



Ancestors West

A quarterly publication for the members of the
SANTA BARBARA COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Winter 2016 Vol. 41, No. 4



In and Out of Poland in a Day

Walking in Their Footsteps

Fishhead Soup for Dessert

Sleeping with Lincoln

Haunts of My Forebears

Houses of Brick and Stone

Winter

The Ice Storm of 1998

December 7, 1941



Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society

www.sbgen.org

E-mail: info@sbgen.org

Sahyun Genealogy Library

(SBCGS facility)

316 Castillo St., Santa Barbara 93101

Phone: (805) 884-9909

Hours: Tuesday, Thursday, Friday

10:00 AM - 4:00 PM

Tuesday also from 5 - 8 PM in the summer

3rd Saturday 1:00 - 4:00 PM

Sunday 1:00 - 4:00 PM

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

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

Meetings: Regular monthly meetings are held on the third Saturday of each month except August. Meetings begin at 10:30 a.m. at the First Presbyterian Church, 21 E. Constance Ave. at State Street in Santa Barbara. 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 (SBCGS) incorporated as a nonprofit 501(c) (3) organization in 1986. Its aim is to promote genealogy by providing assistance and educational opportunities for those who are interested in pursuing their family history.

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

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

effective July 1, 2016

Karen Ramsdell

President

Jean Pettitt

Financial Officer

Robert Goeller, III

1st V.P. - Programs

Cathy Jordan

2nd V.P. - Membership

Theresa Calvin

Secretary

DIRECTORS AT LARGE

Rosa Avolio

Robert Bason

Connie Burns

Michol Colgan

Jim Friestad

Alex Grzywacki

Joan Jacobs

Christine Klukkert

Kathie Morgan

Dorothy Oksner

Marie Sue Parsons

Jean Pettitt

Robert Rothenberg

Art Sylvester

Diane Sylvester

Jim Wilson

John Woodward

PAST PRESIDENTS

Marie Sue Parsons 2014-'16

Robert Bason 2012-'14

Mary E. Hall 2010-'12

Art Sylvester 2006-'10

Michol Colgan 2003-'06

Sheila Block 2002-'03

James Friestad 2000-'02

Emily Hills Aasted 1998-'00

Janice Gibson Cloud 1996-'98

Cheryl Fitzsimmons Jensen 1994-'96

Carol Fuller Kosai 1993-'94

Beatrice Mohr McGrath 1989-'92

Ken Mathewson 1987-'88

Janice Gibson Cloud 1985-'86

Doreen Cook Dullea 1984

Norman E. Scofield 1983

Harry Titus 1982

Emily Petty Thies 1981

Bette Gorrell Kot 1980

Harry Titus 1979

Mary Ellen Galbraith 1978

Carlton M. Smith 1977

Selma Bankhead West 1975-'76

Harry R. Glen 1974-'75

Carol Roth 1972-'73

inside this issue...

- 2 **From the Editor** *by Debbie Kaska*
 - 3 **Surname List**
 - 4 **A Touch of Old Santa Barbara** *by Margery Baragona*
 - 5 **Lineage Links** *by Kathryn Green*
 - 6 **The Sense of the Census** *by Debbie Kaska*
 - 8 **In and Out of Poland in a Day** *by Susan Pasko Heuchert*
 - 10 **The Spindlers of Nohen: Keeping in Touch with the Past** *by George Goodall*
 - 12 **Fish Head Soup for Dessert: My Father's Family in Egersund, Norway** *by Jim Friestad*
 - 13 **Welcome Home, Wilbur, Wilma and Franklin** *by Bob Bason*
 - 14 **Sleeping with Lincoln** *by Pamela Jameson Boehr*
 - 16 **Jean Antoine Bernard D'Hauterive: From Aoste to Louisiana** *by Marianne Allen Corradi*
 - 18 **Haunts of My Forebears** *by William Noack*
 - 20 **Visit to the Ancestral Towns of the Adler and Hess Families** *by Milt Hess*
 - 23 **Houses of Brick and Stone** *by Cheryl White*
 - 26 **Missed Opportunities in Freshford, County Kilkenny, Ireland** *by Cathy Jordan*
 - 27 **The House that William Built** *by Sharon Knickrehm Summer*
 - 29 **Walking in the Footsteps of Grandpa and Grandma** *by Kathy Stark*
 - 30 **The Cats of Lexington** *by Margaret Owen Thorpe*
 - 33 **Contributing Authors**
 - 34 **The Ice Storm of 1998** *by Verna M. King*
 - 35 **December 7, 1941** *by Millie Brombal*
 - 36 **A Black Sheep in New Mexico** *by Michol Colgan*
- Back Cover – Have You Read This?** *by Cathy Jordan*

From the Editor



“Home is where one starts from.”

T.S. Elliot

I OFTEN DREAM OF MY CHILDHOOD home and my family. I am sure it is a dream many of us share. I have been to Glen Ellyn, Illinois, to look at the old house many times. It is not my home now, of course, and my parents are gone. But the memories come flooding back when I stand on the sidewalk, and I sense in myself the child I was then. For a few fleeting moments I see the world through my childhood eyes. It is a bittersweet experience, for while I recall those happy carefree days, I also long for a past that is only a memory.

This issue of *Ancestors West* takes us on a remarkable journey home to the villages of our forebears in Virginia, Illinois, Missouri, Ireland, England, Germany, France, Norway and Poland as well as to the cities of Frankfurt, Germany and Los Angeles, California. Cheryl White and William Noack took along photos of ancestral homes to help guide them. Marianne Corradi discovered vital records while George Goodall found treasures a neighbor had preserved. Milt Hess experienced the kindness of strangers whom he encountered on his visit to Germany, a theme that was echoed by other authors. Susan Pasko Heuchert described her whirlwind excursion into Poland with enthusiasm and humor. Kathy Stark and her husband found Tante Ida, a link to the generation of his grandparents. Jim Friestad also greeted relatives in the “old country,” who made sure he and his wife did not go hungry. Bob Bason was able to welcome a photo home to its family. Pamela Boehr uncovered forgotten details about Abraham Lincoln in the old Burner cabin. Cats greeted Margaret Owen Thorpe in Lexington, Missouri, as she began to untangle the history of the town. Each story is unique and moving. The authors have indeed “walked in the footsteps” of their ancestors.

Serendipity

A visit to the hometown, either in the US or abroad can also be an occasion where just plain “good luck” plays a role, and discoveries are made that are simply not possible any other way. Susan Heuchert’s chance meeting with a neighbor over a fence in Poland, who turned out to be married to a relative, is a striking example. Equally amazing was George Goodall’s encounter in Germany with Walter Spindler who possessed

letters of his Helter family. This can only happen when you are at the right place at the right time! The list goes on. In an archive a stranger corrected the spelling of the town Marianne Corradi was seeking, told her how to get there and called ahead to facilitate her visit. In the NiederFlorstadt Rathaus, an official located a marriage record for Milt Hess, which disclosed the correct name of his grandfather’s birthplace. By knocking on doors, Cheryl White was able to identify two stately old ancestral homes in Virginia. It is really impossible to predict the genealogical treasures that may materialize when one gets close to the ancestral home.

Has the Internet replaced the need for travel?

With so much information available now on the Internet, is it really worth the time, trouble and money to actually visit our ancestors’ hometowns? The authors of this issue would say a resounding “Yes!”

Those who have made these journeys usually find some vestige of the past remains.

Time, wars, political upheaval and modernization have changed much over the years since our ancestors left those places behind and sought new homes. Usually a church or old house still exists that our ancestors would have recognized. The streets, now paved, may have been dirt back then, but probably felt the tread of our forebears.

Although they left the buildings, friends and relatives behind, our ancestors often did bring something of their old home with them. Most of the clothes, books, photos and objects they brought have been lost over the years, but their language, customs, and special foods often linger for a generation or more.

Knowing where to go

Before we can visit the towns from which our ancestors came we need to know the names of those places. Much of our work as genealogists is devoted to uncovering this information. In addition to the traditional approaches to genealogical research such as vital records, church records and family lore, national and international networking using public trees on websites such as *Amazon.com* or *Familysearch.org* and others can provide the critical data or clues to solving the problem of identifying birthplaces.

The latest research tool that can help to define our heritage is the traces of our ancestors that we carry within us – our DNA. While DNA alone sheds some light on countries or regions of origin, it cannot define a specific locality. However, shared DNA fragments can link us to individuals who may be able to provide this information. It is a resource that is expanding rapidly and has potential for genealogy that is only beginning to be realized.

Winter

The arrival of the winter season brings changes. For us in Southern California that usually includes rain. For those in northern climes, snow with its power to render a scene incredibly beautiful can also leave destruction

in its wake. Verna King describes an ice storm in Maine that will rekindle memories for those of us from the Midwest and northern states. Millie Brombal recalls a December day, December 7, 1941, when the world changed for Americans. Margery Baragona remembers a warm August day in Santa Barbara when end of the war in the Pacific was announced.

Genealogical musings

This issue also includes Kathryn Green's introduction to an important lineage society, The National Society United States Daughters of 1812. Michol Colgan shares a genealogical soap opera episode she discovered while researching at the Family History Library in Salt Lake City, and Cathy Jordan reviews an interesting new book in the Sahyun library.

The Next Issue – Yellowing Letters

The theme for the next issue of *Ancestors West* will be "Yellowing Letters - the value of old personal letters to genealogy." If you have an old letter or letters from friends or relatives that reveal details of their lives and other family history information, readers would be interested to hear about your discoveries. How did you find the letters, who wrote them and when, and what did they reveal about the past?

An additional theme will be Spring, the season of promise and promises! Articles related to weddings, graduations, Easter, spring on the farm, and spring in the city will all be welcome. However, a theme is only a suggestion and all articles of genealogical interest are welcome.

The submission deadline for the next issue is February 1, 2017.

This issue includes a list of all 54 authors who have contributed during 2016 to this Volume of *Ancestors West*! It is exciting to have so many members of our society writing stories from their family history. I sincerely want to thank all of you for your interesting and thought-provoking articles and encourage everyone in the society to discover their writing muse! Each of us has a story to tell and expertise in family history research. The articles provide much more than just an interesting tale; they suggest resources and search methods that help others in their research.

My editorial committee again deserves my deep gratitude for their skill and cheerful assistance. They make the editor's job a pleasure.

Debbie Kaska

Surname Index

Abercrombie 11	Cloud 36	Green 3, 5, 14, 33	Kaska 1, 3, 6, 33	Motyka 8	Smith 32
Adams 5, 11	Colgan 33, 36	Griffin 26	King 3, 33, 34	Niehaus 33	Spindler 2
Adler 20	Cornell 17, 33	Gutermuth 20	Knickrehm 27	Noack 2, 18, 33	Stark 2, 29, 33
Allen 16, 26	Corradi 2, 16, 33	Hall 33	Lafayette 25	Nuño 27	Still 7
Aranda 36	Craviotto 33	Halt 33	Larson 13	Obanel 16	Summer 27, 33
Armstrong 25	Crawford 33	Hamber 33	Laurent 16	Ohrstrom 24	Sylvester 33
Aulls 32	Cruise 25	Harris 33	Lemmon 26	Olvera 30	Temple 15
Avolio 33	Cummins 14	Häußler 18	Lewis 31	Owen 2, 30	Thomas 33
Baker 32	Darling 5	Hawthorn 32	Lincoln 2, 14	Pajestka 8	Thompson 32
Baragona 1, 3, 4, 17, 33	Dauterive 16	Helter 10	Lindhorst 4	Panizzon 33	Thorpe 2, 30, 33
Bartel 4	Day 25	Herrera 36	Linthicum 5	Pasko 2, 8	Todhunter 33
Bason 2, 13, 33	D'Hauterive 16	Hess 2, 33	Lorenz 18	Patterson 33	Triplett 23
Bayha 26	Dilley 36	Heuchert 2, 8, 33	Lundt 33	Pazdziórko 8	Trujillo 36
Bayne 26	Dilling 36	Hidalgo 31	Luther 29	Pettitt 33	Turley 31
Bean 17	Doniphan 32	Hitt 11	Mallery 26	Pohlman 32	Walsh 26
Becknell 31	Dunbar 25	Hollister 32	Mangin 11	Pratt 26	Walz 20
Benshoof 13	Eckhardt 26	Holloway 5	Martin 33	Puszynski 9	Washington 25
Block 33	Farmer 26	Holmes 25	Matthews 26	Rensselaer 32	White 2, 23, 33
Boehr 2, 14, 33	Feely 26	Honikman 33	McClenathen 33	Richmond 18	Wilhite 26
Brombal 3, 33, 35	Fluornoy 33	Hoover 5	McDaniel 13	Robertson 32	Williams 11
Brown 25	Foster 33	Ingalls 33	McDuffie 26	Roosevelt 35	Wilson 33
Browne 33	Friestad 2, 12, 33	Jack 31	McKenzie 31	Roth 33	Wood 26
Burner 14	Gaily 4	Jake 23	McKinley 5	Rothenberg 33	Woodward 17
Byers 33	Gilchrist 36	Jameson 14	Menzel 17	Rupe 31	Yager 4
Carmody 33	Gooch 30	Jefferson 25	Metzger 22	Sahm 33	
Carrier 33	Goodall 2, 10, 33	Jensen 33	Metzgeri 22	Sahyun 33	
Clark 31	Gordon 11	Johnson 17, 33	Mitchell 26	Saunders 6	
Clements 33	Gott 23	Jones 31	Moffett 23	Sayle 32	
		Jordan 3, 26, 33	Morandi 16	Shelton 26	
		Kahn 21	Morelos 31	Silcott 23	

A TOUCH OF OLD SANTA BARBARA



Till the Tune Ends

by Margery Baragona

IN THE TUMULTUOUS years of World War II as the world toppled, we at La Cumbre Junior

High had our own worries - Friday night at Garfield School. Each Friday night there was a dance! New to hormones, wearing lipstick and boy-girl socializing, it was "the event." Popular records played on the Victrola as we couples fumbled and clumsily made our way around the wooden floor. No instruction was given; we took it very seriously, although adults viewing would have doubled over with laughter. There must have been an adult chaperone. Parents arrived promptly at nine to insure no hanky-panky, and take us home. Such innocence! No smoking, no alcohol, no drugs...just boys and girls making feeble attempts at the art of growing up. And feeble they were. Besides the bungled attempts at dancing, there was the fear of not being chosen as a partner - a slight that would remain a lifetime. Friday night remained an almost sacred event and missing one was beyond disappointment.

A few of us who truly enjoyed the dancing persuaded our parents to pay and let us go to Miss Gaily's dancing school. She gave the lessons in an impressive building at Anacapa and Sola, now a Real Estate office. My friend LaRae Lindhorst and I took the bus to State and Anapamu and walked four blocks, stopping at a rest room in a restaurant to reapply our lipstick and making sure we looked "swell." Miss Gaily, a diminutive woman, would begin the session by showing us how to hold one another; we giggled nervously as our sweaty palms intermingled. For some reason a tall David Yager would often be my partner. With the critical eye of a tailor's daughter, I was aware that his pants were too short. I wish I could remember the other boys. I do remember the heartthrob, George Bartel. When he left Santa Barbara before High School, girls wept for days.

