salt Lake City. The earliest of these records dates from the 1600s. In addition to the traditional births, marriages, and deaths, the local clergyman at the time also recorded other notable events in the parish including the details of accidental deaths. Fortunately, Henri Süß included these in his transcriptions because the descriptions provide a poignant glimpse into the lives of the people in the village of Sulz and the hazards posed by their everyday activities. The following are translated from the German (Volume 37 FHL Film 1070134).

"On August 22, 1611, Michel Diepold Hansen from Sulz had an accident with his pigs. Heinrich Einhorn asked several boys to drive the whole herd through the Drehenbronner pond in order to clean them. Among the boys was Marckus the son of the tailor Marzoch Diepold, who was an apprentice to Vältin Ehrstein. As

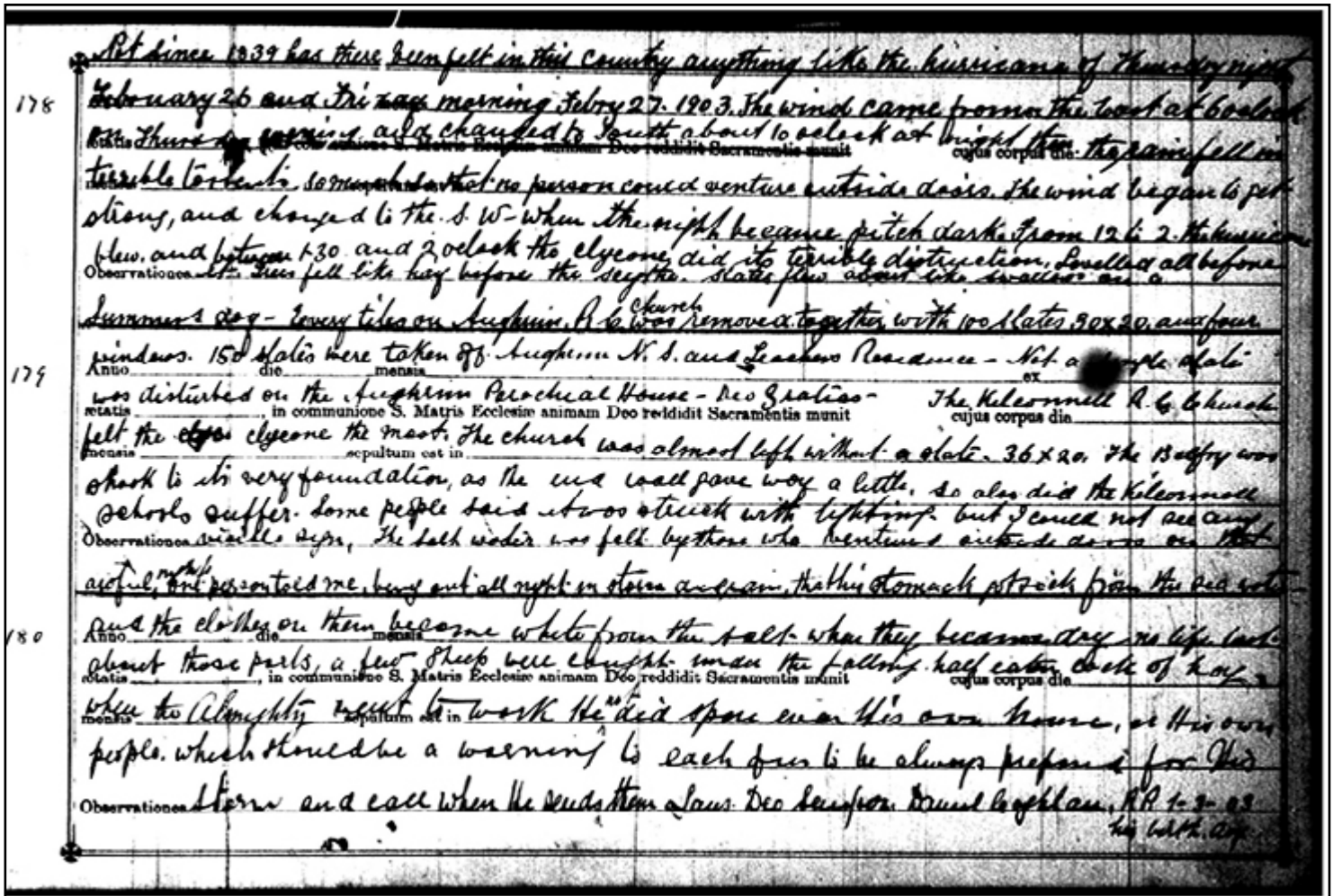
this boy came with the others to the pond and watched a small piglet swim across, he immediately took off his clothes and said that if a piglet could swim across, so could he. He got in the water and right away stepped in a deep place and went under. He came up once but then sank again and drowned. In the afternoon his body was pulled from the pond and he was buried in Sulz on August 23.