In our classes Miss Gaily taught more sophisticated skills, how to dance at a cotillion, how the gentlemen asked the ladies to dance, the art of "cutting in," and other perceived necessities. Later, I am afraid, these talents were seldom put to use. The boys were embarrassed by her instructions while the girls smirked at their immaturity and discomfort. The hour went by quickly, I don't remember how we got home. In those days there were not too many two-car families so moms weren't always available.

In June we graduated from the ninth grade with festivities and excitement, self-conscious and clumsy in our new high heels. What lay ahead was our summer of sun at East Beach. We swathed in baby oil mixed with iodine to make us tan more quickly. We squealed in the cool waves if we ventured that far from our blankets. We indulged in lots of hamburgers, ice cream, and gossip. Our dancing days seemed far behind. Begrudgingly, one August afternoon we left the beach, walking slowly up Milpas Street. We heard horns honking. What could be happening? As we neared State and Anapamu we suddenly became aware of the reason for the commotion. The war was OVER! It was August 14, 1945.

Several weeks later, in this new world, we became Dons at Santa Barbara High. There would be many dances ahead and the tune continues.





LINEAGE LINKS

NATIONAL SOCIETY UNITED STATES DAUGHTERS OF 1812

by Kathryn Green

HEADQUARTERED IN Washington, D.C., the National Society United States Daughters of 1812 is a non-profit, non-political women's service organization for descendants of patriots who aided the American cause during the War of 1812.

Known as America's second war for independence, the War of 1812 lasted from June 18, 1812, to February 18, 1815. On one side was the new United States of America and on the other were forces from the United Kingdom, its North American colonies, including Canada, and their Native American allies. Reasons for the war included trade restrictions on the US brought about by the British war with Napoleonic France, impressment of as many as 10,000 American merchant seamen into the Royal Navy, and British support for Native American tribes battling US settlers who sought to expand the country's western boundaries.

The society was founded by Mrs. Flora Adams Darling on January 8, 1892. The date was chosen because it marked the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, which was an overwhelming American victory and the last major battle of the War of 1812. The society was formally incorporated on February 25, 1901 by an Act of the United States Congress and approved by President William McKinley.

Probably the most notable accomplishment of the society was the adoption of the *Star Spangled Banner* as America's National Anthem. At the conclusion of the first World War in 1918, Mrs. Reuben Ross Holloway, a member of the National Society and president of the Maryland State Society of the United States Daughters of 1812 sent a petition signed by fifty-one individuals and forty-nine civic, fraternal and patriotic societies to US Representative John Charles Linthicum of Maryland encouraging the adoption of the *Star Spangled Banner*. Upon first being presented to the US Congress, however, the bill gained little support. Nevertheless, Rep. Linthicum persisted, introducing similar measures in every succeeding Congress. Meanwhile, the society continued to solicit endorsements from other organizations and on January 30, 1930, representatives from more than 60 patriotic organizations gathered in Washington, D.C. to press for passage of another version of the bill. Finally passed by both Houses of Congress on March 3, 1931, President Herbert Hoover signed the bill into law on the same day and the *Star Spangled Banner* became the official National Anthem of the United States of America.



The United States Daughters of 1812 will celebrate its Quasiquintennial Anniversary on January 8, 2017, and welcomes membership inquiries. Membership is available to women age 18 and over who can provide satisfactory proof of lineal descent from an ancestor who, during the period 1784-1815 inclusive, rendered civil, military, or naval service to our country, rendered material aid to the US Army or Navy, or who participated in the Lewis & Clark Expedition. Junior membership is available to girls and boys from birth through age 21. The US Constitution Chapter serves the Santa Barbara, Ventura and San Luis Obispo area. Please contact our registrar, Kathryn Green, at kverde111@yahoo.com for more information.

THE SENSE OF THE CENSUS

1885 – The Forgotten Census

by Debbie Kaska

The Bolt of Death!

Lightning in Cedar, Antelope County, Nebraska, killed homemaker Betsy Saunders. Her death was recorded on the 1885 Mortality Schedule of the Nebraska State Census.

Two questions arise a result of this record.

- 1) Why did a state census contain a mortality schedule, a schedule that is found only in a Federal Census?
- 2) Since the death of Betsy Saunders supposedly occurred in July 1884, why was it reported in the *Syracuse Journal* in Syracuse, Nebraska, on August 4, 1882?

The Forgotten Census

The answer to the first question is "The Forgotten Census of 1885." Of course, the US Government could not have known that the 1890 Federal Census would be destroyed in a fire in 1921, but they came close to providing a substitute.



(18-10)

Page No. *One*
 Enumeration Dist. No. *26*

Note A.—The Census Year begins June 1, 1884, and ends May 31, 1885.
 Note B.—In making entries in columns 6, 7, and 8, an affirmative mark only will be used, thus / except in the case of Divorced persons, column 8, when the letter "D" is to be used.
 Note C.—For instructions relative to the entries in column 14, see back of this Schedule.
 Note D.—In column 17, note distinctly if no Physician was in attendance, thus (None.)

SCHEDULE 5.—Persons who DIED during the Year ending May 31, 1885, enumerated by me in *Cedar*
Antelope, State of Nebraska, *Orange Brittell*, Enum.

1	2	3 Personal description.				4 What was the civil condition of the person who died?		5 Nativity.			6 Profession, Occupation or Trade.	7 The month in which the person died.	8 Disease or cause of death.	9 If long a resident of the country? If not then one year, state month in fractions, then—	10 If the sex as given on the certificate
		Age	Sex	Color	Religion	Married /	Widowed /	Place of birth of this person, naming the State or Territory of the U. S., or the country, if of foreign birth.	Where was the father of this person born? (As in column 5.)	Where was the mother of this person born? (As in column 5.)					
	<i>Samuel B. B. Saunders</i>	<i>44</i>	<i>M</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>/</i>	<i>/</i>	<i>Ohio</i>	<i>Wisconsin</i>	<i>Wisconsin</i>	<i>Wisconsin</i>	<i>July</i>	<i>Killed by lightning</i>	<i>1 year</i>		
	<i>Paulina M. B. Saunders</i>	<i>28</i>	<i>M</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>/</i>	<i>/</i>	<i>Wisconsin</i>	<i>England</i>	<i>England</i>	<i>Farmer</i>	<i>Dec.</i>	<i>Dropsy</i>	<i>1 year</i>		
	<i>Bess E. B. Saunders</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>/</i>	<i>/</i>	<i>Wisconsin</i>	<i>Illinois</i>	<i>Wisconsin</i>		<i>Sept.</i>	<i>Dropsy</i>	<i>1 year</i>		
	<i>Hannah B. B. Saunders</i>	<i>75</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>/</i>	<i>/</i>	<i>Sweden</i>	<i>Sweden</i>	<i>Sweden</i>	<i>Boarder</i>	<i>Nov.</i>	<i>Swindled</i>	<i>1 year</i>		

1885 Nebraska Mortality Schedule listing the death of Betsy Saunders in July.

In March 1879, the federal government agreed to partially reimburse any state that would take an Inter-Decennial census. There were 38 states in the Union in 1885, but only three states, Colorado, Florida and Nebraska, plus the Dakota Territory and the New Mexico territory sent in schedules to the Secretary of the Interior. Had all states participated, these 1885 State censuses

would have filled in at least part of the void created by the demise of the Federal Census of 1890! However, these five were all states/territories that experienced rapid growth as settlers migrated west, and thus these 1885 censuses are important.

Population, agricultural, mortality and industry schedules were all prepared in the federally sponsored

census of 1885. However, access to these 1885 census schedules is complicated. Online access routes include:

Population Schedules: Ancestry. Com. and Familysearch.org.

On *Ancestry.com* select **search**, then **All Collections**. Scroll down to the map of the United States and select a state. For Dakota Territory select North Dakota, for New Mexico territory select New Mexico.

For **Nebraska, Colorado, Florida or New Mexico territory**: Under "State Name" Census & Voter Lists, select "State Name" State Census 1885. One can enter a name to search. For all *except Nebraska*, images are available and one can also browse by county.

Dakota Territory: Select North Dakota Census and Voter Lists, then North Dakota Territorial and State Census, 1885, 1915, 1925. One can enter a name to search, or browse by year and county.

On *Familysearch.org*. Under **Search** select **Records**. Under **Find a collection**, type in Florida State Census, 1885, Nebraska State Census, 1885, Colorado State Census 1885, or New Mexico Territorial Census, 1885. One can enter a name or browse by county.

Mortality schedules: Ancestry.com

Under **Search**, select **Census and Voter Lists**. Then scroll down to the list of censuses available until you come to US Federal Census Mortality Schedules 1850-1885. For browsing, if you select the year 1885, you can choose Florida, Colorado or Nebraska.

Agricultural and Industry Schedules: National Archives

These are also available for Nebraska (M352), Colorado (M158), Florida (M845) and New Mexico Territories (M846) at the US National Archives and Records Administration (*Archives.gov*). These schedules are not available online, but only as microfilms at the National Archives.

Example: To locate Nebraska records – see Schedules of the Nebraska State Census of 1885 (National Archives Microfilm Publication M352) Records of the Bureau of the Census, Record Group (RG) 29; National Archives and Records Administration (NARA), Washington, DC.

The National Archives do not hold the schedules for the Dakota Territory. These are currently held at the North Dakota State Archives (*history.nd.gov/archives/*) and the South Dakota Archives (*history.sd.gov/archives/*).

Always confirm census data with other documents.

The answer to the second question is that the entry in the 1885 Mortality Schedule is incorrect. Enumerators were instructed to report deaths that occurred in the 12 months prior to May 31, 1885. However, in the case of Betsy Saunders the death had apparently occurred two years earlier. Evidence for the earlier date includes the newspaper article as well as the fact that her husband, Lafayette Saunders, had remarried by the time of the 1885 census to a 33 year old woman named Mary.

This incorrect entry in the 1885 Nebraska Mortality schedule is curious and lends support to the adage – always confirm census dates with other documents.

Epilog:

Born Betsy Ann Still in Delaware, Ohio, in 1836, she met and married Lafayette D. Saunders in Illinois in 1857. Their journey farther west can be traced in the US Census records. Their first son was born in 1858 in Illinois, but by 1860 they had migrated as far as Iowa where they had a farm. By 1870 they had an even larger farm in Otoe County, Nebraska and also a second child, a daughter Mary. By 1880, Mary was 10 and in the 1885 Nebraska State census Mary was 15. However, the life of her mother Betsy had already ended abruptly when she went to the well on a Wednesday morning in July 1882.

If your ancestors were part of the western migration in the latter part of the 19th century, or sought warmer climes in Florida, be sure to investigate the 1885 census.

In and out of Poland in a Day, with more cousins than you can shake a kij at

by Susan Pasko Heuchert

IN 2012, MY HUSBAND DON was planning a business trip to Vienna and I was going to take the opportunity to tag along. In corresponding with relatives, I stumbled across my deceased father's cousin, Jane, living in Florida, who was planning a trip to Kraków, Poland, and the family's ancestral village in South-Central Poland. I had always wanted to see the mysterious Soviet-constrained Poland where my great-grandparents, Frank Pazdziórko and Maria Pajestka were from. (My father Edward, shortened his name from Pazdziorko to Pasko, and Pazdziórko was really Frank's mother's name but that is another story.) How would I swing this rendezvous? I conceived the idea of correlating our trips so we could meet up with them on a Saturday in the family village of Milówka, Poland.

This was my big opportunity. Aunt Jane had connections to distant relatives and knew where to go. She was traveling with her husband and her niece Tina, a second cousin of mine. Since none of us speak Polish and we knew they would speak no English, she made the wise choice of hiring an interpreter. We proceeded with our trip, flew into Vienna, crossed over the Danube River and stayed the night in Bratislava, Slovakia.

In the early morning of our planned rendezvous, we left the dull Soviet decor of Bratislava under clear skies.

Having not gone more than five miles in our Austrian rental car, we were pulled over by the Highway Policia. Apparently we did not have a pass to drive on the expressway in our Austrian rental car. Ugh! This was not a good start and they fined us 100EU cash on the spot. With our new pass, we followed our GPS on a scenic three-hour drive up the wide and lush Váh River valley past ruined castles and farm fields to the mountainous Polish border. With no guard, no gate, and barely a border sign, we entered Poland. We glided down the mountain pass and meandered around the rolling green hills.

Our first stop, only a few miles in from the border, was the village of Milówka. It was a charming mid-mountain village wedged into a lush river valley surrounded by pine tree covered hills. I texted Jane, she gave me an address and directions, and we headed to a simple yet charming house of my distant cousin Stash Motyka and his family, his brother Franek and his family and all the visiting grandchildren. After lots of greetings and hugs we met everyone. We were right about the language barrier; beyond my Polish greeting of "dzień-dobry" we were lost. Other than not being able to converse directly, we had the most wonderful experience. We laughed the whole time because they would



View of the low rolling mountains of Poland as seen entering from the far eastern corner of the Czech Republic. Milowka, Poland, lies in the valley to the right.

laugh, and we had no idea what they were laughing about, so we laughed back.

I had the interpreter ask them about their parents and grandparents. Through this I was able to find they were descendants of my great-grandmother Maria Pajestka's sister. It was fabulous meeting this whole new branch to my tree. We enjoyed a spread of fresh pastries, fruit and coffee and exchanged gifts. Somebody suggested we travel downtown to visit the old Pajestka family home. We loaded up three cars and caravanned off. Unfortunately, we found the hand-hewn timbered home had recently had a major fire and was inaccessible. Nonetheless we were there. The next stop was the Miłówka church, Assumption of the Virgin Mary. It was a charming little church that was decorated inside in lovely yellow and white with gold accents all around.

Then we were off traveling five miles upstream on a narrow two-lane road to the nearby town of Rajcza, ancestral home of my great-grandfather Frank Pazdziorko. Pazdziorko means something like fall-harvest in Polish. Cousin Franek rode with us. I used a few Polish words about understanding some Polish, and he went off rambling and laughing, and we just laughed back. It was a riot. Turned out he was retired from many long and wearing years in the coalmines.

Our caravan meandered through the charming one-church village lying in the Soła river valley. Rajcza lies adjacent to the Żywiec National Park and before WWII, it was a popular mountain-resort with Hapsburg ties. We continued up-stream and just outside the main town and we all pulled off into a field. Jane explained the house across the street was where grandfather Frank Pazdziórko's half-brother Dominic Puszyński (his mother re-married), who stayed behind in Poland, had lived. Our group was standing in the field chatting up a racket, and making quite a scene along the road. Nobody seemed to know who now lived in the house. One resident man came out waving and chased our cars out of his field.



The neo-Romanesque Catholic Church of St. Kazimierza, in Rajcza, Poland, and site of a local wedding.

Suddenly a Polish lady with bright auburn dyed hair, sticks her head over her fence next to us and says something in Polish. We thought she might have been asking us to leave. Our interpreter went to talk to her. She had been listening in on us like a nosey neighbor, until she heard the words Pazdziórko.

At this she asked the interpreter why we were saying those names. It turned out that her husband's grandmother was a Pazdziórko! We couldn't believe it. After she found out we were related, the wonderful lady invited us into her home. Our interpreter helped her understand how we were related and we met her husband and our cousin Jan Puszyński. Then to top things off, she produced a family tree on an 18" x 24" piece of paper. Bingo again! I proceeded to take multiple photos of the document and our newfound relatives.



Polish Goral musicians playing lively music at a local wedding. Cousin Adam is on the far left.

She mentioned that Adam, another Puszynski cousin, was a musician at a wedding occurring back in downtown Rajcza. So we were off again to find another relative. We arrived at the Catholic Church and the wedding was just finishing. As the newlyweds exited the church, the Goral Musicians with their black hats and silver buttoned vests played a lively Polish tune and the people threw coins at the newlyweds like we do rice. During a pause we discovered which of the musicians was a Puszynski and to his surprise we introduced ourselves. We all wanted to crash the party and dance away at the wedding.

After returning the relatives to their home, we said our good-byes, thank you or "Dziękuję," and good-wishes to everyone. With one final stop at the local market, we picked up some Polish snacks and a bottle of Polish Bison Vodka. We headed to the edge

of town and to our surprise found a sobriety check in progress. This involved an instant breath analysis and a passing green light. Good thing we had not been drinking! It was a long drive back to Bratislava, but as the darkness settled in I knew we had done it! I had pulled off a wonderful four-hour visit in Poland with actual relatives that can never be repeated in more ways than one.

Susan Heuchert has been a member of the SBGCS for 5 years. She currently resides back and forth between Santa Barbara and Pasadena where she is a rocket science engineer at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory (JPL). In her spare-time she is an avid genealogist and DNA enthusiast. Most of her current research involves southern Poland, southern Ireland, Southwest Baden and Northwest Bavaria.

The Spindlers of Nohen: Keeping in Touch with the Past by George Goodall

AFTER TAKING OUR genealogical research as far as we could here at home, my first wife, Barbara Helter Goodall, and I decided we had to go to Germany to see if we could learn more about her ancestors, the Helters. We took a year of Adult Education Beginning German classes to be able to better communicate while there. We read all the German genealogy books in our library. We even went to the Immigrant Genealogy Library in Burbank to see what help they could give us. All we knew for sure was that her great-grandfather, Charles Helter, had emigrated from a little village named Nohen in west central Germany. We thought, "Let's go there, walk around, and see if we can learn anything."

In Nohen, Germany, in 1998, we found a sleepy village of several hundred people living along the Nahe River running through a hilly countryside in the Birkenfeld District in Rheinland-Pfalz. It lies about 30 miles north of France and 30 miles east of Luxembourg. After driving around we decided to stop at the village church. As with most village churches, the cemetery is adjacent. While we were looking at the grave markers, a man approached us and asked



Spindler's home in Nohen on the Nahe River, Birkenfeld District, Rheinland-Pfalz, Germany. Note garden at lower right and attached barn on upper right.

if he could help (in German of course). I answered in my poor German, telling him the surname we were looking for. Without saying anything, he motioned for us to follow him. After about two blocks he pointed to a man working in his garden, and then disappeared. We walked up to the gardener, introduced ourselves, and told him what we were seeking. He immediately smiled, put down his pruning shears, shook our hands, and said his name was Walter Spindler. He invited us into his house and introduced us to his wife, Gerda, who promptly poured coffee and asked



Old pilgrimage church of the Virgin Mary in Nohen.

us to sit down to some German fruitcake. They made us feel very welcome, and said that we had come to the right place.

We were absolutely amazed! The story that unfolded was much more than we had ever expected or hoped to find. Walter was a descendant of the Spindler family that had lived next door to my wife's great-grandfather's family in Nohen when they left for America in 1850. Stored in his barn were letters the Helters had written describing their trip across the Atlantic and how they found Ohio. Also stored were copies of all the Helters' property records that the Spindlers had sold for the Helters when they left Nohen, and then later had sent the money to Ohio. He explained how the Helters and Spindlers may have been related in earlier generations, but not in any of the records I could find. He knew that his ancestors were godparents of the Helter children whose parents had died of typhoid fever in 1837. These five orphaned children had been parceled out to live with aunts and uncles between 1837 and 1850, until an uncle and aunt brought them to the USA along with their own family. It was hard to believe that the letters and records had been kept for 150 years!

We agreed to return the next day when their granddaughter, Kathrin, could be with them. She spoke English well and was a wonderful help to us, especially

in translating the detailed records. We borrowed the records and took them to Idan-Oberstein, the nearby big city, where we were able to make copies to take home to translate at our leisure and in greater detail. We have kept in contact with the Spindlers ever since - a lovely family that answered our prayers and gave us all the information we wanted about Barbara's Helter family in Germany.

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, Helter, Hitt, Mangin, and Williams.

Fish Head Soup for Dessert: My Father's Family in Egersund, Norway

by Jim Friestad



Photo of the Friestad family taken in Norway after 1918 and before Jonas emigrated to the US in 1924. Clockwise from left: Dagny, Karen Sofie, Herluf, Magnhild, Jenny, Martin Johan, Bjarne, Jorine, and Jonas.

MY PARENTS HAD CARED FOR my quadriplegic brother at home for almost 20 years and he died in the fall of 1977. Near Christmas that year my father called and said, "Your mother and I are thinking of going to Norway next summer!" Without batting an eye I said, "Fine, we will go with you."

My father, Herluf (Harold), had immigrated from Egersund, Norway, in 1926 and had never returned in almost 52 years. My mother's parents had also immigrated from Norway and they never returned either, but my mother was born in Chicago.

We made plans to travel to Norway in June the following year. My cousin Clifford, who lived in Tempe, Arizona, and his wife decided to travel with us. Shortly after we got on the plane my father said to me, "You know if you hadn't agreed to travel with us I would have backed out long ago!"

We landed in Stavanger, Norway, and the family members, in three small cars, were there to greet us. I knew we had many relatives in Norway but was surprised during our stay that my Dad still had a brother and two sisters living there and that I had 14 first cousins.

My cousin Jostein, who was my age, had corresponded with me since we were both in high school so it was a pleasure to meet him in person. Marj and I stayed with him, his wife and three children, two teenagers and a younger son. All have since visited here. Knut, the eldest, stayed with us in Santa Barbara while he attended the winter term at Westmont in the 1980s.

My parents and my cousin and his wife stayed with his brother in the house my father was born in. Uncle Bjarne's granddaughter now lives in that house.

With so many relatives in Norway they had decided we all had to have at least one meal at each of their

houses. Quickly a routine was set up; we would arrive at a house promptly at 2 PM. We would be formally welcomed and the meal would be steaming hot on the table. We would get up from the table and talk until 4 PM and then they would bring out dessert of at least three or four cakes plus other Norwegian goodies. Then at 6 PM we were expected to sit down and have supper! After about three days of this I told my cousin you are going to kill us with all this food, at least cut out supper!

The other thing I quickly learned was to look above my plate. If it was a fork we were going to have cake for dessert, if it was a spoon

we were going to have Fish Head Soup for dessert and usually the eyes were floating in the soup.

We toured most of the area where my Dad grew up and saw many sights, including where uncles who were part of the underground fought against the Germans. I was also told that my grandfather was the one person in town during the German occupation that could go into the German Commandant's office and rap his cane on the desk and say, "Some of your men are getting out of hand with our young girls," and those men were usually transferred the next day.

It was also interesting that my father met people on the street that he had known 52 years earlier and they would tell him that his Norwegian was good but it was 50 years old.

We had a great three weeks there. Marj and I have returned several times since but it was my father's last trip as he passed away the next year.

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

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

“WELCOME HOME, WILBUR, WILMA AND FRANKLIN”

by Bob Bason

THROUGH THE 31 YEARS that I have been doing the genealogy of my Bason and Benshoof families, I have been the recipient of numerous “finds” or “gifts” that have been fortunate and productive. The box of 300 family letters dating from the 1840s that was literally saved from the trash was certainly at the top of the list. But, this last week I experienced again that feeling of joy that comes with a wholly unexpected turn of events – one that comes out of the blue.

I received an e-mail from an unknown (to me) individual with the intriguing line in the “subject” heading: “Photographs of McDaniel family (relation to Benshoof).” Did I want to open this one? OH, YES!

Dear Mr. Bason,

My name is Tracy Larson. In addition to working on my own family tree, I have also found joy in re-homing older photographs that I have found in antique and thrift shops... On a recent trip to the Oregon coast I picked up a penny postcard; on the front, three young children are standing in front of a chicken coop on what may be a farmyard. Written on the back are the names ‘Wilbur, Wilma, and Franklin McDaniel;’ there is no date. However, I believe through the census I have found their family. These three appear to be the children of William and Mildred (Benshoof) McDaniel. I found burial records for all of the family members, but have been unable to locate any surviving family. However, as Mildred’s maiden name is Benshoof, I’m wondering if you might be interested in having the picture. I would love to see this wonderful photograph find a home again. I am willing to send it at no charge. I look forward to hearing from you.

Tracy L.

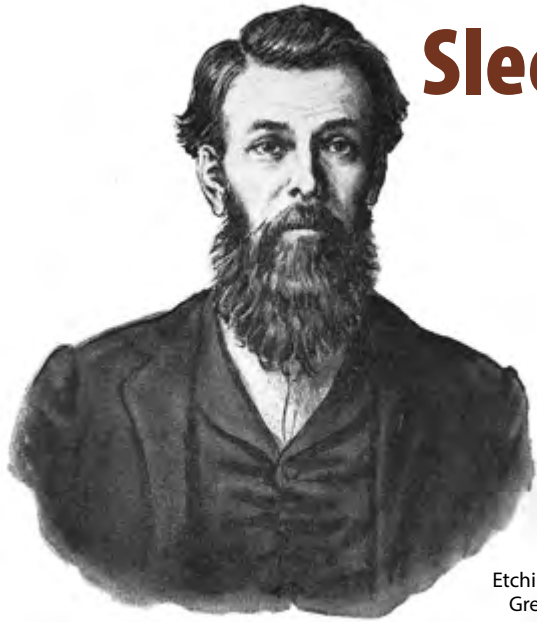
Two days ago, I received the original photo in the mail. Yesterday, I completed all of the research on ancestry.com on this distant line of the Benshoof family. Today I scanned their childhood picture and put all three children back in the Benshoof family
**WELCOME BACK TO THE BENSHOOF FAMILY,
WILBUR, WILMA AND FRANKLIN.**

Now I can hardly wait to get to an antique store or a thrift shop to find some lonely picture of lost children. Re-homing looks like fun – and I’m eager to pay this one forward.



The McDaniel children, 4th cousins to Bob Bason. L to R: Wilma Marie (b: 1920), Franklin James (b: 1924) and Wilbur Andrew (b:1917). Photo taken near Sherwood, Oregon, about 1925.

Bob Bason, a former president of the Santa Barbara Genealogical Society, is an avid researcher of the Bason and Benshoof lines. Today he has over 15,000 relatives on his public Ancestry.com tree, as well as 3,000 family pictures. He and his wife Carol, now split their retirement years between Montecito, California, and Grafton, Vermont.



Etching of Daniel Green Burner

Sleeping with Lincoln

by Pamela Jameson Boehr

Daniel was eighty when he revealed his reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln. In the source I uncovered he said, "I have seen so many things that are false about Lincoln's New Salem life that I don't like to talk about them for fear people will think I am misstating." The human elements he supplied were fascinating and one could feel how he held the memory of Lincoln in deepest veneration.

When an invitation arrived in 2006, no one had to twist our arms to convince us to attend the first-ever *Reunion of Direct Descendants of the New Salem Community*, part of a yearlong celebration of the 175th anniversary of Lincoln's arrival. We greeted other family members in this pioneer village a few miles from Springfield where the future president spent six years of his young adulthood. Interpreters in period dress demonstrated the daily tasks performed by the pioneers who lived there. Included among the 23 structures are numerous log houses, a grist mill, a tavern and several stores. But best of all for us was to step into the Burner cabin. Not only did witnessing the historic site enable us to understand what life was like for our ancestors during the 1830s, but also to gain a sense of pride in knowing the community helped to mold one of America's most gifted statesmen.

THERE ARE TIMES during the research process when we uncover some extremely sad circumstances which our ancestors endured. In searching for data to prove the Revolutionary War service of Daniel Burner, I learned that in his old age he had been turned down for a pension. The only fortuitous fact for me was that his testimony contained the names of his children, one of whom was the link to my 3rd great-grandfather, Isaac.

Had I ever heard of Isaac Burner?! From early childhood the name Burner ranked high when paternal relatives spoke about the past. Of course, details were scant, but over the decades I learned that Isaac (1784 SC-1860 IL) and his wife, Susannah Cummins (1786 NC-1855 IL) moved from Barren County, Kentucky around 1828 to New Salem, Illinois, with their daughters and one son, Daniel Green Burner (1814 KY-1903 IL). The frontier village where my ancestors settled would be forgotten today had it not been for the boarder my family took in at one dollar per week.

Like his father, Abraham Lincoln began his adult life as a transient wage laborer. When he became of age he left his parents' house and landed in New Salem by way of a flatboat in 1831. During his time there he was a general store owner, a soldier in the Black Hawk War, a postmaster and a surveyor. It was there that he was first elected to the Illinois State Assembly.

As a bachelor who didn't own property, Lincoln relied on families like the Burners. My 2nd great-grandfather, Daniel Green Burner, clerked at the Berry-Lincoln Store. He and Lincoln shared a bed in the Burner's simple cabin. He said, "The bed we slept on was composed of a feather bed and straw mattress. The bedstead was homemade and the ticks rested on cords. He was one of the finest, smartest boys I ever knew. At home we didn't talk much about learned and serious things. He taught me how to play cards."

FRIEND OF LINCOLN DEAD.

Emancipator Boarded Four Years at Daniel Green Burner's Home and Bunked with Him.

Special to The New York Times.

GALESBURG, Ill., Sept. 24.—Daniel Green Burner, a boyhood friend of Abraham Lincoln, died to-day in his ninetieth year.

Burner's father came from Kentucky to New Salem in 1828 and lived there until 1834, when the family came to Knox County. Mr. Burner's relations with Lincoln were intimate.