On October 29, 1612, Lorentz Hermann, 63, rode with his son Wendel into the Ramsfrash forest to cut wood. A branch fell on the ladder where he was standing, which knocked him to the ground and broke the ladder. He

fell into the pile of branches and lay there. Eventually he was able to get up and ride the horse to the middle of the lower pasture, but then fell off. The son ran home to get his sister Cordulam. But before she could reach him, their father was dead.

In 1629 the tailor Marzoch Diepold, the oldest man in the parish, died as he was shaking nuts from a tree and fell.

On June 18, 1631, Vella Diepolds from Memelshofen was struck by lightning during a severe storm as she worked in the fields."



Fr. Coghlan used the space allotted for three death records to describe the events in his parish the night of the "Ulysses Storm" February 26-27, 1903.

Sheila Block: I began serious inquiry into my family history when I moved to Santa Barbara and took Jan Cloud's Beginning Genealogy in 1995. But I had started my interest a decade before, prompted by my father's rudimentary sketch of his family tree. I must admit, my early attempts were disjointed. However, the Jan Cloud "can do" spirit infected me and I was caught up in research as well as the early days of the Sahyun Library. I was President of the Society from 2002-03 and remain fascinated and in awe of the amount of time and energy my friends in the Society expend on this engrossing obsession. I refuse to call it a hobby.



Pvt. Cornelius T. Richmond, Co. F 119th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. Daguerreotype taken circa August 18, 1862.

Lost in Battle

Pvt. Cornelius Trimble Richmond, One of "The Bravest Soldiers"

by Cari Thomas

MY INTEREST IN GENEALOGY started in July of 1995 when I finally decided to read the 26 Civil War letters that had come down in my father's family. Twenty-three of the letters are from my 2nd great-grandfather Cornelius Trimble Richmond to his wife Ellen R. (Crispin) Richmond. They were written between 18 Aug 1862 – when he enlisted in Company F, 119th Pennsylvania Volunteers – and 22 Apr 1863, when he wrote the last letter she received. In January 1863 Ellen had written a letter that was evidently never sent, and Cornelius's tent-mate Arthur Commerford wrote two letters of response to Ellen's questions after she was notified that Cornelius was missing in action (and presumed dead) on May 3, 1863 near Salem Church as part of Sedgewick's 6th Corps in the Battle of Chancellorsville.

I transcribed these letters and fell in love with the idea of discovering more about Cornelius, Ellen, and all of my ancestors! Genealogy brings history to life – and – especially for me – his story!

These are not the letters of an educated officer, but of a 44-year-old enlistee. Still, there are fascinating peeks into the life of a common soldier, such as love of family and the need for education. In his second letter, written in September 1862, Cornelius said, "You must take good care of yourself and my children. Keep them in school. Give them all a kiss and two for the baby."

In January 1863, Ellen wrote in her only surviving letter:

"I asked the babe what I should send to her pap; she said fourty kisses."

The baby was 2 1/2-year-old Phebe Jane Richmond (Heyd), my great-grandmother.

In January Cornelius urged:

"Give all the children a kiss for me and keep them at school for I miss it now in not going to school when young."

Again in March, 1863,

"Kiss all the children for me and get them schooling so they may never know the want of it."

Food was another major topic in his letters; however, it was not about how good the cuisine was. In October Cornelius wrote:

"Much sickness has prevailed in our camp lately. Mostly an affection of the bowels. Some think it is caused by eating the salt pork we have had lately. The doctor condemned our pork twice this week. So we had no meat of any kind for three days. I tell you wife, we live very close."

In December, on the way to Fredericksburg, he wrote:

"We have just got here after a march of 60 miles and I am almost wore out. Some days we have nothing but 4 crackers and raw pork to eat. So you may see we have a hard time of it. We was to be paid but God knows when



Phebe Jane Richmond (Heyd) circa 1864
Phebe was born Oct 24, 1860, in Bucks Co, Pennsylvania
and died May 19, 1906, in Floyd Co, Indiana.