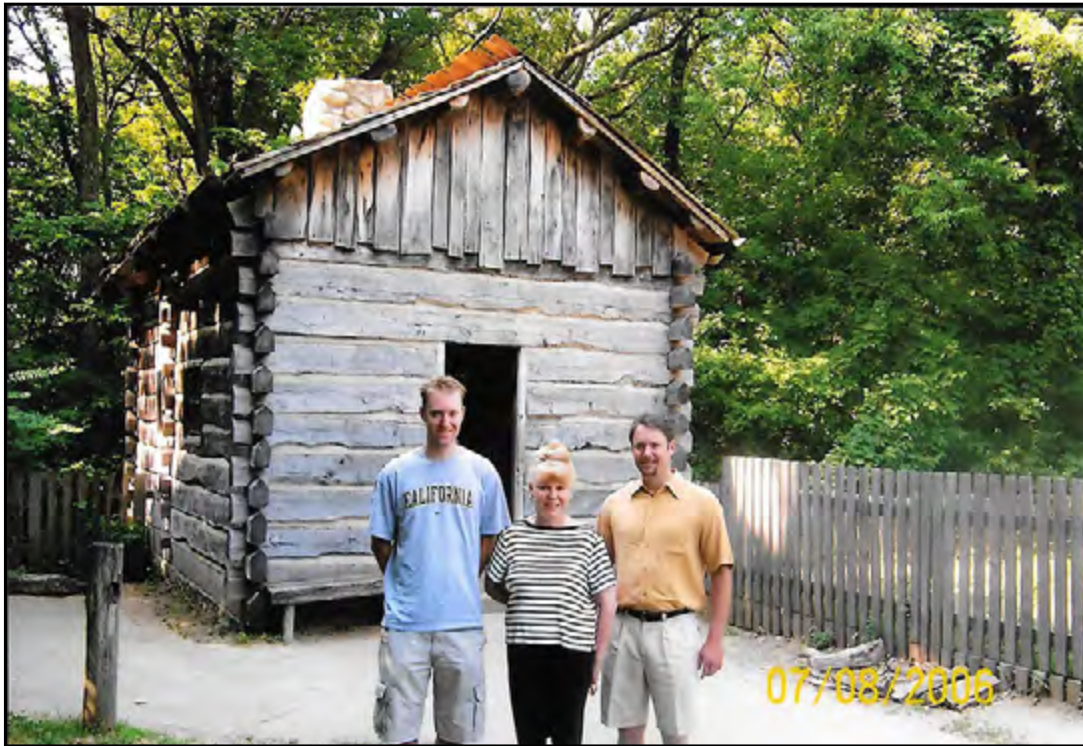
For four years Lincoln boarded at the Burner home, and part of that time Burner and Lincoln bunked together. He was fond of recalling Lincoln's studious habits and his reading by the light of a tallow candle, and was familiar with the various incidents of Lincoln's life in New Salem.

In the winter of 1833-4 he was a clerk in the Lincoln-Berry store. For some time after Burner left New Salem the two kept up correspondence, and on the occasion of the Lincoln-Douglas debate here Burner was one of the men for whom Lincoln inquired.

The New York Times

Published: September 25, 1903

Copyright © The New York Times



Craig, Pam and Tom Boehr outside the Isaac Burner Cabin in New Salem, Illinois



Interior of the Burner Cabin where the young Abraham Lincoln was a boarder.

Temple, Wayne C. *Lincoln and the Burners at New Salem*; *Lincoln Herald*, V. 67, No. 2; Summer, 1965; pgs. 59-71.

For more information about *Lincoln's New Salem*:
<http://lincolnsnewsalem.org>

Pam Boehr is a long-time SBCGS member whose maternal ancestors settled in Santa Barbara County in 1896. She is a member of Mission Canyon Chapter, NSDAR, the Santa Barbara Chapter of Colonial Dames of America, and United States Daughters of 1812.

Jean Antoine Bernard D'Hauterive: From Aoste to Louisiana, in the service of the King of France

by Marianne Allen Corradi



D'Hauterive
Coat of Arms 1781

BACK IN ABOUT 1985, following my several years of research and family history classes here in Santa Barbara, my husband, Jim Corradi, and I were planning a trip to Italy to visit some of his Italian relatives. I convinced him that I needed to go to Grenoble, France, to see what I could find in the Archives about my immigrant ancestor, Jean Antoine Bernard D'Hauterive (later called Antoine Dauterive), the 8th great-grandfather of my grandmother, Marie Agnes Dauterive.

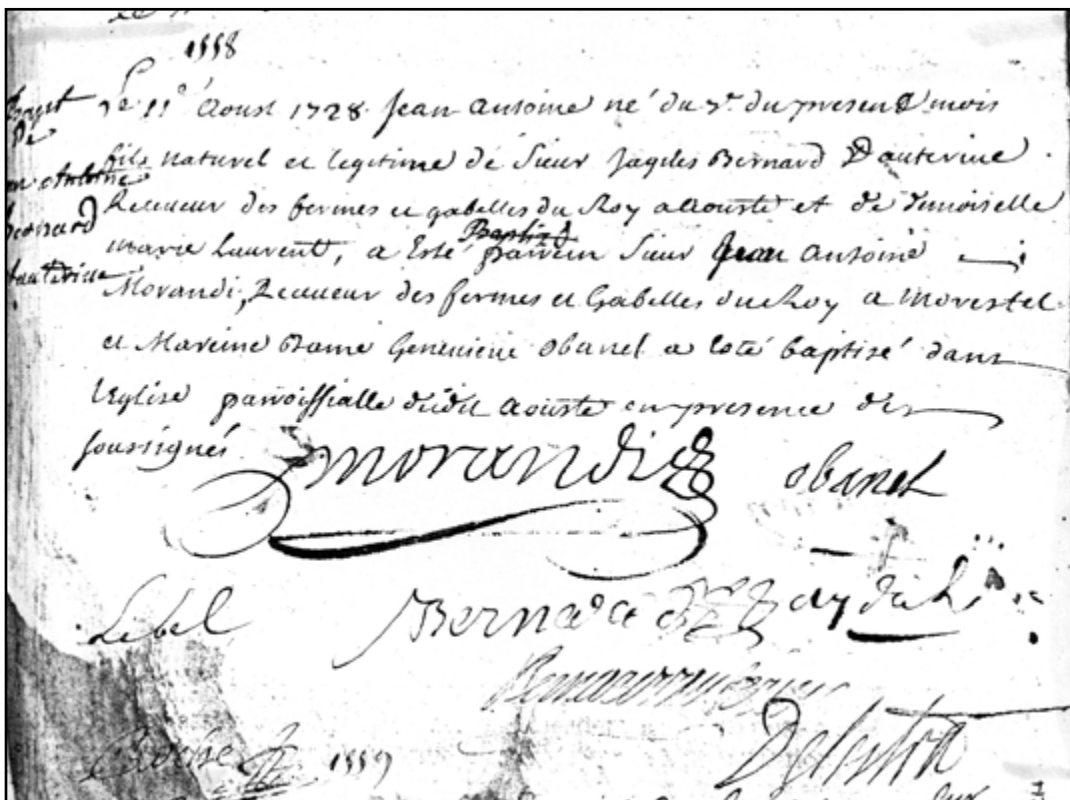
Jean Antoine had come to America in about 1750-1756, along with two brothers, as an army officer in the service of the King of France. I had been told that they were from the town of Oste, in the Province of Dauphine, in the Diocese of Belly, which was north of Grenoble. All three of the brothers had been assigned to Louisiana, and, after they left the army some years later, they acquired land and settled in the St. Martinville area of Louisiana. They prospered in that land and left many descendants.

Jim and I landed in Milan, Italy, and drove north across the Alps to the beautiful town of Grenoble. Early the next morning we found the Archives in Grenoble and I started my search with my French-English dictionary in hand. I had some success, but, later, I went to the main desk where I inquired about records from

Oste, when a young man who spoke English, said to me, "You don't mean Oste, you mean Aoste, which is about a 20 minute ride north of here. If you like, I could make a phone call and see if the Municipal Building in Aoste would be able to help you in your search." He made the call and soon Jim and I were driving to Aoste. The Municipal Building was locked (it was after 4:00 in the afternoon) but when I knocked on the door, it was opened by a lovely lady who understood what I needed. She handed me a small ledger from the early 1700s, directed me to a table, and found Jean Antoine's 1728 baptismal record from the St. Didier Church of Aoste for me. She even made a Xerox copy of the record and I was able to find baptismal records for five other D'Hauterive siblings and to receive copies of each.

Needless to say, I was thrilled. But there was another breathtaking moment ahead.

Jim had been walking around town while I was working and he had discovered the St. Didier Church



Baptismal record for Jean Antoine Bernard D'Hauterive. The 11 August 1728 Jean-Antoine born 7th of the present month natural and legitimate son of Sieur Jaques Bernard Dauterive Collector of farm and salt tax for the Royalty of Aouste and of Demoiselle Marie Laurent, with godfather Sieur Jean Antoine Morandi, Collector of farm and salt tax for the Royalty of Morestel and godmother Dame Genevieve Obanel to be baptized in the official parish church Didier Aouste in the presence of witnesses
(Signatures of)
Morandi Obanel
Bernard
Bernard Dauterive
Delestra, Cure



Church of St. Didier, Aoste, France

where all of the D'Hauterive children had been baptized. It had obviously been built sometime before the 18th century. The stone walls of the church were about 12 inches thick. The interior was barren except for the altar and a few wooden benches, and there, just beyond the front door, was the baptismal font. I could hardly believe that Jean Antoine, my immigrant ancestor, had been baptized in that font in 1728 – and, there it was – still being used after all of these years.



Baptismal font in the church of St. Didier, Aoste, France.

Marianne is a 32-year proud member of SBCGS with a life time of research, which has produced three family history books-a true labor of love.



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 SBCGS 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!

***Rosalie Bean, Margery Baragona, Norma Johnson, John Woodward,
Helen Cornell and Howard and Maria Menzel***



Views of Oschatz, Germany, where my 2nd great-grandmother, Emilie Sophia Häußler Noack was born in 1823.

Haunts of My Forebears

by William Noack

NINETEEN EIGHTY-FIVE was a great year for connecting with my ancestors! I managed to visit the 17th and 18th century haunts of both my father's and mother's forebears. First, I made a trip to the Bach Festival in East Germany for Bach's 300th birthday, and while in Leipzig, I rented a car and drove south to Oschatz. My father's Häußler and Lorenz families resided there in the 1600s, and it was amazing to realize my ancestors had set eyes upon some of the same unchanged landmarks. I continued on to a village near Meißen, where my 3rd great-grandparents were buried in the 1830s.

Upon finding the graveyard, I couldn't locate any graves dated before the 1870s, so I sought out the pastor of the church at his home. Since he didn't speak English (less common in East Germany - especially the Dresden area, which received no TV signals from the West since it was in a valley) and my German wasn't the greatest, I did nevertheless learn that the bodies of my ancestors had been dug up and a new generation buried on top of them. The pastor pulled out the original parish records at his home, and sure enough, my 3rd Noack great-grandparents were duly recorded as having died and been buried there in the 1830s! Now that Germany has been reunified, I sure hope one day that the parish records will be digitized.

Later in 1985, I made a separate trip to England, attending the Handel 300th birthday celebration at Westminster Abbey (a better time of year than his true birthday in the winter), and while there, I went to the Cotswolds to visit the ancestral home of my mother's

Richmond family. My 9th great-grandfather, John Richmond, was born there at Ashton Keynes, Wiltshire in 1594.

I had a photo of the family home taken in the 1890s and searched for an hour. After almost giving up trying to find it, I wandered up one last driveway behind hedges and was met by a barking little dog with its owner coming after it shouting, "Here Richmond!" Yes, she had named her dog Richmond! She approached me coming up the driveway and said, "You must be one of those thousands of American descendants looking for the house!" Sure enough, she had been visited many times before by Richmond descendants. By the 1980s there were allegedly about 8,000 descendants of John Richmond in America and several of them had offered to trade their homes in America for the ancestral manor house, one being a beach house in Malibu. The gigantic house had been turned into a bed and breakfast, so I managed to stay two nights and was given a good tour. The oldest part of the home was built in the 1400s. It had doors with low lintels, and I had to duck to enter. But around 1600 the family started to make a lot of money, so they built a gigantic addition onto the original house, using timbers from the fleet of Henry VIII. The new part of the house had gigantic entry doorways, with doors high enough to ride through on a horse!

There is a family tale about why John Richmond left his estate and emigrated to America. Apparently he and his brother were on different sides in the English Civil War (1642-1651) - one a Roundhead and one a Cavalier. Just before the Battle of Newbury in 1643, my ancestor's brother came to his tent to pay a courtesy call and wish him well on the morrow. John had been dozing, and being startled, he saw only an enemy uniform at the tent entrance, grabbed his weapon and killed his brother. This caused him to become "deranged with grief" and soon afterwards he emigrated to the wilds of Massachusetts, becoming a founder of Taunton.



This is a photo taken in 1896 of the Richmond Manor House in Ashton-Keynes, Wiltshire, as it appears in the book *The Richmond Family 1594-1896 and Pre-American Ancestors 1040-1594* by Joshua Bailey Richmond, published in 1897. The original house built in the 1400s is the smaller section on the left with the more sloping roof. The larger section on the right was added in the 1600s.



William Noack at the entrance to the Richmond ancestral home where John Richmond, his 9th great-grandfather was born in 1594!

William Noack first started doing genealogy research over 50 years ago, at age 12, tracing a grandmother's grandmother back to the Mayflower knowing only her name. At every opportunity he would hang out at the Genealogy Room of the Los Angeles Public Library. Later in life, while owning a bookstore in Ojai, he would make trips to England buying rare books, and it was during one of these trips he visited the Richmond Manor in Wilshire. He still occasionally sells books, but is mostly a collector these days, with about 45,000 books in his library, including a few from the 1500s. In addition to volunteering at the Sahyun Library, he is president of the local contra dance organization with its weekly dances, and vice president of the local Mensa chapter.

Visit to the Ancestral Towns of the Adler and Hess Families

September 2012

by Milt Hess

Background

MY FATHER WAS BORN Friedrich Hess in 1902 in Frankfurt am Main, Germany. (He changed his name to Fred after coming to America.) His parents were Markus Hess and Bertha Adler. The family lived in a four-story house at 39 Musikantenweg in Frankfurt, which still stands today. After losing two children in early childhood, three sons in World War I, and her husband in 1921 to illness, Bertha brought her three youngest sons to America in 1923.

In 2010 I found a record of Bertha returning from a trip to Europe in 1933 that listed her birthplace as NiederFlorstadt. Around the same time I found a passport application of her brother Louis Charles Adler, which listed his birthplace as NiederFlorstadt as well.

When I researched NiederFlorstadt I found that it's a small town about 35 km NNE of Frankfurt, part of a municipality called Florstadt. Florstadt has a website, which included an email address for inquiries. I wrote to ask if there was information available about Bertha Adler. After several message exchanges with Joachim Gutermuth, I learned that, unfortunately, the answer was no.

Nevertheless, I wanted to visit NiederFlorstadt, if only to walk on the streets where my grandmother ran and played as a young girl. In September 2012 my wife Cecilia and I visited NiederFlorstadt and Frankfurt as part of an ancestry tour to the birthplaces of our grandparents.

We stayed in the Hotel Adler (pure coincidence) in Frankfurt, near the Hauptbahnhof (main train station). It wasn't elegant, but it was convenient and clean and had free wifi and helpful English-speaking staff.

NiederFlorstadt

On the morning of 5 September we woke early, had breakfast at the hotel and headed out to visit NiederFlorstadt. We bought two *tageskarten* (day passes) to the Friedberg Bahnhof, which included bus rides within the Friedberg area. The train and bus were easy, and we were dropped off at the Florstadt *Rathaus* (city hall). We started walking in what I thought was the right direction, but a sign for OberFlorstadt indicated that we needed to be somewhere else. Just then it started to rain a little. As we looked at the map and dithered, I looked up to see a man across the street who looked anxious to help. I told him (in German) what we were looking for. He then invited us into his house and brought us a paper with the names and addresses of Jewish people who used to live in NiederFlorstadt, including Hermann Adler. His wife was there with their grandson and we chatted a bit as well as I could *auf Deutsch*.

He pulled two umbrellas from the trunk of his car, gave them to us, and led us on a personal guided

walking tour. His name was Helmut Walz, he spoke only German with us, and he was wonderful. He led us across the bridge over the Nidda, a little stream (with a swan swimming in it), left onto Weitgasse and Enggasse – two of the oldest streets in NiederFlorstadt. He showed us the empty lot on Enggasse where Hermann Adler had his bakery.

As we walked around the old streets he pointed out the plaque marking where the synagogue was before Kristallnacht. Helmut took us down a path to a small memorial to Jews who were killed in 1939. It was on the site of what had been the Jewish cemetery.

We said goodbye to Helmut with profuse thanks and got lunch at a kebab place near the bridge. We walked around NiederFlorstadt some more. Enggasse and Weitgasse clearly were the old part of town; the outer streets were newer.

I wanted to say hello to Joachim Gutermuth, with whom I corresponded in 2010 when I first learned about NiederFlorstadt. The *Rathaus* had closed at noon, but we saw a few people go in and out so we waited a bit and asked the next woman going in if she knew him. She took us in and called him; he came down and took us to his office. Joachim spoke English fairly well, which made it easier. Behind his desk were several cabinets containing books of marriage certificates.

I thought that Bertha and Markus had been married in 1887, but he found nothing in his book for that year. For the heck of it he tried 1886, and there they were! I was off by one year. In the old German script (*Kurrentschrift*), there were names, dates, occupations, parents – I could hardly believe what I was hearing as Joachim read the marriage certificate. The biggest surprise was that Markus was born in Nieder-Mockstadt, not Frankfurt as I had always assumed. Nieder-Mockstadt is another part of Florstadt; its population in 2008 was 1,507.

Joachim told us it was about seven kilometers east and offered to drive us there. Before doing so he made a copy of the marriage certificate for us. He took us in a Florstadt city car to Nieder-Mockstadt, showed us the bus stop to get back to Florstadt, and drove us along a dirt road to the Jewish cemetery deep in the countryside, in a clearing surrounded by trees – a relatively small plot of land with a wall surrounding it and a locked gate. It appeared to be in good condition.

He took us to the *altstadt* (old town) and dropped us off to explore. We were so grateful to him. The success of our visit was due entirely to Joachim and Helmut – the kindness of two strangers who enabled us to learn about my family's origins in this lovely community.



The Jewish Cemetery of the Nieder-Mockstadt, part of the town of Florstadt, Germany

After we walked around a bit we took the bus to Florstadt and then another to Friedberg Bahnhof. The same *tageskarten* sufficed for all the bus rides in the district...very civilized. The train back to Frankfurt Hauptbahnhof completed a most rewarding and gratifying day.

Genealogical Findings

I derived new information about the Adler family from Bertha's marriage certificate and the memorial. The marriage certificate listed Bertha's parents as Michael and Karolina Guthmann Adler; I had not known that spelling of her mother's name. The marriage certificate listed Abraham Adler, age 44, as a witness. I can only assume that Abraham was Michael Adler's brother - Bertha's uncle.

The monument lists information about gravestones that were destroyed in 1939, including three people named Adler:

- Abraham - d: 27 Feb 1915
- Frieda - d: 24 May 1912
- Albert - d: 9 Jan 1939

In addition, the horizontal slab lists three members of the Adler family who were victims of the Nazis:

- Hermann
- Jenny
- Auguste

Based on the dates and subsequent research I have tentatively concluded the following relationships:

- Hermann and Albert were Abraham's sons
- Jenny (nee Kahn) was Albert's wife
- Auguste (nee Seligman) was Hermann's wife

At this point these relationships are only a hypothesis, but they provide a basis for further research to learn more about these previously unknown (to me) members of the Adler family.

The marriage certificate listed another witness, Süsskind Kahn, age 40. He and several other members of the Kahn family are also memorialized on the monument. He died on 8 May 1933, at the age of 86. The Kahns may be related to Jenny.

On the Hess side of the marriage, the marriage certificate recorded that Markus Hess was a *Metzgermeister* (butcher) and that his parents were Aaron and Rachel Joseph Hess. I had not previously known Rachel's maiden name.

Frankfurt

On 6 September we set out to explore Frankfurt, starting with a visit to Musikantenweg 39, the house where the Hess family lived. We took the U-Bahn to Merianplatz, just a half block from the house. After our good fortune yesterday with Helmut and Joachim, I decided to ring the bell and see if we could go inside. It turns out that the building is now a drug rehabilitation center. A young lady named Madelyn showed us to her office on the third floor.

The interior appeared smaller than expected from outside and is all new; there is a narrow circular staircase, probably not original, and a little courtyard in back. Madelyn told us that there is a *Metzgerei* (butcher shop/deli) around the corner at Berger Strasse 56. She thinks that the location has always been one. We had lunch there - goulash soup and meat sauce over noodles.



The house of the Hess Family at 39 Musikantenweg in Frankfurt, Germany, where Friedrich Hess was born in 1902



Der medieval Römer-Platz in Frankfurt, Germany.

As we walked toward the Hauptbahnhof we stopped in the Judengasse Museum. The Judengasse was once the old Jewish quarter, a very long block of tall narrow houses. From there we walked past the cathedral (Dom) to Der Römer, the big open plaza. When I asked at the information center about records we were directed to the *Standesamt* for birth records and to *Börsenplatz* for possible information about the Metzgerei.

At the *Standesamt* a very pleasant attendant at the entrance directed us to room 403, where a pretty young woman got the 1902 book, found my father's birth record, and ordered a copy of his birth certificate for me (for a little more than €13). I paid at the *Kasse* (cashier) and got the paper; again it was in the old German script. This document confirms that Markus was a Metzger.

I asked about getting birth information for Melitta, my father's younger sister who was born in 1904 and died in childhood, but there is a 110-year limit on getting information so I had to wait two years. The clerk wouldn't even permit me to look at the ledger book. As we left the building the fellow behind the desk in the lobby was delighted when I showed him that I got the birth certificate.

On 7 September we started the day with a visit to the New Jewish Cemetery to visit the grave of Markus Hess. We were unable to contact the caretaker, so I couldn't try to find the graves of other family members who might be buried there – for example, Melitta.

To find out if the Metzgerei at Berger Strasse 56 once belonged to Markus Hess we headed to *Börsenplatz*. It turned out to be the stock exchange; we were directed around the corner to the *Handelskammer* (chamber of commerce). A nice guy explained that I need the *Handwerks-kammer* (chamber of trade for craftsmen) instead and gave me contact information.

One more lead to follow up on.

Milt Hess started trying to discover his family about 15 years ago. Piece by piece he has found his extended family and learned about his roots in Germany, Latvia and Lithuania. Before retiring to Santa Barbara with his wife, Cecia, he enjoyed a career in IT as a consultant and program manager. He has been a volunteer computer coach at the Jewish Federation and the Public Library for a number of years, and he is currently chair of the Library Board. He and Cecia are volunteer venue managers each year for the Santa Barbara International Film Festival.



The Silcott home near The Plains, Virginia, circa 1892, with the family of Maria Silcott Moffett.

Houses of Brick and Stone

by Cheryl White

AFTER DECADES OF uncovering family history, I was on a mission to find two ancestral homes in Fauquier and Loudoun Counties, Virginia. My husband, Chuck, happily encouraged and assisted me in this sleuthing adventure. We were armed with only a GPS and a vintage photo of the Silcott home near the town called The Plains, and a description of both houses written by my 2nd great-uncle, Jacob Silcott Triplett, M.D. The photograph of the Silcott house in The Plains included the family of Jane Maria Silcott Moffett in their Sunday best, gathered in front of the old red brick house circa 1892. The Triplett home was a Stone house built in about 1836 by Thomas Triplett and his son, William Elijah Triplett. In his notes, Dr. Jake mentioned that the Triplett's etched initials in the cornerstone. We also had a letter written to me by a second cousin once removed. She had visited the family in the Triplett home in the 1940s. She told me that there were Civil War bullet holes in the front door. Her description led me to believe that this house was in poor condition.

We stopped by the visitors center in Warrenton, Virginia and mentioned our quest. The docent there was very interested and said that it was too bad we were there on a Thursday because the John Gott Library in Marshall was closed that day and would not be open until Monday. She said that they had a lot of information about the Silcott and Triplett families. I then showed her a letter I received from John Gott discussing my Triplett family. That was the golden key! She said she would open the library for us if we could meet her there the next morning. You betcha! After a lot of searching and talking we found a book titled "Pride of Place." In it there was a photo and brief history of the home. The photo was

questionable, but the history was spot on. The book gave the coordinates for the location. Our rental car had GPS, so we entered the coordinates and happily whizzed along the rural countryside. When the little lady in the GPS told us we had arrived at our destination, we were out in the middle of nowhere.

We started to drive around in larger and larger circles hoping to find the house. We finally found one with the basic structure, shape, ornamentation, etc., with the exception that it was plastered and the one we were looking for was red brick, but who knows, it could have been plastered over. There was a man working in the garden so we stopped and with photo in hand asked if this could possibly be the house. He said no, he knew it was not brick underneath, but

it was too bad that his mother was not home as she knew a lot about the local history. She had gone to an annual tea party and he did not know when she would return. He looked at the photo one more time and said, "you know, there is a house that looks an awful lot like this across from the post office." Okay, now we have something. We drove around the minuscule village looking for the post office. Finally we found it - a large mailbox in front of a tiny store. One look at the house across the street told us it could not have been what we now considered "our" house. The lay of the land could not have supported the addition to the house in the photo, but what the heck, why not give it a try. With little hope, I gave a halfhearted knock. Immediately, the door whisked open. "Oh!" said the lady at the door, "I thought you were my friend coming to pick me up for



The red brick Silcott home today.



The stone house near Upperville, Virginia, circa 1895 with the Triplett/Dunbar family.

the tea party." I knew she was short on time so I quickly showed her the photo and she was hooked! She said she was pretty sure she knew where the house was. She gave us the address and made us promise to let her know if it was indeed "our" house. Wow, how quickly emotions can change in this genealogy game. We plugged in the address and the little GPS lady guided us on a scenic drive about four miles away. We came to a curve in the road and there it was almost unchanged in over a century and a quarter! It took my breath away.

This area of Virginia is known as horse country and the house was located on a 1,000 acre stud farm called Rockburn. We drove in, quickly parked and rushed up to the door. Our persistent knock was met with silence. It appeared that no one was home, or had we frightened them with our enthusiasm? A look around showed us that there was a newer home up on a hill; perhaps someone up there would know something. The fellow up there told us that the house had been rented until about a week ago and that it was now empty. We asked for the owner's information since this fellow was renting also. We decided to go back down the hill and take another look at the discovery of "our" house.

I had a wicked idea. The proprietors at the bed and breakfast where we were staying told us that no one in this area locks their doors. So, after calling out to announce our presence, I did it! I turned the knob and pushed, and then quickly pulled. It was obvious that the previous tenants had not fully moved. Now we were in a pickle. Would we ever be this close again? What to do? I finally talked Chuck into sticking his long arm in through the partially open door holding the camera to take as many photos as he could without actually going in. Who said

genealogy was a quiet, safe little hobby? After the interior "photo session," we went around the house photographing all of the exterior and the out buildings. When we made it around to the back, we realized that the photo in the book we found earlier in this hunt, *Pride of Place*, was indeed our house, only it was photographed from the rear. I don't know how they had the coordinates so wrong, or maybe our little GPS lady made a mistake or, most likely, we entered the data incorrectly. It was getting late, so we bid the house goodbye and headed for Charlottesville.

After taking advantage of the libraries, courthouse etc. in Charlottesville, we wanted to return to Fauquier County. With courage in hand I called Clark Ohrstrom, the owner of the house in The Plains and told him we would be traveling back and wondered if we could see inside the house. He was happy to accommodate us and we were once again on our way. He met us at the house and we presented him with a copy of the photo of the house with the family in front and another current photo of the house taken from the same angle. He was very appreciative. He said he had some appointments he needed to attend to, but we should make ourselves at home and explore the inside and outside for as long as we wanted! What a thrill. This home was the residence of my 3rd great-grandparents, Jacob D. and Elizabeth Silcott. We already had knowledge that my 2nd great-grandparents, Thomas Mason Triplett, Sr. and Vianna Reed Silcott Triplett, were robbed and burned out of their home near Unison, Loudoun County in the



The 180 year old Triplett stone house as it looks today.

burning raid in November of 1864. I believe that they eventually took refuge in this home about eighteen miles away. I suspect my great-grandfather, Thomas Mason Triplett, Jr., was born in this house on November 7, 1867. My grandmother told me many times that her father was born in The Plains. What a thrill to see this home with all of the original woodwork - banisters, fireplaces, mantles, floors etc. I fell in love with it and had to run my hand along the bannisters and across the mantles. It was wonderful to make such a tactile connection. And, yes, we did call the lady who had furnished us with the address to let her know that she was absolutely correct and to thank her again.