Ellen R. (Crispin) Richmond, wife of Cornelius T. Richmond.
Photo taken circa 1877.

we will get paid now as we can not tell what moment we will go into battle.”

On Christmas Day 1862 after the battle of Fredericksburg, he wrote:

“We had coffee and hard bread for breakfast and will have pork and hard bread for supper as we hear that we are only to have 2 meals a day.”

A real Christmas celebration, right? And what a diet! So, “Care” boxes from home were treasures. Cornelius specifically asked his wife to send him:

“Molasses, pepper (red and black), baking soda, flour, a bottle of ginger and peppermint, tomato kecup [sic] and any little things you can.”

He noted not to send fruit because it rots! Oct 18, 1862:

“I received your Box with every thing it contained in good preservation, Excepting the Brandy. the Cork, containing it, was Not tight enough, for Most all of the Liquor had run out, but it did no Serious harm to anything beside itself for We Soon Made the reast of the Good things disappear. I can assure you that It was a great treat. My tent mates of course had their share. Arthur Commerford has got in the notion to send home for something like it. Dear wife, I must say it was a great disappointment in not having enough liquor to drink the health of our friends with, but accidents will occur.”

Liquor was quite important to the common soldier. Cornelius referred to it again in that same letter: “You will please ask Mr. Bergaman the reason he did not send me something. It is my opinion that he is NO FRIEND, because if he was a friend of the union, he would have sent his friend a bottle of good brandy to drink for the salvation of the Union.”

The War from the woman’s point of view is indicated in the one un-sent letter written by Ellen R. Richmond in January 1863, just five months after her husband enlisted.

“My Dear Husband, I understand that you soldiers are not allowed to write home at this present time and that accounts for me not getting any letters. I expect they are about to make another important move If so, God grant that it may not be another Waterloo as was the Battle of Fredricksburg. I think that Burnside is as much too fast as McClellan is too slow I hope that he will be more cautious in future and not take the men in where he cannot bring them out I for one am a waiting the result of this awfull War wondering when and where it will end, living between hope and fear hoping that the Victory will yet be ours and fearing that it may not be I expect that every Wife and Mother is like myself, interested in the welfare of those that have gone and left thare homes and familys to suffer almost every thing but death and dont know how soon that will be thair fate, I am sorry very sorry that you ever enlisted; more so now than when you first enlisted, but hope that all may yet be well As you are thare, I hope that you will be an honor to your country and never desert your post let the consequence be what it may.”

There were other times when love of country surfaced:

“There is not a soldier here but prays sincerely that this unholy war may be speedily brought to a close, but not untill every Rebel shall see the folly of waging war on a government of their own making and a government that never harmed them from its foundation. God Speed the Cause of the right.

History shines through as well: April 9, 1863:

“We have just returned from picket duty and yesterday had a grand Review. Old Abe was there. The Army looked well and I think will move soon.”

It did, and in just under a month, Cornelius was Missing In Action, possibly at “Morrison’s farm” near Salem Church in the Battle of Chancellorsville.

Ellen sent a battery of questions to her husband’s tent-mate Arthur Commerford.

His reply, dated 24 May 1863, tells a little of the story of Cornelius’s last day.

“Since the fight on Sunday evening, May 3rd, our company has not received one word in reference to what befell Cornelius. The fight was in a Pine woods with a thick underbrush. After the Rebs drove us out many of our company was missing. One of my company was killed named Moreau. Several wounded are in our hospitals at this time. And this week our Captain received a letter from one of our men named George W. Rickards, stating that he and six others of our company are now at Annapolis having been taken prisoners, marched to Richmond City and then paroled. Your husband is not among them. We have 3 men of our company yet to be accounted for – your husband, Albert Barnet, and Edward Getz. Those three we know was in the fight on that sad night but whether they were killed or wounded or are now prisoners, I cannot tell.

“If your husband is dead, which I pray most sincerely is not the case, I can inform you Dear Madam, that it would be impossible to procure his body. The fight took place about 2 miles back of Fredericksburg and the Reb-

els will not allow us or any one of our Officers to cross the river for such a purpose as you contemplate. If he is dead he has been long ere this buried."

Then on June 19 another letter to respond to Ellen's further questions.