The quest for the second home took us to Upperville, Fauquier County. From the notes of Dr. Jake, the house was located on the "Whitney Estate" about five miles north of Upperville, which placed the house in Loudoun County. According to Dr. Jake, my 3rd great-grandfather, William Elijah Triplett, was buried in an unmarked grave on the estate. So, where is the Whitney Estate? We decided to stop at real estate offices in Middleburg to see if anyone was familiar with it. After a few attempts, someone told us that it was now called "Llangollen" and they told us how to find it. Whoa!!! It was huge and had an immense, beautiful 18th century manor house on its 1,100 acres. We drove up the circle drive and I knocked again. Little did I know that George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Lafayette had been visitors there as well. No one answered. And, no, I didn't even think of turning the doorknob this time! We decided to drive around the estate looking for an old stone house with bullet holes in the front door. We were nervous as we were on private property even though the realtor told us that it would probably not be a problem for us to drive around the estate. We did not find the house. We later found out we drove right by it on our approach to Llangollen. We were more than satisfied that we had earlier found the Silcott house. We needed to do more research in order to find the Triplett house.

Back home in Santa Barbara six months later on Super Bowl Sunday 2007, we were still on our quest to find the house. We located an article on-line about speculation that Tom Cruise and Katie Holmes were planning to purchase Llangollen. I was heart sick. I thought that we would never be able to get on the property again. In the article there was a section about the history of Llangollen written by local historian, Bruce Smart. Chuck said why don't you give him a call. So, of course, I did. Eureka! He knew of what now we considered another one of "our" houses. He told me it was just across the lane from Llangollen. He also told me that an elderly lady had lived there but recently moved into assisted living. I asked for the address of the house and the name and phone number of the owner. He gave me the information, but he didn't think I would be able to make contact with the owner. What did I have to lose? I dialed - she answered!! As luck would have it, she and her daughter just happened to be at the house that day. I told her the story and I asked her about the initials, she said "Yes, there are initials." I asked her what they

were. She couldn't remember so she went outside on that bitterly cold February day to tell me that she could only make out a "T". That was good enough for me. I could hear in the background that her daughter was concerned about her mother giving details about the house. Mrs. Brown asked if I would speak with her daughter, Lucy Armstrong. I told Lucy the story, but she was skeptical until I told her that the house had been in the family until the late 1940s and the family name by then was Dunbar. I could feel her thaw through the phone. She told me that her parents had purchased the home in the 1940s from the Dunbars. She took my contact information and told me that she had some old photos of the house. In a few days I received a photo of the house with the Triplett/Dunbar family assembled in the front circa 1895. I was beyond elated. She also sent photos of the house when they purchased it (It was in much better condition than I had expected). The surprises kept coming. The historian sent me a disc with several current photos of the house he had taken for me. I fell in love again.

Fast forward to 2016. Chuck traveled alone to Washington D. C. as I had obligations at home. Of course, I wouldn't let him get so close to the Triplett house without actually trying to see it and touch it. He and a buddy set off to catch sight of the house. They were checking out the acreage of the Triplett house on Trappe Rd. where part of the Battle of Upperville was fought (21 June 1863) and taking note of the stone fences that the soldiers had used for cover. Amazingly, he was there on that exact date 153 years later. As they were discussing the battle, a car pulled up and out stepped Lucy Armstrong, Mrs. Brown's skeptical daughter. She and her husband now live in the beautiful old home. She remembered our conversation and graciously invited Chuck and his friend inside to take a look around, and of course, take photos for me. She told Chuck that the home had been used as the field hospital during the battle. She knew of the bullet holes in the front door, but they were no longer visible since her father had patched over them. The Armstrongs were delightful and the home was spectacular.

The search for these two houses was more than gratifying. Everyone we met along our odyssey was friendly, helpful, enthusiastic and most of all generous with their time, ideas and encouragement. I have it on good authority that there are other "our" houses in this vicinity. The next time we are in the area we will again garner all of our sleuthing prowess to uncover history, locate properties, photograph them, and enjoy the hunt as well as the people we will meet in the process.

Cheryl Day White is a long time member of the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society. She was infected with the genealogy bug more than 25 years ago and it appears that her case is incurable. Her favorite and most successful method of uncovering family history is the "cold call." She has been rewarded with family portraits, family histories, many photographs, great leads as well as delightful and shall we say "interesting" stories.

Missed Opportunities

in Freshford, County Kilkenny, Ireland

by Cathy Jordan

NOT EVERY STORY about a trip to the land of one's ancestors can be a fruitful one, can it?

This is a story about missed opportunities. Missed because I was not doing genealogy research at the time. I only knew what my mother had told me about her Irish grandfather.

In 1998, when my older son was enjoying a year studying abroad at the University of Sussex in Brighton, England, my younger son and I visited at the Christmas season. Part of our nearly three-week trip was a scheduled week in Ireland. I was able to work with a travel agent to secure vouchers for hotels to be used as we crossed the country, bravely driving on the "wrong" side of the road. This was ideal for us, as we wanted to take our time and stop where we were interested.

First of all, the roads in rural Ireland are not wide. They are one lane each way, and are generally lined with hedges or rock walls, so getting over on a shoulder in the face of oncoming traffic is not an option. There are nearly always "potato" trucks on the road (large trucks pulling even larger trailers, full to the brim and more, with potatoes). This made for a rather harrowing and memorable trip.

The people were super friendly, and the food was good with a surprising variety, from Chinese (not like ours at all) to Italian. And of course, every single small town and village had a pub. We stayed at manor homes where we each had a room, a shared bathroom down the hall, and cows mooing to wake us in the morning. We also stayed in more typical motel-type settings. But every one was different and interesting in its own way.

The highlight of our trip across Ireland (other than



Graveyard and old church in Freshford, Kilkenny, Ireland

me kissing the Blarney Stone) was visiting the little village where I knew my great-grandfather, Michael James Feely, was born. This was Freshford, County Kilkenny. I was not yet doing genealogy so missed out on so many clues and opportunities. But it was a very moving experience to walk the triangular town "square" that had probably not changed since he left in 1850 with his mother Elizabeth, brother Martin, and baby sister Ellen "Nellie." His father John had come to America about three months earlier. I also saw the church where his father and mother were likely married. We did climb a low fence to walk the graveyard but I certainly wish I had known more of what to look for back then. I deeply regret the many missed opportunities for learning firsthand about the lives of my ancestors in that beautiful little village. I can always hope to visit again. I will go better prepared this time, as there really is nothing like "walking in your ancestors' footsteps."

Cathy Jordan has been a society member for seven years and is researching the family names of Feely, Walsh, Mallery, Pratt, Bayha, Eckhardt, Mitchell, Lemmon, Matthews, McDuffie, Bayne, Wilhite, Farmer, Wood, Shelton, Allen, Griffin, and others. Born and raised in Santa Barbara, she returned in 1981 to raise two sons and care for her parents. Cathy retired from the Santa Barbara County Sheriff's Department in 2008 from a career in computer programming and support to plunge headlong into genealogy after a visit to the 2009 Open House during Family History Month. She currently serves as 2nd Vice President for Membership on the SBCGS Board of Directors.



Sean and Ryan Jordan in Freshford, Ireland where their 2nd great grandfather, Michael James Feely, was born.

The House that William Built

by Sharon Knickrehm Summer

GREAT-GRANDFATHER William Knickrehm hired artisan workers from his native Germany to build a home for his family in California. They built the seven bedroom house in 1910 and it became the place my German-born great-grandparents lived for many years. It still stands today in all its glory more than 100 years later. To see this impressive gem, all my brother and I needed to do was get ourselves to its Los Angeles address at 180 East 35th Street.



The family of William and Augusta Knickrehm in 1911. The six children each had their own bedroom in the large home.

Our late father told us the address, which was not far from downtown. One sunny Wednesday afternoon in 2010 we decided to visit the house. When we arrived my brother and I stood out on the sidewalk, trying not to arouse suspicion from neighbors, while we stared at the freshly painted beauty. I could recall our parents bringing us to this house in 1950 when we were seven and two years old for a visit with “Grandma Knickrehm,” our then 90-year-old great-grandmother. That year marked Augusta’s 40th year living there. I later deduced that in 1950 the family was selling the house because Augusta could no longer care for it and herself. She died at age 92 two years later in San Francisco where she was being cared for by one of her daughters. She’d outlived her husband, our great-grandfather William, by 17 years.

It was Augusta Knickrehm who planted the grape vine we saw adorning the arbor on the side of the

house where it still produces grapes. She tended her garden each morning and lovingly kept up her house. It was a pleasure to revisit this wonderful dwelling after 60 years had passed since our earlier visit, my brother and I now senior citizens ourselves.

Two years later, in the spring of 2012, my brother and I were able to visit the house once again. This time a relative made contact with the current owner, Jorge Nuño, who graciously allowed us to come inside and tour the rooms. He agreed to meet us one Saturday morning in April. We were very excited at the prospect of walking hallways and seeing the rooms where our great grandparents once lived. By then I knew a fair amount about their lives.

Entering the front door we saw the mahogany-encased entrance area, the very one I remember cautiously stepping into when I was seven. Next we walked into the living room with its picture rail extending along one wall. We went into a parlor where William Knickrehm might have received business visitors. As a girl I was not allowed in this room so entering it still had a lingering sense of the forbidden. But now it was a lovely bright room with a big stone fireplace. Then we entered the dining room through its original wooden sliding double doors and saw the large built-in cabinets along one wall.

Toward the back of the house a tiny room turned out to be Augusta’s letter writing room. She was a great letter writer who wrote frequently to her cousins and family back in Fredericksburg, Texas, the place of her birth. All the rooms featured rich dark

mahogany, some with beams, or built-in cabinets, and some with paneling. White walls brightened what would otherwise be rather dark rooms.

Going up the beautifully restored mahogany staircase to the second floor we found the seven bedrooms. Using information told to us by our relative my brother sketched a map labeling each bedroom with the name of the child whose room it was and the master bedroom, which was above the living room. How fun to discover a small cupboard door in the upstairs hallway wall that opened to expose a panel of old-fashioned electrical fuses. All houses had that kind of fuse when I was very young, but I hadn’t seen any like them for decades.

After seeing the enclosed sun porch and the one bathroom, we went up more stairs to be given a look at the third floor. The former attic had been made into

an ample apartment for the current owner and his children and had a great view of downtown Los Angeles.

Descending the stairs to the first floor we walked past the original half-bath by the kitchen and out the back door for a look at the basement. That spooky place was good-sized, with requisite spider webs and dark corners. I liked it better when we left the dark corners and spider webs to saunter around to the side of the house to see great-grandmother's grape vine. That spring it was burgeoning with clusters of healthy green grapes. Augusta had planted these vines very early in her long tenure there. Finally we saw the 100-year-old garage, perhaps a former horse barn, and the backyard.

Before living here William and Augusta had lived in various locations in downtown Los Angeles where his house moving business was located. (All these places were listed in City Directories for Los Angeles.) But having a family with six children, and with enough means from his house-moving business to build his own house, they bought two side-by-side lots at 180 E. 35th Street in Los Angeles. Through his First German Methodist Church William sponsored German craftsmen to come to this country where he gave them jobs building the house my brother and I visited. As we saw, the house was well constructed, sturdy and strong, beautifully and carefully made, in the German style. When it was finished in 1910, the family moved in.

At the time of our visit the current owner and his team were in the process of renovating the home. The



The Knickrehm home, which was built in 1910, as it looks today.

first floor houses his non-profit called "Nuevo South," intended to be a safe neighborhood destination for young people to hang out after school. He offers classes such as photography, use of technology with the up-to-date equipment, and how to be entrepreneurs. Mr. Nuño calls it "The Big House." I was pleased to see young people both working on the renovation and learning life skills in the very rooms my family once inhabited. William and Augusta Knickrehm, who also gave much to others, would be well pleased to know how their beautiful home is being used today.

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

Walking in the Footsteps of Grandpa and Grandma

by Kathy Stark

IN 1985 MY HUSBAND'S paternal grandma, Paula, passed away. One of her last requests was for us to go to Germany to see the village where she and grandfather married and had three children before immigrating to the United States in December of 1925. She also requested that we visit her sister.

Thus, our first journey to Germany began in May of 1986. My husband, our ten-year-old daughter and I flew to Frankfurt and began our journey to walk in their footsteps. We visited many places in Germany, Austria and Switzerland but the highlight was leaving our footprints in Lauda, Germany. My father-in-law had many memories of the "Fatherland" and was delighted that we would see where the family began. We walked the same streets, saw the church where the grandparents were married and our daughter spit in the Tauber River per the request of her grandpa. The family home no longer existed but we were able to find the lot where it had been. We visited the railroad station as grandpa had worked for the German railroad. The village is very much the same as it was when the family left for America. On a return trip to Germany in 1994 we silently renewed our wedding vows in the same church where Paula and "Johnny" had been married in December of 1917. It was our 25th wedding anniversary.

After a rather hit and miss drive we found the house of grandma's nephew, Albert, the son of the sister she asked us to visit. Albert and his family welcomed us with open arms although we had never met them. Thank goodness their daughter spoke English and Albert called his son to come to the house. After visiting with Albert and family he and his son took us to see Tante (aunt) Ida. Oh my, she was so excited and cried, looking just like her sister, Paula. She had our daughter sit on her lap and she told us through her grandson, Peter, that next time we came to Germany we needed to speak German so she could speak directly with us. They sent us off with some great German beer and a yummy German coffee cake. It was an amazing day and unfortunately we never saw Tante Ida again as she passed away before our next trip to Germany.

Since 1986 we have returned to Lauda many times and in 1994 introduced the village to my husband's cousin who had never been there. He brought home dirt from the lot where the family home had existed. There are still relatives in Lauda that we have yet to meet, perhaps one day.



The church in Lauda, Germany where Kathy Stark's husband's paternal grandparents lived before they emigrated to America in 1925

In 2009 I managed to find family on my husband's maternal side of the family. My mother-in-law's father had been born and raised in Wittenberg, Germany. This is the town where Martin Luther posted his 95 theses on the door of the Schlosskirche in October of 1517. We hiked up the 289 stairs to take in the view from the 88 meter tower. There is a bronze statue of Martin Luther that was erected in the town square in 1821. Wittenberg is now known as Lutherstadt Wittenberg, The Town of Luther. We met cousins from this side of the family for the first time and have stayed in contact with them ever since. We went out to dinner with them, went to their house for dinner and got a first-hand tour of the town. We saw both places where grandpa had lived. It was incredible to walk on the same streets that grandpa had walked on before he left Germany for the United States in 1914. He said "no war for me." His brother was killed in WWI shortly after grandpa arrived in America.

We have so many wonderful memories of walking in the grandparents' footsteps and cherish the connections we have made with cousins who are still living and can tell us about the history of these places. We look forward to being able to make one more trip.

The Cats of Lexington: a Town not sure where it came from

by Margaret Owen Thorpe

AS I PARKED AT THE END of the winding drive to the antebellum Greystone in Lexington, Missouri, I saw a dozen or more cats strolling around the backyard and porch. Black ones, black and whites, a couple of tabbies, and some orange guys. I come from a cat family. Cats find me. They walk up to the door and ask, "May I live here?" They found my parents. They find my brother. So the first question I asked of Allen, the proprietor of the Greystone B & B, was, "What's with all the cats?"

"Oh," he said, "they just come here. It's like a sanctuary."

Actually, that was the second question I'd asked him. The first question was via email, a couple of weeks earlier. It was simply "Do you have a room available?" I explained that I was coming to Lexington to find out about my 2nd great-grandparents, Wilson and Patsy Owen, who had lived there close to 200 years ago. I explained I'd found Greystone online and had selected it "because it just looked right."

"Yes," he replied, "I do. Please do come. And, by the way, I have the historical deed for this property, and the original owner, who bought it from the US government in 1819, was Wilson Owen." Whoa! And I hadn't yet seen the cat "sanctuary."¹

The next day I went out to explore the town. The Owen family motto seems to be "The bear went over the mountain to see what he could see," so I went to see what I could see. I found two historical monuments that suggested the town wasn't sure where it came from. "It grew up...around Jack's Ferry..."

I found the Lexington Historical Museum and took in its exhibits, some of which reminded me that Missouri had been a slave state. I asked the friendly volunteer on duty if he had ever heard anything about the Owen family, specifically Wilson Owen and his brother Abel.

"Not really," he replied, "I know they owned a lot of land around here, though."

"I keep seeing references to Jack's Ferry," I said, "Do you have any idea who Jack was?"

"No, can't say that I do, sorry."

I was getting hungry, decided I'd find lunch, and then, since land seemed to be the issue, head over to the office of the Recorder of Deeds in the Lafayette County Court House, to see what land records might show.

The Lafayette County Court House still has a cannonball lodged in one column from the Civil War. Lexington was more Confederate than Yankee. While many families tout their ancestry at places like Gettysburg and Bull Run and Vicksburg, our town of Lexington had the Battle of the Hemp Bales. It seems the Yankees came marching up the Missouri River. The Rebels waited until they arrived below the storage landing and then rolled the Hemp Bales awaiting shipment down on top of them. Using the remaining bales as fortifi-



Lafayette County Court House – Built in 1847 and has a Civil War cannonball in its side.

cation, the Rebels won. Seems hemp was the primary crop in Lafayette County before the war. Although some of the Owen family does now live in Mendocino County, California, the Lafayette crops weren't the smoking kind. They were primarily for rope.

Re-energized with a club sandwich, I went to the Recorder of Deeds office in the Court House basement. I met Patsy Olvera, the Recorder of Deeds. She was friendly and cheerful, not common in an elected bureaucrat. I explained about my Owen ancestors and said I was hoping she might have the original plat map for the City of Lexington. I wanted to find out what they'd owned and what they did with it.

"We have it; indeed we do," she replied – with enthusiasm, "It will take just a minute to get it out." She quickly found it and spread it out on a table for me. The story was there – all there!

Wilson and Abel Owen, their wives Patsey (Martha) and Elizabeth, and their brothers-in-law John and Benjamin Gooch did not, as most westward migrants did, leave homes in North Carolina to seek better farm land in the west. They came west to found a town and do a little farming on the side. Towns were risky but more lucrative than farming.

What the map shows is that Wilson and Abel bought most of the land that surrounded the intersection of two prehistoric – and historic - trade routes near the Missouri River. They had arrived in Missouri about 1817 and stopped temporarily at the early settlements along the Missouri – Arrow Rock, Boone’s Lick, and St. Charles. They hoped, as we say, “to get the lay of the land.” The river, and the taverns of its settlements were the “information highway” of the frontier.

The “lay of the land” that they got was:

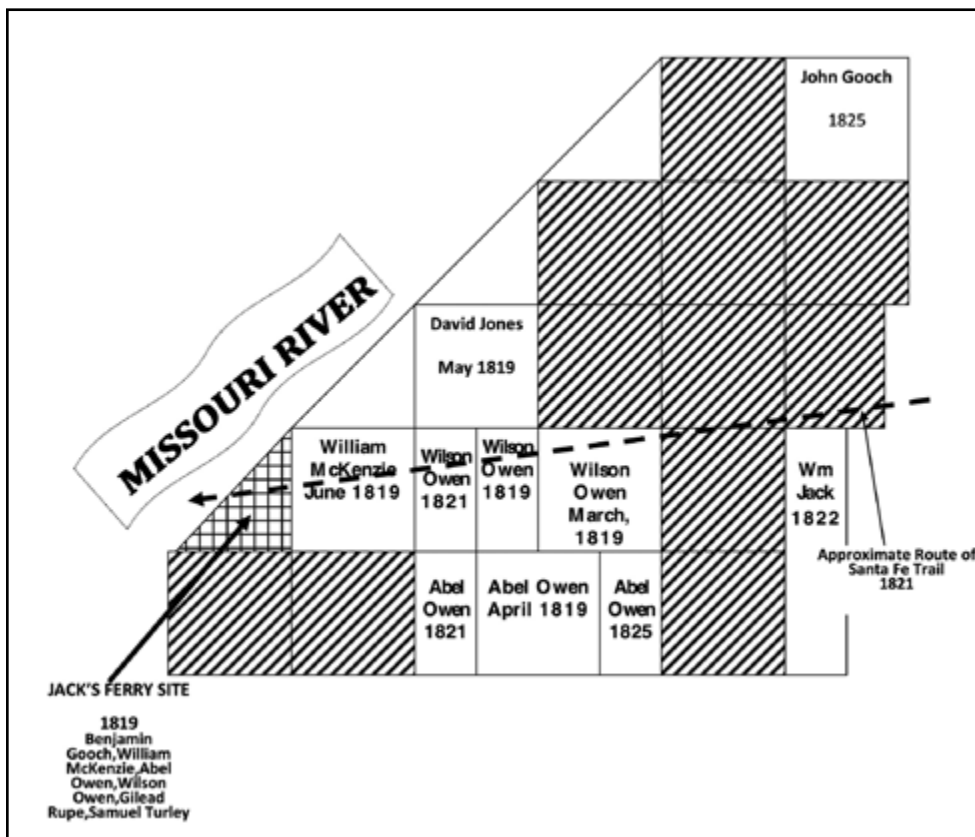
- 1) That Fort Osage was being built to the west of the Lexington site, which increased travel on the road that ran from Boone’s Lick to Fort Osage;
- 2) That this road was probably one of several Native American trails that had long intersected near the Lexington site, indicating that this was a natural crossroads for travel in the area;
- 3) That an 1808 treaty negotiated with the Osage by William Clark (as in Lewis and Clark) restricted travel by European-Americans west of the Lexington site to the north side of the Missouri River, while the key road out of Arrow Rock ran along the south side. That meant settlers heading west would have to cross the river at the Lexington site, at least so long as the treaty held - and, back then, settlers didn’t break such treaties quite as quickly as they did later in the 19th century. One would have to be really dense not to figure out that this might be a good place to put a ferry.²

In addition, Wilson and Abel also knew that there was a good possibility that trade might open up with Santa Fe and northern Mexico – and that the road they were eyeing was the key route. Spain did not allow American traders in its territory. But, by 1819, Mexicans were increasingly restive, perhaps inspired by the American Revolution, or maybe just sufficiently annoyed all on their own. Hidalgo led a major revolt against Spanish authority in 1811. Though Hidalgo was defeated and executed, the fight for independence continued and culminated with publication of a Mexican Declaration of Independence and constitution in 1813. The Spanish also executed Morelos, who had spearheaded these documents, but it was clearly only a matter of time. In 1821, Spain left Mexico for good, and William Becknell, of the Boonville area, just when he was desperate for cash, finally sold goods in Santa Fe, and earned the name “Father of the Santa Fe Trail.”

By then, our town builders had already made their moves. The two Owens and the Gooch brothers had teamed up with Gilead Rupe, said to be the first settler of Lexington, William Jack, and a few silent investors – David Jones, Samuel Turley, and William McKenzie. They started petitioning for and building roads.³

The more recent residents of Lexington may not have known where their town came from or who “Jack” was, but if they’d looked at the plat map, they’d know. It’s all in the hand-recorded original purchases from the US Land Office of the sections in Town 51, Range 27. A triangular piece of land on the Missouri River, in Section 33, at the location of “Jack’s Ferry,” was purchased on April 3, 1819, by six men: Benjamin Gooch, William McKenzie, Abel Owen, Wilson Owen, Gilead Rupe, and Samuel Turley. William Jack, their seventh partner, purchased the equipment and the license to operate the ferry.

Two weeks earlier, Wilson Owen had purchased the northeast quarter (160 acres) of Section 34, about 1 1/2 miles from the ferry site. On the same day that the six purchased the ferry site, Wilson Owen bought another 80 acres just west of his original purchase, and Abel Owen bought 160 acres adjoining Wilson’s land to the south. On June 30, 1819, McKenzie bought the 160 acres immediately east of the ferry site. Gilead Rupe had purchased 640 acres to the southwest on March 30 and bought another adjoining 160 on June 30. John Gooch bought land just up river from the ferry site. As they were



Original Lexington – map of the city of Lexington with land buyers as of 1821.

establishing the ferry, the men also purchased at least 1360 acres of land in its vicinity. In addition to the seven core creators, an eighth man, David Jones, purchased 160 acres on May 19, 1819, immediately northwest of Wilson Owen's land. According to Richard Pohlman's 1983 research, the land they bought in 1819 for about \$4 an acre was worth, by 1838, \$7,234 an acre. If that's not founding a town, then there's no such thing as a real estate developer.

I had found my 2nd great-grandfather and mother and three 2nd great-granduncles. I had also found out who "Jack" was. He was William Jack. And - I had solved the mystery of a picture my father had labeled "Four Jacks." He didn't know who the four women were; he speculated they might be Hollister relatives. (Those of you in Santa Barbara will know about the Hollisters. Two of Wilson Owen's granddaughters, Anna Owen and then Sallie Baker, married Edgar Hollister.) But the "Four Jacks" weren't Hollisters; they were Wilson Owen's daughter Stacey, who married William Jack's son Lemanza Culbertson Jack, known easily as "Cub," Stacey's daughter Lavinia "Venie" Jack, her daughter Flora Sayle, and Flora's young daughter, Gladys Robertson, my third cousin three times removed. Abel Owen's son, Moseby Neely Owen, also married Eveline Jack, William's daughter. I could tell Lexington about its ancestors, but still had work to do on my own.

I was, as they say, on a roll. I thought I'd continue, right over to the Machpelah Cemetery, home of over 10,000 souls in Lexington. However, none of these souls were Owens or Goochs or Jacks. I found only their business partner, Gilead Rupe, whose daughter Delilah had married Abel's son William Mitchell Owen. Most of the next generation moved on, as did the Gooch brothers and their sisters, the Owen widows. Wilson and Abel had died, in 1832 and 1835, before the cemetery formed.

I wasn't finished. The next day, I went back to the Lafayette County Court House to visit the Probate Court. So glad this one didn't fall victim to Yankees, Rebels, Brits, or just plain bad luck. Sure, it's got a cannonball in its column, but it didn't burn. I had Wilson and Abel Owen's wills, thanks to fourth cousin Sandra Owen Thompson, a Daughter of the Republic of Texas as William Mitchell Owen had gone on to Texas before it was a state. The will confirmed that Stacey Jack was Wilson's daughter and that my great-grandfather William Rensselaer Owen was his son and had been bequeathed Wilson's prized rifle.

My visit to the Probate Court yielded three more valuable pieces of information:

1. Wilson had another son, Alexander, who was older than William R. He had bequeathed a half-acre of land "next door" to the Aulls to Alexander. The Aulls were semi-famous traders on the Santa Fe Trail and the primary storekeepers of Lexington in the 1830s and 1840s;
2. An affidavit written and signed by great-grandfather indicating that Alexander had died "in Mexi-



Four Jacks - Stacey Jack, her daughter Lavinia, granddaughter Flora, and great-granddaughter Gladys Robertson.

co" and was not available to claim his land and also listing all of his then living siblings;

3. Wilson's estate inventory, signed by the young attorney then serving as Justice of the Peace, Alexander Doniphan. Doniphan appears in history as a Mexican-American War hero - but also as the General who defied the Governor of Missouri and refused to execute Joseph Smith and his Mormon followers in 1838.

It was longer than most inventories from 1832 in Lafayette County. Wilson wasn't rich; he was an Owen. He kept stuff "because ya never know when ya might need it." A sample: "...1 blind bridle, 1 Bridle, 1 Reap Hook, 1 Hand Saw, 2 Chisels, 1 3 quarter Auger, 4 other Augers, Sundry old pieces of chains and iron, 1 Bell and Collar, 1 Old Hand Saw, 1 Hoe, 1 Hallock, 1 Old Saddle, 1 Lot of Bacon Supposed to be 1000#, 1 Bell and Collar, 1 Hoe, 2 Lard Stands Supposed to contain 70#, 1 Salt Barrel & Box, Soap and troft..."⁴

My "visit the ancestors" tour, so far, had been a success. Before driving to Lexington, I had stopped in Nevada, Iowa (pronounced Ne-Vay-Da) and visited another 2nd-great grandfather, James Hawthorn. I found a truly wonderful obituary for him, written in the local newspaper by the editor who wrote, clearly, in a way that no one knows how to write anymore. Hawthorn was Mayor of Nevada and a railroad promoter. And he was in the local cemetery, available for a visit.

In the morning, I would head slightly further south to Clinton, Missouri, the town to which many of the Owens and Goochs of Lexington had gone and where

yet another set of 2nd great-grandparents, Robert and Matilda Allen, awaited me.

As I sat in my quiet room at Greystone, contemplating that it was my last night in Lexington, I got to thinking that, if one could connect with one's ancestors of another time and place, this room, where one or more Owens or Goochs could have visited some 170 years ago, would be a good place. It was after 10:00 PM, and I could see from the window a decrepit tree that Allen, the proprietor, had said was over 200 years old. Thus it was on the property when Wilson owned the land. I settled back on the sofa, breathed slowly, and said "Folks, if any of you are still around, I'm here, and I'd love to talk." Then, the dust ruffle around the bed began to quiver, giving out soft sounds.

"Oh, oh, self," I thought, "now you've done it! You've conjured something or somebody. Are you prepared?"

Out from under the dust ruffle came a large, sociable orange tabby with really large paws. He said, "Mraw!" He came to my feet. Was he only Paws the cat?

ENDNOTES

1) Wilson Owen did not build Greystone. It was first built in the 1830s by Matthew Fluornoy, then later expanded in the 1870s by Col. Ryland Todhunter who had fought for the Confederacy.

2) Richard Pohlman, "A History of Lexington, Missouri: In Search of Volume Zero," 1983, unpublished paper, found at Trails Regional Library, Lexington Branch, Lexington, Missouri.

3) The Santa Fe Trail ran along what is today Dover Road, Highway 224, which cuts diagonally across the east end of town and very close to Greystone. I would not have slept well when the ox carts and wagons creaked and squeaked all night long.

4) Pohlman, op. cit.