"You speak of the woods being on fire. Our shells did set them on fire in many places but whether any of our men suffered by it I do not know.

"That fight on Sunday May 3 was in such thick brush that we could not see one if he fell except you was close by him.

"I have nothings more to say than that he done his duty always as a soldier, and that I have but little hopes of his being alive at this time.

"My madam, In conclusion I can but sympathise with you in your present distress, but such is the horrors of this cruel war. We miss Cornelius very much but hope his is in a country where wars are unknown.

With great respect, your friend, Arthur Commerford"

Shortly after I finished transcribing the letters, I was browsing the history books at a small bookstore and found a serendipity: a little booklet entitled *MEMORANDA DURING THE WAR: A classic Portrait of the Civil War by a Hospital Volunteer Who Became One of America's Greatest Poets*, originally published in 1875. The man who chronicled his experiences tending the sick and wounded near Washington DC from late 1862 through the end of the war was Walt Whitman. Read how his writings parallel the Commerford letters. Walt Whitman wrote:

"The Wounded, from Chancellorsville, May, '63. — As I write this, the wounded have begun to arrive from Hooker's command from bloody Chancellorsville. I was down among the first arrivals. The men in charge of them told me the bad cases were yet to come. If that is so I pity them, for these are bad enough."

"But it was the tug of Saturday evening, and through the night and Sunday morning, I wanted to make a special note of. It was largely in the woods, and quite a general engagement. The night was very pleasant, at times the moon shining out full and clear, all Nature so calm in itself, the early summer grass so rich, and foliage of the trees — yet there the battle raging, and many good fellows lying helpless."

"The woods take fire, and many of the wounded, unable to move, (especially some of the divisions in the Sixth Corps) are consumed — quite large spaces are swept over, burning the dead also."

"Of scenes like these, I say, who writes — who e'er

can write, the story? Of many a score — aye, thousands, North and South, of unwritten heroes, unknown heroisms, incredible, impromptu, first-class desperations — who tells? No history, ever — No poem sings, nor music sounds, those bravest men of all — those deeds. No formal General's report, nor print, nor book in the library, nor column in the paper, embalms the bravest, North or South, East or West. Unnamed, unknown, remain, and still remain, the bravest soldiers. Our manliest — our boys — our hardy darlings. Indeed no picture gives them. Likely their very names are lost. Likely, the typical one of them, (standing, no doubt, for hundreds, thousands,) crawls aside to some bush-clump, or ferny tuft, on receiving his death-shot — there, sheltering a little while, soaking roots, grass and soil with red blood — the battle advances, retreats, flits from the scene, sweeps by — and there, haply with pain and suffering, (yet less, far less, than is supposed,) the last lethargy winds like a serpent round him — the eyes glaze in death — none recks — Perhaps the burial squads, in truce, a week afterwards, search not the secluded spot — And there, at last, the Bravest Soldier crumbles in the soil of mother earth, unburied and unknown."

And Walt Whitman's "Bravest Soldier" may have been my 2nd great-grandfather, Pvt. Cornelius T. Richmond of Company F, 119th Pennsylvania Volunteers [aka: the "Gray Reserves"], 3rd Brigade, 1st Division, 6th Army Corps, in the Army of the Potomac, the Union.

All 26 letters in the family's collection can be read online. You are invited to share all of these thoughts as recorded in the letters:

<http://www.pa-roots.com/pacw/infantry/119th/ctrletters.htm>

Cari Thomas has researched her families' paper trails and been a member of the SBCGS since 1995. Her main locales are Pennsylvania and Indiana in this country, and Germany, Alsace, and Ireland in the old. She taught a course in Beginning Germanic Genealogy at Wake Center for 9 years and currently chairs the German SIG every month. She's been a very active member, and has shared her how-to knowledge of family history research through these 21 years.

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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Sleepless at the Sahyun!

SBCGS members and guests gathered for an evening of fun, fellowship, and research at the Sahyun Library on Friday, August 12, 2016. Highlights included A Shiver-Me-Timbers-Treasure Hunt, Genealogy Jeopardy and a Pizza Party! Event organizers were Diane Sylvester and Cathy Jordan with help from Gail and Art Knight, Alicia Watt, Kathie Morgan, Rosa Avolio, Debbie Kaska, Art Sylvester, William Noack, and Kristin Ingalls. Photo by Art Sylvester.