Margaret Owen Thorpe is a native Californian, who now lives in Saint Paul, Minnesota. She has learned to shovel snow. She herds cats and hunts ancestors. She counsels entrepreneurs in marketing at the University of St. Thomas Small Business Development Center and holds a B.A. from the University of Southern California and an M.A. from the University of Wisconsin.

Ancestors West Volume 41 CONTRIBUTING AUTHORS

Avolio, Rosa

Baragona, Margery

Bason, Bob

Block, Shiela

Boehr, Pamela Jameson

Brombal, Millie

Browne, Walter

Byers, Sylvia

Carmody, Robert

Carrier, Charmien

Clements Gloria Chaney

Colgan, Michol

Cornell, Helen

Corradi, Marianne

Craviotto, Marcella

Crawford, Melinda

Foster, Jean

Friestad, Jim

Goodall, George

Greene, Betsy

Green, Kathryn

Hall, Alta Case

Hall, Mary

Halt, Pickens

Hamber, Janet

Harris, Karen

Hess, Milt

Heuchert, Susan

Honikman, Jane

Ingalls, Kristin

Jensen, Cheryl

Johnson, Norma

Jordan, Cathy

Kaska, Debbie

King, Verna M.

Lundt, Susan

Martin, Michael

McClenathen, Merna

Niehaus, Robert

Noack, William

Panizzon, Nancy

Patterson, Gwen

Pettitt, Jean

Roth, Carol

Rothenberg, Bob

Sahm, Judy

Sahyun, Mel

Stark, Kathy

Summer, Sharon

Sylvester, Art

Thomas, Cari

Thorpe, Margaret Owen

White, Cheryl Day

Wilson, Jim

The Ice Storm of 1998

by Verna M. King



Verna and the ice covered trees in Poland Spring, Maine

THE DAY WAS BEAUTIFUL, clear, bright and with winter crispness in the air. I had arrived back in Portland, Maine from Orlando, Florida on Wednesday January 7, 1998, as a light freezing rain was covering the streets with a thin coat of ice. I never expected what the next few days would bring.

I wasn't able to travel to my home in Poland Spring right away due to the icy road conditions. Finally, on Saturday, my daughter Katie and her husband, Scott, were taking me home. As we left Portland, a coastal city on the Atlantic Ocean, nothing seemed out of the ordinary for a winter day. Everyone was buzzing around. We went north on I-95, which was clear. It wasn't until we left the turnpike about 25 miles north of Portland that we witnessed what the ice storm of '98 had brought.

The beauty was unbelievable. Ice coated trees glistened like diamonds in the sun. The tops of the trees were bent to the ground in a gentle cascade, everywhere we saw the beauty of ice and snow.

But, what devastation the ice storm had brought! Fallen trees stretched across homes, garages, cars, driveways and roads. Electrical wires had been ripped off poles high over our heads. Even electric meter boxes were ripped from the outside walls of houses. I understood then why my trip home had been delayed. I was uncertain of the sight I might see at my home another 10 miles north.

My road, West View Drive, was beautiful with the sun shining down on the ice-covered trees. Finally I caught sight of my house with a very large tree limb lying across the roof and chimney and the birch trees all broken and strewn across the lawn. What a mess! The noise of other trees exploding before they fell to the ground made us feel as if we were in a war zone. We

had to pull limbs away from the house before we could enter the front door. Everything inside seemed to be as it was when I left. Now we had to get to work to get the wood stove and fireplace going. There was no electricity and therefore no running water or heat. The next two weeks were filled with carrying wood each day for the wood stove and fireplace, hauling water from the local elementary school, cooking over the wood stove, making sure the chimneys of the oil lamps were cleaned each morning or I would have no light at night, heating water for tea, dishes and washing. I was lucky to have friends in the city of Auburn that invited

me in every few days for a hot shower and lovely warm dinner.

My days included all the usual household chores as well as watching the utility men from all over the east coast trimming trees and clearing debris from the road in front of the house while the electric company repaired wires. One of the workers, from a Pennsylvania company, cutting some of the branches called down "So sorry about your trees."

When night fell I certainly was ready for sleep. I now have a little sense of what it must have been like when our ancestors first came to this land, and a greater appreciation what they really conquered in their lives. Two weeks after the storm had hit, the lights were finally turned back on and it was like Christmas.

I was born Verna M. Murphy in Toronto, Ontario of Irish and French ancestry. I knew some of my Irish Ancestry, but very little of the French Canadian family. About three years ago a friend told me of the Santa Barbara Genealogy Library and the help the volunteers offer to those looking for their ancestors. I attended a monthly meeting was very impressed and became a member. I have attended "Lunch and Learn" sessions, had my DNA done. My husband gave me a gift of an Ancestry subscription. There was no stopping, the more records I found the more I wanted.

Don Gill, Charmien Carrier, Rosa Avolio and Mary Hall have been most generous with their help, time and guidance. With my research and help from the library volunteers I found out my ancestor, an orphan, was a "King's Daughter" who married Jean Petite dit Trempe, a member of the French Military, 23 December 1670 in Sorel, Quebec.

I hope with the Irish records that still remain and coming online I will have the same success tracing them as I did with my French family.

December 7, 1941

by Millie Brombal

PEARL HARBOR DAY, December 7, 1941, brings back vivid memories for those of us who were alive on that fateful day.

I was living in Portland, Oregon. A local radio station had a weekly Sunday morning program on which listeners could request a particular song be played to honor someone's birthday or anniversary. A member of my family, I do not remember who, made a request to honor my sister, Helen's, 19th birthday which would be the following day, Monday, December 8.

On Sunday, December 7th, our family gathered in the living room around the upright radio that stood in the corner of the room and waited with anticipation. Not long into the program, an announcement was made. A song would be played for Helen and it began:

*You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,
You make me happy when clouds are grey,
You'll never...*

Suddenly the program was interrupted and it was announced that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

We were all stunned. Throughout the day, and the days following, the horrific details came by telephone, telegraph and teletype. It was devastating; the battleship USS Arizona was destroyed and the USS Oklahoma capsized. Hundreds of ships and aircraft were destroyed or heavily damaged. More than 2,300 American lives were lost.

The next day the United States declared war on Japan and two days later, war was declared on Germany to defeat the Nazis. The sneak attack by the Japanese galvanized the American people into action and they became united in their effort to defeat Japan and Germany.

People contributed in many ways. Young men and women enlisted in the armed services. Portland became a shipbuilding center. The Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation built over 1000 Liberty and Victory cargo ships. Shipyard workers had trouble cashing their salary checks as the banks were often closed by the time they got off their work shifts. An acquaintance of mine realized their need and every Friday he went to a bank and on his own took thousands of dollars in cash out to the shipyards and for a small fee cashed their checks. He carried the money in paper grocery bags and went by public bus to the shipyards. We were appalled and cautioned him of the risk, but he was sure no one would accost him as he was helping the workers. And he was right. He never had a problem.

Rationing of scarce items was instituted covering many food items, including chocolate, bacon, sugar, butter and coffee. Shoes, nylons, gasoline, tires, fuel oil and other scarce items were also rationed. Recycling was encouraged. Aluminum cans, toothpaste tubes,



paper and rubber were collected and recycled. War bonds and stamps were sold to finance the war effort. Victory Gardens were planted to conserve food.

One unfortunate occurrence was the President's order for the forced relocation of West coast Japanese Americans to internment camps located in the interior of the country. A Japanese schoolmate of mine said simply "Goodbye, I won't be seeing you anymore," as she left the classroom to be relocated to an internment camp.

In his address to the nation, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt declared:

Yesterday, December 7th, 1941 – a date which will live in infamy – the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan.

Sunday, December 7, 1941, affected the lives of all Americans.

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

A Black Sheep in New Mexico

by Michol Colgan

ON A RECENT TRIP to the Family History Center Library in Salt Lake City, Utah, looking for my New Mexico “Hern’s,” I needed to direct my search to church records in the area for the mid-1880s. After exhausting the Catholic Church’s birth/marriage/death records I began looking at the Presbyterian Church session minutes for 1883-1905. It was here that I found the following entries concerning an Ignacio Aranda and Estefanita de Herrera. The minutes are taken by S.V. Dilley and J.J. Gilchrist is the “circuit” Pastor of the church. Other elders mentioned are Dolores Trujillo and A.V. Dilley. I hope you find them as interesting as I did. (FHL 503600 Church Records, 1882-1905, Presbyterian Church (Mora, New Mexico)).

20 April 1890

At 5 p.m. at the place above mentioned, the session met, having the same members present. Session opened with prayer.

The business before the session was to take some action in regard to some well authenticated charges against Ignacio Aranda for gross sins. As said Aranda did not appear, the following letter was framed, adopted and sent to him.

Los Vallecitos, NM April 20, 1890
Bro Ignacio Aranda;

We are very sorry indeed that it has become necessary for us to inquire into certain rumours concerning your actions. Brother, we do not wish to take action against you for your bad conduct, and neither will it be necessary, if you will come before the session, and confess your faults and sins.

The first rumour is this: (1) That you are in the habit of using vile words. The second (2) that you have gambled a number of times. (3) That you get drunk. (4) When you joined the church you promised to change your manner of living; but as you have not changed but you are still living in adultery.

Brother, these things are not the actions of a Christian, but we hope that you are a Christian at heart and that you will present yourself before the session next Friday at 2 p.m., Mrs. Dilling’s office in Mora, and there make confession of your fault and promise to live a better life. With prayer for your best interests, I send you this letter for the session.

[Signed by] Rev. J. J. Gilchrist ??unreadable??

The ??., Rev. J.J. Gilchrist himself gave the above mentioned letter to said Ignacio Aranda the following morning [Monday] in presence of elders Dolores Trujillo and S.V. Dilley.

Estefanita de Herrera, whom Ignacio Aranda had forced to live with him, expressed her desire to return to her husband

(Jose Garcia) and live a virtuous life. She (Estefanita de Herrera) voluntarily left the house of said Ignacio Aranda, and the session of the church gave her means of conveyance to her home and people. (It might be further noted that in less than six weeks she was back and living with Aranda. (JJG)

25 April 1890

...According to appointment the session met at 2 p.m. at the place appointed. (Rev. Gilchrist, unable to attend, sent a letter to Elder Dilley who then moderated the session)

Session opened with prayer.

As Ignacio Aranda did not appear he was cited to appear at another meeting of the session which would be at the same place just one week later. The citation read as follows:

Mora NM April 25, 1890

Brother I. Aranda; For the second time it becomes necessary to notify you that we (the session) have business with you concerning certain rumours about your character. You know by the first notice what these rumours are, and, brother, you know these things are not the actions of a Christian, but we hope that you are a Christian at heart; and that you will meet with the session next Friday, May 2nd at 2 p.m. in the office of Mr. Dilley, in Mora; and at the time confess your faults and promise to live a better life.

A.V. Dilley, Clerk of Session

The session closed with prayer.

S.V. Dilley, Clerk & Mod.? protem.

Mora, May 2nd 1890

According to appointment session met. Present Rev. J.J. Gilchrist, Mod., elders Dilley and Trijillo.

Session opened with prayer. The action of the meeting of April 25, was endorsed. Ignacio Aranda appeared, made partial confession and promised to live a better life. The session took action suspending said Aranda till the 29th day of July 1890, when if his life has been improved, he may be reinstated in full membership. But if no improvement be shown, final action will be taken to excommunicate said Ignacio Aranda.

Session closed with prayer.

S.V. Dilley, Clerk]

In the end we don’t know if Ignacio changes his “evil” ways or not but the story leading up to his pending “excommunication” simply shows “gross sins” that are still with us today.

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

Author Guidelines - *Ancestors West*

Updated July 2015

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

Manuscripts

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

Images

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

Author information

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

Deadlines

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

Contributor copies

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

Copyright

Ancestors West reserves copyright to authors of signed articles. Permission to reprint a signed article should be obtained directly from the author and *Ancestors West* should be acknowledged in the reprint. Unsigned material may be reprinted without permission provided *Ancestors West* is given credit. Responsibility for accuracy of material submitted lies with the author.

Editorial Team

Editor: Deborah Kaska

Editorial Committee: Patsy Brock, Jennifer Annan House, Cathy Jordan, Marsha Martin, Dorothy Oksner, Bonnie Raskin, Helen Rydell, Sharon Summer, Diane Sylvester, Cari Thomas

Design and Layout: Charmien Carrier

Mailing: Helen Rydell, Rosa Avolio



Santa Barbara County
Genealogical Society
316 Castillo St.
Santa Barbara, CA 93101

Non-Profit Org
U.S. Postage
PAID
Santa Barbara, CA
Permit No. 682

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

ANCESTORS WEST • WINTER 2016 • VOL.41, NO. 4

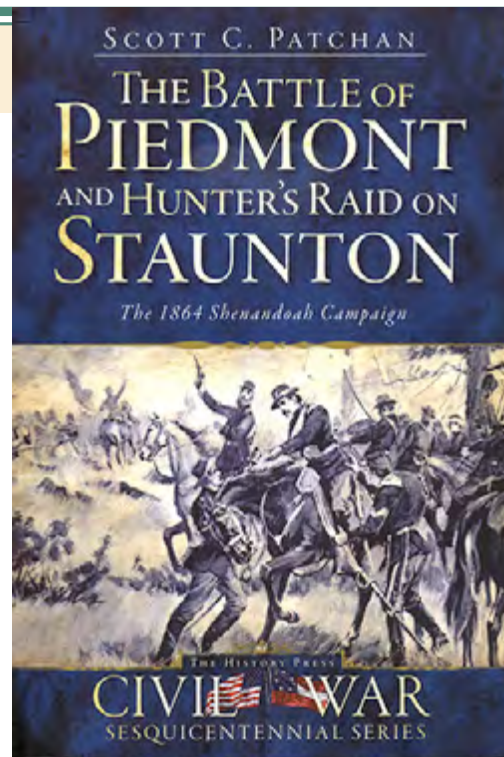
Have you read this?

The Battle of Piedmont and Hunter's Raid on Staunton

Reviewed by Cathy Jordan

RECENTLY DISCOVERED THIS BOOK by Scott C. Patchan and read it cover to cover. I know it sounds like a history book only about one battle in the American Civil War, but that is the backdrop to a detailed study of the men who were there, Union and Confederate. It has old and contemporary photos, maps, and an appendix listing which units served under which commander. There is also a casualty list unit by unit of those killed, wounded, and missing as a result of the battle as well as an index. The book is well documented and well written.

The main argument I made when I donated this book to the Sahyun library is that it contained genealogical information that I could find nowhere else. My great-grandfather served in a Union unit in this battle and while the family has his diaries, this period of time was blank; he was clearly too busy fighting to write. This filled in what was going on in his life on June 5, 1864, and why it was significant to the War in general. It gave context where none existed before. It is less a book



about one battle than it is a book about the men who met on that battlefield. I believe that others who have relatives who were in this battle will find in this book a wealth of information to supplement what they may already have learned about their veteran's service.